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THE
LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

BEING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF
MOMUS, JESTER OF OLYMPUS; DEMOCRITUS, THE MERRY PHILOSOPHER OF GREECE;
AND THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS DISCIPLES,

**SEN JONSON, BUTLER, SWIFT, GAY, JOSEPH MILLER, ESQ. CHURCHILL,
VOLTAIRE, FOOTE, STEEVENS, WOLCOT, SHERIDAN, CURRAN,
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BY JOHN BULL, ESQ.

With numerous Additions, Interpolations, and Improvements, by the Editor, and different Branches of the Bull Family.

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PROLOGUE.

GENTLE READER,

I present thee with a volume of examples of WISE. Whatever be thy humour, thy wants must please thee even in spite of thyself. Whatever be thy diseases of mind, thou wilt here find medicine for all of them—antidotes to bad weather, dull neighbourhoods, contrary winds, protracted remittances, chronic disorders, law-suits, scolding wives, drunken husbands, and all the numerous *et ceteras* in the catalogue of life's miseries. With this volume in thy hands, thou mayst always enjoy the soul's calm sunshine," and be a stranger to ennui, hypochondria, the blues, and devils of all colours, which would disturb thy repose and sense of well-being.

Talk of the Philosopher's Stone, Fortunatus's Wishing-cap, and the diminutive Giant's Invisible Coat, these are mere baubles, when compared with this book; thou wilt be cheerful, merry, and without any wants, while thou hast in thy hand or pocket this unfailing and omnipotent talisman. "I would rather," said a great philosopher, "have been born with a cheerful disposition, than heir to ten thousand a-year," and he might have said, twenty or fifty thousand; for what avails without that healthful state of mind, which this golden volume will infallibly procure? THIS BOOK IS THEREFORE WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND A-YEAR; and its possessor should look down with pity on the man, however wealthy, who nevertheless lacks this treasure. Before breakfast, it will create good spirits for the day; after dinner, it will promote digestion and healthful secretions; and after supper, it will so weary thy body, and exercise thy diaphragm, that repose, sound and sweet, will be the constant companion of thy pillow.

Momus passed a few centuries in Greece, where he specially dispensed to the lively sons of Attica. He thence crossed into Italy, where the m so disgusted him, that he quitted that country for France, and dwelt th return of the Bourbons, when, to escape the thralldom of dulness, he to in a steam-boat for England. During the last seven years he has been between Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Brighton, Hastings, Buxton, H Sidmouth, and other favoured seats of British gaiety. In these jaunts he passed through London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham Nottingham, and other dens of care, and taking pity on the wretched in his godship inspired two Editors of the genuine race of the Bulls to cor work, to cheer and enliven the present gloomy existence of so many r their family.

Having received their commission, which authorized them to destroy t melancholy, and to sink, burn, and overwhelm by suitable reaction all th mental disease described by Haslam, or suffered by preaching and prayi thrifty misers, swallowers of quack medicines, la-vyers' clients, and otl of misguided reason, they resolved to call a COUNCIL of WITS; but I being dead, they could hear of none except George Colman, whose stock exhausted, or forestalled by the purveyors of royal amusement. They th sought Momus to evoke a council of his deceased favourites from the Si fixed upon Salisbury-plain for the place of rendezvous. The god, on he burst into a roar of laughter, telling them that the area of Stonehenge w than suffice. To this lone place the wits of other times one night were s temporarily invested with an unsubstantial garb, resembling in appea mortal forms, and were brought into the presence of the Editors. The h have felt alarmed, but the numbers in attendance were few, and instead o groans of ghosts, incessant peals of mirth alone were heard. These at l sided, when CERVANTES demanded "*the business of the two knaves who had duct to this sorry world.*" One of the Editors then named the commission w

~~putting~~ together, "Why trouble us on this subject? why not consult our
it?" "But," said STERNE, "we are sent by the gods at the request of Momus,
is our duty to obey. I yield for one, but I can only quote my own Tris-
;" and so saying, he delivered, in his sprightly manner, the following passage:

men of least wit are reported to be men of most judgment, but it is no more than report, and a vile
icious report into the bargain. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of Wit and Judg-
by the two knobs on the back of my chair. Here stands *wit*—and there stands *judgment*. You see
e the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*—as wit and judgment are of *ours*, and like
so, indubitably both made and fitted to go together,—in order, as we say in all such cases of dupli-
cations—*to answer one another*. Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer
ring this matter, let us, for a moment, take off one of these two curious ornaments from the point or
e of the chair it now stands on. But did you ever, in the whole course of your lives, see such a ridi-
business as this now is? Nay, let me ask you, whether this single knob, which stands here like a
end by itself, can serve any purpose, but to put one in mind of the want of the other? And rather
as it is, would not the chair be ten times better without any knob at all? Now these two knobs,
ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I said, wit and judg-
which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful—the most prized—the most calami-
be without, and consequently, the hardest to come at;—for all these reasons put together, there is
ortal among us so destitute of a love of fame or feeling—or so ignorant of what will do him good
—who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind to be, or be thought at least, master
me or the other, or indeed, both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought
Now, your graver gentry, having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one, unless they

perfection of wit, which penetrates into the recesses of things, observes all that merits observation, perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree that it is extensive wit which produces the effects attributable to judgment."

SWIFT, who had listened to the preceding speakers with more than his wonted complacency, insisted on the necessary union of wit and knowledge, somewhat inelegantly asserting, that

"Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once skimmed away, what appears underneath will be fit for a pig, but to be thrown to the hogs."

The Dean then proceeded to illustrate the difficulty of defining wit, in the following caution to the Editors:

"Nothing is so tender as a piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or over a bottle; any of which by the smallest transposal or misapplication is utterly annihilated. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, and which it may not stray the breadth of a hair upon peril of being lost."

"I confess," said POPE, "that I am not a little disposed to coincide with the opinion of those whom the last speaker has attacked. My idea of wit is that it

'Is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;'

nor am I less persuaded of the truth of my assertion, that

'——— Wit and judgment ever are at strife.'"

Here he was interrupted by DRYDEN, who observed, "that while he agreed in the sentiments of Pope, he must be allowed to say, that they appeared to be borrowed from the well-known couplet in his own works,

'Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'"

When Dryden had finished, ADDISON expressed himself in the following elegant and perspicuous language:

"True wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, as, pu

variables, as in echoes and rhymes, or of letters, as in anagrams and acrostics. But every idea is not what we call wit, and it must be such an one that gives delight and surprise. "Where the likeness is obvious it creates no surprise and is not wit. Thus, when a poet says the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but, when he says, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit."

D. Buckingham, "would not so coldly speak of this vivifier of human

"True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admit'd:
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
E'en something of divine, and more than wit.
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none."

"exclaimed DENNIS, with the utmost impatience, "what rhapsody His Grace, when he wrote the *Rehearsal*, obtained reputation as an expert wit, which he has destroyed, and thus done justice to the world, by ; to define it. No intelligible characteristic of that quality has he favoured us except the very amusing paradox, that *true wit is something more than* so it is. Prose writers have seldom been capable of conceiving, illustrating wit; and for the poets, they have generally lost their wits, in ; to do the last. For instance, the crooked little gentleman, who has amused us with his sententious plagiarism from Dryden, when he enlists, *proprio Marte*, and soared on his own feeble wings, indulged us with the following delectable apophthegm:

"There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

could have stood alone in palpable absurdity, but for the kind example set by his Grace of Buckingham.

The general murmur of disapprobation, which arose from the writers both of verse and prose, at this attack of Dennis's two-edged sword, compelled the 'Zoilus' to retreat. When Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE claimed the attention of the assembly, and said, "I myself

"Wit is a Saxon word that is used to express what the Spaniards and Italians call *rago*, French *Esprit*, both from the Latin; but I think Wit more peculiarly is the characteristic of prose, and is displayed in those writings or discourses which are the most pleasing and ex-
all that read or hear them."

"I must acknowledge," said JOHNSON, who followed him,

"That I do not perceive the imperative necessity of ascertaining the etymology of a term in for the purpose of arriving at its ordinary acceptation; and though the labours of the philologist usefully and successfully employed in collating the several terms employed in different languages convey the same idea, such research must be deemed futile and superfluous in investigating the import of a word vernacular in our own tongue, and regarded as sufficiently intelligible to our capacities. I cannot see why the properties attributed to wit by Sir William Temple, should be more proper to verse more than prose compositions. Mr. Pope's definition of wit would exclude that original one of its peculiar ornaments. Buckingham's flight, *non usitata nec tenui penna*, I shall not follow. The attempt to oppose wit to judgment is obviously sophistical, and I consider Stern's definition on this head extremely happy; but a simile is not a definition. When a philosopher of a certain age is required to define motion, he simply rose and walked round the room. In my opinion the same may be said with regard to wit. He who cannot conceive its nature, unless it be defined to him, can reap advantage from any definition with which he can be presented."

It was the voice of thunder, and a reproof on the Editors which reached the ears of all the organs of hearing, like the great clock of St. Paul's. However, in a moment they were relieved by the suavity of LOCKE, who suddenly presented himself against one of the eternal stones of the circle.

"If a definition strictly logical," said he, "be intended by the Dictionary, my opinion is perhaps correct. But this does not seem to be a reason why we should decline inquiring into the nature and distinguishing properties of Wit. It appears to me to consist in the assemblage of ideas, and in putting them together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any semblance or congruity to the things to which they are applied to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. It is a jumble of things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected."

"With all my veneration for the illustrious philosopher," replied CONGREVE, "I cannot join in your opinion of the subject. Wit, I consider, as a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying any thing peculiar and natural to one man only, by which his speech and actions are distinguished from the rest of the world."

SPONTANEOUS.

...and maintained, with his usual pleasantry, that every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour, had Caesar or Cromwell exchanged, the one might have been a sergeant and the other an exciseman. So it is with Wit, which is generally succeeded more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy."

"I admire the laconic inference drawn by the last speaker," said the author, "and thus far coincide in his idea of the qualities of wit:

"All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every caract to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight."

"For my part," said the venerable author of the *Night Thoughts*, "I have always considered wit as chiefly characterised by a happy union of courtesy and severity:

"As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is keenest by politeness set.
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

"I object," said SELDON, "to the observations of the four gentlemen who have last spoken. Those are very loose and general, and all have been too epigrammatic in their remarks; and though I do not place wit and judgment in antithesis, I by no means agree with those persons who entertain that wit necessarily implies wisdom. Wit and wisdom differ: wit is upon the sudden turn; wisdom is upon the steady about ends. Nature must be the groundwork of wit and art. Wit must grow like finger-plums, taken from others, it is like plums stuck upon blackthorns, there they are awhile, but they come off. He that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be satirically witty."

"What wit is," said HUME gravely, "it may not be easy to define; but it is sufficient to our purpose. It affects taste and sentiment, and bestows immediate enjoyment. The most profound metaphysics may nevertheless be employed in explaining the various kinds and species of wit, and many classes of it perhaps be resolved into more general principles."

On Hume's silence, LORD KAIMES thus addressed the audience.

"All the ingenious, and, in many instances, profound observations, which have been elicited by the preceding speakers, some of the most striking and decided properties of wit seem to have been omitted. Wit," as Mr. Locke has justly remarked, "consists chiefly in joining things by dissimilarities, which surprise, because they are unexpected. Wit is of all the most elegant. It enters the mind with gaiety, and gives a sudden flush, which is extremely pleasing. It elevates without straining, raises mirth without dissoluteness, and relaxes without

entertains. The term *Wit* is applied to such thoughts and expressions as are ludicrous, and excite some degree of surprise by their singularity. In its proper sense it is of two kinds: wit in the thought, and wit in the words or expression."

KANT, who had hitherto stood in a corner, now darted in the midst of the assembly and proceeded thus :

"In every thing capable of exciting hearty laughter, there must be absurdity. *Laughter is an emotion from the sudden change of a strained imagination into nothing.* This change, which certainly no means grateful to the understanding, indirectly, and for a moment, produces very lively gratification. The cause must therefore consist in an influence, exerted upon the body, and in the reaction of this upon the mind. The idea presented is not, in itself, an object of pleasure, as it is in the case of a person who receives tidings of a successful stroke in trade. How, in fact, can mere balked expectations be pleasurable? But a play of ideas takes place, and this excites a play of the powers of life.

"An Indian, at table with an Englishman, at Surat, expressed his surprise by loud exclamation, on seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter, as soon as the cork was drawn. He asked, *What surprised him so?* Nay, said he, *don't suppose I wonder it comes out; but how can I ever contrive to squeeze it in?* We do not laugh at this story, because we find ourselves wiser than the poor Indian, or because the understanding finds in it any thing satisfactory, but our expectation is strained, and suddenly vanishes. A rich man's heir is desirous to celebrate his funeral with all solemnity, but he complains that he cannot accomplish his purpose: *for, says he, the more I give my mourning to look sorrowful, the more cheerful do these fellows appear.* The reason why we laugh aloud at this is the sudden vanishing of expectation. Let a person of humour, by way of reply, seriously and circumstantially relate how a merchant, on his return home with all his whole fortune in goods, was obliged to throw them all overboard during a violent storm, and that the loss affected him so, that the very next night his periwig turned grey; and we shall laugh aloud. For we feel pleasure in striking to and fro an idea we are catching at, as if it were a ball.

"Assuming that, with all our thought, corporeal movements are harmonically connected, we can well conceive how the sudden removal of the mind, from station to station, in order to consider its various impressions, is answered by a reciprocating contraction and dilatation of the elastic parts of our viscera. This motion is communicated to the diaphragm, which (as from tickling) throws the air out by sudden jerks, and occasions a healthy concussion. This alone, and not what passes in the mind, is the true cause of the pleasure we derive from a thought, which in reality contains nothing. Voltaire says, that Providence has given us *hope and sleep*, as a compensation for the many cares of life. He might have added *laughter*, wit and originality of humour, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare."

At the conclusion of KANT's discourse, several of the assembly sought to deliver their opinions, but before the point of precedency could be adjusted, the limited for their absence from the Shades expired. The sunbeams now touched the eastern horizon, and the shadowy congregation disappeared in an instant.

PROLOGUE.

Thus, gentle reader, have we, the Editors of this volume, enabled thee to bear at thine ease by the discourses uttered by these luminaries of wit at the solemnity of night, in obedience to preternatural power. Who shall decide when such doctrines disagree? Thou wilt doubtless remark the discrepancies of opinion existing among the hallowed dead, and wilt hesitate, ere presumption shall make thee arbiter among them, by rashly deciding where wit is and is not. Our self-love induces us to believe, that there is no part of our collection which may not take shelter to some or other of the great authorities composing this illustrious convocation. We have endeavoured "to be all things to all men, that we might by any means *some*." Judge not, therefore, of the contents of our volume by the extent of thy reading, nor by thy own bright conceptions, for that which is familiar to thee is new to others; and thou shouldst moreover remember that wit, like music, seldom becomes old, unless it be really good.

Neither let the refinement of thy taste be, in all cases a criterion of the merit of our labours; for in works of humour, as in those of theology, there must be "milk for babes." Every reader is not endued with a microscopic perception of wit; and the rough jest of a sailor, or the blunder of a rude Irishman, will afford unequivocal delight to many, who would derive little pleasure from the sallies of Congreve or Addison. Yet if thine own disposition incline thee to seek the high regions of intellectual amusement, thou canst here indulge it. Our book is no mere collection of jests and stories, or a revived Joe Miller. We have not aimlessly at exciting the γέλαν ἀσβεστον, and cracking the sides of the reader. The rich and treasures of humour drawn from the richest veins of classic ore, in which the voluptuary of wit may revel in perfect enjoyment. And let not thy judgment, that judgment should happily incline in our favour, be biassed against us, although a plethoric railer, obtuse in his perceptions, should say of our book in thy heart, "There is nothing in it;" but remember the just observation of Sterne, that "it is in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is,

PROLOGUE.

gift of God ! and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him," as Shakspeare expresses it ;

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

Lastly, we beseech thee to bear in remembrance that our attempts have been directed to promote thy entertainment and enjoyment ; and consequently, should thou even be of opinion that we have failed in our undertaking, we are persuaded that, in thy liberal mind, gratitude for our intention will beget forbearance for our deficiencies, and exempt us from becoming the victims of spleen or petulance.

For Self and Co.,

JOHN BULL

Posts' Corner, Westminster,

May 1, 1824.

THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FAMILY ATTAINMENTS.

That gentleman, distinguished not only for personal ability, but likewise for his attachment to literature, being in a very debilitated condition from the effects of long illness, engaged a doctor to read to him. It happened that the doctor was recommended to the doctor for having had not exactly received what is called a liberal education, in fact, he had been educated to disprove other than literary sweets, and had his degrees in a magazine of spices. It will, therefore, not appear surprising on being installed in his lectureship, *his tongue* occurred in the execution of which not a little astonished as well as the sensitive ear of his learned auditor. The unfortunate reader, meeting with exquisite polysyllables of Greek deriding the delight of the pedant and the uninitiated, fairly broke down. Dismissing the circumstances, the doctor inquired if he had ever learned Greek or Latin. "I am giving an immediate answer to his question, you mean, sir," said the sick gentleman, "that you know any language." The unfortunate catechumen, thus brought to the sticking-place, reluctantly admitted that he did not, but gravely suggested that he had a brother who was conversant with French.

THE COQUETTES.—A DIALOGUE.

I love, and am beloved again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain,
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness but adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,
But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

Chorus of both.

Then let us beware how far we consent
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
This ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

UNPALATABLE IMPROVEMENT.

Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a peg, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who was a high bred man and never accustomed to similar exhibitions—

"not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his moustache became him?" "Oh! yes, sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

NONSENSE D. SENNEL.

When Wilkes was confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, when the office of alderman was vacant. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, they who were deputed undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mislook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the *sense* of the ward." "With all my heart," replied Wilkes, "I will take the *non-sense*, and beat you ten to one."

NOVEL WAGER.

An English gentleman, travelling in America, had his attention arrested by a singular contest between a negro and the mule on which he was mounted. The docile animal had thought proper to take exception to the carriage of the gentleman, which preceded him, and evinced a decided disinclination to pay it; his rider, on the other hand, was as resolute in his determination to effect a change in the conduct of his beast. At length the gentleman heard Blackey exclaim to the mule, "I'll bet you a fivepenny I make you go by this time;" then, nodding his head, he added, "Do you bet?" After which, by means of some very pressing arguments of whip and spur, he succeeded in making the animal pass the carriage. The gentleman, who had

been highly amused with the scene, negro, and observed that though he had been laid, he did not see how pay obtained from the mule. "Oh yes, black," Massa give me tenpenny for he lose the bet, and me only give him

RECOLUTION.

False tho' she be to me and lo,
I'll never pursue revenge.
For still the chain I lay over
Tho' I lay to her a no.
In hours of bliss we oft have
They could not always last;
And tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE SCOT.

On Johnson's return from his tour to the brides, he expressed, notwithstanding the civility he had experienced on his progress in Scotland, the strongest antipathy to that country connected with that country. A Scotchman who had been informed of this, being with the doctor, addressed him with a compliment, so I learn you are just arrived to pray what do you think of my country, sir," replied Johnson, "why, it is a country, to be sure." Disconcerted, unpalatable and unceremonious, the doctor could only answer, "Well, doctor, God made it." "True, very true," replied Johnson, "but you will recollect that it is for Scotchmen; and were not commonly deemed odious, I might remind you of the hell."

TO I. H. W.—N, ON HIS SPECIMEN TRANSLATION OF TASSO.

O thou! whom poetry abhors,
Whom angry prose kick'd out of doors,
Hear'st thou that groan? proceed
Translated Tasso roars out, *murder*

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

Cambridge comedy of the Returns from
we find this indignant description of the
of luxury in those days, put in'o the mouth
the speakers.

Not strange to see a ragged clerke,
Rubb'd a 'ate within a sleeveless gowne,
he commencement, like a morrice dance,
at a bell or two about his legges,
I him a sweet, cleane gentleman:
as he 'gins to follow fashions,
me than are dwelt in a smoky roafe,
the tobacco, and must wear a Locke.
my dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
sweet self is served in silver plate.
my are will scrape you twenty legges
a good Christmas meal on new year's day,
I mawe must be capon cram'd each day."

CARDS AND KISSES.

id and my Campaspe play'd
suds for kisses, Cupid paid;
takes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
mother's doves, and team of sparrows.
in them too, then down he throws
coral of his lip, the rose
wing on's cheek (but none knows how)
these the crystal of his brow,
then the dimple of his chin;
these did my Campaspe win.
let he set her both his eyes,
won, and Cupid blind did rise.
love' has she done this to thee?
I shall, alas! become of me!

WIT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

Without knowledge is a sort of cream which
is a night to the top, and by a skilful hand
then whipped into froth. but once scum-
y, what appears underneath will be fit for
to be thrown to the dogs.

NO SHIRT AND NO SHIRT.

being signified in his advertisement, while

he was exhibiting his imitations at one of the Theatres
Royal, that he would, on a stated evening, take off
Quin who, being desirous of seeing his own picture,
took a place in the stage box, and when the audience
had ceased applauding Foote for the justness of the
representation, Quin bawled out, "I am glad on't,
the poor fellow will get a clean shirt by it." When
Foote immediately retorted from the stage, "A clean
shirt, Master Quin!—a shirt of any kind was a very
novel thing in your family some few years ago."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT COVENTRY.

In a second tour through England, soon after the
defeat of the Spanish Armada, queen Elizabeth paid the
city of Coventry another visit. The mayor, on her
majesty's departure, among other particulars, said,
"When the King of Spain attacked your majesty,
egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear." The queen
could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which
was further heightened, when he begged to have the
honour to attend the queen as far as the gallows;
which stood at that time about a mile out of the
town.

At another time when the queen, in her progress
through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor,
attended by the aldermen, addressed her majesty in
rhyme, in the following words:—

"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your royal majesty:
Good Lord, how fair you be!"

To which her majesty returned the following gra-
cious answer:

"My royal majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what fools ye be!"

CLERICAL CHATTERING.

That mad wag, the Rev. S. S., sitting by a bro-
ther clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards, that
his dull neighbour had a "twelve parson power" of
conversation.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

PICTURE OF TANTARUS.

In an old play, called the Four P's, by John Heywood, the epigrammatist, is the following ludicrous portrait of the infernal regions, as described by an adventurer who went thither to recover his lost love:

"This devil and I walked arm in arm
So far, till he had brought me thither,
Where all the devils of hell together
Stood in array in such apparel,
As for that day there meet y tell
Their horns were gilt, their claws full clean,
Their tails were kempt, and as I ween,
With soothery butter their bodies anointed;
I never saw devils so well appointed,
The master-devil sat in his jacket,
And all the souls were playing at racket.
None other rackets they had in hand,
Save every soul a good fire-brand;
Wherein they play'd so prettily,
That Lou for laugh'd merrily.
And as the residue of the hends
Did laugh therat full well like friends,
But of my friend I saw no whit,
Nor durst not ask for her as yet.
Upon all this rout was brought a silence,
And I by an usher brought to presence
Of Lucifer, then low, as well I could,
I knec'd, which he so well shew'd
That thus he look'd, and by St. Antony
He smiled on me well-favour'dly,
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors;
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs,
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels;
Frosting the fire out of his nostrils;
Grinding his teeth so vaingloriously,
That no thought came to fail to flattery,
Wherewith I to e, as I shall tell.
Oh pleasant picture! O prince of hell!" &c.

THEIR CONVERSATION.

When Dancourt, the playwright, gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful to console himself, he was accustomed to sup with two or three friends, at a tavern

known by the sign of the Bagpipes after the rehearsal of a comedy which formed for the first time that even his daughters, not ten years of age, his piece. "Ah, papa, said the girl, you and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

A FAIR FROLIC.

In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir afterwards earl of Yarmouth, dated 1661, we have the following account: "being a fair neate Audley-end, duchess of Richmond and the duchess of Hamilton, had a frolick to disguise themselves, in red petticoats, waistcoats, &c. see the list. Sir Bernard Gossogno, came before the queen, another the duchess of Buckingham, and Mr. Richmond. They had all so overt disguise, and looked so much more like country folks that as soon as they saw the people began to go after them; going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow sweetbait, and Sir Bernard ask gloves stitched with blue for his were soon, by that georish, found which drew a bigger flock about them had seen the queen at a once and was proud of his knowledge. To all the fare into a crown to stand. Being thus discovered, they, as soon to their horses, but, as many of the horses, got up with their wives and harts or neighbours, behind them gape as they could, till they came court gate. Thus, by ill conduct we turned into pennance."

PERFORMANCE OF 1672.

Lord Camden, when chief justice, to Lord Dacre, at Audley End, was out with a gentleman, a very good at a great distance from the house, which stood the stop of the village.

and after a while, having a mind to know his punishment was, he asked his companion and put him in, which being done, his book from his pocket, taunted on, and forgot the judge and his situation, that he was Lord Dacre's. When the judge was asked, but tried in vain, to remove out of the stocks, he asked a countryman who passed by to who said, "No, no, old gentleman; you were here for nothing;" and left him, until he was released by some servant of the house in quest of him. Some time after he was at a trial in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for putting a man in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, made light of the whole charge, and more so of the man in the stocks, which he said every man was no punishment at all. The chief justice leaning over the bench, said, in a half-jest, "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" "My lord, never." "Then I have," said the judge, "and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifling punishment."

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

On a dry before Christmas-day, 1773, about midnight, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow Inn, St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, the landlord, went out and bought a little paper and a couple of bullets, observing to the soldiers that St. Dennis seemed to be a place, he should not dislike to spend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion passed the day together quietly. On Christmas-day they again dined, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the evening, were found by the fire, on breaking down the door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, with three empty champagne bottles, the wall and letter, and a half-crown. They had shot through the head, two pistols lay on the table. The owner of the pistols brought up by the house, who immediately sent for

M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the maréchaussée at St. Dennis.

THE WILL.

A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do every thing which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the lesser of the two.

He is drum-major of mestre de camp des dragons, and I am simply a dragoon of Helzunic.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither for the sake of justice) the principle, which joined to this reflection that every thing must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable—Yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres. No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of reunion; a longing after which leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it is as easy to lay aside existence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications but all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped; and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh, which our haughty fellow-creatures stile the King of beings.

Messrs. the officers of justice, our carcasses are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the maréchaussée at St. Dennis, my steel-mounted sword. He will recollect, that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expense of the useless law proceedings of which we shall be the subject.

The half-crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dennis,
Christmas-day, 1773.

BORDEAUX.
HUMAIN.

Letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce, he did not see the French he could not therefore answer for the translation.

"Sir,

"During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me I appeared displeased with my situation. It was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be drawn; if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which I have been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of

flesh, which we vain mortals call the King

"I owe no one an excuse. I desert a crime, but I am going to punish it; and be satisfied.

"I asked leave of absence from my superiors, to have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They have condescended to give me an answer. I hasten my end.

"I wrote to Bord to send you some pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you to destroy. You will find they contain some well-entertaining matter. These pieces will solicit for your remembrance,

"Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continue your service for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for me, I will go from flower to flower, and acquire the knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

'Pour moi, j'arrive au trou
Qui n'échappe ni sage ni fou,
Pour aller je ne sçais où.'

"If we exist after this life, and it is not permitted to quit it without permission, I will endeavour one moment to inform you of it; if I can, I will advise all those who are unhappy, which is the greatest part of mankind, to follow my example.

"When you receive this letter, I shall be dead at least 24 hours.

"With esteem,
[Signature]

NATIONAL VALOUR.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, reasons before he fights, an Englishman considers the order of precedence; either to accommodate his customers. A general has said, that the best troops follow: an Irishman half drunk, a Scot starved, and an Englishman with his bell

BIPEDS.

The most disagreeable two-legged animal in the world, is a little great man; and the great man's factotum and friend.

LET WELL ALONE.

man being on a long journey in a part
try where Mr. M'Adam's useful talents
been exercised, at length came to a mile
road. Over this he kept trotting his
wards and forwards, till some spectators,
elised at this singular mode of travelling,
re reason of it. "Indeed," said he,
e to let well alone, and from what I have
road, I doubt whether I will find a bet-
ground all the way."

MY LAVENDER.

lovely Susan irons smocks,
bismal e'er looks neater,
we are brighter than her box,
burn me like a heater.

ETECHISM FOR THE USE OF THE NATIVES
OF HAMPSHIRE.

is your name?
er Swine
nd make you a hog?
God made me man in his own image;
for, **SUBLIME BEAUTIFUL** made me a

Did he make you a swine?
uttering obscure and uncouth spells.
ler in the black art.
feeds you?
givers, the only real men in this county.
many hogs are you in all?
or eight millions.
many drivers?
or three hundred thousand.
what do they feed you?
gally with husks, swill, draff, malt,
now and then with a little barley-meal
potatoes, and when they have too much
themselves they give us some.
are the *Interpreters* called?

In the "Swish multitude," an epithet applied
to the common people of England.

4. The **BLACK LETTER SISTERHOOD.**

Q. Why do you give the office to women?

A. Because they have a fluent tongue, and a
knack of scolding.

Q. How are they dressed?

A. In gowns and false hair.

Q. What are the principal orders?

A. Three—*Writers, Talkers, and Hearers*, which
last are also called *Deciders*.

Q. What is their general business?

A. To discuss the mutual quarrels of the hogs,
and to punish their affronts to any or all of the
drivers.

Q. If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to
the sisterhood.

A. Each hog goes separately to a *Writer*.

Q. What does the *Writer*?

A. She goes to a *Talker*.

Q. What does the *Talker*?

A. She goes to a *Hearer* (or *Decider*.)

Q. What does the *Hearer* decide?

A. What she pleases.

Q. If a hog is decided to be in the right, what
is the consequence?

A. He is almost ruined.

Q. If in the wrong what?

A. He is quite ruined.

After some facetious sneers at the clergy, who are
termed peace-makers, the dialogue proceeds.

Q. How are these peace-makers rewarded?

A. With our potatoes.

Q. What with all?

A. Ten per cent. only.

Q. Then you have still ninety left in the hundred?

A. No we have but forty left.

B. What becomes of the odd fifty?

A. The drivers take them, partly as a small re-
compense for their trouble in protecting us, and
partly to make money of them, for the prosecution
of law-suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Q. You talk very sensibly for a hog; whence
had you your information?

A. From a learned Pig.

The following is an answer to the question by

what ceremony the hog is disenchanted, and resumes his natural shape?

A. The hog that is going to be disenchanted, grovels before the *Chief Driver*, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder, to remind him at once of his former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the Devil from Ithrael's spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a nick name. He then beats his hogs without mercy, and when they implore his compassion, and beg him to recollect that he was once their *Fellow-Sinner*, he denies that ever he was a hog.

This curious dialogue thus concludes—

Q. What is the general wish of the hogs at present?

A. To save their bacon.

Chorus of hogs. Amen.

EQUAL DIFFICULTIES.

A gentleman of considerable sense and knowledge of the world, being asked whether a man possessing genius without perseverance and alacrity, or one of a dull but assiduous character, was the more likely to prove successful in life, replied that it was a difficult question to decide, since it was impossible to throw a straw to a great distance, and almost equally the case with a ton.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Mr. Peel, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord's Chancellor, Eldon, said, that to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord "even his faults have left virtue's name." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his Lordship's old lady resented the late marriage with *Tom*, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet gone down!

DORA.

Dora, a nymph of riper age,

Has ev'ry grace and art,

A wiser observer to engage,

Of native blush and rosy dye;
Time has her cheek bereft,
Which makes the prudent say
With point th' same as they
Her sparkling eyes she still ret
And teach, in good sport,
And her well-learn'd art
To glow with new d
Of size she is no short tall
And goes to her
No one can what the
Amiable enthusiasm

Farther he pressed to my loss
I leave that sad
She has few faults but what she
And can with skill disguise,
She may love's his religion,
With many more company'd,
Which like her clothes, when
She always lays aside

She's one who looks with great
On each affected creature,
Whose every word seems cast
From appetites of nature
She thinks they want of health
Who want of common sense

And therefore never takes offence
At him who preaches his passion
When she sees the traits of
With so much sweet behavior

That her eternal love is
Looks almost as a saint,
She can then soothe his
To be a man of sense,
She can do as much, and
Of each whom she affects,

But here our Dora far outgoes
All that her sex have done
She is regard to custom kept

Which reason bids her shun
By reason her own reason's
Or, if you please, her will
For when this last is done

The first is all that

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way ;
 Whether by nature taught
 I shall not undertake to say,
 Or by experience bought.
 But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown ;
 And stare upon the strange man's face
 As one she ne'er had known.
 So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
 Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind ;
 For to forget what we bestow
 Bespeaks a noble mind.
 Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,
 For all her favours done ;
 From her love flows, as light proceeds,
 Spontaneous from the sun.
 On one or other still her fires
 Display their genial force ;
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

CONGRUE.

A CANAL CUT BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton's wise sons found their river so large,
 Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a
 barge ;
 They wisely determin'd to cut by its side,
 A linking canal where small vessels might glide.
 Like the man who contriving a hole in his wall
 To admit his two cats, the one large, t'other small,
 A great hole was made for the first to go
 through,
 And a little one have for the little cat too.

IMPORTANT DISTINCTION IN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A gentleman, who had not long returned from
 Paris, was amusing a company with the details
 of a supercilious ceremony he had witnessed in
 the country of baptizing a peal of cathedral bells,
 and some members of the royal family had
 acted as sponsors. "For my part," he con-

tinued, "I should prefer this kind of sponsors
 in a conscientious point of view, to any other.
 I think I might safely engage for a bell's renown
 the devil, the world, and the flesh." "I presume
 sir," replied one of his auditors, "from your
 expression of confidence on the subject, that
 spell *bell* without the final *e*."

ACROSTIC.

Pray tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces
 (On a visit they came, and had just ta'en to
 places,)

Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces
 Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright
 You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite
 Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceed
 Understand, dear Mamma ! there's some mischief
 a-breeding ;

There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty
 That your Loves and your Graces all swerve from
 their duty.

On my life, says Dame Venus, I'll not be thus
 on ;

Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me
 Sutton.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

In a party of theatrical critics, the merits
 of different performers in the part of *Giles*, in
 the melo-drama of the *Miller's Mail*, formed the
 subject of discussion, and it was observed that, with
 exception, all who had attempted it had "over-
 stepped the modesty of nature." One of the com-
 pany observed that this had probably arisen from
 confusion of names ; and that the actors allu-
 ded to, in attempting *Giles*, had strayed into *Giles O'
 reach*.*

PRAISE.

Praise was originally a pension paid by
 the world ; but the moderns, finding the trouble
 charge too great in collecting it, have lately bor-
 rowed the fee-simple ; since which time the right
 presentation is wholly in ourselves.

* In Massinger's Comedy of "A New Way to
 Delus."

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.

An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal, and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, sir? What? would you send me to school again?"—"And pray, sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

Under George the Second, the former of these universities was distinguished for its attachment to whig principles and the reigning family, while the latter was strongly affected with the leaven of Jacobitism. On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the sovereign marked his feeling towards these two eminent bodies, by sending to Cambridge a munificent present of books for the university library, but detached some dragoons to Oxford to awe the refractory disposition suspected to exist in her sons. This circumstance gave birth to the following epigram from the pen of an Oxonian.

Our gracious monarch view'd, with equal eye,
The wants of either university.
Troops he to Oxford sent, well knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty.
But books to Cambridge sent, as well discerning,
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

Which effusion elicited the subjoined reply from a Cantab.

Our king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

Swift's idea of the terror of a young author at the fiery ordeal through which he must pass on the commencement of his literary career, with the gradual disappearance of his fears, is highly striking and correct. It is in his epistle to Dr. Delany.

As some raw youth in country here
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skit nish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
'Till 'scaping oft' without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops!
He runs into a cannon's chops,
—An author thus who pants for fame
Begins the world with fear and shame
When first in print, you see him do
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, *Lord have mercy on his soul!*
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot
But, when with squibbing, slashing
He cannot see one creature dropping
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame,
The danger past, takes heart of grace
And looks a critic in the face.

TOM ASHE.

Tom Ashe was a facetious, pleasant but the most eternal unwearied publicist. He was thick and short in his person, not above five feet high at the most, a thing very droll in his appearance. In the year 1719, and left his whole estate of a thousand pounds a year, to Richard A. field, Esq. There is a whimsical story, true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well known to this day. It happened that while travelling on horseback, and at a distance from any town, there burst from such a torrent of rain as wetted him. He galloped forward, and as soon as he could he was met instantly by a drawer. He told the fellow, stretching out one

coat immediately." "No, sir, I the drawer. "Deuce confound you!" take off my coat this instant." "No, the drawer, "I dare not take off your felony to strip an ash."

NATURE AND ART.

One morning called upon a friend who chose and retired situation in the city, a small opening before the house, of a pen, and two plants, which once looked a large tub, adorned his windows. Employed in painting the outside of the tub, "said Wilkes to his friend, I plead in behalf of these two poor tubs; pray let them be painted too."

THE UPON DRESS AND FASHION.

The *monde* worship a sort of idol, which men by a kind of manufactory operation is placed in the highest parts of an altar erected about three feet; he in posture of a Persian emperor, altitudes, with his legs interwoven under and had a goose for his ensign, whence the learned men pretend to deduce his *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left hand, *Hell* seemed to open and catch as the idol was creating; to prevent of his priests hourly dung in pieces of stoned mass, or substance, and sometimes already enlivened, which that satiatedly swallowed, terrible to be seen was also held a subaltern divinity, an *genium*, before whose shrine was a creature, whose hourly food is human life is in so great renown abroad for light and favourite of the *Egyptian*. Millions of these animals are hourly a day to appease the hunger of that deity. The chief idol was also worshipped inventor of the yard and needle, a god of games, or on account of political attributes, which hath not been cleared.

SWIFT.

Which said to me a little.

SCARCE ARTICLES.

The following articles bear a very high value on account of their scarcity at present in this country.

Sincerity—in patriotism.
Honour—among attorneys.
Friendship—without interest.
Love—without deceit.
Charity—without ostentation.
Honesty—in parish officers.
Fair play—among gamblers.
Beauty—without pride.
An advocate—without a fee.
Chastity—in married life.
A person—practising what he professes.
A fashionable man—without feppery.
A fashionable woman—without paint.
A sanctified look—without hypocrisy.
A prude—without incontinence.
A blustering man—without cowardice.
A subaltern officer—with money.
A Jew—without usury.
Opposition—without a sinister view.
Administration—inattentive to private interest.

WILKES AND SIR WILLIAM STAINES.

Sir William Staines, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose progressively from the dignity of Common-council-man to the State-coach, and the Mansion-house. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, his lordship, after a sumptuous repast on turbot and venison, was eating an immense quantity of butter with his cheese—"Why brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel."

PRINCELY PARTIALITY TO WIT.

Great wits have only been prefer'd
In princes' traces to be interr'd;
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But, while they liv'd, were far enough
From all admistances kept off.

BUTLER.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.

Person one day visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. Perry, who at that time lived in Lancaster court, in the Strand, found him incased, and under the influence of medicine. On returning to the house of a common friend, he of course expected to be asked after the health of his relation. After waiting with philosophic patience, without the expected question being proposed, he reproached the company for not giving him an opportunity of giving the following answer, which he had composed on his walk.

My Lord of Lancaster, when late I came from it,
Was taking a medicine of names not a few,
In Greek an emetic, in Latin a vomit,
In English a puke, and in vulgar a—

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO.

As I walked through the Strand so careless and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow,
Choice fruit, wit, said she, and a bill of the play,
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.
When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried,
dear me,

I wonder they made the entrance so narrow.
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.
Lo! the hero appears, what a stent and a stride,
He might easily pass for a marshal to-morrow,
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.
But Elvira, alas! turned so dull and so proxy,
That I longed for a hornpipe by little Del Caro;
Had I been 'mong the gods I had surely cried Noxy,
Come play up a jig, and a jig for Pizarro.
On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow:
Of him I have only this little to say,

His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing.

And quoth the whole gang

To cut out heaven's curses and
Rolla made a fine speech with
grammar.

As must sure raise the envy of
row;

It would sell for five pounds worth
hammer

For it raised all Peru against
Four acts are told, but the fifth

Where history's traced with the
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo

Put an end to the piece by kill.
I have finished my song if it had

Nancy Dawson won't do, nor
Yarrow,

I vow I would sing it from morn
So much am I charmed with the

NOVEL DISASTERS.

A naval officer, who held a commission in Rhode Island during the American war, and who was of a remarkable like figure, was stopped by a sentinel on his return from a visit, and the soldier, the soldier declaring that there until his officer came his o'clock. "My good fellow," said the officer, "I have told you who I am, and ought to take my word."—"It will be the soldier."—"I am by no means taking from his pocket a quarter of a centing it." With that satisfy you I think it will."—"And, now that tell me why you detained me at apprehended you," said the soldier, the church-yard."

The same officer, when a young man in London, stopped a gentleman of Admiralty. "Are you not mistaken," said the gentleman. "I should have

BETTER PUNISHED.

put an hundred pounds, pro-
ward to any one who should
set man brought it to the old
banded the ten pounds; but
as, alleged there were an hun-
to the bag when lost. The
was advised to sue for the
because came on to be tried, it
eal had not been broken, nor
judge said to the defendant's
you lost had an hundred and
say?"—"Yes, my lord," says
led the judge, "according to
in court, this cannot be your
is only an hundred pounds;
it must keep it till the true

FERS' DEVILS.

both kind and civil,
ster lends a devil;
g accounts each winter,
evil takes a Printer.

LITHICAL SWEEPS.

prevailed in England of a
in chimney-sweepers fell into
the times. Addressing to the
"Jack," said one, "what is
has nothing to hope or fear
the Government; what need
be chimney-sweepers still?"—
," replied Jack, "for when
y will bring French chimney-
s, and we shall be out of em-

HAPPINESS.

navy, meeting a friend as he
ith Point, boasted that he had
company the happiest fellows
How so?" asked his friend.
fogged seventeen, and they are
all the rest are happy that

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a plough-
boy left his work, and went home; but his master
seeing him there, told him he should not have left
his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for
the future he would stay till it rained downright.
Sometime afterwards, upon a very rainy day,
the boy staid till dusk, and returned almost
drowned. His master asked him why he did not
come before? "Why, I should," said the boy,
"but you zed I shoul'dn't come home vore it
rained downright; and it has not rained downright
yet, for it was *askant* all day long."

ORIGINAL COPY OF A HAND-BILL.

I William Ringrose Bell-hanger from Scarbro
intend to begin hanging of Bells which he has done
for several years past God willing. He hangs bells
from back door to fore door and from fore door
to back door and all over the house.

N. B. The person who advised him to this was
several people that I wrought for.

From your humble servt.

Wm. Ringrose.

WARM ALE.

A traveller calling at a little inn, the landlord
of which was very tenacious of the character of
his home-brewed ale, after sipping the beverage
begged to have it warmed. "What! warm my
ale!" exclaimed Boniface, "Curse that stomach
that wont warm the ale, say I!"—"And," cried
the traveller, "curse that ale that wont warm the
stomach, say I."

LAWYER'S HONESTY.

A lawyer of Strasburgh being in a dying state,
sent for a brother lawyer to make his will, by
which he bequeathed his estate to the *Hospital des
Fous* (Idiots). His brother advocate expressing
his surprise at this bequest, "Why not bestow it
upon them?"—said the dying man, "you know I
got my money by fools, and therefore to fools it
ought to return."

TWO REASONS.

Two reasons are giv'n (both equally good)
Why the credit of Harry's so bad—
For paying he has not the means if he would,
Nor is he inclin'd if he had.

THE PRIEST'S BLESSING.

A boy about ten years old was once brought before Chief-justice Bashe, to give evidence; upon which the following dialogue occurred—

"My little boy, do you go to church?"—"No, I am a Roman."—"Well, do you go to chapel?"

"Yes, I play at ball against the gable."—"Do you know your creed?"—"No."—"Or the commandments?"—"No."—"Or the Lord's Prayer?"—"No."—"Do you know your priest?"—"Yes, I heard of Father Phelim."

"Did you ever speak to him?"—"Yes, once."

"What did you say to him?"—"I axed him to give me a penny for houlding his horse, and he bid me go be damned."

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NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about their different countries, the Dutchman said,

"Your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it; you have your *Port-mouthe*, your *Ply-mouthe*, your *Yar-mouthe*, your *Fal-mouthe*, your *Dart-mouthe*, your *Is-mouthe*; and you are all *mouthe* together."—"Ay," replies the Englishman,

and you have your *Amster-dams*, and your *Rotter-dams*—and *d*—— you altogether, say I."

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superiority in execution. Among other was playing one of Dr. Mow's anthems as he had finished the verse part and beg chorus, the organ ceased. On this he calls the *bellows blower*, to know what was th—"The matter," says Dick, "I have anthems *below*."—"Aye," says the other have not played it *above*."—"No matter Dick, you might have made more ha I know how many puffs go to one of I anthems as well as you do; I have not organ so many years for nothing."

THE EXPEDITIOUS WORKMAN.

A bricklayer, who was working at the house, happened to fall through the roof not being hurt, he bounced up, and cri triumphant tone, to his fellow-labourers any man to go through his work as quick

TO MONS. ALEXANDRE, THE VENTRI

ON HIS SUCCESSFUL ASSUMPTION OF

RIETY OF CHARACTERS IN ONE FI

Of yore in old England it was not thou

To carry two visages under one hood;

What should folks say to you? who I

such plenty,

That from under one hood you last nig

us twenty!

Stand forth, arch deceiver! and tell us

Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in

Man, woman, or child, a dog, or a mou

Or are you, at once, each live thing in

Each live thing, did I ask? each dead i

too!

A work-shop in your person—saw, et

screw,

Above all, are you one individual? I

You must be, at the least, Alexandre as

But I think you're a troop—an army

mob;

And that I, as the sheriff, must take up

And, instead of rehearsing your wonders

Must rent you the riot-act, and bid you

"WARR"

CONSOLATION.

"*My fortune,*" a termagant cries,
"arrogance caus'd ev'ry evil.
"Some consolation," the husband re-
sponds, "has gone to the devil."

DEAD MARCH.

When before Dr. Clubbe died, his phy-
sician, with much gravity, and
as it beat more even than upon his last
sick friend," said he, "if you don't
t, or have not a technical expression
tell you what it beats—it beats the

GENEALOGY.

Mr. Watkinson William Wynne, talking
out the antiquity of his family, which
to Noah, was told that he was a mere
"Ay," said he, "how so, pray?"
plied the other, "when I was in
edegree of a particular family was
; it filled up about five large skins of
and about the middle of it was a note
in; about this time the world was

DROPPED FROM AN ALDERMAN'S
KEY AT A CITY-FEAST ON
EASTER-MONDAY.

whose power directs the feast,
top, alderman, or priest,
in state to dine;
y temple, day by day,
g homage let me pay,
robust at thy shrine!
he it ever known,
by loaded tables groan,
if such thy will;
I no appetite, that I,
I drink may still be dry,
I never sin!

Place me in that delightful seat,
Where I the fattest food shall meet,
Where daintiest bits are shewn;
From all intruders set me free,
My own dear carver let me be,
And help myself alone!

Enlarge my mouth!—extend my jaws!
Preserve my gums from aches and flows,
My grinders from decay!
Oh! let my swallow be so wide,
That thumping slices down may glide,
Nor ought obstruct the way.

To thee thy humble suppliant prays,
Oh! let him pass his nights and days,
From gout and surfeit free;
Midst venison, ortolans, ragouts,
Turtle and turbot, soups and stews,
Boil'd, roast, and fricassée.

And when by cruel death laid low,
Since none can ward the fatal blow,
No power can intervene;
Oh! let this bloated paunch obtain
A burying-place in Pudding-lane,
Embalm'd in a—Turnen.

SOLILOQUY.

A person in company said in a violent passion
to another, "You are a liar! a scoundrel!"
The other with great composure turned round to
the company, and said to them, "You must not
mind what this poor fellow says; it is a way he
has; he was only talking to himself."

PYE, THE POET LAUREAT.

When Mr. Pye was made Port-Laureat, his first
ode was on George the Third's birth, and it was
full of allusions to the vocal groves and feathered
choir. George Stevens, the commentator, read it,
and immediately exclaimed,

And when the Pye was opened,
The birds began to sing;
And wasn't that a dainty dish,
To set before the King.

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

This nobleman being designed for the army, began his campaign early in life at the battle of Dettingen. The regiment he belonged to began the attack; and, as he was marching down towards the enemy, rather thoughtful, a drummer's head was shot off so close to him, that his brains bespattered Lord Townshend's regimentals. A veteran officer, apprehensive that this accident might derange his young friend, went up and encouraged him by telling him, these were the mere accidents of war, and the best way was not to think at all in these cases. "O dear, Sir," says the other (with great presence of mind), "you entirely mistake my reverie. I have been only thinking what the d——I could bring that little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a quantity of brains."

WINE AND WALNUTS.

Wine and walnuts, I own, are a feast quite divine,
When your walnuts are good, and well flavoured
your wine;
But the trash which you give us is truly infernal;
Your wine has no spirits, your walnuts no kernel.

MAN AND WIFE.

A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being over fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, "Prithee Tom, never mind her, let her be d—— with her cough, I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight." The lady, who was in another room, overhearing this speech, immediately rushed into the parlour, and advancing to her husband, told him she had too much of his company in this world, to wish to have it in the next.

NAUTICAL EQUIVOQUE.

A sailor, while preparing potatoes for the cook's use, was asked by a gentleman on board, what he called those things in his country: "Call them! your honour," replied Jack, "why, in my country, when we want these things, we fetch them, we *don't* call them!"

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

When Rabelais lay on his death-bed, he not help jesting at the very last moment having received the extreme unction, a priest coming to see him, said, he hoped he was prepared for the next world; "Yes, yes," replied Rabelais, "I am ready for my journey now, tho' I just greased my boots."

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

He who would general favour win,
And not himself offend,
To day the task he may begin,
But Heav'n knows when he'll end.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

A country clergyman meeting a neighbor who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, reproved him on the count, and asked, "If he never read at all?" "No," replied the clown, "I can't read." "I dare say," said the parson, "you don't know who made you?"—"Not I, in troth," cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the time, "Who made you, child?" said the parson—"God, sir," answered the boy—"Why, you there," quoth the honest clergyman, "are you not ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are an old man, cannot?"—"Ah!" said the countryman, "it is no wonder that he should remember he was made but t'other day, it is a great wonder I should remember I was made."

HOW TO BECOME CONSEQUENTIAL.

A brow austere, a circumspective eye,
A frequent shrug of the os humeri,
A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blust'ring manner, and a tone of weight,
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare,
Adapt all these as time and place will
Then rest assur'd that those of little sen
Will set you down—A man of consequence

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE LAST WORD.

John, who had a terranant wife, after
John, in which she was resolved to have
John, told her, if she spoke one crooked
John would beat her brains out. "Why,
Johns, you rogue," said she, "if I die

LEE, THE POET.

ted fellow, who fancied himself a poet,
eccentric poet, Nat Lee, if it was not
like a madman, as he did? "No,"
lat, "but it is easy to write like a fool,

EYES AND NOSE.

iam Davenant, the poet, who had no
along the blows one day, a beggar-
owed him, crying, "Ah! God preserve
ght, sir; the Lord preserve your eye-
Why, good woman," said he, "dost
so much for my eye-sight?" "Ah!"
answered the woman, "if it should
that you grow dim-sighted, you have
hang your spectacles on."

CRITICS.

this country is rich
ndship and love who can match 'em,
iters are plagued with the itch,
asten most kindly to scratch 'em.

ON A GALLANT HIGHWAYMAN.

, a noted highwayman, was famous
the hearts of the women. After his
following epitaph was bestowed on

Do Val—Reader, if male thou art,
thy purse;—if female, to thy heart:
roc has he made in both: for all
made to stand—the women fall.

ON OUTWITTED.

d an honest quaker, where
Lord George Fox's time?

"Where thine was," said the quaker,
Harry Tudor's time. "I
with me," added the qu
thee a question. Where
he was turned of ten years
that?"—"No, nor you!"
—"Yes, I can," replied
going into his eleventh year

THE WORLD & P

The world's a
Our d
Compass
The p
Death is the
driven,
We're gather'd and bound for either hell or
heav'n.

PARISH FEELING.

A melting sermon being preached in a country
church, all wept except one man; who being
asked why he did not weep with the rest? "Oh!"
said he, "I belong to another parish."

CRANIOLOGY.

After the death of Porson, his head was dissect
ed, and, to the confusion of all craniologists, it was
discovered, that he had the thickest skull of any
Professor in Europe. Professor Gall being called
upon to explain this phenomenon, and to recon-
cile so tenacious a memory with so thick a recep-
tacle for it, replied;—"How the Ides got into
such a skull, is their business not mine; I have
nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—
that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever
to get out again."

A LEFT-HANDED EXCUSE.

A servant girl, who could not read, had, from
constant attendance, got the church-service by
rote. But a few Sundays previous to her mar-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

riage, she was accompanied by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man, astonished, said, "Good heaven! why you have the book wrong side upwards."—"I know it, sir," said she, confusedly, "I always read so, for I am left-handed."

THE WORLD A BOOK.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great author, printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all th' errata will appear at the end.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

When the late Sir Philip Francis was one day at Holland-house, the lady of the mansion induced Mr. Rogers, the poet, to ask the knight if he was really the author of *Junius's Letters*. The knight, knowing the knight's austere character, addressed him with modest hesitation, asking if he might be permitted to propose a question. Sir Philip anticipating what was to come, exclaimed in a severe tone, "At your peril, Sir;" upon which Mr. Rogers observed, that "if Sir Philip was really Junius, he was certainly *Junius Brutus*."

PLAIN TRUTH.

A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accused in the following phrase: "Pray, Sir, bestow your charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your charity."—"Prithce, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

STRANGE, MORE, AND WRIGHT.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were Strange, More, and Wright; said the last, "There is but one rogue in company, and that is *Strange*."—"Yes," answered Strange, "there is *the More*,"—"Aye," said More, "that is *Wright*."

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

A drunken fellow, having sold except his feather-bed, at last met that too; and his conduct being reproved by his friends, "Why," said he, well, thank God, and why should I?

BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.

"Your colours are beautiful," remarked a lady to a portrait-painter.—"answered he, "your ladyship and I do shop."

THE DECISION.

A dispute having long subsisted in a family, between the maid and the coachman, for fetching the cream for breakfast, one morning called them both before they might hear what they had to say, accordingly. The maid pleaded, that she was lounging about the kitchen the morning, and yet was so ill-off, would not fetch the cream for her; saying he saw she had so much to do, no moment to spare. The coachman said it was not his business. "Very well, master," but pray what do you expect?"—"To take care of the horse and drive the coach," replied he. "right," answered the master, "and expect you to do more than I hired this I insist on, that every morning, fast, you get the coach ready, and to the farmer's for milk; and I allow that to be part of your business."

IRISH HONOURS.

An Irishman boasting of his blarney, said, that when he first came to England, such a figure that the lord's rogues followed him to London. "Aye, a gentleman in company," I suppose for you came up in a waggon with a

saying, a shilling for master, a shilling for myself, which he continued till he came to an odd sixpence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overbearing his perplexity, said to him, "You may as well let me have that sixpence, John, because I keep the horses, you know."

THE HIGHWAYMAN OFF HIS GUARD.

A rider to a commercial house in London, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir," said the rider, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me, to have been robbed without making any defence, I should wish you just to fire a pistol through my coat."—"With all my heart," said the highwayman, "where will you give the hall?"—"Here," said the rider, "just by the side of the button." The unblinking highwayman was as good as his word; but as soon as he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveller, who came up at the time, lodged the highwayman in gaul.

THE LAWYER AND THE JEW.

one of the universities, sent to borrow a certain book. "I never lend," said he, "but if the gentleman comes to my chambers, he may make use of it, he pleases." A few days after, he sent the book, sent to the other to borrow of bellows. "I never lend my bellows to the other," but if the gentleman comes to my chambers, he may make use of them, he pleases."

coachman, having had a busy
at an ale-house to regale himself, and
joining to one in which his master
lived, not suspecting who was his
to divide his earnings in a man-
among the brothers of the whip,

One day, as a solicitor was passing through Lincoln's-inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "Clash to shell, *old clash!*" The lawyers somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, Sir, *they are all new suits.*"

A Yorkshire boy went into a public-house, where a gentleman was eating eggs. The boy looked at him for some time, and then said, "Will you be good enough to give me a little salt, Sir?"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"Certainly; but why do you want *egg*?"—"Perhaps, Sir, you'll ask me to eat an egg presently, and I should like to be ready"—"What country are you from, my lad?"—"Yorkshire, Sir."—"I thought so—there, take an egg."—"I thank you, Sir," said the boy. "Well," added the gentleman, "they are all great horse-stealers in your country, are they not?"—"Yes," rejoined the boy, "my father, (though an honest man) would no more mind stealing a horse than I would drinking your glass of ale. Your health, Sir," said he, and drank it up. "That will do," says the gentleman, "I see you are Yorkshire."

MUNDEN, THE COMEDIAN.

Munden, when confined to his bed and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his dignified indisposition was the laugh of the green-room, replied, "though I love to laugh and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke."

FELLOW-FEELING.

In prime of life,
Tom lost his wife;
Says Dick, to smooth his pain;
"Thy wife, I trow,
Is long, ere now,
In Abraham's bosom laid."

"Her fate forlorn,
With grief I mourn;"
The shrewd dissembler cries,
"For much I fear,
By this sad tear,
She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes."

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLOTH.

A clergyman going down to his living to spend the summer, met a comical old chimney-sweeper, "So, John," said the doctor, "whence came you?"—"I row your house," replied the sweep, "for this morning I have swept all your chimneys."—"How many were there?" asked the doctor.—"No less than twenty," quoth John.—

"Well, and how much a chimney have you?"—"Only a shilling a-piece, Sir."—"Why returned the doctor, "you have earned a deal of money in a little time."—"Yes, Sir," said the sweep, throwing his bag over his shoulders, "*we black coats* make money easy enough."

BISHOP AND HIS SERVANT.

A certain bishop had a servant, whom he sent on a festival to go to a butcher, and order for a piece of meat, and then to come to where the bishop was to preach. Then in the course of his sermon, happening to pass towards the door, as his servant came in, he said, "And what says David?" Upon which he roared out, "He swears if you do not bring him a bill, you need never send to his shop again."

THE QUAKER AND THE PARSON.

A quaker barber being sued by the parson for tythes, went to him and asked why he sued him, as he had never any dealing with him for tythes. "Why," said the parson, "for tythes."—"For tythes?" said the quaker, "upon what account?"—"Why," said the parson, "for preaching in the church."—"Then," replied the quaker, "I have no money to pay thee, for I come not there."—"Oh, might," said the parson, "for the doors are open at convenient times." The quaker immediately entered his action against the parson for forty shillings. The parson inquired if he owed him the money? "Truly," replied the quaker, "for trimming!"—"Trimming," said the parson, "why, I was trimmed by you in my life."—"Oh, might," said the quaker, "might'st have come and been trimmed, had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine."

COINCIDENCE.

The great Duke of Marlborough passing by the Tower, was accosted by an old fool, with "How do you do, my Lord?"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"Grace and I have now been in every kingdom?"—"I believe, friend," replied, with surprise, "this is the only visited."—"Very likely," rejoined, "but I have been in all the rest."

HEROISM.

On his return from the wars, warlike friends, what exploits he had done he said, "that he had cut off one of the heads" and being told that it would have been honourable and manly to have cut off a head, "Oh," said he, "you must know I cut off before."

FIELD-PREACHER.

A preacher explaining to his congregation of hell, told them he had lived there for years. "It is a great pity," said one of the hearers, "that you did not stay there a month then you would have gained a legal title."

THE COUNTRY CARPENTER.

After having neglected to make a gibbet, when ordered by the executioner, on that he had not been paid for the gibbet erected, was sent for by the judge. And the latter, in a stern tone, "how could you neglect making the gibbet that was my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon, my lord," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been your Lordship, it should have been done."

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

Young Harriet mov'd along,
Of the beautiful throng,
Gaz'd on with admiration,
By many an exclamation!
"What a beauty! what grace!
What that Grecian face!
Sweet smiles, that bloom's not
In old's, More's, or Mar-

quise's, More's, or Mar-

And though you saw her
I swear, by G——, you
A wager instantly was
And Ranger sought the
The ponding let he know
Nor e'en the impious
Confus'd, her cheek burn

at the sight

was painted, and the

TROTTERS AND GALLOPERS.

Charles Bannister, the actor, was one evening in company with a young man, who, being in liquor, began to moralize on the folly of his past conduct. "I have been a d—— fool," said he, "my late father kept a tripe-shop in Clare-market, and got a decent fortune by it, which he left to me; and I, like an idiot, have stripped myself almost of my last shilling in horse-racing and the like."—"Well," said Charles, "never mind that, he got his money by trotters, and you lost it by gallopers."

NOVEL SOLECISM.

The late John Kemble, who was so minutely observant of that great dramatic canon, "suit the action to the word," that he would study before a glass the proper position of a finger even; seeing an actor hold down his head on pronouncing, O, Heaven! and hold it up on pronouncing, O Earth! said, "The fellow has committed a solecism with his hand."

LONDON THIEVES.

As Yorkshire Humphrey, Colther day,
O'er London Bridge was stumping,
He saw, with wonder and delight,
The water-works a-pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and wond'ring how
This grand machine was made,
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the balustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout,
And soon, with fish-hook finger, turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around—
The thief, with artful leer,
Says, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pick-pockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I fear not London thieves,
I'm not a simple youth;
My guinea, Measter's, safe enough!
I've put it in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies,
Then modestly retires;
Numps re-assumes the gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view;
When now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

Then thus the elder thief began—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me," young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat;
Only observe how neat I'll queer
The gaping country flat."

By this time Numps, who gaz'd his fill,
Was trudging through the street;
When the young pilf'rer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful archin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find,
And give the boy his coin;
And Humphrey, with the friendly band,
Deigns cordially to join.

"There are your pence," quoth Numps,
Be sure thee haulds 'em faster!"
"My pence!" quoth Filch; "here's
But where's my guinea, master?"

"Help, help! good folks; for God's
Bawls out this hopeful youth—
"He pick'd my guinea up just now
And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws,
And, seizing on his gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out—"Masters, here's
I'll give the child his guinea!
But who'd have thought to see a th
In this same country ninny?"

Humphrey, astonish'd, thus begins—
"Good measters! hear me, pray
But—" Duck him, duck him!" is t
At length he sneaks away.

"Ah! now," quoth Numps, "I w
What often I've heard said,
That London thieves would steal th
Out of a body's head!"

THE MAGPIE.

A boy, belonging to one of the shi
Portsmouth, had purchased of his pl
magpie, which he carried to his father'
was at the door feeding it, when a g
the neighbourhood, who had an imped
speech, coming up, "T—T—T—To
gentleman, "can your Mag T—T—T
"Ay, Sir," says the boy, "better th
I'd wring his head off."

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.

Dr. South, when preaching befo
II. observed that the monarch and h
began to nod. Some of them soon afte
which he broke off his sermon, and cal
Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rem
you snore so loud that you will wake

THE LEARNING PHILOSOPHER.

ROYAL TWIN.

"Hoon!" said an Irish footman to his fellow servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?" "In honour of the Duke of York's birthday," said Murphy.—"Be *aisy* now," rejoined the other, "none of your *blarney*—sure, 'twas the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless they are '—"

THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

A lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
(The for breakfast too savoury I wote)
He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat still
sitting,
"What a breakfast of *learning* is mine.
A breakfast of *learning*!" with wonder
And laughed, for he thought him mistak—
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,
"When I'm making large extracts from Bacon."

FLINT SOUP.

A friar once entered a farm-house and begged
of me of a little pan, to make some flint broth!
"Flint broth!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, "how
that to be done? I should like to learn such an
uncommon secret." The friar took the vessel,
and some water and some clean flints: "Now,"
said he, "I must have a piece of beef and a few
bacons, some salt, a little bacon, and a little flour,
and stir them well together." Having done all
that, he let the mess boil its proper time, he pro-
duced a very palatable broth, to the astonishment
of the good wife, who forgot that she had contri-
buted the only good ingredients.

A FRIAR'S TACTICS.

One day, when Cardinal Richelieu had sum-
moned Bernard de Weimar to his council,
and his finger over a map, said, "Mon-
sieur, take this city, then that, and
then take Bernard listened to him
length said, "But, Father,
with your fingers."

ROYAL AND NOBLE.

When Baisrobert with
mother sent some prie
mon Dieu," said he,
pardon, and confess th
thou knowest that the
much greater under th

JOHN KEMBLE.

Kemble had been for many years the intim
friend of the Earl of Aberdeen; on one o
on he called on that nobleman during
morning ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the
age at the door. Kemble and the noble
were closely engaged on some literary subject
long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in
arriage at the door, it being very cold went
At length her patience being exhausted, she
directed the servant to inform his master that
was waiting, and that she feared the wen
would bring on an attack of the rheumatism.
The fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's st
and delivered his message, leaving out the
letter in rheumatism. This he had repeated
several times, at different intervals, by direc
of his mistress, before he could obtain an ans
at length Kemble, roused from his subject by
importunities of his servant, replied somev
petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not co
and fellow, in future, say *tum*."

CLASSIC TOASTS.

Sir W. Curtis was once present at a pe
dinner where the Dukes of York and Clari
formed part of the company. The President,
as a toast, "The *Adelphi*," (the Greek word
"The Brothers.") When it came to the wo
Baronet's turn to give a toast, he said, "Mr.
sident, as you seem inclined to give *public h
ings*, I beg leave to propose *Somerset House*."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Swift alluding, in a letter, to the frequen
stances of a broken correspondence after

absence, gives the following natural account of the causes:—"At first one omits writing for a little while—and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses—and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. In this manner" he adds, "I have served others, and have been served myself."

EPIGRAM.

Said Celia to Damon, "Can you tell me from whence I may know a coquette from a woman of sense? Where the difference lies?"—"Yes," said Damon, "I can; Every man courts the one, t'other courts every man."

GOLDSMITH'S CREDULITY.

Dr. Goldsmith was sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, when he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith, "in good troth I do not smell it."—"I never smelled any thing so unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat."—"In good troth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too, but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter resisted: but the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" said the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I

could never think that a man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life."—"What is it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in troth, I think I am even with you."

QUEEN BESS.

A courtier one day came running to Queen Elizabeth, and, with a face full of dismay, "Alas, my lady," said he, "I have had news for you; a party of tailors mounted on mares, that attack the Spaniards, are all cut off."—"Courage, my friend!" said the queen; "this news is indeed bad; but when we consider the nature of the quadrupeds, and the description of the soldiers, it is some comfort to think we have lost neither horses nor horse."

BOTTLES FLYING.

Hugh Boyd was dining with a large party of his countrymen, when, after having drunk freely, one of the company took up a decanter and flung it at the head of the person that sat facing Boyd, however, seeing the missile about to be thrown, dexterously stretched forth his hand and caught it, exclaiming, at the same time, "Gentlemen, if you send the bottle about this way, there will not one of us be able to stand on our feet this evening."

DR. PITCAIRN.

Dr. Pitcairn one Sunday stumbled into a Presbyterian church, to beguile a few idle moments, and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of his subject:—"What does the devil make the man greet?" said Pitcairn to the fellow that stood near him. "By my faith," answered the other, "you would perhaps be so too, if you were in his place, and had as little to say."—"Come along with me, friend, and let us have a glass together," said Pitcairn, "You are too good a fellow to be here."

CHARITABLE FRAUD.

Bishop of Aix, on hearing that his friend Francis de Sales had been canonized, told him a gallant, amiable, and honest tale of his own life. "I would cheat at piquet."—"But, my friend, you are present," said the bishop, "is it possible that a man can be a sharper at play?"—"No," replied the bishop, "he said as a reason for it, that he gave all his winnings to the poor."

LORD ORRERY.

Orrey, the friend and biographer of Newton, was an unbounded lover for the classics, and loved classical appellations on the names of his household. His dog bore the name of Cæsar. However, one day giving him a most unclassical bite, his lordship called out, and pursued him round the room with solemnity, uttering the while, this truly classical sentence: "Cæsar! Cæsar! if I could but give thee as many wounds as thy namesake in the capitol!"

PETER PINDAR.

Pindar, better known as Peter Pindar, one day upon the publisher of his works, enquiring into the literary and other doings of the day. After some chat, the doctor took a glass of wine with the seller and poetry. The doctor consented to drink a little negus, when instantly was presented a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a negro on it. "Eh! eh!" says the doctor, "what is this?"—"A man's skull," replied the bookseller, "a poet's for what I know."—"More likely," rejoined the doctor, "I have known that all you booksellers get from our skulls."

NO JOKE.

A gentleman residing on his estate on the road to London, and within a few miles of that town, was one day accompanied on and robbed, at

up a board, to scare offenders by the notification that "Steel traps and spring guns are set in these grounds;" but finding that even this was treated with contempt, and his fruit, &c. vanished as before, he caused to be painted in very prominent letters underneath—"No Joke, by G—d!" which had the desired effect.

THE SAFE SIDE.

During the riots of 1780, most persons in London in order to save their houses from being burnt or pulled down, wrote on their doors, "No Popery!" Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his "No Religion!"

DR. SOUTH.

Dr. South visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman stepped into the next room and told his wife, and desired she would provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till, at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that, if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, "I beg, Sir, you will make no stranger of me."

QUIN ON TURTLE EATING.

Quin was asked once what he thought of turtle-eating. "By G—d," said he, "it is a thousand pities, that, on such an occasion, a man had not a stomach as long as the cable of a first-rate man-of-war, and every inch palate."

SMART RETORT.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together; the former said, "this is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a garret."—"You fool," said Garret, "don't you know there must be chambers first?"

PETER WALTERS.

A gentleman, not so remarkable for his economy as his wit and humour, was one day rallying the late Peter Walters on his avarice. "For my part," quoth the gentleman, "I don't know any difference between a shilling and sixpence, for when one is changed, it is gone, and so is the other."—"Ah," says Peter, "my old friend, you may not know the difference between a shilling and a sixpence now, but believe me you will when you come to be worth but eighteen-pence."

THE SENATOR.

A senator, who is not esteemed the wisest man in the House, has a custom of shaking his head when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the House, assured them it was only the effect of an ill-habit, "for," said he, "though he often shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

THE LAWYER AND THE FARMER.

A lawyer quits the jarring courts
For rural ease and rural sports,
Surveys his newly-bought estate,
And, like all those that wealth makes great,
Thus plied an honest farmer's ear :
"Behold what spacious grounds are here !
Yon park extensive mocks the eye,
Yon house with palaces might vie;
Rich by industry I have grown,
And all thou seest I call my own."
The clown, who very seldom made
A speech of length, in answer said,
"I fancy, Sir, you'd change your tone,
If every one possess'd his own."

KING CHARLES.

King Charles II. being prevailed upon, by one of his courtiers, to knight a very worthless fellow, *and of mean aspect*, when he was going to lay the

sword upon his shoulder, our new knight back, and hung down his head, as if out of countenance. "Don't be ashamed," said the king, "'tis I have the most reason to be so."

THE CANON AND VICAR.

A canon of Windsor, who was taking his evening walk into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle gate, returning home somewhat tipsy with generous port. "So," says the vicar, "from whence come you?"—"I don't know," replied the canon; "I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few ladies."—"Ay, and now," says the canon, "I am reeling it home."

LORD B——.

In Queen Ann's reign, the Lord B—— married three wives, who were all his servants. A beggar-woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy, "Ah! my lord, might I bless you," said she, "and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough, all be ladies in time."

EPIGRAM.

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claimed his estate. Whilst his widow most vilely his memory did slander,
"What!" she cry'd, "must I suffer, because he was a curst knave,
Without leaving a will is laid snug in his grave."
"That's no wonder," said one, "for 'tis viler than death to be known,
Since his marriage, poor man! he'd no wife of his own."

COLONEL CHARTRES.

The late Colonel Chartres reflecting on his ill-life and public character, told a nobleman that such a thing as a good name could be purchased for money. He would freely give 10,000*l.* for it. The nobleman said, "it would be the worst money laid out in his life."—"Why so?" said the colonel. "Because," replied his lordship, "you have certainly forfeit it again in less than a week."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE TWO SISTERS.

Married wife, abusing her husband on
 his disposition, told him that if she was
 could marry the devil's eldest daughter,
 get any thing by it. "That's true,"
 husband, "but the worst of it is one
 thing else."

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

Orpheus (as old stories shew)
 Adding to the shades below,
 Dispense the pleasing strain,
 Pastor'd his wife again.
 Oh, the worst of mortal scrapers
 Ever call'd forth rustic capers,
 Adst for wife so vile a jade,
 For own sake leave off the trade:—
 If Pluto hear thy tweedle-dee,
 The same way would punish thee.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

Some ago one of the male convicts in Bo-
 wrote a farce; which was acted with
 use on the theatre, in Port Jackson.
 The noted pickpocket, furnished the
 which ended with these lines:—
 Fight we, for be it understood,
 For country for our country's good.

ALL GONE OUT.

Since a gentleman near Birmingham,
 went to see a friend, called at his house,
 and he was gone out; to save the trouble
 again, he expressed a wish to see the
 and she also was gone out. That no
 he lost, he requested to see the young
 he likewise was out. Wishing, how-
 go without accomplishing his business,
 he would then walk in, and sit by the
 and them returned, he was told by Pat,
 Sir, and you can't, for that is gone out

EPICURUS.

"Whatever is, is right," says Pope —
 So said a sturdy thief;
 But when his fate requir'd a rope,
 He varied his belief.
 I ask'd if still he held it good;
 "Why, no," he sternly cried;
 "Good texts are only understood
 By being well applied."

APPROPRIATE CARRIAGES.

A coachmaker, remarking the fashionable stages
 or carriages, said, "that a sociable was all the ton
 during the honey-moon, and a milky after."

NEWSPAPER READERS.

Shenstone, the poet, divided the readers of a
 newspaper into the following general classes:—
 The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts;
 the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-
 jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to mar-
 riages; the prodigal son to deaths; the monopolist
 to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding
 school misses to every thing that relates to Gretna-
 green!

THE RETREAT!

"Let's run, let's run," a soldier cries;
 His captain heard, and thus replies—
 "What, coward! would you turn away
 The moment we have gain'd the day?
 Behold the foe have ceas'd to fire;
 Their broken ranks with speed retire."
 "Yes, I perceive our foes retreat;
 For speed Newmarket can't match 'em;
 I therefore do my words repeat—
 Run, or, by G—, you'll never catch 'em."

HORSE STEALING.

Two fellows meeting, one asked the other, why
 he looked so bad? "I have good reason for it," an-
 swered the other, "poor Jack, the greatest croney
 and best friend I had in the world, was hang'd"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

two days ago."—"What had he done?" said
 first. "Alas!" replied the other, "he did no
 more than you or I should have done on the like
 occasion; he found a bridle on the road, and took
 it."—"What!" said the other, "hang a man
 taking up a bridle! That's hard, indeed."—"To
 tell the truth of the matter," said the other,
 "there was a horse tied to the other end of it."

EPITAPH ON A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Stay, bachelor, if you have wit,
 A wonder to behold:

Husband and wife, in one dark pit,
 Lie still, and never scold.

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes;—
 Hark, she begins already:

You've hurt my head;—my shoulder akes;—
 These sores can ne'er move steady.

Ah, friend! with happy freedom blest!
 See how my hope's miscarry'd:

Not death itself can give you rest,
 Unless you die unmarry'd.

THE EXECUTION.

An under-sheriff having to attend a malefactor to execution on a Friday, went to him the Wednesday before, to ask the following favour: "My good friend," said the sheriff, "you know I have orders to see you executed next Friday; now I have business of the utmost importance at London on that day, and as you must die so soon, one day's difference can make no odds, and I should take it as a particular favour if you would be hanged on Thursday morning." The prisoner replied, "I am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this particular; for I have some business of great importance on Friday morning; but, Mr. Sheriff, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful man, suppose we put off this said execution till Monday morning; if you like that, Mr. Sheriff, I'll agree to it with all my heart."

EXCHANGING SERMONS.

It is customary for the clergy in most counties

to have annual visitations, in order to settle the affairs of the church. There belonged to a society of this sort, in Dorsetshire, a clergyman, who preached excellent sermons, but preached them badly. One of these meetings, after the gentlemen dined, and the servants were seated down together, this clergyman's man asked another, "what do many parsons met together for?"—"Why," answered he, "to swap sermons."—"Age," quoth the former, "then my master is always most notably cheated, for he never gets a good one."

EPITAPH ON MR. FOOT.

Here lies one Foot, whose death may thousands save,
 For death has now one Foots within the grave.

COPY OF A DROLL EVIDENCE,

Delivered by the Rev. Mr. J. W——, rector of Rockland, St. Peters, who was subpoenaed to the testimony of the character of one P——, schoolmaster, at New Buckingham, in Norfolk, at the assize held at Thetford.

Counsel. Call the Rev. Mr. J. W——, rector of Rockland, St. Peters.
 Clerk of Assize. Mr. J. W—— called.
 Walpole. Here, Sir.
 Counsel. Mr. Walpole, I think you know Rockland, St. Peters?
 Walpole. No, Sir, I don't live there; I am parson of the parish, and the living came from my mother.

Counsel. Sir, I don't ask you after the name, nor how you came by it.
 L. C. Justice. Mr. Walpole, pray what do you live?

Walpole. May it please your Lordship, I am a schoolmaster, at New Buckingham, just by Tom Tunbridge, the Crown.

Counsel. Pray do you know one Mr. P——, a schoolmaster, at New Buckingham?

Walpole. Yes, Sir, I know him very well.

Counsel. Pray, Sir, what sort of a man is he?

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Walpole. Pray, Sir, what sort of a man is he?

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Sir, he is a well-built man for his age, in a blue coat and buckskin pair.

Sir, I don't ask you what sort of a pot what dress he goes in.

Sir, as I am upon my oath, I thought for an account of all I know of him.

Yes, Sir, relating to the questions you ask, I mean, how does he behave, that is, how does he behave well in your town?

Yes, Sir, very well; only he goes robbing, but that he cannot help.

Sir, you do not take me right; has he character of an honest, sober, well-behaved man in your town?

Yes, Sir, that he has; it is as seldom drunk as any man in town; perhaps in a week will call on me to go to Tom Thimble's, seldom drink above two or three full pots of wine, and he goes home very sober con-

I Pray, Sir, do you call it a sober man that drinks two or three full pots in a

He is a very moderate man in drinking, takes more than half his share.

Then, Sir, you have a good partner. Sir, I like such men best, and so we agree extremely well together, quarrel over our cups, that's all I know

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

Mr. Tooke was rejected by the House on account of the supposed purity of character, he compared his own sister of the girl at the Magdalen, who must turn out and qualify."

A DREAM.

Buried with my fellow clay,
In beggar's side I lay,
My neighbor shock'd my pride,
In consequence, I cry'd:

"Scoundrel, begot not;

More manners lent

"How? scoundrel

"Proud lump of thee;

Here all are equal;

This is --

Scoundrel, A

1
and

A STUTTERING MAN.

A person once knocked at the door of a college-fellow, to enquire the apartments of a particular gentleman. When the fellow made his appearance, "Sir," said the enquirer, "will you be so obliging as to direct me to the rooms of Mr. ——" The fellow had the misfortune to stutter. He began, "S-S-S pl-pl-please to go to ——" and then stopped short. At length, collecting all his indignation to the tip of his tongue, he poured out a frightful expression, adding, as he shut the door, "You will find him sooner than I can direct you."

BARRY AND HIS CARPENTER.

The Dublin theatre, during Mr. Barry's management, failed, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, &c. Among others, the master-carpenter called at Barry's house, and was very clamorous in demanding his money. Barry came to the head of the stairs, and asked what was the matter? "Matter enough," replied the carpenter, "I want my money, and can't get it."—"Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favour to walk up stairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business."—"Not I, by J—Mr. Barry;" cried the carpenter, "you owe me a hundred pounds already, and if I come up you will owe me two before I leave you."

MR. BURKITT.

Mr. William Burkitt, author of a Practical Exposition of the New Testament, and other religious books, was a facetious man. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became well

nister of Dedham, in Essex. Going one Sunday to church from the lecture-house, he met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself, by saying he had no sermon with him; but on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said with a smile, "Mr. Burkitt, I will agree to preach for you." He did so, and preached Burkitt's sermon. He, however, appeared to great disadvantage after Burkitt, for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably melodious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you was but half a rogue; you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddlestick."

ON A GLUTTON WHO HAD A REMARKABLE MOUTH.

Here lies a famous belly slave,
Whose mouth was wider than a grave;
Traveller, tread lightly o'er his clod,
For should he *gape* you're gone by G—d!

TREASON.

A very serious complaint was once lodged before a justice of the peace in a northern county, against a simple countryman, for having *damned the King*. A warrant was accordingly issued, and the poor delinquent dragged before the bench, when the following interrogatories were put to him.

Justice.—Harkee! you fellow; how came you wickedly and profanely to damn his most sacred Majesty George the Third, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth?

Countryman.—Lord, your worship, I did not *know* that the King of Clubs was Defender of the Faith, or by my troth I would not have damn'd it.

Justice.—King of Clubs! why, you rascal, what, do you add *insult* to *treason* me what you mean.

Countryman.—Mean, your worship, *mun know* that were *noine* and *noine*, at swabbers, clubs were trumps. I had *queen* i' my own hand; but as ill-luck v our neighbour Tummus clapt his *king* s my *queen*, and by *gadlin* they gotten the so being well throttled with rage, you I-I-I- cry'd *damn the king!*

Justice.—Oh! well if that's all, thou about thy business: but see that thou so again.

Countryman.—God bless your Honour e'en curse a knave, for fear it should c *Worship!*

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

Inscribed on a pane of glass by B

Curst be the man, the poorest wretch
The crouching vassal to the tyrant w
Who has no will but by her permissi
Who has not sixpence but in her pos
Who must to her his dear friends see
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse
Were such the wife had fallen to my
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break h

JACK KETCH.

Jack Ketch being lately summoned of Conscience for a small debt, was asked what he meant to pay it? The answer was: please your honour, as I know the family well, I'll *work* it out for him *line!*"

FISH AND SAUCE.

A countryman on a trial respecting fishery, at the Lancaster assizes, was examined by Sergeant Cockel, who, on other questions, asked the witness—'love fish?'—"Yea," said the poor fellow, *I donna like Cockle sauce with it."*

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE RIDDLE.

Addressed to four Ladies.

Gentle ladies, if you can,
 I beg that's wondrous common,
 Almost every well-bred man
 Gives to every woman,
 With which you've often play'd
 With your thumb and finger,
 If too frequent use be made,
 Will spoil you for a singer,
 And weak dames and old abuse,
 Often spoils the stronger;
 If 'tis rhetoric lovers use,
 They can talk no longer,
 Off or potion now,
 As you're pleas'd to make it
 The spirits when they're low,
 Tickles when you take it.

THE ANSWER, BY THE LADIES.

My dear riddle, gentle sir,
 For dames in council sat;
 Upon their opinions were,
 Great was the debate.
 And 'twas music, play'd with skill,
 And all this emotion;
 And said, it was a pill;
 And, it was a potion.
 And was quite amaz'd to hear
 Ladies talk such stuff,
 When the case was very clear,
 Took a pinch of snuff.

REAL POLITENESS.

XIV. having been told that Lord Stair
 of the best-bred men in Europe, "I shall
 put him to the test," said the king; and
 Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as
 the coach was opened, he bade
 him the other bowed and obeyed.
 "The world is right in the charac-
 ter of him; another person would
 have been a ceremony."

OLD AGE NOT REEL

BY LADIES.

Any imputation of old
 the fair sex, let the circum-
 bility be ever so great.
 ing olms in Islington, by
 man was too old for miter
 question you must ask of
 than I am.

A GRAVE-DIGGER'S BILL.

A grave-digger who had buried a
 sent the following curious bill to him:

"To making a Button-hole.....xs.

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were
 bearing down to attack the combined fleet off
 Trafalgar, the first-lieutenant of the Revenge, on
 going round to see that all hands were at quarters,
 observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the
 side of his gun. So unusual an attitude exciting
 his surprise, he asked the sailor if he was afraid?
 "Afraid!" answered the tar, "No, I was only
 praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed
 in the same proportion as prize-money—the great-
 est part among the officers."

NATIONAL TOASTS.

When Lord Stair was ambassador in Holland,
 he made frequent entertainments, to which the
 foreign ministers were constantly invited. The
 French Ambassador, in his turn, as constantly in-
 vited the English and Austrian ambassadors; and
 on one occasion proposed a health in these terms,
 "The Rising Sun, my master," alluding to the
 device and motto of Louis XIV. It came then to
 the Austrian ambassador's turn to give a toast;
 and he proposed the "Moon," in compliment to
 the Empress queen. The Earl of Stair was then
 called upon, and that nobleman, whose presence
 of mind never forsook him, drank his master,
 King William, by the name of "Joshua, the son
 of Nun, who made the Sun and Moon stand still."

NOBODY.

Sure Nobody's a wicked devil,
 The author of consummate evil;
 In breaking dishes, basins, glasses,
 In stealing, hiding—he surpasses.
 Behold the punch-bowl crack'd around,
 For weeks the ladle was not found;
 How crack'd—'twas Nobody that did it,
 How misplac'd—'twas Nobody hid it.
 When in the school, sits Dr. Pedant,
 He calls to him that is the head in't,
 "Who made that noise? who let his tongue
 stir?"
 "Nobody, Sir;" exclaims the youngster.
 The governess some mischief spies out;
 And in a passion thus she cries out,—
 "Hey day! a pretty litter this is?
 Whose doing? pray! come, tell me, Misses?
 Whose doing?" she repeats with fury,
 Nobody's, Madam, I assure you.
 The lady of the house believes,
 A guest her servant-maid receives.
 A thief, perhaps, who shams the lover,
 The windows' fastenings to discover;
 She hears a foot—yes, hears it plain,
 And calls, "Who's there?"—but calls in vain:
 She lists—so anxious she to know,
 And hears a stranger's voice below;
 "Why, Jane, who is it you've got there?"
 "Lord, Madam.—Nobody, I swear,
 As every body can declare."
 "I'm sure somebody it must be,"
 "Nobody, Madam—come and see."
 She goes, but all in vain she peeps,
 For any where Nobody creeps.
 She finds her gravy-soup diminished;
 Her ribs of beef are almost finished;
 "Hey-day, who those provisions took,"
 "Nobody, Madam," rejoins the cook
 "Impossible! what do you mean?"
 "Why then the cat it must have been"
 Thus Nobody is never seen
 In Anybody's shape, but that
 Of a domestic dog or cat.

This Nobody, how strange I think,
 Can walk and talk, can eat and drink;
 But male or female? why, I ween
 The gender must be Epicene.
 An old offender it appears,
 Who's liv'd above a thousand years;
 For Polyphemus had his odd eye
 Knock'd out by him, I mean Nobody.

QUIN AND THE BEAU.

Quin being one day in a coffee-house,
 young beau enter, quite languid with th
 of the day. "Waiter," said the coxco
 an affected faint voice, "Waiter, fetch me
 of coffee, as weak as water, and as
 a zephyr!" Quin, in a voice of thunder,
 diately vociferated, "Waiter, bring me a
 coffee, hot as h—ll, and strong as d——t—
 The beau starting, exclaimed, "Pray,
 what is that gentleman's name?" Quin,
 same tremendous tone, exclaimed, "Waiter,
 what is that lady's name."

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

The tradesmen of a man of fashion
 dunned him for a long time, he desired his
 one morning to admit the tailor, who h
 been so constant in his attendance as th
 When he made his appearance, "My fi
 said he to him, "I think you are a very
 fellow, and I have a great regard for you;
 fore, I take this opportunity to tell you, th
 be d——d if ever I pay you a farthing!
 go home, mind your business, and don't lo
 time by calling here. As for the others, d
 a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom
 no affection, and they may come as often
 choose."

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE DUEL

As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonsh
 one day stepping out of her carriage, a du
 who was accidentally standing by, and wa
 to regale himself with his accustomed whi
 bacco, caught a glance of her countenance,

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"Love and bless you, my lady, pipe in your eyes!" The dock-
light with this compliment, that
afterwards checked the strain of
which was so constantly offered to her
saying, "Oh! after the dustman's
all others are insipid."

INGENIOUS EVASION.

being brought up to Bow-street, the
league passed between him and the
rate: "How do you live?" —
sir; generally a joint and a pudding.
"I mean, sir, how do you get your
beg your worship's pardon; some-
times and sometimes at the chand-
"You may be as witty as you
ut I mean simply to ask you, how
—"Tolerably well, I thank your
pe your worship is well."

ELWALL AND MR. ERSKINE.

Elwall was on his trial at the Old
Barrons, during the evidence for
him, he wrote the following note, and
sent it, Mr. Erskine: "I am deter-
mining my cause myself." Mr. Erskine
replied, "If you do, you'll be hanged;"
Elwall immediately returned this
note, saying, "I am hanged, then, if I do."

GEORGE BARKER AND THE TOOTH-DRAWER.

George Barker was laid up one day,
then in the family-way;
his tooth-aches of husbands begin
his wives are about lying-in;
he bellow'd, so great was the pain,
his bit ginger, but all was in vain.

"The apothecary, came,
which the rest did inflame;
which he open'd so wide,
own, and "I see it" he cried;
and the pincers cram'd in,
with a horrible grin.

Tremendous and loud were the gentleman's cries,
While out came a tooth, to the patient's surprise.
"Ours I sir, you have drawn the best tooth that
I had,
Instead of the one that's so grievously bad;
"That's my loss," cried Jalap, "I've now double
labour,
For needs must I take out its troublesome neigh-
bour."

George would have replied, but rather in pass'd
His pincers, and thus was his mouth quickly
stopp'd,

Then spite of odd gestures, and even wry face,
He pull'd, and he twisted, the tooth to displace;
The doctor at length brought the job to an end,
With pains to himself, but much more to his friend.

Poor Barker held up both his hands to his head,
"O death and the devil, what pain's this," he said;
While Jalap the gentleman gravely assur'd,
"Twas nothing to what he might chance I have
endured;

Pray look at the rotten old stump I'd to draw,
And then thank your stars that *I didn't break your
jaw.*"

SPIRIT OF A GAMBLER.

A bon-vivant of fashion, brought to his death-
bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having
been seriously taken leave of by his physician,
and ingeniously told that he could not survive
many hours, and would die by eight o'clock next
morning, exerted all the small remains of his
strength to call the doctor back, which having ac-
complished with difficulty, he said, with the free
spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle
I live till nine."

FASHION'S SAKE.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man
who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at
ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cried out,
"Ten-pence, my lord! why the very fashion of it
cost me five pounds."—"Oh," said his lordship,
"we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

PROMPT ANSWER.

Chateaufort, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?"—"My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."

DR. YOUNG.

One day as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to tell him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," said the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, but, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, and spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

THE BIRCH.

Ye worthies, in trust for the school and the church,
Pray hear me descant on the virtues of BIRCH.

Though the *Oak* be the prince and the pride of
the grove,

An emblem of pow'r, and the favourite of Jove;
Though *Poëtus* with *Laurel* his temples have
bound,

And with chaplets of *Poplar* *Alcides* be crown'd;
'Tho' *Pallas* the *Olive* has graced with her choice,
And mother *Cybele* in *Pines* may rejoice;
Though *Bacchus* delights in the *Ivy* and *Vine*,
And *Venus* her garlands with *Myrtle* entwine;

Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the *Birch*.
The *Birch*, they aver, is the true tree of kno-
ledge,

Revered by each school, and remember'd at
lege.

Though *Virgil's* fam'd tree may produce a
fruit,

A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims
each shoot;

Yet the *Birch* on each bough, on the top of
switch,

Bears the essence of grammar, the eight pa-
speech.

'Mongst the leaves is conceal'd more than an
can mention,

All cases, all genders, all forms of declension
Nine branches when cropp'd by the hand a

Nine,

Each duly arrang'd in a parallel line,
Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,
And soak'd for nine hours in cold *Hell*
spring

Is a sceptre compos'd for a pedagogue's hand
Like the *Fasces* of *Rome*, a true badge of com-

The sceptre thus finish'd, like *Mosses's* rod
From flints can draw tears, and give life to a
Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance spread
Its clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the heart
This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to
Disperses the clouds, and restores us to light
Like the *Virga divina*, 'twill find out the vein
Where lurks the rich metal—the gold of the
Should *Genius*, a captive, by *Sloth* be confin'd
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er
mind,

Apply but this magical wand—with a stroke
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broken
Like *HERMES's* rod, these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder, and Poetry's fire.

And if *MORPHEUS* our temples in *Lethargy*
steep,

These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.

strong Conviction, of Logic the glory,
his precision *a posteriori*,
Exultation, and thrills through each

quicken, and purges the brain.
riders prevail in the blood,
correct them, like guaiacum wood,
a juice is, so sweet are its twigs,
and we call them the Walkley-bank

and of Circe to brutes would change

if the Birch can unbrute them again.
of the Sybil, that branch of pure

in the gate of Egypium unfold,
of learning, where pleasures abound,
but still flourish on classical ground.
the its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
like the blues, immortal shall be.

LUCKY LOSS.

being one day engaged in examinations, and finding them extremely like of the punishment that awaited a future world; observing, that he cast into a place of utter darkness would be weeping, and waiting, of teeth."—"Let them gnash that cried an old woman from a corner; "for my part, I have had none but."

MR JAMES THE FIRST.

th mounting a horse that was un-
The devil tak' my soul, sirrah, an ye
'll send ye to the five hundred kings
of Comman:—They'll soon tame

COURAGE.

Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet,
captains, who was gallantly

hearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the captain, "it will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike."

PURCHASING A HUSBAND.

A country girl, desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a present of a five-pound bank-note for her marriage-portion. Her mistress wished to see the object of Susan's favour; and a very diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor, and ugly as an ape, made his appearance. "Ah, Susan," said her mistress, "what a strange choice you have made!"—"La, ma'am," said Susan, "in such hard times as these, when almost all the tall fellows are gone for soldiers, what more of a man than this can you expect for a five-pound note?"

A COMPARISON.

It is with narrow-soled people, as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

THE RETORT.

Two girls of fashion entered an assembly-room, at the time when a fat citizen's wife was quitting it. "Ah," said one of them, in an audible voice, "there's beef *a-la-mode* going out."—"Yes," answered the object of their ridicule, "and game going in."

MATRIMONIAL REGULATIONS.

A man being brought up by his wife, who had sworn the pence against him, after being informed by the sitting magistrate of the charge laid against him, he asked permission to say *summa in locum exculpationis*.

"Well," said the worthy magistrate, "you are at liberty to say any thing you please in your defence."

"Why, then, please your worship, I can show as how my wife took the law into her hands before I balated her at all."

Magistrate.—"Did she strike you first?"

Husband.—"No, your worship, but if you'll please to hear my tale, you shall know all about it; first, if you'll please to hear me, you must know that I am of a very hot temper, and she a plaguy hot well as I; well, so you know, says I to her *one* morning, *He-y*, my lass, we'd split our disturbances, *t'one* of us shall be master *nan* year, and t'other of next year, in regular succession—well, please your worship, she agreed to this regulation, and she been t' *maister* all t'last year; the time you know, that her time expired was last Friday four months. Well, your worship, of Friday four months I told you that I was *gaining* to be t' *maister*; well, do you know, your worship, she took a law into her own hands, and said she'd be felled if she would not remain master for t'next year; so I was put up with the degradation till last Friday—well, at that day, *He-y*?"

Wife.—"Till last Friday."

Husband.—"Well, and then as how I thought t'law wad authorize me to *batle* her, as she had w'en t'law into her hands. (*Much laughter.*)

Magistrate.—"Woman, what have you to say in t' singular's defence?"

Wife.—"Please, your worship, I know I'm guilty of the *allegement* he has laid again me; I'm sorry for what I've done! I hope as that you'd forgive me this time, and I'll try him (*pointing to her husband*) till he misbehaves himself again."

The magistrate then advised her in future to let her husband be the master, and, after making mutual promises to kiss and be friends, they retired.

JUSTIFICATION.

A dog, young open-mouthed at a sergeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and killed him. The owner was quite indignant that his dog was killed, and asked the sergeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? "So I would," said he, "if he had run at me with his tail."

FORTITUDE OF A SOLDIER.

A veteran, at the battle of Trafalgar, actively engaged at one of the corners, shot all below the knee, observing, "That's but a shilling touch; as I should have had my eighteen-penny, I should have had my eighteen-penny." The same man, as they were lifting together his shoulders, said to one of the surgeons, "Bob, take a look for my leg, and silver buckle out of my shoe; I like you, please God, some other time."

A DOTING HUSBAND.

At the time when Frederick Moreau was translating *Lebanon*, a servant told him, that his wife, who had long been in a declining state, was very ill, and wished to see him. "Stop a minute, stop a minute," said he, "I have but two sentences to finish, and I will be with her directly." A servant came to announce, that he was at home. "I have but two words to write," said he, and "then I'll fly to her." A messenger was brought to him, that she was dead. "Alas! I am very sorry for it," said the tranquil husband, "she was the best of the world!" Having uttered this brief eulogium, he went on with his work.

MATRIMONIAL AFFECTION.

In a village in Picardy, a farmer, after a long sickness, fell into a lethargy, and was willing, good man, to believe he was going. He was wrapped in a sheet and taken to be buried. But, as the clock was striking, his hearers carried her so near a hedge, that she pierced the sheet, and waked the wretched man. Some years after, she died again, and the funeral procession was passing the hedge, not ten feet from the hedge, and

TIDY ADVICE.

On advising his son to keep in at a distance; a tradesman, who admonition, replied—"I am sorry, I did not give the young gentleman the best of me; I am too deeply into my books."

HONESTY.

A attorney asked a worthy gentleman why, "What is that to you," replied "I would to God the spring would look

REASONABLE RECOLLECTION.

He once told Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that "blooming as the spring, but recollect the spring was not very promising, I would to God the spring would look

JOHN TAYLOR.

He interrupted the servile etiquette to the king. "I myself," said he, "gave a book to King James, great chamber at Whitehall, as his from the chapel. The Duke of id merrily to me: 'Taylor, where did r-manners to give the king a book and—"My lord," said I, "if it please I do give now; but when I beg any will kneel."

PRUDENT DELAY.

He and his boy being employed to house by the day, were so tedious that one day asked the lad, in his master's he thought they would have done. mally replied, "that his master was for another job; and if he found one make an end that week."

THE CITIZEN.

A frequenter of city feasts having dined fat, it was proposed to write on dined at the expense of the corporation.

RAMSGATE FAR BEYOND MARGATE.

A young lady, on a visit to a friend near the sea-coast of Kent, was asked her opinion of the comparative degree of merit between Ramsgate and Margate: "Oh!" she replied, "I think Ramsgate far beyond Margate"—"Do you," replied a person present, "why, if you go round by the cliffs, it is not above five miles and a half."

DRY TOAST.

At a recent city dinner, the chairman proposed a health, but neglected to pass the bottle; upon which a facetious citizen exclaimed, "Mr. President, I will thank you for some wine, for a dry-toast always gives me the heart-burn."

A NEW MODE OF SAVING MONEY FROM ROBBERY.

Once on a time, 'tis said, that Hounslow-heath Was by a gang of robbers sore infested,
Who with the sword of justice boldly jested,
Till Mister Kirby's necklace stopp'd their breath.

Three dauntless officers of volunteers,
Knights of the thimble (fame reports) and sheers,
Stopping at Hounslow in a chase and pair,
Ask'd fiercely if the Heath was safe from thieves;
"Yes, sir," replied the outler, "I believe;
Besides, what needs such warlike gentleman care!"

The outler had a friend that lurk'd at hand,
A tribute-gatherer on the road—no worse;
Who, viewing slyly this redoubted band,
Swore each should pay the forced loan of his purse,
Or put, to speak more like a politician,
Their money in a state of requisition!

Away then rode he to wait for his prey;
The horses paid their score, and off went they,
But, ere they half the heath had cross'd,
They found the chevalier upon his post:

He stopped the chaise—"Gemmen," says he, "I hear

This road is horribly by rogues beset;
And, though such valiant men despise all fear,
Perhaps you'll be in danger if you're met."

At this their powder'd locks began to bristle;

"What shall we do?"—they cried, "oh, tell us what!"

"Why, gemmen," says the rogue, and shew'd a pistol—

"Best leave your cash with me, I'll tell you that."

"What! all our money? Nay, for goodness hold."

"Yes, all—quick, quick!" replied the rogue,
"your gold!"

Make haste! your watches too must be unfobb'd;
Or d—my buttons, sirs, but you'll be robb'd!"

THE MISER.

A miser, who had carefully deposited his darling treasure under a hedge, one day found that the hoard was gone. His cries and lamentations attracted several persons, and an unfeeling wag remarked, "it was very surprising the old gentleman should lose his money, as it was put into the bank."

APPROPRIATE TEXTS.

Some of our reverend gentlemen, who are denominated popular preachers, display great ingenuity in their choice of suitable texts. At an anniversary sermon before the Chelsea pensioners, a discourse was a few days since delivered from the following apposite text:—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the days in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." A gentleman, who preached a sermon before the society for recovering persons apparently drowned; selected the following:—"Trouble not yourselves about him, for he is not dead." For a wedding sermon preached a short time since, at a country town in Shropshire, a reverend gentleman took part of the story of *Jephthah's daughter*:—"And she went upon the mount-

tains and bewailed her virginity." A reverend dean, who published a sermon of the poor clergy in a provincial city, sufficiently enough selected the following: great pot and seeth pottage for prophets."

NAVAL FUN.

A gentleman enquiring of a naval officer, "sailors generally take off their shirts when they go into action," was answered, "that was not the case; they were willing to have any check to fighting."

PROFESSIONAL DUTIES MUST BE

An attorney presenting a copy of his will to an auctioneer, who was asked to sell it, apologized for his unwillingness, saying he was merely performing an duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession and so must I to mine; I was knocked down."

THE CROWN.

A country sculptor was once ordered to carve on a tombstone the following words:—"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." But the stone being small he engraved:—"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

A MAGISTRATE NO BAIL.

A sailor who had been making a bad night of it, was taken before a justice, who ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "I will commit you," said the justice. "Then the Lord send that stops the wind when the ship is in the mouth of the bay," said the sailor. "What do you mean by that?" "Why," said Jack, "it's the hawser of the yard-arm."

ON CHARACTERS.

When death puts out our flame the world is a different place. If we were wax or tallow by the

THE LAUSANNO PHILOSOPHER.

ADDISON AND STEELE.

In dialog with another, praised very
it, and asked who was the butcher?
"Addison."—"Addison!" echoed
"any relation to the poet?"
"probability he is, for he is seldom
"steal (Steak) by his side."

UTER, THE COMEDIAN.

Uttering Shuter one day in the street,
"Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to
go with twenty holes in your stock-
ings? get them mended?"—"No,"
said Ned, "I am above it, and if
pride of a gentleman, you will not
walk with twenty holes rather than
mended."—"How," replied the other,
"can you make that out?"—"Why," re-
plied Ned, "a hole is the accident of the day but
mended poverty."

ON THE LAW.

Thames, neighbour to a peer,
his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
his gates thrown down, his fences

And still the more, the more he spoke,
He'd his potent foe to awe,
His right by statute, and by law!
Shanery the wretch begun,
Terms through bill and answer
scow, had costs, and was undone.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

A commissioned officer, who, unfortu-
nate, was no other than the son of an
officer, chanced to let his cane fall
on the shoulders of a poor private,
"Move, you scoundrel, with alac-
rity." "Bless your honour,"
said the private, "how is it possible; the shoes
are so worn!" It is almost
impossible to be so easily dismissed.

SHAKESPEARE'S COOKERY.

Two gentlemen were disputing at a coffee-house
upon the best mode of cooking a beef-steak, and
enumerating the different processes for bringing
it to table in the highest perfection. Mr. We-
witz observed, that of all the methods of cook-
ing a beef-steak, he thought Shakespeare's re-
cipe the shortest and the best. Upon being asked
for an explanation. "Why, gentlemen," said
Wewitzer, "it is this:

"If when 'twere done, 'twere well done, then
'twere well
"It were done quickly——."

LIKE A PUPPY.

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a
recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very
much like a puppy, "likely enough," replied the
lady, "for I hear, that by order of the doctor he
has lately taken to bark."

NEW RAPS OF THE LOCK.

Last night as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Dells bent deliciously to grieve,
I stood a treacherous lolliser by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissors from my sleeve.
She heard the steel her beautiful lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy, — you have spoil'd my
wig."

THE KISS.

The author of the comedy called the Kiss, sent
a copy of the piece as soon as published to a young
lady, informing her that he had been wishing for
many months for the present opportunity of giving
her a kiss."

A COMMANDMENT KEPT.

A young officer not over fond of fighting, wait-
ed on the commander on the eve of a battle, to re-
quest leave of absence to visit his father and

mother, both of whom were extremely ill. "Yes," said the general, "honour your father and your mother, *that your days may be long.*"

POPE'S VERACITY.

Pope Alexander Vith. used to say, when reminded of promises he never intended to perform, "It is true I did make a promise, but I did not *take an oath to keep it.*"

ON AN UGLY OLD WOMAN.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

ROYAL REGULATION.

When George the Second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that every thing was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, he, in great wrath, sent for the Duke of Newcastle, his prime-minister, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself; and for this purpose he commanded that the proper papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. "They shall be sent to your majesty to-morrow;" replied the duke. When the king rose in the morning, and looked out of his window, he saw two waggon-loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Enquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcastle; to whom he sent to know what it meant. "They are the papers for examination," said the duke; "twelve more waggons-load for your majesty's inspection shall be sent in the course of the day."—"For my inspection!" replied the enraged monarch; "for my inspection! the devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barefooted to *Jerusalem.*"

PRUDENT ADVICE.

Among the tombs in Westminster-a to the memory of a nabob who is said quired a large fortune in the east by di means. The monument describes the the defunct is represented as rising from with astonishment in his face, and op tain to see what is the matter. Some under the figure:

Lie still if you're wise;

You'll be damn'd if you rise

ON A MISER AND A SPENDTH

Rich *Gripe* does all his thoughts and e
T' increase that wealth he wants a so
Poor *Shifter* does his whole contrivance
To spend that wealth he wants the se
How happy would to each appear hi
Had *Gripe* his humour, or he *Gripe's*
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if
And, of two wretches, make one hap

STAUNCH PIETY.

General Kirk, who had served in Tangiers, was pressed by James the I come a proselyte to the Romish religion expressed great concern that it was power to comply with his majesty's desire he was really pre-engaged. The king asked him what he meant? "Why answered Kirk, "when I was abroad the Emperor of Morocco, that if ever my religion I would turn Mahomedan did break my word in my life, and say I never will."

A PARSON'S DREAD.

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked the crew, if he thought there was any yes," replied the sailor; "If it blows it does now, we shall all be in heaven o'clock at night." The chaplain in expression, cried out, "*The Lord*

A SEA-HORSE.

When a West-Indiaman having bought a horse of the jockey, "Well, now the horse is sold, tell me candidly whether he has any faults?" said the other. "What do you think of him?" said the other. "Why, he is a good horse," answered the captain. "I will be candid," replied the jockey, "he is very well at sea; but on land he is a little off, or I would not have sold him."

GRATITUDE.

Walpole, during his long administration, was always averse to motions (though made) against the publishers of parliaments. "because," said he, good men may make better speeches for us than ourselves."

WELSHMAN AND HIS HOST.

A Welshman, coming late into an inn, asked, what meat there was within? He answered, and a breast of mutton; "I will have it," said the Welshman, "since I am no glutton, I shall serve; to night the breast, to-morrow morning; then light meat is best; I took the breast, and did not pay, I took his heels and run away."

THE INGENIOUS LAWYER.

One day was asked by a judge why he was employed in knavish causes. "I have no choice," said the counsellor, "I have been in the habit of losing good causes, I had better undertake bad ones."

LITERARY EXTRAVAGANCE.

One of the reviews, was boasting, of the habit of distributing literary reviews," replied his friend, "and you are so profuse that you have left none for yourself."

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A young author was reading a tragedy to a gentleman, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet perceiving his auditor very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. "I cannot pass an old acquaintance," replied the critic, "without that civility."

EPIGRAM.

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always do on fools;
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

WHITE-WASHING GENIUS.

A wretched artist was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. "I am white-washing it," said he, "and in a short time I shall begin painting."—"I think you had better," replied one of his audience, "paint it first, and then white-wash it."

NEGATIVE SUCCESS OF A PLAY.

A person being present at a conversation in which a very dull play was talked of, attempted a defence of it by saying, "it was not hissed."—"True," said another, "I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

TRIVIAL WAGER.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a warm and dull orator, to the president Montesquieu in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any trifles among friends has a value."

BITER BIT.

Mr. Andrew Cherry, the performer, having received an offer for an engagement from a manager, who had not behaved altogether well to him, sent him word, "that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make two bites of A. Cherry."

ANTICIPATION.

A nabob, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, already."

MATRIMONIAL CONCORD.

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
 Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
 Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
 But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never
 By his free will be in Joan's company;
 No more would Joan he should. Giles rises early,
 And having got him out of doors is glad;
 The like is Joan. But turning home is sad;
 And so is Joan. Oft-times, when Giles doth see
 Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth blind were he;
 All this doth Joan. Or that his long year'd life
 Were quite outspun; the like wish hath his wife.
 The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
 Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
 In all affections she concurrereth still.
 If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
 The self-same things, a note of concord be,
 I know no couple better can agree.

BEN JONSON.

A FIRST APPEARANCE.

The late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote what new character he should go in. "Go sober," said Foote.

CONVENIENT NAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. "Jack," said one, early in the morning, "are you asleep?"—"Why?" replied the other, "Because if you are not, I will borrow half-a-crown of you."—"Is that all? Then I am."

FALSE PROPHET.

When lord-chief-justice Holt sent one of the French prophets to prison, Mr. Lacy, one of their followers came to his lordship's home, and desired to speak with him. The servants told him

their lord was not well, and could not see him that day. "But tell him," said the prophet, "for I come to him from the Lord, which being told the chief-justice, he to be called in, and asked him his name to come," said he, "from the Lord, who to thee, and would have thee grant a writ for John Atkins, who is his servant thou hast cast into prison."—"Thou art a prophet," answered Holt, "and now if the Lord had sent thee, it would be the attorney-general, for he knows in my power to grant a writ prosequendo."

FINE HAIR.

The lovely hair that Galla wears
 Is her's—Who could have thought
 She swears 'tis her's; and true it is
 For I know where she bought it.

SYCOPHANT SCUM.

A courtier one day coming out of the Lords, accosted a nobleman with, "your pot boil, my lord, in these times?" To which the other replied, "into my kitchen; but I dare say it is uppermost."

PURCELL'S PUNS.

Daniel Purcell, the famous punner, on his going to a tavern, found the door knocked at it, when one of the drawers came through a little wicket, and asked, "would please to have?" "Why open the door," said Daniel, "and draw us a pint of beer." The drawer said, "his master would not do that day, for it was a fast-day."—"Why, your master," replied Purcell, "for a pun is he not contented to fast himself, but make his doors fast too?"

The same gentleman calling for a tavern, complained that they were slow. The drawer said they had no other, but just come in. "Ay," said Daniel, "your master has not bought them yet."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

25

A gentleman was desired one night in a room, to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel, "The king," answered another. "O! Sir," said he, "the king is dead."

IRISH LAW.

An Irish lawyer had a client of his own country who was a sailor. During his absence at home his wife had married again, and he was ready to prosecute her; coming to advise with his counsellor, he was told that he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. "Arrah, by my shoul, but that is impossible," said the other; "for my witnesses are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and will not return this twelvemonth."—"O then," answered the lawyer, "there can be nothing done in it: and what a pity it is that a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive."

BETTING AND PRAYING.

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in a coffee-house, one of them said, "I wonder, sir, you don't talk of religion, when I'll hold you five to one you can't say the Lord's Prayer."—"No," said the other. The money being decided, the gentleman began with *I believe in God*, and went cleverly through the Creed. "Well," said the other, "I own I have lost; I did not think I could have done it."

PILLARS AND BUTTRESSES.

At the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, three quakers were reeling home from the Foundry, in the Strand, on a Sunday morning, and said, "We are the pillars of the church."—"No," said a wag, that happened to be in their way, "you can be but buttresses; for you are inside of it."

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Oliver first coined his money, an old ca-

valler, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us," on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the commonwealth are on different sides."

WELSH PRIDE.

A Welshman boasting of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey. Being asked where, he said, "In the same monument with 'Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman."

SAMPSON'S STRENGTH SURPASSED.

A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that Sampson was a very strong man. "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

THE MINISTRY.

An oppositionist happening to be at a dinner at the lord mayor's, after two or three healths, the ministry was toasted; but when it came to his turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?"—"At nothing, by G—d," said the oppositionist, and drank off his glass.

MUTUAL DEFICIENCY.

A barrister who was lame of one leg, pleading before a late judge, who had little or no nose, the judge told him, he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the barrister, "have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I'll prove every thing as plain as the nose in your face."

FLATTERING RESEMBLANCE.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered

the courtier, "what I look like, but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your Majesty's person."

PETITION ANSWERED.

When Sir Cloudesley Shovel set out on his last expedition, a form of prayer was composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the success of the fleet, in which his grace made use of this expression, "That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet." Sir Cloudesley was cast away in that expedition on the rocks called the *Bishop and his Clerks*, on which circumstances the following lines were written.

The priest at *Lambeth* pray'd the dire event,
Else had we wanted now this monument,
That God unto our fleet would be a rock;
Nor did kind heav'n the wise petition mock;
To what the *Melopotitan* said then,
The *Bishop and his Clerks* replied, *Amen*.

MAGISTERIAL LEARNING.

A mayor of Yarmouth being by his office a justice of the peace, and one who was willing to dispense the laws wisely, though he could hardly read, procured the statute-book, where finding a law against *firing a beacon*, or causing any beacon to be fired after time at night; the sapient mayor read it, *frying bacon*, or causing any bacon to be fried. Accordingly he went out the next night on the scent, and being directed by his nose to a carrier's house, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon*, the husband holding the pan, while the wife turned it; being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his worship committed them both to gaol to abide the consequence of the offence.

AN OLD PROVERB.

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Luch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*, "I see," observed the judge, "the old saying is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Luch* has taken an *L*."

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

A beggar asking alms under the name of a scholar, a gentleman, to whom he put him a question in Latin. The fellow, however, said, he did not understand it. Said the gentleman, "did not you poor scholar?" "Yes," replied the poor one indeed, sir, for I do not know a word of Latin."

CONVENIENT LOSS.

It was said of one who remembered that he lent, but nothing that he had lent, that he had lost half his memory.

GOOD LIVING.

An Englishman and a Welshman whose country was the best living; said, "There is such a noble house-keeping that I have known above a dozen of us at one wedding dinner."—"And the Englishman," that was been toasted his own cheese."

JERVAIS, THE PAINT.

Sir Godfrey Kneller being one day a servant that Mr. Jervais had come to the same town with a coach and four. Sir Godfrey "if his horses draw themselves, they'll never carry him to himself."

WORSTED AND SILK.

A gentleman once asked Nanny the Whig, in their mourning for Queen Anne, "wore silk stockings?" "Because the Tories wear worsted."

THE MODEST BEGGAR.

Tom Thyane, who was celebrated for his housekeeping and hospitality, was one day at his gate in the country. A beggar came up to him, and begged for a drink. He gave him a mug of his small beer.

e, "What times are these, when beg-
schoners! I say, bring this fellow a
beer."

PROOF OF AUTHORITY.

in speaking to his servant, said, "I
mind more than any man; for before
they obey me in any thing, I must
ten times over."

LEWARD'S WOUNDS.

for boasting before Julius Cesar of
he had received in his face; Cesar
to be a coward, told him he had best
next time he ran away, how he look-

BAD COMPANY.

e young nobleman being in company
her people, desired leave to toast
the gentleman who sat next to him
no objection to any of his lordship's

CRIMINATIVE EPITHETS.

in was very angry with an English
who he said had abused him, and
he Scot. "Indeed," said the Eng-
mid do such thing, but that you were

ASGROU'S SYMPTOMS.

es of Rochelle attending to speak
to Fourth of France, met with a phy-
d renounced the Protestant religion,
the popish communion, whom they
e most grievously. The king hear-
f the deputies, he advised them to
eligion too. "For it is a dangerous
id be, "that your religion is not
in a physician has given it over."

ELAMENTARY BUSINESS.

in passing along the Strand, saw a

coach overturned, and asking what the matter
was, he was told that three or four members of
parliament were overturned in that coach.
"Oh," says he, "there let them be, my father
always advised me not to meddle with state af-
fairs."

ROAD TO HEAVEN.

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the
country where he resided, commenced a large
causeway, and as he was one day overlooking the
work, a certain nobleman passed by. "Well,
doctor," said he, "notwithstanding your pains
and charity, I don't take this to be the highway
to heaven." "Very true, my lord," replied the
doctor, "for if it had, I should have wondered to
meet your lordship here."

PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

Two brothers were to be executed for some
enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first,
without speaking; the other, mounting the ladder,
began to harangue the crowd. "Good people,"
said he, "my brother hangs before my face, and
you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in
a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then
you will see a pair of spectacles."

INSOLVENCY.

A person enquiring what became of a friend
"Oh, dear," said one of the company, "poor
fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the
parish." — "Died insolvent?" cries another,
"that's a lie, for he died in England, I am sure,
I was at his burying."

PARTNERSHIP.

A countryman having bought a barn in partner-
ship with a neighbour, neglected to make the
least use of it, whilst the other had plentifully
stored his with corn and hay. In a little time
the latter came to him and expostulated with him
about laying out his money so fruitlessly. "Pray,

neighbour," says he, "never trouble your head, you may do what you will with your part of the barn, but I will set mine on fire."

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN.

As I honour all established usages of my brethren of the quill, I thought it but proper to contribute my mite of homage to the memory of Shakespeare, our illustrious bard. I was for some time, however, sorely puzzled in what way I should discharge this duty. I found myself anticipated in every attempt at a new reading. Every doubtful line had been explained a dozen different ways, and perplexed beyond the reach of elucidation; and, as to fine passages, they had been amply praised by previous admirers; nay, so completely had the bard of late been overlarded with panegyric by a great German critic, that it was difficult now to find even a fault that had not been turned into a beauty.

In this perplexity, I was one morning turning over his pages, when I casually opened upon the noble scenes of Henry IV., and was, in a moment, completely lost in the madcap revelry of the Boar's Head Tavern. So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humour depicted, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life. To few readers does it occur, that these are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that, in sober truth, no such knot of merry roysters ever enlivened the dull neighbourhood of Eastcheap.

For my part, I love to give myself up to the visions of poetry. A hero of fiction, that never existed, is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since; and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicle.

What have the heroes of yore done for me, men like me? They have conquered countries, which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have won laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf;

or they have furnished examples of prowess, which I have neither the inclination to follow. But old kind Jack Falstaff! sweet Jack Falstaff! he has enlarged the boundaries of human wit, and has added vast regions of wit and merriment, in which the poorest man may revel, and bequeathed a never-failing inheritance to posterity, to make mankind merrier to the city.

A thought suddenly struck me; "a pilgrimage to Eastcheap," said I, "and see if the old Boar's Head exists. Who knows but I may light legendary traces of Dame Quickly; at any rate, there will be a kindred treading the halls once vocal with the topers, who enjoy in smelling the air once filled with generous wine."

The resolution was no sooner formed than in execution. I forbear to treat of the adventures and wonders I encountered in the haunted regions of Cock-lane, the glories of Little Britain and the perils I ran at Catem-street; of the renowned Guildhall and the giants, the pride and wonder of the terror of all unlucky urchins; and the London Stone, and struck my staff upon that arch-rebel, Jack Cade, to say, that I at length arrived in that ancient region of wit and was very names of the streets relished of as Pudding-lane bears testimony even to this day. For Eastcheap, says old tradition, was always famous for its convivial doings; cried hot ribbes of beef roasted, pie, and other victuals; there was clatter of pots, harpe, pipe, and sawie. As the scene changed since the roaring of the old Stow! the madcap gave place to the plodding tradesman; the clatter of pots, and the sound of "harpe and sawie" gave place to the din of carts and the accursed

and no song is heard, save, haply, some syren from Billingsgate, chaunting of deceased mackerel.

In vain for the ancient dwelling of my. The only relic of it is a bear's head in relief, in stone, which formerly signified, but, at present, is built into the side of two houses, which stand on the site of the old tavern.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ACCOMMODATING BARBER.

A boy, at a barber's one day, in display of his wit, "If you e'er shave a monkey, I pray I am for nought else to be shaven." "Yet," said the boy, "I confess, monkey, indeed, no not I; my line; but, sir, nevertheless, were to sit down I will try."

MAKING SHIFTS.

A lady married a very wild spark, who squandered a fortune, and was reduced to poverty. One day she said to her husband, "Want some shifts sadly."—"D—me, died he, "how can that be, when we have every day."

THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

Prince of Orange came over at the Revolution, five of the seven bishops who refused to sign the declaration for his highness and two others would not come into London which Mr. Dryden said, "That the candlesticks were sent to be snuffed out, and five of them proved to be snuffed."

MARRIAGE OF MISS LITTLE.

A remarkably short in stature, "Happy Tom—I think him so; like the poet's song—'Tis but little here below, 'Tis that little long."

TOWN TALK.

King Charles II. being in company with Lord Rochester and others of the nobility, Killigrew, the jester, came in. "Now," said the king, "we shall hear of our faults."—"No, faith," said Killigrew, "I don't care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of."

JEFFERIES AND THE WITNESS.

When Lord Jefferies, before he was a judge, was one day pleading at the bar, he called out to a witness against his client, "Hark! you fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you for swearing?" To which the witness replied, "Faith, sir, if you have no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a leathern doublet too."

CONSCIENCE.

Judge Jefferies one day told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beard? If so, your lordship has done at all."

TO THE AUTHOR OF AN EPITAPH ON DR. MEAD.

Mead's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little; "Why, egad! sir, you've hit it off there to a title; Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt, Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him out."

CLERICAL WISDOM.

A nobleman one day asked a bishop, why he conferred orders on so many blackheads? "Oh, my lord," said he, "it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses than lie quite untilled."

DOWNHILL JOURNEY.

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, "Ah, Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."—"Oh, dear sir," replied the fellow, "let not that discourage you, it is all down hill."

HORSE AND ASS.

A Justice of the peace seeing a parson on a stately horse, between London and Hampstead, "Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an *ass*."—"Why really, sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many *asses* justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find *one* to ride."

HOPES AND FEARS.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair,
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care,
A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

USURY.

A village parson in his sermon one day, vehemently inveighed against usury, and said, that lending money upon interest was as great a sin as wilful murder. Soon after this he had occasion to borrow twenty pounds himself, and coming to one of his parishioners with that intent, the other asked him, "if he would have him guilty of a crime he spoke so much against, and lend out money upon use?"—"No," said the parson, "I would have you lend it gratis."—"Ay," replied the other, "but in my opinion, if lending money upon use be as bad as *wilful murder*, lending it gratis can be little better than *fi-to-de-se*."

FOOTE'S EARLY PERFORMANCES.

In the early part of Foote's career, he played the part of Hamlet at Bath, for his own benefit. He went through the part tolerably well in the comical way, until he came to the last act—and in the scene where he quarrels with Laertes—

"What is the reason that you tell
I lov'd you ever, but 'tis no more?
Let Hercules himself do what he will,
The cat will mew, the dog will ill."

Stimulated by a desire to excel much into the quarrel, as to throw words, and he spoke it thus—"I lo but it is no matter—let Hercules do he may—the dog will mew—no the cat will, no the dog will wrong—the cat will bark—no that dog will mew—no that's the cat—the dog—the cat—the dog. Par something about mowing and ha hope to be saved, ladies and gent nothing more about it."

INEXPERIENCE.

A certain citizen, who had and wealth, from a very low condition up in the pit of the opera one evening, a lady whispered to another, "forgive that man, he has been to the luxury of a hat, that he does to pull it off."

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

And is Miss Tabby from the world?
And are her lives, all her nine lives?
What sounds so moving, as her own?
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play,
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strain,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a day.

THE HOLY FISHERMAN.

A certain cardinal had an fork upon his table at dinner, in token and allusive to the trade of his being a fisherman. As soon as he arrived at the Pontificate, this ceremony continued; on being asked the holiness replied, "that the fish will

THE BETTER JUDGE.

present at sea a sailor hoisted on his
his comrades, who had been pro-
by the doctor, to leave him over-
supposed dead man, however, spoke,
there he was bearing him. "To
locker," said the sailor. "I am
mate," replied the other. "You
vocal for your pains," replied the
doctor said you were dead! How,
a better than the doctor?"

CREDIBLE DECEPTION.

The appearance of the latter half of
his, a gentleman said to him, "So,
Heaman at the bar writes Young's life
Yes, sir," said Johnson, "it is true,
he would have done it very well;
has deceived me sadly, sir; he has
deal better than I thought he was
ing it."

INNUMERABILIA.

ment the silver lights,
the skies, and cheer the nights;
ra that strew the vales,
rs are stript by winter gales;
pt that in the morn
transparent pearl the thorn;
sun's joys, or miser's cares,
r's ombs, or hermit's prayers
maga, or love's alarms,
r's acts, or Molly's charms?

MENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

tends of the youngest Thelluson pro-
him a member of parliament, he
not understand exactly what it was
lament, or what they meant by con-
the country; but, if there was any
backwards and forwards for their
trot down as fast as any member
the kingdom.

BARRY, THE PAINTER.

Although this artist could paint portraits, yet
he had a great antipathy to the employment. The
Duke of Norfolk going to his house, with a desire
of engaging him to paint his portrait, met a man
coming down the stairs with two pails of white-
wash. The duke, taking him for a bricklayer's
labourer, asked him if Mr. Barry was within?
"I am Mr. Barry," replied the other, bluntly.
His grace, recovering from his surprise, explained
the object of his visit. "Not I," said the artist,
"go to that fellow in Cavendish-square, (meaning
Romney) he'll paint your face for you."

PHILOSOPHY.

A German professor had collected a valuable
cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized,
one morning a friend came to tell him a very un-
pleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get
by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house.
"Into which window?" cried the philosopher.
"I am sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was
your daughter's."—"O man," said the other,
"you almost frightened me! I thought it had
been into my cabinet."

DEAN SWIFT'S CURATE.

I march'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode firmer more to greet St. Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close hands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which, thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewitt;
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An actor, who was performing *Carolan* in the *School for Scandal*, saying to Charles, in the picture scene, "What shall we do for a hammer?" A carpenter in the gallery, who had one in his apron-string, threw it on the stage, saying, "Now, go on, my lad, there's a hammer for you."

USELESS ECONOMY.

A gentleman went to dine one day with an eminent physician, who was remarkable for his attachment to money. As soon as the doctor arrived, he went to his desk to deposit the fees he had received in the morning. "Pray," said his friend, "what are you about?"—"I am laying up treasure in heaven," replied the doctor. "The more fool you," rejoined the inquirer, "for you'll never go there to enjoy it."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Garriek once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent-garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard in it."

THE AVARO.

Thus to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat, nor wine, its floors had stain'd;
I said,—“Well, sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.”

INVITATION DECLINED.

A thief being about to be hanged, the ordinary bade him be of good cheer, "for this night," said he, "thou shalt sup with the Lord in Paradise." "I am much obliged to you," replied the other, "but I had rather be excused, for I am no supper-man."

AN AGREEMENT.

Colonel Chartres agreed to pay for the purchase of a large estate in the north, and pay the whole money as he cut down the last tree, which agreed of. His labourers were named, and they cut away with uncommon vigour, until they came to the last tree, where they left it standing, as well as the others, unpaid, until the death of the colonel.

MUTUAL PITY.

Tom ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his
Ald laughs to see me gae

'Tis thus that we two disagree
So different is our whim,
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him

DEAN SWIFT.

Dean Swift's barber one day had taken a public-house. "Sign?" said the dean. "Oh, the sign?" said the barber, "and if your worship would just lines to put upon it, by way of advertisement, I doubt but it would draw me customers." The dean took out his pen and wrote the following couplet.

"Rave not from pole to pole, but
Where naught excels the shaver

ONE EVIL BETTER THAN TWO.

A merchant having sustained a loss, desired his son not to mention it. The youth promised silence, but requested to know what advantage he might derive from it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to contend with—one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbours."

BOUNDLESS AMBITION.

John Hutcheson was so ambitious the Duke of Townshend said of him, "If Ireland were given to him, he would use it as a potatoe garden."

A HASTY MARRIAGE.

How well! a mighty blessing! the joy no coin possessing. Times, when folks did wed, none at "board and bed;" a case, who can't afford neither bed or board.

ACCOMMODATION.

French Revolution, a British ad-
miral told by a gentleman, "that he
re French fight in a different way
would fight for their liberties."—"I
is it," said the gallant officer, "for
erto given us a d—d deal of trouble
them."

WICKEDNESS OF MAN.

Speaking of the wickedness of man—
Why when there were only three or
in the world, one of them killed his

DULL COMPANY.

Asking to a gentleman who had been
several courts, what a happy man he
must have conversed with so many
s. "Faith," replied he, "I never
d out; they were the dullest com-
pany."

VARIETY OF PIES.

Once asked by a lady what he would
eat? "Will you have an apple-pie,
or have a gooseberry-pie, sir?—will
you have a currant-pie, sir?—will
you have a plum-pie, sir?—
or a pigeon-pie, sir?"—"Any pie,"
said Swift, "but a mag-pie."

POVERTY.

Villiers, the witty and extravagant Duke of
Buckingham, was saying one day to a friend, "I
am afraid I shall die a beggar at last, which is the
most terrible thing in the world."—"Upon my
word, my lord," said his friend, "there is another
thing more terrible, which you have reason to ap-
prehend, and that is, that you will live a beggar at
the rate you go on."

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and male
beer,
Gave the doctor the hearing—but still would
drink on,
"Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a ton;
The more he took physic, the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son,
Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's
youth.

Says Tom (who's a lad of generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to in-
herit)
Sir, don't be dishearten'd, although it be true,
The operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone
through.

And then, as for years, you may yet be called
young,

Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth and a tear in his eye:
Too well, by experience, my vessels thou know'st,
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

COMPLAINTS ON BOTH SIDES.

Lieutenant-colonel of one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched to king, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment, his majesty told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. "Sir," said the officer, "all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

THE SAILOR'S STARS.

A merchant-ship was so violently tossed in a storm, that all despaired of safety, and betook themselves to prayer, except one mariner, who was continually exclaiming, "Oh, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two!" At length a person asked him, "what two stars, or what one star he meant?" He replied, "Oh! that I could see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I don't care which."

BATH REMEDIES.

Two ladies just returning from Bath, were telling a gentleman how they liked the place; the first had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters. "But, pray, what did you go for?" said he to the second. "Nere wantonness," replied she. "And pray, madam," said he, "did it cure you?"

ON A STATUE OF APOLLO CROWNING MERIT.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering? "Faith," said the knight, "there is something in the air of Ireland; and, I dare say, if an Englishman was born there he would do the same."

CHANCERY.

A young gentleman, who had stolen a word, being in suit for her fortune before a late lord-chancellor, and the counsel insisting much on the equity of decreeing her a fortune for their maintenance, his lordship turned briskly upon him with this sentence, "That, since the wretch has stolen the flask, he should get drunk to it before he could."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HERO.

In 1740, Frederick of Prussia set out for his army with 30,000 men. It was proposed to place his standard with the motto *Pro Deo et Patria*. "For God and my Country," Frederick cried the name of God, observing, "That it was improper to introduce the name of the Deity in the name of men, and that he was going to war for a prince and not for Religion."

ON A BAD SINGER.

When screech-owls screech, their note is sad
To foolish mortals death of friends;
But when Corvina strains her throat,
E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

GARRICK'S SATIRE.

Garrick was on a visit at Hagley, when came that a company of players were to perform at Birmingham. Lord Lyttleton said Garrick, "They will hear you are in the neighbourhood, and will ask you to write on a Birmingham audience."—"Supper," said Garrick, without the least hesitation thus—

"Ye sons of iron, copper, brass, and steel
Who have not heads to think, nor hearts
To feel—
"O," cried his lordship, "if you, I they will him the players off the stage the house down."—"My lord," said Garrick, "what is the use of an address, if I come home to the business and do nothing?"

THE OLD PLAN.

Upon calling on Foote, in an elegant
man, desired Foote would come to the
to look at it. "It is a pretty thing,"
and I have it upon a new plan."—
"I set my eyes on it," said Foote, "I am
have it upon the old plan—never to

QUIN'S BAIT.

leaze Quin, should the devil in hell
say for own take delight,
hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
and I am sure I should bite.

GEORGE III. AND MR. DAY.

Fudge Day returned from India, the
later represented to his late majesty
hood was an honour to which the
entitled. "Poh, poh," said his ma-
cannot turn day into night; it is impos-
At the next levee, which was about
his majesty was again entreated to
Day. The king inquired if he was
and was answered in the affirmative.
"Well," said the monarch, "then let him
need, and I will work a couple of m-
till not only turn Day into Knight, but
make Lady Day at Christmas."

PHILOSOPHER OUTWITTED.

nd doctor being very busy in his study,
girl came to ask him for some fire.
says the doctor, "you have nothing to
"—As he was going to fetch something
purpose, the little girl stooped down at
face, and taking some cold ashes on one
put live embers on them with the other.
The doctor threw down his books, say-
all my learning, I should never have
that expedient."

COURTLY HINT.

at the levee of Louis XIV. that mo-
nobleman present, "How many

children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly
after, the king asked the same question. "Four,
sire," replied the nobleman. The same question
was several times repeated by the king in the
course of conversation, and the same answer was
given. At length the king asking once more,—
"How many children have you?" the nobleman
replied, "Six, sire."—"What," cried the king,
with surprise, "six! you told me four, just now."
—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your
majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing
so often."

HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

With a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-bromear'd handkerchief tied over that,
Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rozinante,
In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,
Was a little alarm'd out of fear for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of
stones.
"Up! friend," cried the doctor, with no little force,
Do set down your barrow, you'll frighten my
horse.
Hodge quickly replied, like an Eskine or Garrow,
You're a great deal more likely to frighten my
barrow.

PRACTICAL EQUITVOQUE

A young lady having purchased an assortment
of music in a warehouse, on returning to her car-
riage recollected a piece she had forgotten.
"Sir," she said, re-entering the shop, "there is
one thing I have omitted."—"What is that, ma-
dam?" inquired the young music-seller. "It is,
sir," said the lady, "*One kind runs before we part*,"
on which the youth vaulted over the table, and
saluted the fair stranger.

BALANCE OF BEAUTY.

A man of fashion, who was remarkably ill-
looking, but very vain, kept a valet, whose coun-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

He was not much more amiable than his own. One day, the servant, while dressing his master, asked him, and he exclaimed, "What an ugly fellow, who observed his master at the same time very attentive at his glass, said, 'Which of us do you mean, sir?'"

THE BITER BIT.

Mr. Curran one day enquiring his master's age of an horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?"—"Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age as he does his horses, by the mark of his mouth." The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered—"You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a great bit."

A HANGING JUDGE.

Counsellor Grady, on a trial in Ireland, said "he recollected to have heard of a relentless judge who was never known to have shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the Beggar's Opera, when Macbeth got a reprieve." The same judge once asked Curran, at a dinner table, whether the dish near him was hung beef, because if it was he should try it; Curran replied, "If you try it, my lord, it is sure to be hang."

IMPROMPTU

On Dr. Lettison's manner of signing his prescriptions, "I. Lettison."
When patients said to me apply,
I phyties, bleed, and sweats 'em;
If after all they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I Lettison.

A FEELING REPLY.

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

As Doctor ——— musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale;
"Take my advice, and mend your trade;
We both are losers if you fail."

"Go write; your wit in matter show;
No matter whether smart or true;
Call ——— names, the greatest foe
To dulness, folly, pride, and you."

"Then copies spread, where lies the
Among your friends be sure you send
For all who read will soon grow
And when you're call'd upon attend."

"Thus trade increasing by degree
Doctor, we both shall have our end
For you are sure to have your fee
And I am sure to have your friend."

A FAULT IN CANDLES.

A gentleman ordering a box of candles hoped they would be better than the chandler said he was very sorry to be plained of. "Why," said the other, "very well till about half burnt, after that they would burn no longer."

COMPANIONS IN EXILE.

A gentleman hearing of the death of a friend, said he, to a person, "I thought," said he, "to a person you told me that Tom Wilson was off?"—"O yes," replied the other, "to mention that he was gone off."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A KINSMAN.

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once in the capacity of a judge on the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of a robbery, the culprit alleged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations. "How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas. "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin."—"That is true," answered the judge; "but hog is never bacon till it has been hung, and therefore, until you are hung, you can be no relation of mine."

CHINA AND CROCKFAT.

A lady of rank one day remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, nobility, gentry, and commonalty, might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, china, delft, and crockery. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. On this the footman was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, "hollo crockery, bring down little china."

A HINT IN SEASON.

When an attempt was made, some years ago, to prove Lord Harborough an idiot, the counsel on both sides produced the same instance—one of his wit, the other of his folly. His servants were once puzzled to unpack a large box, and his lordship advised them to do with it as they did with an oyster, to put it into the fire, and it would gape.

An Irish woman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant, when the apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning; the woman replied, "perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I hav'n't got one at all."

DELICATE REPROOF.

Macklin, sitting one night at the back of the front boxes, with a friend, a lobby-lounger stood up immediately before him, and his person being rather large, prevented a sight of the stage. Macklin took fire at this, but managing his passion with more temper than usual, patted the intruder on the shoulder with his cane, and gently requested him, "when any thing entertaining occurred upon the stage, to let him and his friend be apprized of it; for you see, my dear sir," said the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend upon your kindness."

PARLIAMENTARY SLEEPERS.

Sheridan, one evening, in the midst of a long debate in the House of Commons, took an opportunity, on perceiving a member rise who was remarkable for *prosing*, to retreat for the purpose of taking some refreshment. On his return he saw several members who had fallen into a nap; and one among them, remarkable for his corpulency, was *snoring* in an elevation of tone that might be very distinctly heard, on which the dramatic wit, entering in a hurry, exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare—

—— "What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley?"

PARADOX.

Four people sat down, in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they
all set,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet,
Yet, when they rose up, each gain'd a guinea,
Tho' none of them lost the amount of a penny.

ANSWER.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

ON PUNCH.

Hence, restless care, and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, filled by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet;
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the light, and shuts the door.
Say, then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind;
What harm, in drinking, can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

CLASSIC TASTE.

Swift dining one day at a friend's, where hock was given round in very small glasses; Mr. Dean," said the host, "I'll pledge you a glass of *hic, hæc, hoc*."—"No, sir," replied "I beg leave to decline it: so, John," turn'd the servant, "bring me a *Axius* glass."

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

A Frenchman, being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between the gout and the rheumatism? "One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "Suppose you have the gout, you put your finger in, you screw, till you bear him no longer—dat is de gout. Suppose you have the rheumatism, you give him one turn, dat is de gout."

ON SIX SORTS OF PEOPLE, WHO KEEP FAST.

The miser fasts because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to eat;
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy;
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

THE LUDRICOUS MAN.

me occurred some time ago at a
of justiciary in Scotland, in the
judge whose peculiarities of temper
ere more than compensated by his
st and amiable qualities. Their
bute had just met, and were pro-
estigate rather an interesting case,
liberations were interrupted by a
ocking at the outer court-door.
do the shrill-tongued maces ejacu-
col silence there!" to little or no
when the judge exclaimed, "What's
if all that noise? Mace-officers,
about, that you don't put an end to
shuffle-shuffling?"—Officer. "It's
ord."—"A man! what man, sir?
s he, and what does he want?"—
outside, please your lordship, and
n."—"Well, keep him out, keep
sir!"—The officer bowed or nodded
e business of the court proceeded
owever, an individual possessing the
walked into the hall of justice, and
ratching his opportunity, slipped in
june. By a levity and restlessness,
to mean uncommon, he had not been
wished to get out again—applying,
court of law what Chaucer presump-
of the blessed state of matrimony
nage is like a rabble rout—
e that are out would fain be in,
those that are in would fain be out."—
egan to jostle every body near him,
which not only created a new hub-
w forth a fresh rebuke—Judge
his now? Even if my ears were as
of Dionysius, and the room in which
contrived as the celebrated vault in
it his prisoners, it would be impos-
o hear one word that the witness is
fer. "It's the man, my lord."—
June man?"—"The vera same."

"Well, what does he want now?"—"He wants
to get out, please your lordship."—"Wants to get
out! Then keep him in; keep him in I say, sir."
—The obedient officer did as he was directed; but
the persevering man was not to be so easily driven
from his purpose. Watching an opportunity,
therefore, and elbowing his way to an open win-
dow, he mounted on what is called the sole, and
appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his
escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer
again caught the tartan, and again interfering, a
fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared
angry, (as well he might), and a third time ex-
claimed, "What's the matter now? is there to be
no end to this?"—Officer. "It's the man, my
lord."—"What! the same man again? Show
me the fellow, and I'll man him."—The officer
here pointed to a respectable enough looking indi-
vidual, who, as he said, "had cruppen up on the
window-sole, and wanted to get down again."—
Judge. "Up on the window-sole! Well, keep
him up; keep him up I say, sir, if it should be to
the day of judgment!" (perhaps his lordship
meant the hour of judgment.)—It is almost need-
less to add, that these successive interruptions
threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and
that the incorrigible man, while held in durance
on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned
upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at
the bar.

SIMILES. TO MOLLY.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.
Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can I forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.
Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Stink as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a goat, now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And, merry as a grig, is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee!
Hearts sound as any bell, or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops, or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Straut as my leg, her shape appears;
Oh! were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are;
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress;
Sweet as a rose her breath and
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg, was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envy
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the w
Chang'd, as her sex must do
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel, true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like hurra together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better speed;
Flat as a flounder, when I lie,
And, as a herring, dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and w
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

LORD CLONMEL.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never
demanding more than a shilling for
used to be well satisfied, provided it
one. In his time the Birmingham sh
current, and he used the following ex
precautions to avoid being imposed up
a bad one—"You shall true answer
questions as shall be demanded of y
this affidavit, so help you God! In
shilling?—Are the contents of this af
Is this your name and hand-writing?"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

IRISH REASONING.

A pedlar asked an itinerant poultryer for a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, my dear country, my darling, you them for sixpence a *paca*."—"Why remain in your own dear country, and we have no sixpence, my jewel."

GOLD v. GOULD.

A gentleman of the name of Gould having a very young wife, wrote a poetical friend, to inform him of it, and con-

cluded, "my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years

eighteen is in love with old Gould."

A friend replied,

"Eighteen may love Gould if it is true, but me, dear sir, it is Gold without U."

THE ACTORS.

How chance'd one day to meet

Roscus in the street,

Of whom our nation justly brags.)

I kiss'd him with a kind embrace—

I do not recollect your face,

He—No! replied the man of rags;

As of Drury you and I have trod

Time together, I am sure.—

With an oath, cried Garrick—for by G—

That face of yours before!

As characters, I pray,

For you and I together play?

The fellow, think not that I mock—

By'd Hamlet, sir—I play'd the cock.

A DISCOVERY.

While admiring the personal charms of a

fore Foote, the latter whis-

per—"don't you lay claim to such

beauty?" "What right have I

to Brery right, by the law

of nature?"

STAKING AID

A chimney-sweeper's boy
shop for a twopenny-loaf,
diminutive in size, remark-
did not believe it was weighty
said the man of dough; "I

The baker called a... that...
money enough. "Never mind that,
Sooty; "you will have the loaf to come."

UNPLEASANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Pitt being in company with the late Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scotch dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "that it was very awkward to be in a country and not know the language."—"Why," said Mr. Pitt, "your grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

DOUBLE REMEDY.

When the late Judge Grose was presiding during the assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, a dog, which happened to have followed some one into court, gave tongue rather loudly, at the same time with one of the barristers. Immediately there was a cry of "Turn that dog out!" but his lordship said, "Turn out the man he belongs to, and we shall soon get rid of the dog."

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the Indies, does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ECONOMY

Garrick was supping with Foote at a tavern. When the latter dropped a guinea, with which he was going to pay the waiter, and it rolled out of sight. "Where the deuce," said Foote, "can it be gone to?"—"Gone to the devil, I suppose," cried Garrick. "Well, well, David," observed Foote, "you're always what I said you were, contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

HOLY RELICS.

Horace Walpole thus describes some relics exhibited "in a small hovel of Capucius," at Radicofani, which were brought from Jerusalem by the king; "among other things of great sanctity, there is a set of gnashing teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzling and frowning of Mary Magdalen's hair, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us all these commodities, was got into such a train of calling them the *blessed* this, and the *blessed* that, that at last he showed us the *blessed* fig-tree, that Christ *curst*."

ON A YOUNG LADY WITH GREY HAIRS.

Marked by extremes, Susannah's beauty bears Life's opposites—youth's blossom and grey hairs—Meet signs for one, in whom, combined, are seen Wisdom's ripe fruit, and roses of fifteen

IMPROMPTU,

On Lord Rockingham's becoming minister during our disputes with America, when a declaratory bill was brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party.—

"You had better declare, which you may, without shocking 'em,
That the nation's *asleep*, and the Minister *Rock-*
ing 'em."

A FAMILIAR TALE.

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. He was asleep one day after dinner with Sir Temple and Lord Cobham the general; the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story which Lord Cobham owned he had been told. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I never hear a word of it: but I went to sleep. I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

A PRINTER'S WIDOW.

This daily publishing the weeds of woe,
Announces to my eye, as pica pica,
A dear romantic duodecimo,
Unbound, and going into sheets again.

ADVANTAGES OF GIBBETS.

Two highwaymen were crossing Heath, when one of them observed to the other, "Curse those gibbets," said he, "if it were not for them, ours would be the best trade in the world."—"You are a fool," cried the other, "there's nothing better for us than gibbets; were it not for them, every person would be a highwayman, and we should be ruined."

PUNNING FLATTERY.

One day when Sir Isaac Heard was created a baronet, it was announced that his majesty was ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the king, "are you a judge of horses?"—"Your majesty," said Sir Isaac, "I have been a judge of horses for many days, please your majesty," was the answer. "Was there a great deal among them?"—"Yes, your majesty," said the king, "I think of this, then?" said the king, this time preparing to mount his horse without waiting for an answer, adding to Sir Isaac, "Perfection."—"A most appropriate compliment," replied the courtly herald, bowing, "for he bears the name of Perfection."—"A most appropriate compliment," replied the courtly herald, bowing, "for he bears the name of Perfection."

MIGRALE BRITAPH ON AN INVALID.

head that often ach'd ;
 hands that always shak'd ;
 joints of old conceit ;
 heart that often beat ;
 eyes that daily wept,
 but seldom slept ;
 tongue that whining talk'd ;
 feet that feebly walk'd ;
 windriff and the breast,
 indigestion prest ;
 liver, full of bile,
 fretted proper chyle ;
 bowels, human tripe,
 wind, and twisting gripes ;
 livid dab, the spleen,
 life's sad tragic scene ;
 weight, that clogs the blood,
 nature's circling flood ;
 nerves, so often twitch'd
 cramps and poignant stich ;
 back, oft rackt with pains,
 knees, loins, and reins ;
 skin by scurvy fed,
 and eruptions red
 man, from top to toe,
 mann'd for pain and woe.

IRISH TELESCOPE.

man was one day observing to a friend
 most excellent telescope. "Do you
 up," said he, "about half a mile off,
 easily discernible ; but when I look at
 y telescope, it brings it so close that
 organ playing."

POWER OF MIMICRY.

he was acting in Dublin, he intro-
 uce of his pieces the character of
 a printer, whose manners and dress
 imitated, that the poor fellow could
 public, without meeting with scold's
 the very boys in the streets. En-
 ble this brought upon him, Faulk-

ner one evening treated to the gallery all the
 devils of the printing-office, that they might hiss
 Fouts off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in
 the pit, to enjoy the actor's degradation, but when
 the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate
 printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so
 far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery
 friends partook of the laugh. The next morning he
 inveighed against them for having neglected his in-
 junctions, and on demanding some reason for their
 treachery, "Arrah, master," said the spokesman,
 "do we not know you!—sure 'twas your own swate
 self that was on the stage ; and shower light upon
 us, if we go to the play-house to hiss our worthy
 master."

BEAUTY AND WIT.

Wilkes once observed to Lord Townshend :—
 "You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the
 kingdom, and I the plainest ; but I would give
 your lordship half-an-hour's start, and yet come
 up with you in the affections of any woman we
 both wished to win ; because, all those attentions
 which you would omit, on the score of your fine
 exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the
 deficiencies of mine."

A LONG PAUSE.

An old gentleman riding over Putney-bridge,
 turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you
 like eggs, John?"—"Yes, sir." Here the con-
 versation ended. The same gentleman, riding
 over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again
 turned round and said, "how?"—"Poached,
 sir," was the answer.

THE LAST PROOF.

An officer being wounded by a musket-ball at
 the siege of La Rochelle, the surgeon who first
 dressed the wound declared that it was very dan-
 gerous, for he could see the brain. "Can you,
 indeed?" said he, "do me the favour then to take
 out a little of it, and send it in a linen rag to the
 Cardinal de Richelieu, who has told me a hundred
 times a day that I have none."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

DESCRIPTION OF GEORGE III.

By sunrise on Sunday morning, Wylie was brushing the rain dew on the little park at Windsor, to feel the freshness of the morning gale, or, as he himself best liked, ceased it, to take a snuff of cold air. On stepping over a stile, he saw close before him a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory-headed cane stiled with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that he was rather an old officer, or one of the poor knights of Windsor; for he had added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the noble Order of the Garter. "This," said the ensign to himself, "is just the portraiture that I have been seeking. I'll make up to this decent carl, for no doubt he's well acquainted with a' about the king;" and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned round, and seeing a stranger, stopped; and looking at him for two or three seconds, said to himself, loud enough, however, to be heard, "Strange man,—don't know him,—don't know him," and then he came full on his hero had come up.

"Gude-day, sir," said Wylie, as he approached; "ye're early a-bit on the Sabbath morning; but I'm thinking his majesty, honest man, sets you a' here an example of sobriety and early rising."

"Scotsman, eh?" said the old gentleman; "fine morning,—fine morning, sir,—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the king, eh?" And loudly he made the echoes ring with his laughter.

The creator was a little at a loss which question to answer first; but delighted with the hearty freedom of the salutation, jocularly said "It's no use to answer so many questions all at once;

but if ye'll no object to the method, that ye guess right, sir, and that I shure of Ayr."

"Ah, shure of Ayr! a fine country farming there—no smuggling now, eh?—No evensong abouting lord game, bad game. Poor Lord Exeter, taste for agriculture; the country owes him much—still improving it—the war needs men—corn and potatoes do us well in Ireland, &c."

The humour of this salutation tickled well as the author of it, and they themselves into greater intimacy. "Sir," said Andrew, "as I am only a private, I would like to ask you a question of the king, just as to what sort of a ruler; for we can place no sort of confidence in newspapers or history-books, in rulers and men of government." "Sir Robert Walpole, not believe him very cautious." But the old man, in a graver accent, "The king, as some say to him he is; but if others say of him. But I know he conscientiously endeavoured to do his best men can do no more, he there low."

"That, I believe, we a' in general the blacknebs never dispute his; they undervalue his talents. But know and understood, is no winningly faculties, but as to his family behaviour, the things in which he is faulty of the world."

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a look into his wonted freedom, "very particular, indeed. What reason, to be so particular? Most have never so without a reason."

"Surely, sir, it's a very natural subject to inquire what sort of a reign is, whom he has sworn to follow, and to bear true allegiance to with him."

"True," exclaimed the old gentleman.—"Come on business to England?"

"Business, in truth, sir, at present; and learn something about the other turn in hand at this time."

"Cried the stranger, perplexed.—"Would place the king on your

did not well know what to make of versatile companion; and while the was laughing at the jocular turn of himself given to the Scottishism, he looking, friend, ye're commanded not strangers anent his majesty's con-

"Think the question, as they say in Parliament? Been there?—like it? Much cry and little wool,

eh?"—"Ye say Gude's truth, sir; they would make their speeches as by as the king's. I'm told his majesty gracious and pleasant delivery,"

hero, pawkily; and the stranger, not drift, said with simplicity, "It was

how he was young; but he is now an not what I have known him."—"I

plied our hero, "that you have been service."—"Yes, I am one of his

th.—Ever since I could help myself,"

get, with a sly smile, "I may say I t servant."—"And I dinna doubt,"

creator, "that you have had an easy have certainly obeyed his will," cried

in a lively laughing tone; but cl ang- raver he added, "But what may be

at least in this world, it is for you judge."—"I'm mista'en, then, if it

liberal," replied Andrew; "for ye of discretion, and doubtless merit the

so long possessed. Maybe some day e, I may call this conversation to mind

off. The king enonna gang far wring e keeps counsel with such dower and

man, even though ye hae a bit slight

of the fancy.—"What's your name?" The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheerfulness, and he said, "So you are in Parliament, eh?—I have a seat there too—Don't often go, however. Perhaps may see you there.—Good-bye, good-bye."

"Ye'll excuse my freedom, sir," said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new acquaintance separated from him; "but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together."—"Can't, can't," cried the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, "obliged to breakfast with the king—he won't without me." and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses.

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Maon's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine,
Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
Was every day a welcome guest.

One night, as carelessly he stood,
Clearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)
Like that he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.

"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard
That no man's honour can be spar'd;
If I hot sup with Lady Duchess,
Or play a game at ombre, such is
The malice of the world, 'tis said,
Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
'Twas I that caus'd his aching head,
If Madam Doodle would be witty,
And I am summoned to the city,
To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
What won't such hellish malice do?
If I but catch her in a corner

Humph—'tis your servant, Colonel Horner;

But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
I prove it, it shall cost them dear
I swear by this dead-doing blade,
Dreadful examples shall be made:
What—can't they drink boben and cream,
But (damn them) I must be their theme?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

As thus he rav'd with all his might,
(How insecure from fortune's spight,
Alas! is every mortal wight!)

To shew his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the n—
Stuck his skirts! insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sat
A benches grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's Post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length upon that tender part

Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering colonel felt a smart.
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounce'd about the room.
Then turning short, "Zounds, sir!" he cries—
"Deuce take him, had the fool no eyes?
What! let a man be burn't alive!"

"I am not, sir, inquisitive,"
(Replied Sir Gravity) "to know
Whate'er your honour's pleas'd to do;
If you will burn your tail to tinder,
Pray what have I to do to hinder?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his freeze surtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

DIFFICULT DILEMMA.

A surgeon in Shropshire was called one night by a labouring man, to attend his wife who was in childbed; but having often attended in similar circumstances, without obtaining remuneration, he asked the man who was his reward. The countryman answered that he would give him five pounds, which, kill or cure, should be his reward. The doctor paid every attention to the poor woman, who, notwithstanding, died after her death, he met the widower at the door and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared greatly surprised, and asked for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing; did I not cure my wife?"—"No, certainly, it was a power of medicine to cure her."—"Did she die, then?" said the countryman. "I am not," was the reply. "Why then," said the countryman, "as you did not either kill or cure my wife, you are not entitled to the reward."

FEMALE SPIRIT.

A young couple about to be married, were standing in the church-door, when the bridegroom preceded as far as the church-door, when the bridegroom stopped his intended bride, and addressed her:—"My dear Eliza, during the journey I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole: when we are married, I shall insist upon three things."—"What are they?" asked the lady. "In the first place, I shall sleep alone," said the bridegroom. "I shall sleep alone, and find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?"—"Yes, sir, very easily," was the reply; "I shall sleep alone, I shall not—if you eat alone, I shall eat first—and, as to your finding fault with my dinner, that I think may be prevented, if you take care you shall never want occasion."

ORATORY.

At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room for public oratory, he was rather backward in his payments to the printer, and one day to see what progress

red the carpenter to get into the room for a speech, that he might observe he heard. The fellow told Sir Richard not what to say, for he was no lawyer; cried the knight, "no matter for my thing that comes uppermost."—"Sir Richard," said the fellow, "here I'm working for you honour these six months, and I can't get one penny of money. Pray, if you design to pay us?"—"Very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come and be heard quite enough; I cannot but hear very distinctly, though I don't know your subject."

BRIBERY.

Once a judge brought,
To right his cause
A pot of oil salutes
The edge of the laws.

"Id," quoth he, "thy cause is good;"
And away did trudge;
Wealthy foe did come,
To the partial judge.

"If sed, this churl presents,
Raves a strain of law;
Weiv'd, the poor man's right
Judg'd not worth a straw.

He cried, "O partial judge,
How has me undone;
I gave, my cause was good,
Now to ruin run."

"Id," quoth he, "I thee forgot,"
For thy cause of foul;
I since into my house,
Toke thy pot of oil."

A HIGH WIND.

A minister, coming into a coffee-house
light, said he never saw such a wind!
"Id," replied a friend, "what was it
the," answered Charles, "like to
that all."

RETALIATION.

In Charles the Second's days it was the custom, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, as a toast, by way of doing her honour, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow, by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be. One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner, that Sir Charles Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames, and Sir Charles and the rest were obliged to do the same. The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He therefore watched his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship, then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Draf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions, and entreaties, he saw them one after another in the hand of the operator, and writhing with pain, while he exclaimed, "patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised that I should have my frolic too."

THE CONSULTATION.

Three doctors met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate all agreed,
But what of that?—they must be sec'd;
They write, then, as 'twas fit they should
But for their own, not patient's good:
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir

THE GIFT HORSE.

A nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bid Killigrew, the jester, who was present, tell him what was its age: upon which Killigrew examined the animal's tail. "What are you doing?" said the king, "that is not the place to find out his age." "Oh, sir," said Killigrew, "your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth."

SHEEP-STEALING.

In a trial at the Old Bailey, for sheep stealing, the prosecutor, a butcher, gave a long account of his tracing the sheep from place to place; that he first went to Acton, then to Laling, "and then, my lord," said he, "I went to Uxbridge, where I found the sheep, and then I went to handle 'em, and feel 'em, to judge of their identity."—"Handle 'em and feel 'em!" exclaimed the judge, "pry where are they? I thought I had known the county of Middlesex extremely well, but I confess I never heard of such places as handle-'em and Feel-'em before."

THE ASTRONOMER'S ROOM.

One day I called, and, Philo out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When all his goods being full in view
I took this inventory true : -

Item—A bed without a curtain
A broken jar to empty dirt in ;
A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
A spitting-pot to catch what might hap ;
Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches ;
A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were fill'd with books unfit for rattle ;
Sines, tangents, secants, radms, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those argus ;
Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
Was full as mad as he who read 'em ;
An almanack of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in ;

One corner held his books and
And round the floor was strewn
That all things might be like his
He'd neither closet, drawer, or
Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broke
Appear'd like heterogeneous
In ancient days the walls were
But, who 'gainst damps and soot
They're now in wretched ringlets
Some square, some oval, and so
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind
Such faces there may fancy true
As never yet knew time or place
And he who studies maps or plans
Has all the work done to his hands
In short, the room, the goods, and
Appear'd to be one made for t

JOHN HORNE TOOK UP

"Law," said Mr. Tooke, "is luxury for the rich, but a remedy cheaply, and speedily obtained by a person once observing to him the English laws being so impartial, that justice are open to all persons with money." "And so," said Tooke, "is the law of such as can afford to pay for their

DUKE OF CLMBERLAND AT

Previous to the engagement a private soldier procured the eagle and his comrades, on pretence of fetch-
ing provisions, he did not return till after the battle—two afterwards, the Duke of Cumberland at the camp, and the soldier's com-
rades reported to him, he demanded where the eagle was, he demanded what
field, previous to the battle—"The
field," "Do you think I was such a
fool to be shut out?—Why was
I not there?"—"I," cried the
soldier, "my march thither."—"I know
you," replied the fellow, "but you must
be a little more hasty, if you had come

PERSONALITIES.

John and Garrick performed at the same time in the same play, the night being very dark. To the mortification of Mr. Garrick's chair came up first, "get into the chair," cried the surly waiter, "get into the chair, and put little the inn horn."—"By all means," said Mr. Garrick, "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Garrick any thing."

BODILY INFIRMITIES.

Four, in company with three other bonapartes, made no excursion. They had a first, a second, a glass eye; a third, a fourth, but the fourth had nothing particular, a remarkable way of shaking his head. They dined in a post coach; and while at the table, after each had made merry with his own infirmity, they agreed that at every time they would all affect the same singularity. They came to breakfast, they were all deaf; and as the countrymen stood gaping at them, they first alighted. "Od rot it," cried the first man, squinting.—"Why, don't you squint?"—"Here be another squinting." The third was thought to be a better man than the other two, and the fourth better than the rest. At dinner, they appeared to be deaf, and their stumping about made more noise than they had done at breakfast. They were all deaf; but at supper each boasted his character, the better to play a farce they had concerted. When ready to go to bed, Clibber called out, "Here, you fellow, take out my teeth, sir!" said the man, "Ay, I'll pull that wire, and they'll all come together." After some hesitation, the waiter was ordered. This was no sooner done than a second called out, "Here, man, pull out my eye!"—"Lord, sir," said the waiter, "Yes, my eye. Come here, you rascal, and pull up that eye-lid, and it will come

out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg!" This he did with less reluctance, being before surprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the waiter was surveying the eye, tooth, and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down-stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen above-stairs were certainly all devils.

THE OLD CHIEF.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied.
Not then she had a tongue that would be heard
And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturbed, or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With "Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic role,
Not d'ferring much from calling him a fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be,
In fact, the master of his family.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would show
Whether he were the lord at home or no;
When their good company he would treat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Soke, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.

"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see

"There wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each blowsy farmer with his snoring dame.

"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear!

Are these thy manners when aunt Soap is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue, "I'd not offend
Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Greffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, "there was nothing fit to eat:

The baul'd pork sticks, the beef's not roast enough,

The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;

The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;

And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

"Th' we are the best slouches ever ate

Down to a pudling without plums or fat.

What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed

Upon a goose my granam kept to breed?

Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dress'd,

When there's so many squab ones in the nest?

This beer is sour, 'tis musty, thick, and stale,

And worse than any thing except the ale."

Sue all this while many excuses made:

Some things she ow'd, at other times she laid

The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "I'll
e'en stab a roll,

I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a howl;

This is skum milk, and therefore it shall go;

And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now her pot of curd had begun to waste;

Nor longer could dissimulation last.

"Pray let me see," says Sue; "my dear, I'll find

A cheese perhaps may be to love's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he

Alone, and none of all his friends might see;

And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,

And far enough on this occasion smelt;

"I'll try, my joy!" she cried, "if I can please
My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his
hand

Wielding her oaken tapping of corn
Knew well the twang; "L't this

"my dear?

No need, no need of cheese," cry

"I'll swear,

"I think I've din'd as well as my Lon

CELEBRITY AND NOTORIETY.

Tompion, the most celebrated watchmaker of his day, was accosted, in Moorfields, of the trade, who, after the usual enquiries about business, said, "Tompion, you and I are the two main men of our profession in existence," exclaimed Tompion, who knew not individual's abilities. "Yes," was the answer, of all watchmakers, the best, the worst."

DR. MONSEY AND HIS BANK.

Dr. Monsey, a celebrated physician, was strangely infatuated with a few idle funds, and was frequently in absence from his apartments, for a period in which to deposit his cash and not a journey, during the hot weather, chose the fire-place of his sitting treasury, and placed bank-notes, considerable amount in one corner, under red shavings. On his month's absence, he found his house preparing to treat some friends with a fire, and, by way of shewing respect to the parlour fire-place was chosen to burn about; the fire had not long been lighted, when the doctor arrived.

When the doctor entered the room had scarcely begun tea. He ran like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you're for ever, you have burned my notes!"—First went the contents of the bason, then the tea-pot; then he

itchen, and brought a pail of water, to partly cover the fire and partly to dry the man, who, in the utmost consternation, cried out, "For God's sake, sir, will you spoil the steel stove and fire-iron on the iron?" replied the doctor, "I had me, you have burned my bank-note, sir," said the half-drowned man.

"Think of putting bank-notes in a place where the fire is ready laid?"—replied he, "who'd think of making a winter time, where there has not been several months?" He then pulled out his cinders, and at one corner found his bank-notes, and one quarter of a crown, so as to be legible. Next day, he went to Lord Godolphin's, the high-

told him the story. His lordship would go with him to the Bank to get the cash for him through his interceding; accordingly ordered his carriage, to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank where some of the directors daily attend. Being obliged to go to the Horse-guards, took water at Whitehall for his boat; going down the river, he pulled his book, to see if the remains of his life; when a sudden puff of wind blew his pocket-book into the river. "You scoundrel," said the doctor, "your notes are overboard!"

Instantly obeyed, and the doctor took up his book, and put it into the river, enclosing the book full of water. In this state he put on his coat, and desired to be set on shore.

On landing, he walked to the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived. "What have you done with my arm?" said Lord Godolphin; "I have lost it," replied the doctor, throwing the contents, on the table, with his hands, and scatter the water into the faces of the people standing near it. "There,"

said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

ECONOMY.

Frank, who will any friend supply, Lest me ten guineas, "Come," said I, "Give me a pen—it is but fair, You take my note." Quoth he, "Hold there; Jack, to the cash I've bid adieu, No need to waste my paper too!"

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

A French nobleman, who had been satisfied by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already."

A POOL'S WIT.

A silly country squire asked a merry-andrew why he played the fool? "For the same reason that you do," answered he; "for want—you for want of wit, and I for want of money."

BEAR AND STAKE.

Mr. Wilkes going to Dolly's Chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his steak, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the City and the Bear-garden; in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear."

POT VALOUR.

Who in his cups will only fight, is like The clock that must be oil'd well, ere it strike.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ROMEO CHATES.

Amateur of fashion having finished the cha-
of Romeo, was encored by some of the gal-
wags; whereupon the gentleman got up,
his bow, and obligingly repeated the dying
A person in the pit remarked, that "Mr
was a good Christian, for he was always
to die."

A FRIENDLY ADVOCATE.

The fat Stephen Kemble was one day met by a
nd, who told him he had just been with a per-
who spoke very contemptuously of his acting.
in short," added he, "he said you were not fit
carry guts to a bear."—"Well," said Stephen,
and did not you take my part?"—"O, yes, I
you were."

THE THIEF.

I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kate's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Either pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd Orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant toils, a store
To which, in time, she added more;
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air, and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, science to charm the soul;

She sung,—amaz'd the Syren heard,
And to assert their voice, appear'd;
She play'd—the muses, from their bill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge the vot'ry on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

CONCEALED AND ASPIRING.

In some persons love may be said
to be hid. We all know how a poor
Hecia. We all know how a poor
love of Queen Elizabeth; another
bewitched with the love of royalty,
the year 1788, a violent passion for
beth, now princess of Homburg, an
palace to pay his respects to her
His name was Spang, his father an
an Englishman and a hair-dresser!
fate of this sort of love, the friseur
pronounced insane. And again, in
year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy look-
thirty three years of age, unfortunate
with the princess-royal of Lach-
the dowager-queen of Wurtember-
princess stole his heart from him
him in the two-shilling gallery at
Doctor Moore, who knew less of
nacy, decided the business, and
sent to Bedlam. Thus we see,
is no bar to the indulgence of
for "love has twenty pair of
venture to state, after this, that
many young widders have
some or all of the royal dukers
the gentle Viola, never tell the
cackling worm hasten them
here, in the other sex, we

Birmingham, who wrote his life and he was a male Viola, for he let con-
be a worm, &c. but he shall speak for
Perhaps there is not a human being in
it sooner or later feels, in some degree,
of love. I was struck with a girl,
wherever I could, and peeped through
the windows at night. She lay near
ten years; but I never spoke to her
life, nor was she ever apprised of my

THE UGLY FAMILY.

He who once sat next to Lord North
b, but with whose person he was un-
enquired, after some preliminary
the name of the lady sitting on the
of the house, adding, that she was
woman he ever beheld. "That," re-
relationship, "is my sister, sir!" Con-
he error he had committed, the inter-
mering, exclaimed, "I do not mean
at the one seated next to her,"—
ied Lord North, smiling, "That, sir,
lady North, and we are esteemed the
e in England."

THE PICTURE OF SLANDER.

but slander, that serpent, hath stung,
the sharp arrows, a razor her tongue;
her vivid lip loads,
snakes with the spittle of toads;
an open sepulchre, her legs
of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
a scorpion's, like hyena, she'll cry;
of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
for monkey, the hug of a bear,
a parrot, the chat of a hare;
a magpie, the snout of a hog,
a tale, and the tail of a dog;
a pinner's, her forehead is brass,
and a goose, and the bray of an ass.

MISSIONARY PURITY.

A beautiful naked young female savage coming
on board a missionary ship, the missionaries had
unavoidably an excellent opportunity of survey-
ing her person; "a temptation," says the writer
of a missionary journal, "which no one, without
great restraints from God's grace, could have re-
sisted."

EFFECTS OF ROUGE.

Walpole says, "the beautiful Lady Coventry
killed herself with painting, she bedaubed herself
with white so as to stop the perspiration. Lady
Wortley Montagu was more prudent, she often
went into the hot-bath, to scrape off the paint,
which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall."

TASTE FOR DRINKING.

"The Russ loves brandy, Dutchmen beer,
The Indian, rum most mighty.
The Welchman sweet Metheglin quaffs,
The Irish, aquavite;
The French extol the Orleans grape,
The Spaniards tipple Sherry;—
The English none of these escape,
For they with all make merry."

WIVES ON TRIAL.

The island of Sky has been ravaged by a feud
between the two mighty powers of Macdonald
and Macleod. Macdonald having married a
Macleod, upon some discontent dismissed her,
perhaps because she brought him no children.
Before the reign of James the Fifth, a highland
lord made a trial of his wife for a certain time,
and, if she did not please him, he was then at li-
berty to send her away. This, however, must
always have offended, and Macleod, resenting the
injury, whatever were its circumstances, declared
that the wedding had been solemnized without a
bonfire, but that the separation should be better
illuminated; and, raising a little army, set fire to
the territories of Macdonald, who returned the
visit and prevailed.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOTABLE SCOLD AND
A SHREW.

We lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell,—
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she soar'd aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice,
Rending the clouds in sunder.

VIRGINS AND WIDOWS.

Varro asserts, that virgins marry with grief—
widows with pleasure.

AMOROUS BRIBERY.

In the year 1792, a lady of fortune, in Denmark-street, Dublin, having conceived a strong affection for a gentleman at the Irish bar, and not meeting with a reciprocal return, became unhappily deranged in her intellects, from the excess of her love and disappointment. Some curious circumstances relative to this affair transpired afterwards. The lady, unable to make any impression by the ordinary efforts of female practice, sent a confidential maid-servant, with bank-note after bank-note, to the gentleman, till 1,100*l.* had been expended in this species of love-letters. The gentleman possessed too nice a sense of honour to be concerned in so base a communication. The fact was, that the *fille de chambre* deceived her mistress, and had gone so far as to deliver forged letters, thanking her for her favours,

and expressing an ardent wish to i &c. The servant decamped, and have taken shipping at Dover for H it is supposed, to enjoy her ill-acqu The unfortunate young lady since confined in Swift's Lunatic Hospital paroxysms of her grief, gave proof and disordered affection, which bring to mind the merits, the suff virtue of Shakespeare's Ophelia. Lady happily recovered

COURT OF CHANCERY

In sore affliction, tried by God's
Of patience, Job the great exan
But in those days, a trial more s
Had been Job's lot, if God had :

CIVIL-LIST.

A nobleman who sported a ferocious
whiskers, meeting Mr. Curran in D
said, " When do you mean to plac
on the *peace-establishment*?"—" V
your tongue on the *civil list*," was

GOOD-FRIDAY.

A barrister being concerned in
he wanted to postpone for a few d
Mansfield when he would bring it
day next," said his lordship. " Wi
consider, my lord, next Friday is
—" I don't care for that; the bett
deed."—" Well, my lord, you wil
you please; but if you do sit on
lieve you'll be the first judge who
a Good-Friday since Pontius Pila

CERTAIN BENEFIT

The Duchess of Marlborough o
duke to take medicine, with he
said, " I'll be hanged if it does no
able." Dr. Garth, who was pre
" Do take it then, my lord duke
of use one way or the other."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Opening at a public-house, one of the
requesting the engineer to play against
him, but being told it was in no danger,
"for that," said he, "because I have
upon it, which I shall never be able

THE EVER'S CURIOSITY.

She would try, but to her cost,
Experiment of evil,
With gods might wisdom boast,
Cunning with the devil—.

In the knowledge she obtain'd;
But she curst the prize:
Not she but a fool remain'd,
Should have all been wise.

THE IRISHMAN'S DEATH.

A man, who was on his death-bed,
Not seem quite reconciled to the long
he going to take, was kindly consol-
-gured friend with the common
-on, that we must all die once.
"Not now," answered the sick man,
"every thing that vexes me; if I could
a times I should not mind it."

A SIMPLE RETORT.

A short stature appearing as evidence
in court, was asked by a gigantic
"profession he was of? and having
-as an attorney; "You a law-
-teller, "why I can put you in
"Very likely you may," was the
-s do, you will have more law in
- your head."

THE WIDOW TAX.

Reply to Charles Fox, "that
-t of my light, or that you had
-billy of your's."—"What,"
-you might lay an additional
-s."

ERRATA CORRECTED.

The celebrated Scarron wrote a copy of
to which he prefixed a dedication in these words:
"A Guillemette, *chienne de ma sœur*." —
Guillemette, my sister's bitch." Some time after
having quarrelled with his sister, he collected a
poems for re-publication, and inserted among the
errata, "For *chienne de ma sœur*—read *ma chienne*
de sœur—For my sister's bitch, read my bitch and
sister."

ON THE INTENDED DEMOLITION OF BACON'S

BACON'S STUDY, IN OXFORD.

Roger, if with thy magic glasses,
Running, thou seest below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst decree
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on you devoted walls!
Oh! save them e'er thy study falls!
Or to thy vot'ries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art!
Teach us, ere learning's quite forsaken,
To honour thee, and—save our Bacon.

EQUAL PRIVILEGES.

A naval officer relating his feats to a marshal,
said, "that in a sea-fight he had killed 300 men
with his own hand."—"And I," said the marshal,
"descended through a chimney in Switzerland to
visit a pretty girl."—"How could that be?" said
the captain, "since there are no chimneys in that
country?"—"What, sir," said the marshal, "I
have allowed you to kill 300 men in a fight, and
surely you may permit me to descend a chimney
in Switzerland."

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

"To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor
widow, a blind man's walk in a charitable neigh-
bourhood, the coming-in between twenty-five
and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well
drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome
premium will be expected. For further particu-
lars, inquire at No. 40, Chiswell-street."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

What Tallard was riding with the Earl of Albemarle in his carriage, after the battle of Blenheim. "My lord duke," said the duke, "you have beaten to-day the best troops I ever saw." "I hope," replied the duke, "that you have had the honour of beating them."

TO A GREAT BEAUTY.

What a species of lottery lies in the hands of chance, and in prizes we deal; comes it that you, such a capital prize, should so long have remain'd in the wheel? By Fortune's benignant decree, such a ticket should roll, O! how good Heavens! is sufficient for me, for what could I do with the whole?

POLITENESS OF A MAYOR.

At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a Mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return they passed through a wide brook, when Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him; which the queen observing, called out to him, "Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor," but the magistrate, bowing very low, modestly answered, "Nay, nay, may it please your majesty's horse to drink first."

CAUTIOUS HUMANITY.

A tanner one day invited a supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing across the tan-yard, he fell into a vat, and called out for the tanner's assistance to get out, but to no purpose; "For," said the tanner, "if I draw any hides without giving the twelve hours' notice, I shall be eschequered and ruined, but I'll go and inform the exchequer."

TABLE WIT.

A nobleman once in a large company, was talking about himself, made the following mark — "When I happen to say a fool thing, I always burst out laughing." — "I very rarely do," said one of the party, "for you must certainly live the whole life of any man in Europe."

A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSION.

Three or four parsons full of October;
Three or four squires between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers: three or four hags;
Three or four constables: three or four crows;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals;
Three or four writings and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards and three or four whores;
Tag, rag, and bobtail three or four scores;
Three or four statutes misunderstood;
Three or four paupers all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended;
Three or four scolds, and the session are over.

FOX-HUNTING OR HARE-HUNTING.

Mr. Hare, formerly envoy to Poland, and apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the moneyed Israelites. One morning, looking out of the window, he observed the tribe assembled at the door for a hunt, or hare-hunting, or hare-hunting this morning.

DR. REID.

Dr. Reid, well known by his medical writings in the Monthly Magazine, was requested by a lady of eminence to call at her house. "You recollect the address," said she, "quitted the room, No. 1, Chesham Street, Madam," said the doctor, "I am an admirer of politeness, not to remember the address, and I fear too selfish ever to forget it."

THE HAUNTING PHILOSOPHER.

AN ARCH REPLY.

Having been much praised for his
ply, a gentleman present observed,
Icen were keen in their youth, they
stupid and dull when they advanc-
d like corn. "What a very sensible
as have been!" returned the child.

TIPPLING BLACKSMITH.

A blacksmith, by his frequent whets
much, contracted many debts;
he, like some other fools,
a forge and sold off all his tools;
if that would fetch any price,
he sold, he kept his vice.

TOAD-EATING.

Of Ireland asked one of his guests at
r, why there were no toads in Ire-
he replied, "Because, please your
re are so many toad-eaters."

FOUL BREATH.

Having a remarkably bad breath,
nobleman, who asked him where he
have been taking the air this morn-
"which was rather disagreeable
d—a north-wind full in my face all
Come, come," replied his lordship,
explain; by G—d, the north-wind
't."

IMPUDENCE.

Examining a very young lady, who
in a case of assault, asked her, if
a was assaulted did not give the de-
f language, and utter other words
the learned counsel, had not im-
to repeat them; she replied in the
"With you, madam, be kind enough,
tell the court what these words
"replied she, "if you have
to speak them, how can you

A WAUGH.

The bucks had die'd, and deep in ecstasies;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies;
And lo! "a race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why see two drops
of rain

Start from the summit of the crystal pane.
A thousand pounds, which drop with almbest
force

Performs its current down the slipp'ry course!"
The bets were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
For vict'ry pendant on the nod of Fate.

Now down the ash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

But, ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
cross'd;

How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

ROYAL PUDICITY.

Louis the Eighth, in the midst of his conquests,
was seized with a disorder, for which his physi-
cians could prescribe no other remedy than that
of breaking the seventh commandment, his queen
being then of necessity at Paris, to govern during
his absence. He opposed this wicked project;
yet, while he was asleep, his courtiers introduced
into his chamber a lady of exquisite beauty, who,
on his awaking, confessed what she was sent for.
"No, my child," said the king, "I had rather
die than commit a deadly sin;" and then ordering
the girl to be married off, and making his will, die
he did.

DANGER OF UPRIGHTNESS.

A judge going the western circuit, had a great
stone thrown at his head; but, from the circum-
stance of his stooping very much, it passed over
him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that
had I been an upright judge, I might have been
killed."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

My time, when leaves grow greene,
blossoms bedeck the tree,
Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
a pastime for to see.

hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
thorne, and eke with bowe;
Drayton Bassett he took his waye,
ith all his lordes a rowe.

He had ridden o'er dale and doun
By eight of clock in the day,
when he was ware of a bold tanner,
Came riding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast button'd under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

Now stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the greene wood spraye;
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, syr," sayd hee,
"The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Bassett would'st thou goe,
Fro' the place where thou dost stand?
The next payer of gallows thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unready way," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner;
"I shew thee out of thy will;
Brooke my mare,

"Go with me down to Drayton Bassett,
No dainties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine;
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
"And send them well to priefe."
The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had been a thiefe.

"What art thou," he sayde, "thou fine fellowe,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe,
Might beseme a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode."
"Then thou playest as many an unthrifte game,
And standest in midds of thy goode."

"What tidings heare you," sayd the king,
"As you ryde far and neare?"
"I hear no tidings, sir, by the name,
But that cow-hides are deare."

"Cow-hides! cow-hides! what thinkest thou
those?
I marvel what they be?"
"What art thou a foole?" the tanner re-
plied, "I carry one under me."

"What craftman art thou," sayd the king,
"I pray thee tell me trowe."
"I am a harker, sir, by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth the king,
"That am forth of service worne;
And faine I would thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne."

"Marryn, heaven forfend!" the tanner
sayd, "That thou my prentise werest,
Thou wouldest spend more good than
By fortye shilling a yere."

THE LABOURING PINDROPPIER.

59

"Seyd our king,
 better than thy mare,
 ne wold change."
 "A faine wold change,
 I maye wee,
 dye, thou proud fellowe,
 not of thee."
 "Reason," sayd the king,
 I see thee;
 "A thy mare,
 mayst see."
 "He is gentle and mild,
 fare;
 "A wild I win;
 and there."
 "A have?" our king reply'd,
 is stound."
 "Hence, by my faye,
 o round."
 "Of white moneye,
 of mee."
 "Now," quoth the tanner,
 one pennie,
 "made a change,
 de,
 "Brooke my mare,
 we-hide."
 "A the king,
 hee;
 "Ald not beare,
 mee."
 "Ald cowe-hide,
 I
 "Ald's saddelle,
 te.
 "Ald fellowe,
 e;
 "Ald, my wife,
 an."

The kinge he took him by the legge;
 The tanner a f—— let full.
 "Nowe marrye, good fellowe," sayd the kinge,
 "Thy courtesye is but small."
 When the tanner he was in the kinge's saddelle,
 And his fote in the stirrup was;
 He marvelled greatly in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or brass.
 But when his sterde saw the cowe's-taile wagge,
 And eke the blacke cowe-horde;
 He stamped, and stared, and away he ranne,
 As the devil had him horne.
 The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pommel fast;
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
 His neck he had well-nye brast.
 "Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
 "With me he shall not by de."
 "My horse wold have borne thee well enough;
 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide."
 Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the fath of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
 I will have some boote of thee."
 "What boote wilt thou," the tanner replyd,
 "Now tell me in this stounde?"
 "Noe pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pound."
 "Here's twentye grones out of my purse;
 And twentye I have of thine;
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine."
 The kinge set a hogle horn to his mouth,
 And blew bothe loude and shrille;
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.
 "Nowe, out alas!" the tanner he cryde,
 "That ever I sawe this daye!
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon comes thy fellowe
 Will beare my cowe-hide away."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

"No thieves," the king replyde,
"are, so mote I thee;
"Harr the lords of the north country,
"come to hunt with mee."

"Come before our king they came,
"knelt downe on the grounle;
"Nicht the tanner have beene awaye,
"had lever than twenty pounce.

"coller, a coller, here," sayd the king,
"collar he loud did crye;
"woulde he lever than twenty pounce
"he had not been in nigh.

"coller, a coller," the tanner he sayd,
"I trowe it will breede sorrowe;
"let a coller, comes a halter,
"And I shall be hanged to morrowe."

"Away with thy feare, thou jolly tanner,
"For the spot thou hast shewn to me,
"wote no halter thou shalt weare,
"But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

"For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
"With tenements faire beside;
"Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
"To maintain thy good cow-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde,
"For the favour thou hast me shewn;
"If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
"Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

A FAIR OFFER.

A gentleman who employs a grent number of
hands in a manufactory in the west of England,
in order to encourage his work-people in a due
attendance at church on a late fast-day, told them
that if they went to church, they would receive
their wages for that day in the same manner as if
they had been at work; upon which a deputation
was appointed to acquaint their employer, "that
if he would pay them for over-hours, they would
attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in
evening."

SWI

An attorney
asked him, "and the devil
do you think
doubt," reply
the lawyers

"How
in this stre
"without
me!" says
"Well,
reckon in

Sarah
ed to m
all her
she dra
right b
rishing
guests
none
be
said
bra
an

"THE OTHER FIG."

that some years ago, when I knew the world, and thought too much and of its slightest and least opinion of with an author of much eminence as yet, in the company also of men of wit; and much mad mirth, and wit, long talk we had, too mad and too who could only laugh or wonder in many brilliant imaginations, and striking out of those brisk fiery wit,

and so full of subtle flame, every one from whom they came at to put his whole wit in a jest, resolv'd to live a fool the rest of life.

ear to hear," and took in "jests create a laugh under the ribs of thoughts, and high imaginations, "Hift a man to the third heaven of and thither I was for once lifted. But of that weak wing, that so much if they soar above the proper level of so much the lower shall they fall below their proper resting-ground; and excitement of wine, some men will in hidden foibles, and the flaws and in their characters, so under the excess much wit, I betrayed one frailty after supper that a basket of most figs was put on the friendly board, among other fingers, I was then moderate enough to deduct only one and compressed lumps of luscious. A short time after this, music and dance synonymous, were proposed, company left the supper-room for the hall, with the exception, for two hours, of the hospitable host and myself; short time that I fell from the height of exaltation, and proved myself of

the "earth earthly." The basket of figs still stood before me; they were sweet as the lips of Beauty, and tempting as the apples of Eden, and I was born of Eve, and inherited her "pricking tooth." It is no matter where temptation comes from, whether from Turkey or Paradise; if the man Adam to be tempted is ripe for ruin, any wind may shake him off the tree of steadfastness. Every man has his moment of weakness: I had two, and in these I fell.

"I really must take *the other fig*," said I, taking it before the words were out. I had no sooner possession of it, than I blushed with the consciousness that I had committed a sin against self-restraint; and this confusion was increased by observing that the eyes of mine host had followed the act, as if they would inquire into it, and ascertain the true meaning of it, and perhaps set it down over against the credit side of my character. I was too much afraid that I had the weakness of covetousness in my composition, and that I had betrayed it to a man who, though lenient and charitable, and inclined to think well of the slightly faulty, would nevertheless weigh it in the balance of estimation, and value and think of it and me accordingly. I deserved to blush for it, and I did to the bottom of the stairs, as I descended with him, chewing the sweet fruit of mine offence, and the bitter consequence of it—an uneasy thought of shame. But out of the greatest evil we may deduce good; and from the knowledge of our weakness we may derive strength. One thing only comforted me in my acute disgrace: I had the courage to resist making an equivocal apology for the act, which I was for a moment tempted to make; for the Devil, who has his good things at his tongue's end, as well as much better beings, suggested, in a whisper, and with a nudge at my elbow, that I took it merely to have occasion for rewarding one of the wits with "a fig for his joke," mentioning him by name as patty as if he had it in his books, though I doubted his having it there at all; and if he had, I'll be his surety that all the rest of the page where it was

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

written was black from offences. I thanked him for the suggestion. "But, no," I whispered to him, "there is more comeliness in a naked fault than in the best attired he is in the world; so I will even let it stand naked as its mother Eve, who was the first weak creature that took *the other fig*." And here the Devil chuckled; for he recollected the good fortune that fell into the first trap he baited with sin, and was not disappointed that he had set one in vain for me.

I have never forgotten this little incident of my accidental life; it has served to check me, when I have coveted that which I did not want. And now, when I learn that some one, always famous for his covetousness, has at last been detected in some flagrant dereliction from honesty, I do not wonder at it; for I attribute it to a long unrestrained habit of taking *the other fig*.

When I am told that a great gourmand of my acquaintance has died over his dessert table, I am not surprised, for I have myself noticed that he always would eat *the other fig*.

When I hear that a man, once celebrated for the expensiveness of his living, and luxuriance of his table, now wants a common plain dinner, I say, "It is a pity, but he always would have the *other fig* on the table."

When I see a sensible man daily and nightly staggering through the streets in drunken forgetfulness of himself and of the divine property of his being, and degrading the god-like uprightness of man to the grovelling attitude of the brute, I sigh and say, "This fellow, too, cannot refrain from *the other fig*."

When I look on the miserable miser, who, possessed of good soil and land, yet lives without money or home, using not the one as it should alone be used, and enjoying not the other as it should be enjoyed, in all comfort and convenience; and when I see that, though having more than he will use, he covets more, that he may still have more than he can use, I scorn him as a robber of the poor, not to make himself richer than they, but

poorer, and more thankless and covetous. I say, "This poor rich wretch must take *the other fig*."

When I hear of some wealthy vessel with the four quarters of the wide world sailing forth again from his ark of safety of his old age, on his promised last voyage never returning to it, but perishing in the peril of the way, I cannot but pity him; for he could not lay up in the safer harbor because he still craved after *the other fig*.

When I behold some swaggering, boisterous gamester enter one of those temples, where some snatches the golden offerings from the hands of his blind fools, to fling them at the knives that see, and look at him thence without a "haggardly denier" with a dinner, I cannot help pitying him; for he should risk the fortune he had, for the sake of which he has not.

When I see some mighty conqueror, having many thrones under his domineering sceptres in his hand, struggling to retain his thrones and sceptres, and one after another those he held and commanded, in his eagerness to snatch at and mount to the next, I cannot pity him if he loses and cannot possess *the other fig*.

When I behold a rich merchant mourning the extravagance and boldness of his speculations, when, if he could have been content with the wealth he had, he might have lived peacefully, and died rich, I cannot help pitying him; for he could not be content with *the other fig*.

When I hear that a rich man has sacrificed his fortune for the sake of some petty pagan gain, I scorn him that he should so much covet *the other fig*.

When I see a man already high in power and more enabled by descent than desert to attain to a little dispenser's bestowal, and stooping to a little dispenser's bestowal, and stooping to a little dispenser's bestowal, and stooping to a little dispenser's bestowal, I scorn him that he should so much covet *the other fig*.

Oh, it is difficult not to despise him,
 A honoured, who will so degrade
 The sake of the other fig.

old an old man panting and chaf-
 pretty, fluttering, light-winged but-
 and perhaps panting and toiling
 in, or, if he comes up with her, gets
 r' but her scorn, I cannot but laugh
 than make himself so ridiculous for
 other fig.

include, when I see the detected
 in fetters to the dungeons of du-
 to myself. "Ay, this is one of the
 sequences of a wilful indulgence in

IV. OUTWITTED. A TALE.

d on this side Trent,
 and, benevolent,
 life, in deed, word, thought,
 in the truths he taught:
 rge, his income small,
 wanted wherewithal;
 every merry tide
 he carefully provide.
 stor; but his sheep,
 no bounds would keep;
 ck, that every day
 d would go astray.
 his cushion, fretted, vexed,
 r again each useful text;
 hotted, all in vain,
 as the more profane:
 could have their wicked will,
 Satan triumph'd still.
 each expedient fail'd,
 measures nought avail'd,
 his head to try
 wit and railery.

It was by nature gay,
 and joke, as well as pray;
 a hide-bound folk, who chauce }
 with from their dull face,
 the seal, ill-nature grace.

At christenings and each jovial feast,
 He angled out the sinful beast;
 Let all his pointed arrows fly,
 Told this and that, look'd very sly, }
 And left my masters to apply.
 His tales were humorous, often true,
 And now and then set off to view
 With lucky flit ons and sheer wit,
 That pierc'd, where truth could never hit;
 The laugh was always on his side,
 While passive fools by turns deride;
 And, giggling thus at one another,
 Each jeering loud reform'd his brother;
 Till the whole parish was with ease
 Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
 Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
 When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

ELWES THE WISER.

One very dark night, Mr. Elwes, hurrying along
 the street, ran with such violence against the pole
 of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very
 deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was,
 insisted on an apothecary being sent for, with
 which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The
 apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on
 the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin,
 the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and
 the good fortune of his being sent for. "Very pro-
 bably," said old Elwes, "but, in my opinion, my
 legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—
 so I will make this agreement; I will take one
 leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do
 what you please to yours, and I shall do nothing
 to mine; and I'll wager you your bill that my
 leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he
 beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

CLERICAL SHEEP-SHEARING.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence
 in his calling, and styled "an unfaithful shep-
 herd," from scarcely ever visiting his flock, de-
 fended himself by saying, he was always with
 them at "shearing time."

THE SINGLE-SPEECH PARROT.

There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

THE ONLY CONQUEST.

A facetious abbé, having engaged a box at the Opera-house, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a marshal, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The abbé, for this unjustifiable breach of good-manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted. When the day of trial arrived, he pleaded to the following effect: "Tis not of Monsieur Suffren, who acted so nobly in the East Indies—it is not of the Duke de Creillon, who took Minorca—it is not of the Comte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of Mareschal ———, who took my box at the opera-house, and never took any thing else." This stroke of satire so sensibly convinced the court, that he had already inflicted sufficient punishment, that they refused to grant him a verdict.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN JAMES.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by a y.
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

EXEMPLARY LIBERALISM.

Marshal Villars, upon the death of Vendôme, in the reign of Louis the made Governor of Provence in his when he went to take possession of verament, the deputies of the province the usual present of a purse full of to the person who had the honour to pre to him, "Here, my lord, is such an that we gave to the Duke de Vendôme like you, he came to be our governor prince, after accepting of it as a test regard, very generously returned it said Marshal Villars, putting the p pocket, "M. Vendôme was a mo man; he has not left his fellow behin

IRISH DREAMING.

An English officer being quartered town in Ireland, he and his lady were besieged as they got into their carriage, a beggar-woman, who kept her post at pushing them daily with fresh importun charity and patience became exhaust the petitioner's perseverance. One oratrix began—"Oh, my lady's ladyship, and success to your hono this morning, of all the days in the y did I not dream last night that her l me a pound of tea, and your hono pound of tobacco."—"But, my ge said the general, "don't you know go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do joined the old woman, "then it me your honour will give me the tea, ship the tobacco."

A GREAT COMPOSER.

Dormouse esteems it a and'rma ne That people, when he preaches, n As if he was a very proser. Take comfort, Dormouse!—Thos Your oratory, you may claim The merit of a rare composer.

IMMEDIATE ENRAGED.

leading to describe the miracle of
 as to the preaching of St. Anthony
 the lobsters stretching out of the
 probably never seen them in
 Being questioned on this, and
 could justify his representing the
 he extricated himself by observ-
 miracle was the greater."

THE STAGE-COACH.

For far distant friend,
 Bull-and-gate, I send,
 that all events engage
 cheer in the Chester stage;
 —its done as soon as said—
 ere when once the money's paid;
 p, impatient of delay,
 and swears he cannot stay;
 that ere the break of day.)
 and sleep, thrice call'd at length I

about my arms, half clos'd my eyes,
 thorn, enter the machine,
 ere, now cordially I between
 the of excessive bulk,
 tier too, of meaner folk;
 ode, jam'd in on t'other side
 , and a fair one, ride;
 and in whose lap a boy—
 ternal, and her only joy.
 lass number to complete,
 lord for that bodkin seat;
 every hillock, rut, and stone,
 a face by turns we're thrown;
 eolds, that coughs, and Captain

now, and has a thousand fens;
 p-lundred, trained in other lore,
 , nor yet sham'd to soare;
 by, in his mother's lap,
 up at once three meals of pap;
 I next time I do protest, sir,
 this, ere I'll ride to Chester.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

Lord Mansfield had discharged a coachman
 whom he suspected of having embezzled his cash;
 a short time afterwards he received a letter from a
 merchant in the city, requesting a character of
 the dismissed servant: his lordship accordingly
 wrote an answer, that he was a very sober
 man, and an excellent coachman, but that he be-
 lieved he had cheated him. Some time after this,
 going to Caen-wood, his lordship met his old
 coachman, who accosted him, expressing himself
 glad to see him in such good health, and thanked
 him for the character he had given him, in conse-
 quence of which he had got an excellent place.—
 "Your lordship," he said, "has been pleased to
 say I was a sober man, and a good coachman, but
 that you believed I had cheated you; my master
 observed, that if I answered the two first descrip-
 tions, the last he thought little of, for he did
 not think the devil himself could cheat your lord-
 ship."

SCARCE ARTICLES IN A REPUBLIC.

George the First of England having frequently
 experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoet-
 sluis, was, in one of his journeys, determined to
 avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine
 summer's day; and while the servants were
 changing the horses, and stowing his baggage in
 the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal
 inn, and asked for three fresh eggs; which having
 eaten, he enquired what he had to pay for them.
 "Two hundred florins," was the reply. "How!"
 cried the astonished monarch, "why so? eggs are
 not scarce at Helvoetsluis."—"No," replied the
 landlord, "but kings are."

TO A PARISH-CLERK.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
 When they translated David's psalms,
 To make the heart full glad;
 But had it been poor David's fate
 To hear thee sing and them translate,
 By Jove 'twould have made him mad.

PROOFS OF INSANITY.

In a cause respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and, amongst many other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the streets, as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the pots away certainly was."

LORD THURLOW'S RELIGION.

Mr. Tierney once observed of Lord Thurlow, who was much given to swearing and parsimony, that he was a rigid disciplinarian in his religion, for that in his house it was *passion-week in the parlour, and lent in the kitchen, all the year round.*

FIREWORKS.

An eminent director of fireworks being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph in the abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument—

"He is gone to that place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded."

"Lord, sir," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering a single word—

"He is gone to that place where only his own Fire-works can be exceeded."

SLOTH THE CAUSE OF ENNUY.

Of those who time so ill support,
The cal'lation's wrong
Else, why is life accounted short,
While days appear so long?

By action 'tis we life enjoy;
In idleness we're dead;
The soul's a fire will self destroy,
If not with fuel fed. VOLTAIRE.

RIGID ECONOMY.

The steward of the Duke of Gaiac, to him the necessity there was of men in his household, gave him a list of men whose attendance was superfluous. After reading it, said—"It is very true, do without all these people, but have them if they can do without me!"

UNIVERSITIES.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge in learning and science so greatly shine
Since some carry thither a little each;
And we meet with so few, who bring

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

On a lady's entering the second York, Stern asked her name: he was a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "I heard of Hobson's choice, but he is before."

SKIN AND GRIEF.

Thy nags (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive
I heard thy anxious coachman say
It cost thee more in whips than in

INCOME-TAX.

Horne Tooke is said to have given under the property-tax, as having only sixty pounds a year. Being, quence, summoned before the commissioners found fault with his return, and did explain how he could live in the with so small an income: he replied, had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had. Their enquiry there were three people contrived to live above their means, namely, by *begging, borrowing, and begging*. He left it to their sagacity, which he employed.

UP A SAND-BAG, AT A CITY-
FEAST.

one who will absorb like a bag all the wine you can pour into it, in your party half a dozen men, whose heads are liquor-proof, great distances round your table; the barrel bellied Common Council, and have loaded their first chosen marksmen are to begin to challenge those fellows afterwards of port and sherry. Let all sit as pickle, and all the meat-made-dishes, as hot as pepper can, as your guests get thirsty and if them be plied alternately with beer, brown stout, rough cyder, keeping up the fire of port and *Risic Corps*. Before the cloth is he induced to swallow a large y, just to settle his stomach and he instant the table is cleared, at bumper-rounds of claret; give time, if you do they will drink it then, before the sixth bumper-d, their maws will ferment, they k pigs, and, unable to speak, or tumble under the table, or stagger you will have time to enjoy is, and acquire gout, to relish a

LACES IN HEAVEN.

a reverend dean,
man can be given,
ge is a holy thing,
have none in heaven?"

" said he, " no women there,"
return'd the jest;
he a-c, but I'm afraid
it had a priest."

REPUBLICANISM

After the death of Charles the First, the Court of King's Bench was called the Court of Public Bench, and some republicans were so cautious of acknowledging monarchy any where, that in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, " Thy kingdom come," they changed it to " Thy Common-wealth come."

A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention; which he did by saying, " Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining."—" Sir," said Johnson, " I can wait."

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Two Irishmen one day meeting, " I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. " Then," replied the other, " I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

On account of the great number of suicides, a member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it a capital offence.

When Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, brought in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, a member moved as an addition, that all *anonymous* works should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

PICTURE-ROOM.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. " Faith, gentlemen," said he, " if you all go in, it will not hold you."

ON THE PHRASE " KILLING TIME.

There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

THE OATH OF DUNMOW.

To reward chastity of mind, as well as body, an institution was established, giving to the happy possessors of conjugal virtue a slice of bacon. In 1510, Thomas Lefuller, of Coggeshall, Essex, came to the priory of Dunmow, and required to have some of the bacon. He was, according to the form of the charter, sworn before the prior of the house and the convent, and before a multitude of neighbours; when he received a gammon of bacon. The oath of Dunmow was this—

“Ye shall swear, by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression
Since you were married to your wife,
Or householde travels, or contentious strife:
Or otherways at bed or boarde,
Offended each other in deede or worde;
Or, since the parish-clerk said ‘Amen,’
Wished yourselves unmarried agen;
Or, in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But, continued true and in desire
As when you join’d hands in the holy quire.
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bere it home with love and good leave;
For this is our custom in Dunmow, well known,
Tho’ the sport be our’s, the bacon’s your own.”

OBEDIENCE OF WIVES.

In the Unitarian prayer-book, used by the American states of New England, the word *obey* is left out of the matrimonial service. Saint Paul, however, says, “Let the wife be subject to her own husband in every thing.”

CONFESSION OF TALLEYRAND, OF HIS EXPLOITS FROM THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN TO TWENTY-ONE.

During five years, six husbands, from jealousy on my account, blew out their brains; and eighteen lovers perished in duels for ladies

who were my mistresses. Ten wives, I me, retired in despair to convents. I married ladies, from doubt of my fidelity, either broke their hearts, or themselves in desperation. All these sons of *haut ton*; and, in their number therefore include the hundreds of the or of chambermaids, who, forsaken by consolation from an halter, or in the r I have, besides, during the same sh made twenty-four husbands happy si forty maids solitary and miserable mo

CHINESE MAXIM.

The tongue of women is their sword
never suffer it to grow rusty.

ON MARRIAGE.

God was the first that marriage did
By making one, two; and two, one

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A young fellow, called handsome walking in the Park, with some of his friends, and overtook three girls; one of them was pretty; they followed them, but they went away, and the company grew tired of them, all but Tracy. He followed he followed the hall-gate, where he gave a porter a challenge; the porter hunted them—he followed them. The girls ran all round Westminster, and the Haymarket, where the porter caught them. He told the pretty one she must marry him, and kept her talking till Tracy was quite out of breath, and exceedingly ill; he insisted on knowing where she lived; she refused to tell him; and, after much trouble, went to the house of one of her companions, Tracy with them. He there made himself known to her family, a butter woman, in Craven Street; engaged her to meet him next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her letters, and, in the last, offered to give her a hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred pounds a-year to her mother, Signora la Madre. Griselda made a

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

her's wife, who told her that the
tainly in love enough to marry her,
etermine to be virtuous and refuse
"Aye," says she, "but if I should, and
him by it." However, the measures
et-council were decided for virtue;
e met Tracy next morning in the
s conveyed by her sister and brother-
stock close to the letter of her repu-
est, as an instance of prodigious com-
told him, that if he would accept
as a butter-woman's daughter could
should be welcome. Away they
aven-street; the mother borrowed
buy a leg of mutton, and they kept
drinking till twelve at night, when
mittee waited on the faithful pair to
if May-fair. The doctor was in bed,
would not get up to marry the king,
ad a brother, over the way, who per-
and who did. The mother borrowed
seats, and they consummated at her
he next day they went to their own
two or three days the scene grew
the husband, coming home one night,
ld hear it no longer. "Bear! bear
Why, to be teased by all my acquaint-
arrying a butter-woman's daughter,
ned to go to France, and will leave
me allowance."—"Leave me! why
ney you shall leave me? I will go
"What! you love me then?"—"No
her I love you or not, but you shan't
me." And they are gone! If you
ody that proposes marrying and tra-
mk they cannot do it in a more com-
ner.

UGHT; OR, A SONG OF SIMILES.

the fair Narcissa cries,
Sir)—"Like your eyes—
r—"tis like a key—
e—"tis like a flea—

"Tis like a beggar—
"Tis like the Dutch—
"Tis like a kilderkin
"Tis like a Doctor—
Why are my eyes, Si.
For that's the Thought
"Ah! witness every pang
The deaths they give, the li
A sword is like a chair
Because, 'tis most an
"Tis like a key, for 't
"Tis like a pur
"Tis like a flea,
"Tis often draw
Why like a b
"Tis often car
"Tis like the sun, because it gill;
Besides, it travels in a belt.
"Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
Because that state, whenever we
A push for our own int'rest make,
Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon? "Why, when all 's said and done
A sword is very like the moon;
For if his Majesty (God bless him)
When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
On him, before him kneeling low,
This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the glory to the Knight (night);
"Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
For its not long in drawing out.
"Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
But why a sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell;
"But since all swords are swords, d' ye see,
Why, let it then a backword be,
Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a whale."

LEGACY TO A WIFE.

Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made w
onewy by Elizabeth, my wife, for many y'

From our marriage, by her turbulent behaviour; for she was not content with despising my admonitions, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse in her nature, that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Sampson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrius, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the waterfulness of Hermogenes, could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and, as we have lived several years separate, and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me; therefore I give her one shilling only.

MUTUAL LONGING.

A pregnant lady, dining with a bishop, took a sudden longing to an elegant silver tureen, then on the table. When she returned, her indisposition alarmed her husband; at length she explained the cause of it, and even prevailed on him to go to the bishop, and acquaint him with it. The bishop was too gallant to refuse a lady in her situation any thing, and sent it. She was delighted; she thanked the good bishop for it. At length her accouchement took place, and she went abroad. The bishop then sent a polite letter, congratulating her on getting abroad; requested she would return the tureen, as he now, in his turn, began to long for it; but that, upon any future occasion, if she should again long for it, it was at her service upon such terms.

LILLY'S WIFE.

Lilly, the almanack-maker, in the history of his life, makes the following item of his wife—"Feb. 16, 1651, my second wife died, for whose death I shed no tears. I had £500 worth of her, as her portion; but she, and the poor rest of us, spent the thousand pounds. *Uxor Parvi, et Fidis, et Spis Sancta; alius erat in principio, et nunc et semper et in secula seculorum.*"

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. DRINK.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But ere I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I neither am a cold,
I stuff my skin, so full withon
Of jolly good ale and old
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both feet and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale ere
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown tona
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lag
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her I so
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trow to me the bowl,
Even as a milkworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and
Ev'n as good fellows should do:
They shall not miss to have the blue
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have squired
Or have their lustily troad
God save the lives of them and their
Whether they be young or old
Back and side, &c.

OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

extraordinary entry appears in
r of Bermondsey, in 1604.

August.

solemn vow, made betwixt a
the man having been long ab-
ch the woman being married to
e her again as followeth.

ie Man's Speech.

beloved wife, I am right sorie
ge absented my selfe from thee,
might be occasioned to take an-
other; therefore, I do now
in the sight of God, and of this
thee againe as mine owne; and
give thee, but also dwell with
other duties unto thee as I pro-
misse.

Woman's Speech.

oved husband, I am right sorie
absence, taken another man to
but here, before God and this
pounce and forsake him, and do
my selfe onlie unto thee during
all duties which I first pro-
our marriage

The Prayer.

we beseech thee to pardon our
us grace ever hereafter to live
care, and to perform the holy
e, one to another, accordinge as
thy holie word; for thy dear
Amen.

And thus—

August, 1624. Ralph Good-
ish of Barkings, in Thames-
eth, his wife, were agreed to
thereupon gave the r hands one
g, either of them, a solemn vow
rence of

WILLIAM STERRE, Parson,
EDWARD COKER, and
RICHARD KIRK, Clerk.

This difficult case of conscience must be left to
the casuists. The poor substitute-husband, some-
how, does not appear in the business; his renun-
ciation of the l dy was to be expected, if he ac-
quiesced in the transfer.

ON A COVETOUS OLD PARSON.

Cries Spintext in spleen, " This public donation,
Methinks, savours much of vain ostentation;
God bless me, five pounds, why the sum is im-
mense,

And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows
What my right hand is doing, my left never
knows;

All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say;
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er sees, nor the poor ever
feels 'em,

And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal
'em.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Menalcas comes down in a morning, opens his
door to go out, but shuts it again, because he
perceives that he has his night-cap on; and ex-
amining himself further, finds that he is but half-
shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right
side, that his stockings are about his heels, and
that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is
dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-
room, and walking belt upright under a branch
of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of
them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the
courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs
louder than any of them, and looks about for the
person that is the jest of the company. Coming
down to the court gate he finds a coach, which
taking for his own he whips into it; and the
coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries
his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws
himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends
the staircase, and runs through all the chambers

with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but in every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription; a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an entire submission to——" If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate; it is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him; the truth of it is, *his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them,*

and neither sees you, nor any else; he came once from his own footmen undertook to succeed; they held a flambeau, bad him deliver his purse; he home told his friends he had desired to know the particulars," said Menalcas, "for

THE SUITOR

Lucas, with ragged coat,
My lord's lever; and, un-
The gap'ng wounds expo-
All else beneath as ragged
But hark the peer: "My
By great affairs I'm call'd
Attend to-morrow at this
Your suits shall claim my
The crowd, retiring, than
Save Lucas, who, behind
Desponding loiter'd, cries
"Why, Lucas, do you de-
No, sir, 'tis too well unde-
To-morrow?"—Here his
Alas! my lord! can I be-
To-morrow I shall have

A HARD MASTER

A theatrical manager, once
band was playing an overture
horn players, and asked why
ing. They said they had
"Rest!" says he, "I'll have
pany; I pay you for playing

APPROPRIATE PR

On the City of London
Keppel with the freedom in
and Lord Rodney in a gold b

Each admiral's defective
satiric cits, you've told
The wealthy Keppel was
The gallant Rodney, g

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE COMPOSITION OF WINE.

Astoric chief being asked his opinion of a P Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer of the company's service, said, "he thought it was extracted from women's tongues, and hearts; for after he had drunk enough of it, he talk for ever, and fight the devil."

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

Hearing two worthless cowards challenge each other in Drury-lane theatre, a gentleman wrote the following stanzas —

Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick
Roll'd each the other's nose;
If Dick or Tom was right,
May who the devil knows?

"Am a gentleman?" cried Dick,
"And so," quoth Tom, "am I!"
I strove to hide his trembling heart,
While each roar'd out—"You lie!"

"I said, 'I'm cousin to Lord Cog,'"
I swore, "he roll'd in riches;"
I knit his black Patrician brows,
I Tom pull'd up his breeches.

If this palsied pair should meet,
Slid'd by common sneers,
Or if both were shot,
Who the devil cares?

AFFECTATION.

In the world is, I find by very strict ob-
servation virtue and vice, that if seen ap-
pear worse than they really are, I should
wish than at present I am obliged to
see their reformation. They have ge-
nerally up a kind of inverted ambition,
and faults and imperfections of which
they are proud. The first of this order of men
are the mediocrities, who are never in health;
they are of want of stomach or rest every day
and then devour all which comes be-

fore them. Lady Daltry is convinced, that it
is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order
and to preserve that character, she dines every
day in her closet at twelve, that she may betwixt
her table at two, and be unable to eat in public.
About five years ago, I remember it was the
fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not
own an acquaintance until he had first examined
him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the
playhouse, you might see tubes immediately le-
velled at her from every quarter of the pit and
side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is
out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the
blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a
jaunty limp is the present beauty. I think I have
formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of
a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear
he should be thought to have an occasion for it,
or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple.
I have considered but could never find out the
bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a
Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a
bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion
to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable
cripples, I know no foundation for their beha-
viour, without it may be supposed that in this
waxlike age, some think a cane the next honour
to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have
known run from one limb or member to another.
Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race
of Lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to
particular letters in our language; some never
uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an
aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable
defect in their ears, and would make you repeat
all you said twice over. I know an ancient
friend of mine, whose table is every day sur-
rounded with flatterers, that makes use of this,
sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others
as a art, to make them repeat their commendations.
Such affectations have been indeed in the
world in ancient times; but they fell into them
out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a
wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

arry their heads on one side when they came to the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over-comisantly, that this martial prince gave him so at a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the art upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a freethinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, "for ever and aye," and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when, at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman. I do not know, but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shews itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal en-

ADVICE TO LOVE!

Pool Hal caught his death, standi
Expecting till midnight when Nan
But fatal his patience, as cruel th
And curs'd was the weather th
man's flame.

Whoe'er thou art that read'st the
Make love at home, and go to be

COPY OF A LETTER OF APPLICATION FROM A SHOEMAKER'S WIFE, TO A HER DECEASED HUSBAND

Madam,—My husband is dead, thing at all; for Thomas Wild, I will keep doing for me the same; and he can work a great deal better poor man, at the last, as I have because of his age and ailment your ladyship's custom. From your servant,

THE BISHOP AND THE

A German clown, at work in his bishop pass by, attended by a peer, he could not forbear laughing loud, that the reverend gentleman of it. The clown answered, "I think of St. Peter and St. Paul such an equipage."—"How is your shop?"—"Do you ask how?"—"They were ill-advised to throughout the world, when of the Christian church, and Christ, the king of kings; and our bishop, go so well now in train of Hectors, that thou of the realm, than a pastor this his reverence replied, dost not consider that I am a baron, as well as thy bishop more than before; and the reason of it, he answered and the baron, which you hell, where will the bishop

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

AND, OR THE SOW'S REVENGE.

London liv'd a boor,
 a dozen hogs, or more;
 from care and strife,
 a joke, and lov'd his wife,
 all women, fond of sway,
 thence'er she had her way
 till think I deal in fiction)
 at with contradiction:
 was the swine she fed,
 could he driv'n nor led;
 Hodge, who knew her whim,
 row'd against the stream.
 Nature's primal law,
 re ever in the straw;
 a genial fate decreed)
 w and numerous breed.
 came, sedate and kind,
 not far behind;
 irth and pr me he knew,
 ke, would have his due.
 e hour with anxious ken;
 r warm at number ten;
 ds he vowed the sweeter,
 owed them time to litter.
 with smile and bow polite,
 e claim'd his custom'd right;
 red, in accents mild,
 darling wife and child;
 ears, and turnips grew,
 were old or new.
 om custom took the hint,
 vain a priest to shun;
 r rev'ren e took his swig,
 aside, and brought the pig.
 cried the parson, "let us see
 the church and me;
 and, 'twall never do;
 can and sickly too.

't has been confess'd,
 er claim the best,"
 I it o'er and o'er;
 ng, and all but swore.

"Such pig for me; why, man alive,
 Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive;
 Think you for this I preach and pray?
 Hence! bring me better tythes, I say."

Hodge heard, and, tho' by nature warm,
 Replied, "kind sir, I meant no harm;

Since what I proffer you refuse,

"The sty is open, pick and chase."

Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes—

His heart with exultation glows;
 He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,
 And scarce can tell on which to fix;
 At length he cries, "Heaven save the king!
 This rogue in black is just the thing!
 Hence shall I gain a rich regale!"
 Nor more, but seiz'd it by the tail.

Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near—

The piercing sound assail'd her ear;

Eager to save her darling young,
 Fierce on the bending priest she sprung;

Full in the mire his reverence cast,

Then seiz'd his breech and held him fast

The parson roar'd, surpris'd to find

A foe so desperate close behind;

On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid,

But both were deaf to all he said.

The scene a numerous circle draws,

Who hail the sow with loud applause;

Pleas'd they beheld his rev'rence writhe,

And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.

"Tythe!" cried the parson, "Tythe, d'ye say.

See here—one half is rent away!"

The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;

His gown, his wig, his breech was torn;

And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,

The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.

"Give, give me which you please," he cried;

"Nay, pick and choose," still Hodge replied.

"Choose! honest friend; alas! but how?

Heaven shield me from your murdering sow.

When tythes invite, in spite of foes,

I dare take Satan by the nose!

Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture;

But who that dreadful sty would enter?

PROOFS OF INSANITY.

In a cause respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and, amongst many other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the streets, as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the *pots* away certainly was."

LORD THURLOW'S RELIGION.

Mr. Tierney once observed of Lord Thurlow, who was much given to swearing and parsimony, that he was a rigid disciplinarian in his religion, for that in his house it was *passion-week* in the parlour, and *lent* in the kitchen, all the year round.

FIREWORKS.

An eminent director of fireworks being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph in the abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument—

"He is gone to that place where only his own
Harmony can be exceeded."

"Lord, sir," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering a single word—

"He is gone to that place where only his own
Fire-works can be exceeded."

SLOTH THE CAUSE OF ENNUY.

Of those who time so ill support,
The calculation's wrong;
Else, why is *life* accounted short,
While days appear so long?

By action 'tis we life enjoy;
In idleness we're dead;
The soul's a fire will self destroy,
If not with fuel fed.

VOLTAIRE.

RIGID ECONOMY.

The steward of the Duke of Guise represented to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. The duke, after reading it, said—"It is very true that I do without all these people, but have you asked them if they can do *without me*?"

UNIVERSITIES.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge produce in learning and science so greatly *abound*! Since some carry thither a little each day, And we meet with so few, who bring any.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

On a lady's entering the assembly at York, Stern asked her name: he was told a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "he had heard of Hobson's choice, but he never met before."

SKIN AND GRIEF.

Thy nags (the leanest things alive),
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

INCOME-TAX.

Horne Tooke is said to have given in under the property-tax, as having an income of only sixty pounds a year. Being, in consequence, summoned before the commissioners, and asked to explain how he could live in the style of a gentleman with so small an income, he replied, "I had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had." In answer to their enquiry, there were three ways proposed by which people contrived to live above their income, namely, by *begging, borrowing, and begging*; and he left it to their sagacity, which of the three he employed.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

TO SOW UP A SAND-BAG, AT A CITY-
FEAST.

To my, one who will absorb like a bag
of sand, all the wine you can pour into
my glass have in your party half a-dozen
old toppers, whose heads are liquor-proof,
at equal distances round your table;
your huge barrel bellied Common Coun-
cil seated, and have loaded their first
in your chosen marksmen are to begin
and challenge those fellows alter-
nately with port and sherry. Let all
be salt as pickle, and all the meat-
and, as your guests get thirsty and
they then be plied alternately with
beer, brown stout, rough cyder,
keeping up the fire of port and
Rifle Corps. Before the cloth is
be induced to swallow a large
sly, just to settle his stomach and
The instant the table is cleared, at
b bumper-rounds of claret; give
ng time, if you do they will drink
id then, before the sixth bumper-
id, their maws will ferment, they
k pigs, and, unable to speak, or
tumble under the table, or stag-
en you will have time to enjoy
and acquire gold, to relish a

GES IN HEAVEN.

reverend dean,
n can be given,
's a holy thing,
' none in heaven?"

id he, "no women there."
p'd the feet;
e, but I'm afraid
d a priest."

REPUBLICANISM

After the death of Charles the First, of
of King's Bench was called the Court of
Bench, and some republicans were so con-
unacknowledging monarchy any where, tha
peating the Lord's Prayer, instead of
"Thy kingdom come," they changed it to
Common-wealth come."

A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his br
to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend
to the doctor's attention; which he did by sa-
"Doctor, when we have sat together some t
you'll find my brother very entertaining.
"Sir," said Johnson, "I can wait."

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Two Irishmen one day meeting, "I am very
Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then,"
plied the other, "I hope you may keep so—f
fear of being worse."

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

On account of the great number of suicides, a
member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make
it a capital offence.
When Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, brought
in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, a
member moved as an addition, that all *anonymous*
works should have the name of the author printed
on the title-page.

PICTURE-ROOM.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-
room, several persons desired to see it at the same
time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all
go in, it will not hold you."

ON THE PHRASE "KILLING TIME."

There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE OATH OF DUNMOW.

chastity of mind, as well as body, an established, giving to the happy of conjugal virtue a ditch of bacon, some Lefuller, of Cogger-hall, Essex, e priory of Dunmow, and required to of the bacon. He was, according to of the charter, sworn before the prior of and the convent, and before a multitude of yours; when he received a gammon of The oath of Dunmow was this—

all swear, by the custom of our confession, in never made any nuptial transgression on were married to your wife, neholde travels, or contentious strife: terways at bed or board, ded each other in deede or worde; ince the parish-clerk said 'Amen,' ed yourselves unmarried agen; in a twelvemonth and a day, ented not in thought any way; continued true and in desire, when you join'd hands in the holy quire, to these conditions, without all fear, f your own accord you will freely swear; Gammon of bacon you shall receive; and here it home with love and good leave; for this is our custom in Dunmow, well known, Tho' the sport be our's, the bacon's your own."

OBEEDIENCE OF WIVES.

In the Unitarian prayer-book, used by the American states of New England, the word obry is left out of the matrimonial service. Saint Paul, however, says, "Let the wife be subject to her own husband in every thing."

CONFESSION OF TALLEYRAND, OF HIS EXPLOITS FROM THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN TO TWENTY-ONE.

Five years, six husbands, from jealousy, blew out their brains; Angels for ladies

who were my mistresses. Ten wives, deserted me, retired in despair to convents. Twelve married ladies, from doubt of my fidelity or constancy, either broke their hearts, or poisoned themselves in desperation. All these were persons of haut ton; and, in their number, I do not therefore include the hundreds of the bourgeoisie, or of chambermaids, who, forsaken by me, sought consolation from an halter, or in the river Seine. I have, besides, during the same short period, made twenty-four husbands happy fathers, and forty maids solitary and miserable mothers!

CHINESE MAXIM.

The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty.

ON MARRIAGE.

God was the first that marriage did ordain. By making one, two; and two, one again."

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A young fellow, called handsome Tracy, was walking in the Park, with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them, but the girls went away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed her to Whitehall-gate, where he gave a porter a crown to let them in: the porter hunted them, and brought them: the girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up to them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy was quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love, insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and, after much dispute, went to the house of one of her companions, Tracy with them. He there made her acquainted with her family, a butter woman, in Craven-street, engaged her to meet him next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four letters, and, in the last, offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

her wife, who told her that the plainly in love enough to marry her, determine to be virtuous and refuse "Aye," says she, "but if I should, and him by it." However, the measures not-council w're decided for virtue; he met Tracy next morning in the as conveyed by her-sister and brother-stuck close to the letter of her repulst, as an instance of prodigious com-t told him, that if he would accept or as a butter-woman's daughter could so should be welcome. Away they Craven-street; the mother borrowed to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept ver drinking till twelve at night, when committee waited on the faithful pair to of May-fair. The doctor was in bed, s would not get up to marry the king, and a brother, over the way, who per-and who did. The mother borrowed eels, and they consummated at her ve next day they went to their own two or three days the scene grew the husband, coming home one night, I bear it no longer. "Bear! bear by, to be teased by all my acquaint-rying a butter-woman's daughter, d to go to France, and will leave allowance." "Leave me! why you shall leave me? I will go What! you love me then?"—"No I love you or not, but you shan't ' And they are gone' If you that proposes marrying and tra-bey cannot do it in a more com-

'TIS OR, A SONG OF SIMILES.

e fair Narcissa cries,
 Sir?—"Like your eyes—
 —'tis like a key—
 —'tis like a flea—

'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
 'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
 'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
 'Tis like a Doctor—like a whale"—
 Why are my eyes, Sir, like a sword?
 For that's the Thought, upon my word.
 "Ah! witness every pang I feel,
 The deaths they give, the likeness tell.
 A sword is like a chair you'll find,
 Because, 'tis most an end behind.
 'Tis like a key, for 't will undo one;
 'Tis like a purge, for 't will run thro' one;
 'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
 'Tis often drawing human blood."
 Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
 'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
 'Tis like the sun, because its gilt;
 Besides, it travels in a belt.
 'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
 Because that state, whenever we
 A push for our own int'rest make,
 Does instantly our sides forsake."
 The moon?—"Why, when all 's said and done,
 A sword is very like the moon;
 For if his Majesty (God bless him)
 When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
 Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
 On him, before him kneeling low,
 This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 And gives the glory to the Knight (night);
 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
 For its not long in drawing out.
 'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
 Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
 But why a sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing to tell;
 "But since all swords are swords, d' ye see,
 Why, let it then a backward be,
 Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
 To raise up somewhat like a whale."

LEGACY TO A WIFE.

Wherras, it was my misfortune to be made ver
 uneasy by Elizabeth, my wife, for many yea

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

er marriage, by her turbulent behaviour; was not content with despising my admony; but she contrived every method to make me py; she was so perverse in her nature, that could not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be to be a plague to me; the strength of Samp- the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of istus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchful- of Hermogenes, could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world could make her good; and, as we have lived several years separate, and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to vice and totally abandon me; therefore I give her one shilling only.

MUTUAL LONGING.

A pregnant lady, dining with a bishop, took a sudden longing to an elegant silver tureen, then on the table. When she returned, her indisposition alarmed her husband; at length she explained the cause of it, and even prevailed on him to go to the bishop, and acquaint him with it. The bishop was too gallant to refuse a lady in her situation any thing, and sent it. She was delighted; she thanked the good bishop for it. At length her accouchement took place, and she went abroad. The bishop then sent a polite letter, congratulating her on getting abroad; requested she would return the tureen, as he now, in his turn, began to long for it; but that, upon any future occasion, if she should again long for it, it was at her service upon such terms.

LILLY'S WIFE.

Lilly, the almanack-maker, in the history of his life, makes the following item of his wife:—"Feb. 16, 1654, my second wife died, for whose death I shed no tears. I had £500 with her, as her portion; but she, and her poor relations, spent me a hundred pounds. *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Amen. in principio, et nunc et*

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. DRINKING SONG.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin, so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troul to me the howl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and v
Eiv'n as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured
Or have them lustily troul'd.
God save the lives of them and their
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

ON OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

ing extraordinary entry appears in
ister of Bermondsey, in 1604:

August.

of a solemn vowe, made betwixt a
ife, the man having beene long ab-
which the woman beinge married to
ooke her again as followeth.

The Man's Speech.

my beloved wife, I am right sorie
longe absented my seaffe from thee,
shouldest be occasioned to take an-
by husband; therefore, I do nowe
rise, in the sight of God, and of this
ake thee againe as mine owne; and
forgive thee, but also dwell with
all other duties unto thee as I pro-
marriage.

The Woman's Speech.

beloved husband, I am right sorie
thy absence, taken another man to
d; but here, before God and this
o renounce and forsake him, and do
p my seaffe onlie unto thee during
rform all duties which I first pro-
e in our marriage

The Prayer.

od, we beseech thee to pardon our
ive us grace ever hereafter to live
e feare, and to perform the holy
inge, one to another, accordinge as
in thy holie word; for thy dear
us. Amen.

includes thus—

of August, 1604, Ralph Good-
parish of Barking, in Thames-
sabeth, his wife, were agreed to
and thereupon gave their hands one
king, either of them, a solemn vowe
e presence of

WILLIAM STERE, Parson,
EDWARD COXER, and
RICHARD RINE, Clerk.

This difficult case of conscience must be left to
the casuists. The poor substitute-husband, some-
how, does not appear in the business; his renun-
ciation of the l dy was to be expected, if he ac-
quiesced in the transfer.

ON A COVETOUS OLD PARSON.

Cries Spintext in spleen, " This public donation,
Methinks, savours much of vain ostentation;
God bless me, five pounds, why the sum is im-
mense,

And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows
What my right hand is doing, my left never
knows;

All my gifts-I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say;
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er sees, nor the poor ever
feel 'em,

And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal
'em.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Menalcas comes down in a morning, opens his
door to go out, but shuts it again, because he
perceives that he has his night-cap on; and ex-
amining himself further, finds that he is but half-
shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right
side, that his stockings are about his heels, and
that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is
dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-
room, and walking bolt upright under a branch
of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of
them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the
courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs
louder than any of them, and looks about for the
person that is the jest of the company. Coming
down to the court gate he finds a coach, which
taking for his own he whips into it; and the
coachman drives off, not doubling but he carries
his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws
himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends
the staircase, and runs through all the chambers

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

With greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a sofa and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to greet him, and desires him to sit down; he muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is less so, but is every moment in hopes that his pertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. It comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undressed.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to move; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the wine and the water, and at the same time throws his wine into the ink-bottle. He writes a letter and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription; a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an entire submission to——" If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate; it is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him; the truth of it is, that he makes no use of them,

and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else; he came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded; they held a flambeau to his throat, and made him deliver his purse; he did so, and came home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars, "Ask my servants," said Menalcas, "for they were with me."

BAUTMAN

THE SUITOR.

Lucas, with ragged coat, attends
My lord's levee; and, as he bends,
The gaping wounds expose to view
All else beneath as rugged too.
But hark the peer: "My friends, to-day
By great affairs I'm call'd away;
Attend to-morrow at this hour,
Your suits shall claim my utmost power."
The crowd, retiring, thanks express,
Save Lucas, who, behind the rest,
Desponding loiter'd, cries my lord,
"Why, Lucas, do you doubt my word?
No, sir, 'tis too well understood—
To-morrow!"—Here his garb he views
Alas! my lord! can I be mute?
To-morrow I shall have no suit."

A HARD MASTER.

A theatrical manager, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty horns. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have no rest in my company; I pay you for playing not for resting."

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

On the City of London presenting
Keppel with the freedom in a box of hammers
and Lord Rodney in a gold box:—

Each admiral's defective part,
Satiric cits, you've told:
The wealthy Keppel wanted hammers
The gallant Rodney, gold.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE COMPOSITION OF WINE.

Comic chief being asked his opinion of a Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer of the company's service, said, "he thought it extracted from women's tongues, and parts; for after he had drunk enough of it, he talk for ever, and fight the devil."

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

Seeing two worthless cowards challenge each other in Drury-lane theatre, a gentleman wrote the following stanzas.

Jerry's lobby, Tom and Dick
Will each the other's nose;
If Dick or Tom was right,
Why who the devil knows?

"Am a gentleman!" cried Dick,
"And so," quoth Tom, "am I!"
To move to hide his trembling heart,
He each roar'd out—"You lie!"

And, "I'm cousin to Lord Cog,"
He swore, "he roll'd in riches;"
To see his black Patrician brows,
Tom pull'd up his breeches.

This palsied pair should meet,
If by common sneers,
Or if both were shot,
Who the devil cares?

AFFECTATION.

In the world is, I find by very strict observation virtue and vice, that if men appear more than they really are, I should rather than at present I am obliged to for their reformation. They have got up a kind of inverted ambition, no faults and imperfections of which boast. The first of this order of men are the mediocrities, who are never in health; of want of stomach or rest every day and then devour all which comes be-

fore them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order and to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was in fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the playhouse, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this waylike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race of Lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language; some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

bury their heads on one side when they cease the presence. One who thought to outshine whole court, turned his head so over-com- paratively, that this martial prince gave him so a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the set upright.

This humor takes place in our minds as well bodies. I know at this time a young gentle- man, who is a theologically ad dity in collee- ge, and in his degree of understanding sets for a freethinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-fitters, who rail at the noise, at the words, "for ever and ever" and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them, when, at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if the fatted mink a noise, and are as fond as an adder in. I do not know, but sometimes these pretence may arise from a desire to correct a contrary defect than they set up for a companion, of a very sensual complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shews itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition with- out proper faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a sort of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many such a class of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuit after fame, were every night employed in reading postures, sucking children, knocking down waiters, bucking colliers, knocking down waiters, bucking colliers, and the like unmanly en- terprising sports.

ADVICE TO LO

Pool Hal caught his death, and
Expecting till midnight when
But found his pet case, as ever
And curs I was the wealth
man's slave

Woe'er thou art but read
Make love at home, and go

COPY OF A LETTER OF A SHOEMAKER'S WIFE, TO HER DEAREST

Madam, — My husband
thinks at all; for Thomas
will keep doing for me the
and he can work a great
poor man, at the last, be-
cause of his age and
your ladyship's custom-
vant,

THE BISHOP AT

A German clown, as
his bishop pass by, at
a peer, he could not be-
loud, that the reveren-
son of it. The clown
I think of St. Peter
such an equipage."

shop. — "Do you
They were all ad-
throughout the work
of the Christian church
Christ, the king of
our bishop, go in a
train of Hectors, of
of the realm, that
this his reverence
do not consider
baron, as well as
more than before
reason of it, he
and the baron, of
hell, where will

ON THE SOW'S REVENGE.

nden liv'd a boor,
 usen hogs, or more;
 in care and strife,
 oke, and lov'd his wife,
 women, fond of sway,
 e'er she had her way
 (think I deal in fiction)
 with contradiction:
 is the swine she fed,
 ld he dris'n nor led;
 lodge, who knew her whim,
 ow'd against the stream.
 store's primal law,
 ever in the straw;
 enial fate decreed)
 and numerous breed,
 ame, sedate and kind,
 it far behind;
 h and prime he knew,
 'd would have his due.
 our with anxious ken;
 arm at number ten;
 he vowed the sweeter,
 red them time to litter
 h smile and how polite,
 claim'd his custom'd right;
 d, in recent mild,
 uring wife and child:
 us, and turnips grew,
 ere old or new,
 n custom took the hint,
 in a priest to stout;
 ev'ence took his swig,
 side, and brought the pig.
 ried the parson, "let us see
 he churca and me;
 f, 'twill never do;
 is and sickly too,
 d 't has been confess'd,
 ver claim the best."
 f'd it o'er and o'er;
 wig, and all but swore.

"Such pig for me; why, man alive,
 Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive;
 Think you for this I preach and pray?
 Hence! bring me better tythes, I say."

Hodge heard, and, tho' by nature warm,
 Replied, "kind sir, I meant no harm;

Since what I proffer you refuse,
 The sty is open, pick and chuse."

Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes—

His heart with exultation glows;
 He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,
 And scarce can tell on which to fix;
 At length he cries, "Heaven save the king!
 This rogue in black is just the thing!
 Hence shall I gain a rich regule!"

Not more, but seiz'd it by the tail.
 Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near—

The piercing sound assall'd her ear;
 Eager to save her darling young,
 Fierce on the bending priest she sprung;
 Full in the mire his reverence cast,
 Then seiz'd his breech and held him fast

The parson roar'd, surpris'd to find
 A foe so desperate close behind;
 On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid,
 But both were deaf to all he said.
 The scene a numerous circle draws,
 Who hail the sow with loud applause;
 Pleas'd they beheld his rev'ence writhe,
 And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.
 "Tythe!" cried the parson, "Tythe, d'ye say.
 See here—one half is rent away!"

The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;
 His gown, his wig, his breech was torn;
 And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
 The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.
 "Give, give me which you please," he cried;
 "Nay, pick and choose," still Hodge replied.
 "Choose! honest friend; alas! but how?
 Heaven shield me from your murdering sow.
 When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
 I dare take Satan by the nose!
 Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture;
 But who that dreadful sty would enter?"

Yet, whilst there's hope the prize to win,
By Heav'n to leave it were a sin."
'This said, he arms his breast with rage,
And half resolves the foot' engage.
Spite of the parson's angry mood,
The fearless sow collected stood;
And seem'd to wait the proffer'd war,
With "touch them scoundrel, if you dare!"

His last resource the parson tries;
Hems, strokes his chin, and gravely cries—
"Ye swains, support your injur'd priest
Secure the pig, and share the feast."
Staunch to his friend was every swain;
Strange tho' it seem, the bribe was vain;
And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,
Exclaim'd in triumph, "Pick and choose!"

The parson's heart grew warm with ire;
Yet pride forbade him to retire.
What numbers can his spleen declare,
Denied, for once, his darling fare!
How shall he meet the dreadful frown
Of madam in the program gown;
Who, eager for her promis'd treat,
Already turns the useless spit?
"Wretch!" he exclaims, with voice profound,
Can no remorse thy conscience wound?
May all the woes th' ungodly dread,
Fall thick on thy devoted head!
May'st thou in every wish be cross'd;
May all thy hoarded wealth be lost!
May'st thou on weeds and offals dine,
Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine!"

Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,
The parson's wrath in sport derides:
"No time in idle preaching lose;
The sty is open—pick and choose;"
Loud plaudits rose from every tongue;
Heaven's concave with the clamours rung
Impatient of the last buzz,
The tytheless parson sneak'd away.

COURT AND CITY FOOLS.

The last of the licensed fools belonging to the
court was Killigrew, jester to Charles the Second.

The lord-mayor of London had his fool,
hence the expression 'the lord-mayor's fool,'
likes every thing that is good.' At the begin-
of the last century, one of these city d
'jumped into a custard,' for the entertainment
the citizens!

A WIFE'S SORROW.

At the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth
Antoinette, in 1770, a dreadful accident occur-
by which a thousand people lost their
Among them was one Legros, a lady's
dresser, of much fame. The wife of Legros
to the field of the slain about three o'clock
morning, when some one began telling her
fate of her husband in as tender a manner as
sible. "'Tis very well," said she, "but I
feel in his pockets for the keys of the house
else I cannot get in;" and, so saying, the
consolate widow went quietly home to her

CLERICAL LEARNING.

In 1443, Dr. Thomas Gascoigne was chosen
of Oxford. He seems to have deeply felt
profligacy with which ecclesiastical affairs
then conducted; for he thus expresses him-
"I knew a certain illiterate idiot, the son of a
mad knight; who, for being the companion
rather the fool, of the sons of a great family
the blood-royal, was made arch-deacon of
before he was eighteen years old, and
after two rich rectories and twelve prebends
asked him, one day, what he thought of his
'I despise it;' said he. 'I have better
than you great doctors, and believe me
any of you.'—'What do you believe?'
'I believe,' said he, 'that there are three
in one person. I believe all that God has

REASON WHY WOMEN HAVE NO BEARDS.

Nature, regardless of the babbling rascals
Planted no beard upon a woman's face
Not Packwood's razors; though the rascals
Could shave a chin that never is at rest

HOLY SHEPHERD.

Glermont Tonnere, the proud
 when preaching in his cathe-
 heard thus to commence his ser-
 christian mob, (canaille,) to the
 "At another time, when disturbed
 of the inattentive, while he was
 he turned towards the assembly,
 y, gentlemen, judging by the noise
 of the church, one would conclude
 y, and not a prelate of rank, who
 of this bishop, who, when seized
 illness, sent for his confessor,
 to him his fears of hell. Thus
 died, "You are very good, my
 slowly to terrify yourself; but
 'it twice before he damns a per-
 birth."

COQUETTE.—IMITATED FROM
HORACE.

in infamous labours, old Bet;
 'd of fifty, and still a coquette!
 lous soul, rather study to save,
 w victories—think of your grave;
 be girls with your Gothic flirta-

a cloud o'er their gay constel-
 port in the pale of fifteen;
 urs to your count the season be-

ore decently rattles away,
 atlassis, at the ball or the play;
 ter age her soft bosom has fir'd;
 like a kid or Bacchante inspir'd.
 ling train, nor the plumed balloon,
 woman whom lovers disown;
 ord attun'd to thy tongue;
 perfumes, nor cosmetics, wash
 wine, that enlivens the gay,
 woman so wrinkled and grey.

THE SILENT HUSBAND

Madame Geoffrin had a husband, who was per-
 mitted to sit down at his own table to dinner, at
 the end of the table, upon condition that he never
 attempted to join in the conversation. A for-
 reigner, who was assiduous in his visits to Ma-
 dame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him as usual
 at table, enquired after him:—"What have you
 done with the poor man whom I always used to
 see here, and who never spoke a word?"—"Oh,
 that was my husband; he is dead!"

THE PRIESTLY JONAH.

It blew a hard storm, and, in almost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd con-
 fess'd,
 Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to
 the priest,
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

OTAHETIAN CONVERSION.

Among the savages of the South-Sea Islands,
 Jorgensen, in his Account of the State of Chris-
 tianity in Otaheite, speaks of Otoo, king of
 Uliteeah, who came on board, and, putting on a
 most sanctified face, said, "Master Christ very
 good, very fine fellow, me love him like my own
 brother, give me one glass of brandy." His ma-
 jesty's desires, however, increased glass after
 glass, till at length he became noisy, and swore
 he would recant all he had said, if they did not
 give him more brandy. He was refused; and
 then, breaking out into the most horrid imprecas-
 tions, jumped overboard, swearing and swimming
 to the shore.

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
 Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
 And in a close confederacy link,
 For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING IN DEBT.

Sam Foote clearly demonstrated the advantages of paying our debts. This, says he, however, supposes a person to be a man of fortune, or else he would not gain credit. It is the art of living without money. It saves the trouble and expense of keeping accounts; and it also makes other people work, in order to give ourselves repose. It prevents the cares and embarrassments of riches. It checks avarice, and encourages generosity; as people are most commonly more liberal of others' goods than of their own; while it possesses that genuine spark of primitive Christianity which would inculcate a constant communion of all property. In short, it draws on us the inquiries and attentions of the world while we live, and makes us sincerely regretted when we die.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, do but spring a lake;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live, as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey,
And, when their merchants are blown up and
crack'd,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and
wreck'd;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes;
A land, that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

Lloyd very neatly says of Henry the Fifth, that he had something of Cæsar in him, which Alexander the Great had not—that he would not be drunk; and something of Alexander the Great that Cæsar had not—that he would not be flattered!

ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION. BY A SPANISH POET.

If this we see be bread, how can it last
So constantly consum'd, yet always fresh?
If this be God, then how can it appear
Bread to the eye, and seem bread to the taste?
If bread, why is it worshipp'd by the people?
If God, can such a space a God comprehend?
If bread, how is it, it confounds the wise?
If God, how is it that we eat our Maker?
If bread, what good can such a morsel do?
If God, how is it we divide it so?
If bread, such saving virtue could it give?
If God, how can I see and touch it thus?
If bread, how could it come from heaven?
If God, how can I look at it and live?

DIGNITY OF AN ELECTOR.

The title of elector is useful beyond all meaning. An Englishman travelling in Germany, having presented himself at the door of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "I am," said he, "elector of Middlesex." The Germans, who value the dignity of elector as next in rank to the emperor, and knew little or nothing of the Englishman and rank, immediately opened their doors, the guard turned out, and did him all the honours!

A SWINDLING MUSICIAN.

His time was short, his touch was true
Our gold he freely fingered,
Alert alike with hands and feet,
His movements have not linger'd
But where's the wonder of the case
A moment's thought detects it,
His practice has been thorough, but
A chord will be his exit.
Yet while we blame his hasty flight
Our censure may be rash,
A traveller is surely right
To change his notes for cash.

DE OF ANCESTRY.

'of a great family is a creature
 overbearing. You read his ances-
 in his air, in his eyebrow. He
 ng but his nobility to give em-
 ights. Rank and precedence
 points which he is always dis-
 nself. A gentleman of this turn
 one of King Charles's parlia-
 and the honour to be born at a
 which a rough honest gentleman
 et.—I would fain know what
 nny. Is there any one in this
 had the honour to be born as
 The good sense which reigns in
 nny well destroyed this starched
 men who have seen the world,
 very gentleman will be treated
 equality. But there are many
 education among women, de-
 ciders, that lose all the respect
 wise he paid by them, by being
 focusing it.

t has been so educated in punc-
 rns himself by a ceremonial in-
 currences of life. He measures
 e degree of the person he con-
 ve seen him in every inclination
 a familiar nod to the low stoop
 sign. I remember, five of us,
 nted with one another, met to-
 ng at his lodgings, when a wag
 was saying, it would be worth
 now he would distinguish us at his
 accordingly he no sooner came
 t casting his eye about, My lord
 he, your most humble servant,
 humble servant Your servant,
 Mr. Ducker, how do you do?
 you there?

his ago an aunt of my own, by
 an Ironside, who would never
 myself and is supposed to have

died a maid in the fourteenth year of her age.
 She was the chronicle of our family, and passed
 away the greatest part of the last forty years of
 her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages,
 exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs.
 Martha conversed generally with a knot of old
 virgins, who were likewise of good families, and
 had been very cruel all the beginning of the last
 century. They were every one of them as proud
 as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a-day, and
 in all other respects were the best women in the
 world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church,
 they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of
 her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to
 heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when
 they found she was an honest tradesman's daugh-
 ter. It is impossible to describe the pious indig-
 nation that would rise in them at the sight of a
 man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own
 gelt &c. They were transported with zeal be-
 yond measure, if they heard of a young woman's
 matching into a great family upon account only
 of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short,
 there was not a female within ten miles of them
 that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl
 necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they ex-
 amined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to
 chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valu-
 ing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-
 time, if at an invitation she found she had been
 seated below herself; and would frown upon me
 for an hour together if she saw me give place to
 any man under a baronet. As I was once talk-
 ing to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had re-
 fused in her youth, she declared to me with great
 warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his
 shirt to the richest man upon the 'Change in a
 coach and six. She pretended that our family was
 nearly related, by the mother's side, to half a dozen
 peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the
 matter, we always kept it as a secret among our-
 selves. A little before her death she was reciting
 to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling
 a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, what was all this to me? upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides—After which follows the genealogy, drawn up by her own hand.

THE TEST OF PATIENCE; OR, THE HOGS IN THE PARSON'S CELLAR.

A parson who had a remarkable foible, In imding the bottle more than the bible; Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd

In haudling a tankard, than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cried—
“Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide;
And, in all your troubles, mischances, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.”

Now this parson had got a stout cask of strong beer;

A present, no doubt—but no matter from where;
Suffice it to say that he reckon'd it good,
And valu'd the liquor as much as his blood.

While he the church-service in haste mutter'd o'er,
The hogs found their way thro' his old cellar-door;
And by the sweet scent of the beer-barrel led,
Had knocked out the spigot or cock from its head.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
And the unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round,
Nor from their diversion or merriment ceas'd,
Till every hog there was a true drunken beast.

And now, the grave lecture and prayers at an end
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

The dinner was ready and all things laid snug
“Here, wife,” says the parson, “go fetch a mug.”

But a mug of what liquor he'd scarce time to
her,

When—“Lord, husband!” she cried, “
the hogs in the cellar.”

“To be sure they've got in whilst we
pray'ers.”

“To be sure you're a fool; so, get ye
stairs,

And bring what I bid you—Go, see what
matter,

For now I myself hear a grunting and c

She went; and returning with sorrowful
In suitable phrases related the case;
He rav'd like a madman; and, snatching
First belabour'd his hogs, then his wife
room.

“Was ever poor mortal so pester'd as
With a base slut who keeps all my
style;

How came you to have your d—
kitchen?

Is that a fit place to keep cattle, you

“Lord, husband!” said she, “wh
keep here,

About a poor beggarly barrel of b
You should, in your troubles, m
crosses,

Remember the patience of Job in

“A plague upon Job,” cried the
“That beer, I dare say, was nee
age;

But you are a poor stupid fool,
Why, Job never had such a cask

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

INDIVIALITY.

He was one evening presiding at a party, when a friend said to him, "Your constitution is getting weak by sitting up at night."—"Oh," replied Rannister, "by the nature of my constitution; I shall watch it, and keep it in repair."

III. AND THE WHIG.

When he came into power, they turned upon Lord Sandwich, the master of the ship. The king met his lordship in the morning. "How do you do?" cried the king. "They have turned you off; it was a great honour, for it was as much as my own place."

LOVE HARVEST.

When he went to marry a fortune, being in the honey-moon, he said to himself, "The honey-moon would last, were it not for the honey-moon, it is over."

HEAT AT SIGHT.

"Money!" Robin cried, whom he quickly spied, "thou art seiz'd the blade." "He that moment paid." "Instant made reply (for Robin in the eye,) "We mark in black and white, "and paid at sight!"

THE USE OF AN AUTHOR.

With long toil produced a book upon mankind with un- withdrawn the attention of every other controversy; he was contented to wait long of his new praises. With his own importance, he hid in disguise, to learn of his readers. Prepared to

feast upon admiration, composed to encounter censures without emotion, and determined to suffer his quiet to be injured by a sensible too exquisite of praise or blame, but to live with equal contempt at vain objections and injudicious commendations, he enters the place of mingled conversation, sits down to his tea in a obscure corner, and while he appears to examine a file of antiquated journals, catches the conversation of the whole room. He listens but hears no mention of his book, and therefore supposes that he has disappointed his curiosity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their conversation with such a wonderful novelty, they had digressed to other subjects before his arrival. The company disperses, and their places are supplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careless. The same expectation hurries him to another place, from which the same disappointment drives him soon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with restless curiosity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pickpocket; is told by some of an unexpected bankruptcy, by others of a turtle-feast; is sometimes provoked by importunate inquiries after the white bear, and sometimes with praises of the dancing-dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the monument; invited to see a foot-race in the adjacent villages; desired to read a ludicrous advertisement; or consulted about the most effectual method of making inquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is busied in affairs which he thinks below the notice of reasonable creatures, and which are nevertheless sufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A footman who had been found guilty of murdering his fellow-servant, was engaged in writing his confession, "I murdered—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell murdered?"

DEATH BY ORDER

When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, when he wrote to this effect, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

THE PATIENT'S FAREWELL.

My master! from your wine forbear,
Says Gwynn, with gestures odd;
And shun all commerce with the fair,
Or else you'll die, by G—d.

If death be in my fair one's smile,
And poison in my bin;
To live can ne'er be worth my while,
Adieu! good Dr. Gwynn.

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson owing a vintner some money, staid away from his house; the vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money, and also told him if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Jonson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine greatly; "This is not our business," said the vintner; "Mr. Jonson, answer me my four questions, or pay me my money, or go to gaol."—"Pray," said Ben, "propose them."—"Then," said the vintner, "tell me, First, What pleases God?—Secondly, What pleases the Devil?—Thirdly, What pleases the World?—And lastly, What best pleases me?"—"Well, then," replied Ben,

"God is best pleased when man forsakes his sin;
The Devil's best pleased when man delights therein;

The world's best pleas'd when you do draw
good wine;

And you'll be pleased when I do pay for mine."

The vintner was satisfied, gave Ben a receipt *in full*, and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

ROYAL VIRTUES.

George III. was coming home one day San Fiorenzo, at Weymouth, when the tide met, and the people on shore were so alive that the barge would be swamped. In the morning some officers waited on the king to congratulate him on his escape, saying, "that have been in great fear."—"Oh," replied the king, "I thank you; but let what will be the family, there are no cowards among us; ever fools there may be."

LASTING BEAUTY.

Lord Ailesbury and Lady Strafford possess their beauty so long, that Horace Walpole calls them *Huckabrick beauties*, that never wear

TITHES BY INSTALMENTS.

A farmer once gave notice to the clergy of his parish, who took tithes in kind, that he was going to draw a field of turnips on a certain day. The clergyman, accordingly, sent his tithing servant at the time appointed, when the servant drew ten turnips, and desired the farmer to give him one of them, saying, "he would not do more that day, but would let him know when he did."

A LADY OF FASHION,

She sometimes laughs, but never loud
She's handsome too, but somewhat proud
At court she bears away the belle
She dresses fine and figures well;
With decency she's gay and airy;
Who can this be but Lady Mary?

THE PENSIONER'S EQUIVOQUE.

A stranger visiting Greenwich-hospital, saw a pensioner in a yellow coat, which is the punishment for disorderly behaviour. Surprised at the peculiarity of the man's appearance, he asked him what it meant? "O, sir," replied the pensioner, "we who wear yellow coats are the musicians; I who play the *first fiddle*."

CLUB OF AUTHORS.

one of this society is Dr. Nonentity.

Most people think him a prodigy, as he seldom speaks. I cannot say that particular; he generally before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks much, and is reckoned very

I am told he writes indexes to makes essays on the origin of cal inquiries upon any subject, an answer to any book, upon any warning. You may distinguish the rest of the company by his red and the blue handkerchief round

his, in merit and esteem, is Tim Tattle; he sometimes shines for magnitude among the choice; he is reckoned equally excellent in a riddle, a lewd song, and a sermon. You will know him by his powdered wig, dirty silk-stockings.

Next to Mr. Tibbs, a very useful receipt for the bite of a mad dog, an eastern tale to perfection; the business of an author as well as a bookseller alive can cheat him; distinguish him by the peculiar figure, and the coarseness of his though it be coarse, (as he sometimes,) he has paid for it.

is the politician of the society; he goes for parliament, writes addresses, subjects, and letters to noble gives the history of every new reasonable thoughts upon every

A NEW PRISON.

A prison in every respect, are the heavens in common; his, and the prisoners men, are nothing but women.

LOSING A CHANCE.

Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanting to prosecute them, his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. "Well then," said the old man, "I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report; I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me."

VANITY

Lady Townshend told Horace Walpole that she should go to see the coronation of George III.; as she had never seen one. "Why," said Walpole, "you walked at the last?"—"Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it, I only looked to see who looked at me."

THE UNLUCKY DRAMATIST.

A Scotchman presented a tragedy to Mr. Garrick who, after some time, returned it, saying, "that he did not think tragedy was the gentleman's forte."—"Then, sir," said the other, taking a manuscript from his pocket, "here's a comedy, and let me tell ye, it's the first comedy that was ever wrote by any of my country." This, however, Mr. Garrick likewise returned, observing, "When I said that tragedy was not your forte, I did not mean that comedy was."

WARBURTON AND QUIN.

Bishop Warburton was once haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative, when Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me; you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I can think that the execution of Charles I. might be justified."—"Aye," said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "by all the laws he had left them." The bishop told Quin to remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; "I would not advise your lordship," said Quin, "to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, the same was the case with the twelve apostles."

JOURNAL OF A CITIZEN.

MONDAY, Eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go on ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, Eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, Eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love and grogless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house, from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour at the club before any body else came. *Mem.* of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, Nine o'clock. Staid with Sir Timothy; who did not pay my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box and turned off my cook-maid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. *Mem.* I did not go to the night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in a dispute upon Sir Timothy, who was with me before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my buckle and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a pint of port to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the club. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked seven pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee would cure the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt of small-beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

ed. Returned home, and dried

dined with me. First course,
and, ox-cheek, with a bottle
ier.
veniept myself.
te club. Like to have fallen
id Vizier certainly dead.

A FOR A MINISTER.

ave the following genuine re-
metholicon:

ster, th' ingredients
itful of expedients,
the present minute,
thing else be in it!)
much perplex'd and harass'd,
e must be unembarrass'd;
for all occasions;
s, plots, invasions;
off each disaster;
e to brave his master;
treaty maker;
al of th' exchequer;
ong no real feeling;
es of both much dealings,
an must be a mixture
ophant, and trickster.

JING A MARCH.

, when on his death-bed, asked
day of the week it was; they
"Sure," said he, "it is Fri-
rd, indeed it is Thursday."—
see what a rogue this distem-
want to steal nothing but a

ONABLE ANSWER.

idiam having been ill used by
me he would not tell him why
ere, at last said, "Because
e of a blessing you never en-

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

I was invited, we thought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors which were imperceptible to the naked eye; inasmuch, that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked-dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and false-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

...vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which led to the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little bustle instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or truth. But the large ear I entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *Calumet*, and the English *Nonsense*.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the action so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the thingeeerow.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, save only that the muscular fibres, as we may term them, which stretch the wing muscles, were very aukwardly directed with use; whereas, in the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned new discoveries as we have not taken any notice are to be met with in the skull, the face, and indeed shape and figure of the cover any difference for the heads of other men. the person to whom I passed for a man about during which time he people, dressed well, quently, and, on particulared himself tolerably to which one of the cut off in the flower paring shovel, having next citizen, as he to his wife.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

Old Bess, Countess of Northampton, worth House, and I had been prophesied die as long as she was she died in a hard frost not work. She was Walpole, on his death have written the following Four times the more And every time That when I died He left the wide world Food was the drink Five stately men With one of them To prove of When Hardwicke Nor was he in When Heber Lake Old does When Chatterbox Let some fore

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

TABERLE BIRTH.

A small fortune had a wife,
He the comfort of his life,
Well they bore the joke together;
Till they lived the pair one year,
Matrimonial sky was clear,
A dark and dull and hazy weather.

Time when mistress, in the straw,
World's support her screams pre-

With fair obstetric pow,
In popl to our air;
Dousing room the husband sat,
Now, and now on that.

He sorrow of his wife,
That he could take the pain,
If such prayers were vain,
An offer of his life.

led in solemn study,
r and sometimes maddy,
th comfortable new
joy. I wish ye joy!
bed of a fine boy,
I in shoes!"

"cried the master,
no disaster;
as well, I hope?"
as heart can well desire,
e young square,
actor shop

she could see it,
hors.
an hour;
e.

lin,
and main;
whale,

its reach from Dover;
its not over—
a nightingale.

A fine young lady to the world is come,
Squalling away just as I left the room!
Sir, this is better than a good estate!"

"Humph," quoth the man, and scratch'd his
Now gravely looking up—now looking down.

Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown,
"Good God," says he, "why was I not a cow?"

Who never feels of burd'ning beats the shock,
Who, Turk like, struts 'mid his madams, picks

Whilst to the hen belongs the care
To carry them to eat, or take the air,
Or bed beneath her wing the chicken!"

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended

For in home d Bet, her ramp with rapture jig-
ging;

"Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."—
"Another!" cried the man, with wonder wild;

"Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress, if she's pig-
ging."

JUDGE JEFFERY'S SPEECH TO THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF BRISTOL.

I have brought a brush in my pocket to rub off
your dirt; I tell you, I have brought a stout
broom, with which I will sweep every man's
door, both within and without, for in good truth
you want rubbing; the dirt of your ditch is in
your nostrils. Where am I? in Bristol, a city in
which it seems you claim the privilege of hang-
ing, drawing, and quartering; a privilege you
ought to enjoy at least once a month. I have a
calendar of your city in my hands, and hope
before I have done to hang one half of you at
last.

SYMPATHETIC ANALOGIE.

Two cantabs were one day descending a stair-
case, when the foremost chanced to stumble against
a pail that had accidentally been left at the bottom,
upon which his companion quinnily observed, that
he had kick'd the bucket, "Oh, no!" said he,
"I only turned pale."

LONDON IN SUMMER.

This large city is now a huge oven, and the few who still walk the streets look baked. The streets are like the highways of the desert for silence and sand,—the stage-coaches (for no others are abroad) move in whirlwinds of dust,—and it is only when the sun goes down from the brazen sky, that you find London is still peopled.

The heat has grown intense, and it has certainly deadened the spirit of public amusements: all the gatherings of the wealthy into ball-rooms, and the other refuges of industrious idleness, are melting down—the theatres are stricken with loneliness—and all the superfluity of the London populace, great and little, is already flowing out upon the sea-shore, from Thanet to Torbay. Thus our "*laudatores temporis acti*" revile, as among the signs of a degenerate time. But what is the use of frying and boiling the human materials in cities, when it can live and be happy even on the wuhered downs and slimy shores of Margate. Our forefathers, with all their wisdom, were fools. Those opulent persons lingered through the year in their counting-houses, saw the summer only through the Sunday's dust at Islington, fed on the steams of mankind, concocted in a thousand wealthy and detestable lanes, till those venerable steams and *frassers* of men were gathered to the grave. "*Vine la posterite.*" There is more enjoyment now scattered over the life of a London shop-keeper, than, fifty years ago fell to the lot of his prince. I look up in this out-pouring of the multitude, this rush of the metropolitan culture;—his upturning deluge rolling through the flood-gates Aldersbury, Backersbury, and all the other snug and airless depositories and *hybernacles* of life in the city of cities; this assembling, galloping, walking, ulthaving, and steaming down to the sea-side, as among the first proofs, if not the very first, of the prosperity, good-humour, and good government of the nation. What if ancient men inhale their gait with oysters fresh from the bed, and city clerks make themselves ridiculous in quadrilles; what if the fashionables

of Moorfields grow romantic to the light kettle-drums on the pier at Margate; what if the haberdashers, arm in arm with the rhabdodermatologists, discuss pantaloons and Waterloo on the Stoepe? Who is to stop all this? If the life of man is to be a continual stitching, let them be grasped by law, the unworthy minister of Heaven's justice, and summarily consigned to the gallows. But if all statutes, from Deuteronomy to the present, are silent on the subject, let them, in their own way, flatter the inn-keeper, spend their gains in raffling for razor-paste, and pill-boxes;—and when the music sounds hollow, when the races are over, and the soul is saturated with sea-smells and salt, let them return, and through the wide of green fields. There is no jest here. What would become of London, crammed with a million of heavy feeders, and those interruptions from all the red, green, and black population of the earth, oleaginous, murky, yellow-feverish, busk-broods, inflamed by made wine, and the absorption of three hundred annual bullocks, and three million vaulted in under an impenetrable canopy of mud and ashes, from a hundred thousand of all horrible and death-dealing steams and evaporations, without those escapes for the multitude?

MODERN SAMPSON

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did
"Like Sampson, I my thousand
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you
And with the self-same weapon

ON AN EXCELLENT MUSICIAN
AND AN AWKWARD DANCER.

How ill the motion with the music
Thus fiddled Orpheus, and thus danced

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

BALAM'S ASS.

Milnerbury happened to say, upon a certain discussion in the House of Lords, that prophesied last winter, this bill would be in the present session, and he was told that he had proved a true prophet. Digby, who spoke after the bishop, deigned to remark, "that one of the Right Honourable had set himself forth as a prophet; in part, he did not know what prophet he was to, unless to that furious prophet, who was reprov'd by his own ass." In reply, exposed this rude attack, saying, "since the noble lord hath disfigured my manners such a similitude, I am not to be compared to the prophet Balaam; my lords, I am at a loss to make out any of the parallel; I am sure that I am not approved by nobody but his lordship."

GOOD EFFECT.

was sick, and past the doctors' skill,
how to cure th' inveterate ill.
one prescrib'd; no, quoth the other,
with'er good nor harm, dear brother:
only thing—'twas quick replied,
death. But since we differ wide,
band choose by whom t'abide.
it skill," cried Richard, "by the
feeding's like to do most good."

MAIDEN SPEECH.

son, in the reign of Charles the
maiden speech in the House of
Commons was this:—The Duke of
Buckingham ridiculed his silence; where-
upon, he spoke as follows upon
the Lord Treasurer Danby.
I understand but little of Latin, but
I know a little of the Eng-
lish, and yet a little of the Eng-
lish, which I have learned the mis-
take of these, and the ill fate

of them. I could bring many instances, and
very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no fur-
ther back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's
reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was
run down by Sir Walter Raleigh; Lord Bacon
run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships
know what became of Lord Bacon; the Duke of
Buckingham run down Lord Bacon, and your
lordships know what became of the Duke of Buck-
ingham; Sir Harry Vane run down the Earl of
Strafford, and your lordships know what became
of Sir Harry Vane; Chancellor Hyde run down
Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what
became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Osborne
run down Chancellor Hyde, and what will be-
come of the Earl of Danby, your lordships can
best tell; but let me see the man that dares run
down the Earl of Danby, and we shall soon see
what will become of him."

A CANINE M. P.

Lord North, once speaking in the house, was
suddenly interrupted in the midst of the most im-
portant part of it, by a dog, who, having taken
shelter and concealed himself under the table of the
house, made his escape and ran directly across the
floor, setting up, at the same time, a violent howl.
It occasioned a burst of laughter, and might have
disconcerted an ordinary man. Lord North, how-
ever, having waited till the roar which it produ-
ced had subsided, and preserving all his gravity,
addressed the chair, "Sir," said he to the speak-
er, "I have been interrupted by a new member,
but, as he has concluded his argument, I will now
resume mine."

LORD ELDON'S FORENSIC BLOQUENCE.

Horace Troke was once heard to declare, that,
were he to be tried again, he would plead guilty
rather than endure hearing the then solicitor-gen-
eral's (since the Lord Chancellor Eldon) long
speeches, one of which lasted eleven hours. Such
an effect had this oratorical prolixity upon the
nice ears of the author of the *Diversions of Parley*.

IRISH SORROW.

A captain of grenadiers having some time ago died in the West-Indies, his remains were followed to the grave by an Irish servant, and buried with military honours. Upon the discharge of the last round, poor *Pat*, who had hitherto observed an awful and melancholy silence, loudly exclaimed, "Ah? Master, Jewel, that's the last shot your honour will ever hear!"

PITT'S MINISTRY.

On the assertion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, that Mr. Pitt found England of wood and left it of marble.

From wood to marble, Hawkins cried,
Great Pitt transform'd us, ere he died!
Indeed! exclaimed a country gaper;
Sure he must mean to *marble paper*.

IDIOTISM.

A country clergyman, by his dull monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot."—"Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot, I would have been asleep too."

NAUTICAL REASONING.

A sailor, being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died? "In shipwreck," was the answer. "And where did your grandfather die?"—"As he was fishing, a storm arose, and the bark foundering, all on board perished."—"And your great grandfather?"—"He also perished on board a ship which struck on a rock."—"Then," said the citizen, "if I were you I would never go to sea."—"And pray, Mr. Philosopher," inquired the seaman, "where did your father die?"—"In his bed."—"And your grandfather?"—"In his bed."—"And your great-grandfather?"—"He, and all my ancestors died quietly in their beds."—"Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed."

EQUIVOCATION. A TALK.

An abbot rich (whose taste was
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The bishop came, the bishop eat
'Twas silence, 'till their stomach
And now at heretics they rail'd;
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests
Do not we take the church for J
But those divorce her for a wife
Like laymen keep her in their
And own the children of their
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives? marriage
Is but carnality profest.
Now as the bishop took his glass
He spy'd our Abbot's buxom la
Who cross'd the room, he mark'd
That glow'd with love; his pul
Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cr
A maid so young! for shame, be
These indiscretions lend a hand!
To lewd lay tongues, to give us
For your vows sake, this rule I
Let all your maids be turn'd of

The priest replied, I have no
But your chaste precept well ol
That lass full twenty-five has to
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast;
So both my maids have fifty pas

The prelate smil'd, but durst
For why? his lordship did the s

Let those who reprimand thei
First mend the faults they find i

RICH AND POOR.

Sir Walter Raleigh says, that the
between a rich man and a poor man
former eats when he pleases, and the
can get it.

THE EDINBURGH STEAM-BOAT.

To London thou wouldst wish to go,
Gentle reader, go not in a smack,
Accommodation's but so-so,
If the winds not fair, she can but tack;
(Sometimes does) it comes a blow,
Sickness makes thee wish that thou wert

all things into view, I deem
And wisest plan's to go by steam.
And a half the cabin fare;
Thy parting friends sigh out farewell,
Granted. Seated on thy chair,
And the breakfast or the dinner bell.
I, boiled, and baked, I know not

at fare better, save in a hotel;
Moderate incomes it don't suit
Waiters, and somewhat to boot.

Me-wheels with splash and splutter,
Of hundred horses, churn the ocean;
Each churning makes no hotter,
Reeps with vibratory motion,
A pleasure-boat or cutter;
At her speed, I have a notion
Ask the waters, in high gales,
Filled with good sails.

ons, dinner's on the table
tering of the knives and forks,
if the ocean Babel;
re is he that works,
as quick as he is able;
ion, the starting corks,
r furious ginger-beer,
of momentary feat!

ight, whose lot is cast,
and of corned beef,
must help himself the last
to be very brief,
in the board he past
sated, gives relief;
lose thou position where
'humble care.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

Another scene yet is to be seen
Comes o'er each vessel's side,
Sea-sickness comes, for what
Not even Balm of Gilead, e'er
Our other ills—alike in storm and calm,
It baffles human aid, and you may call
For aught that medicine has art and part in,
You'll find 'tis all my eye and Betty Martin

Then beauty's head declines; her pensive eye
Looks sadly o'er the dark and heaving billow
And through her tresses, as the rude wind sigh,
She leans above the wave-like drooping willow
"And dull were he that heedless pass'd her by,
Nor handed her a chair, and brought a
pillow!

'Tis strange, a meal prevented from digesting,
Should make a woman look so interesting.

She seems so helpless, and so innocent,
Still as a lake beneath the summer even;
A bright and beautiful embodiment,
Of calm and peace, and all we dream of heaven;
A sight to shake an anchorite or saint,
'Gainst beauty's smiles successful who has striv'n;
A pretty woman, like a sight of wonder,
Makes men turn up their eyes like ducks in
thunder.

The bark is at Blackwall, and so adieu!
My song and subject cease together there.
Oh! wonder-working steam, what thou mayst do,
Where is the prophet spirit to declare?
By thee we make broad cloth—batch chickens too,
We roam the seas—we yet may traverse air
Nay, do not laugh, if I should fondly dream,
We yet may manufacture verse by steam.

THE IRISH FOOTMAN'S HINT.

An Irish footman having carried a basket of
game from his master to a friend, waited a consi-
derable time for the customary fee, but not find-
ing it likely to appear, scratched his head, and
said—Sir, if my master should say, "Paddy,
what did the gentleman give you?" what would
your honour have me to tell him?

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

AS AND WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Tonson, Dryden's bookseller, was a while the poet was a Jacobite. When he had nearly completed his translation of it was the bookseller's wish, and several of Dryden's friends, that the book should be presented to King William: this, however, the bookseller refused. The bookseller, however, who had as much veneration for William as he had for James, finding he could not have the dedication he wished, contrived, on retouching the plates, to have Æneas delineated with a sword, that he might resemble his favourite hero. This ingenious device of Tonson's occasioned the following epigram to be inserted in the 2d edition of Dryden's *Virgil*:—

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has plac'd old Nassau's book-no'd head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent him packing.

DANCING-CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

As dancing is the poetry of motion—those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to trip it on the light fantastic toe," will find an able guide in John Wade, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master. N.B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

A STANDARD RULE.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, "That those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword."—"By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

TRAVELLING EXPENCES.

A foolish young fellow boasting in company of his travelling abroad, was asked by one person how he made his way. "By my wits," replied the other. "Indeed!" says he, "then you must have travelled very cheaply."

ON MR. DAY, WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS LANDLORD.

Here DAY and Night conspir'd a sudden flight
For DAY, they say, has run away by night,
DAY's past and gone. Why, landlord, what
your rent?

Did you not see that DAY was almost spent?
DAY pawn'd and sold, and put off what he lent.
Tho' it be ne'er so dark, DAY will be light.
You had one DAY a tenant; and would fain
Your eyes could see that DAY but once again.
No, landlord, no; now you may truly say,
(And to your cost too) you have lost the DAY.

DAY is departed in a mist, I fear;
For DAY is broke, and yet does not appear.
From time to time he promis'd still to pay,
You should have seen him before the break of day.
But if you had, you'd have got nothing;
For DAY was cunning, and broke over-land.

DAY, like a candle, is gone out, but who
None knows, unless to t'other hemisphere
Then to the tavern let us haste away—
Come, cheer up—hang it—'tis but a day.

And he that trusted DAY for any sum
Will have his money, if that DAY will.
But how now, landlord! what a time
What! you can't sleep, you long so much
Have you a mind, sir, to arrest a DAY?
There's no such bailiff, now, as Jock.

Cheer up then, man! what tho' you've
Do you not know that pay-DAY yet
I will engage, do you but leave your
My life for your's, DAY comes again.
And for your rent never torment
You'll quickly see DAY peeping in.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE LIGHT GUTTER.

men, travelling on a journey, having a which he could not pass, gave it to him and desired him to pass it upon the. He asked him if he had passed the. "Yes, sir," replied Teague, "but I be very sly; the people refused it at at dinner, so at a turnpike, where ce to pay, I whipped it in between, and the man put it into his pocket it."

NEW REGIMEN.

Scarsian called in a physician for. The physician felt his pulse, "Do you eat well?"—"Yes," said "Do you sleep well?"—"I do." the Esculapius, "I shall give away all that."

FINE HORSE-RACER.

ong, and ran so fast, e ran out at last; it; and then to pay, ll—and ran away.

MENT HL-RECEIVERS.

ned in company with Dr. John- o make his court to him by ly at every thing he said. The om time with philtis optical : Impertinent ha, ha, ha! he- : Pray, sir," said the doctor, : I hope I have not said any prehend.

AT AN AUCTION.

g accidentally walked into rator asking, "Will no nar gentlemen, bid more?"— : hearer, with a grave face, Thank you, sir—go on— Why I'll bid you—good

THE CHOICE.

There lived in Y
A man whose name
He lov'd three girls
But which the best
These sisters three,
Shew'd Pundico their
For each one
And all were
And all made
And prais'd him
Young Pim, the
Like was divided 'tween the boys,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he sent'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsey, Sally,
Were sweet as blubs of the valley;
But singly, surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignonet;
But even surpass'd a poet's fancy.
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy;
And as for Sal, she was a donna,
As fair as those of old Crotona,
Who to Apelles lent their faces.
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut off some cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy at once not fearing—caring,
To shew her saving ate the parings;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut and then threw away the rind.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Mean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
"Young Pimlico replied,
I now declare my bride:
Can I can't my welfare put,
Has prov'd a dirty slut:
Sally, who has par'd the rind,
Give my fortune to the wind.
The happy medium chose,
I with Sally will repose:
A prudent, cleanly: and the man
Fixes on a nuptial plan,
Never err, if he will choose
Wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

TITLED PRAYERS.

In a country parish, the wife of the lord of the manor came to church, after her lying-in, to return thanks. The parson, aiming to be complaisant, thinking plain "woman" too familiar, instead of saying, "O Lord, save this woman!" said, "O Lord, save this lady!" The clerk, remembering not to be behind-hand with him in politeness, answered, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee?"

GRAMMATICAL ANCESTORS.

Mr. Pitt was once disputing for the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two complete negatives to make such a positive fellow as you are."

THE DISAPPOINTED CRITIC.

An orator having written a speech, which he intended to deliver at a public meeting, gave it to a friend to read, and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times: the first time it appeared very good, the second indifferent, and the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."

A LADY'S VALUABLES.

When the Duchess of Kingston wished to be received at the court of Berlin, she sent the Russian minister there to mention her intentions to the Prussian majesty; and to tell him, at the same time, that her fortune was at home, her brook Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin. Immediately on hearing this, the king sarcastically replied, "I beg, sir, you will give my compliments to her grace, and inform her that I am very sorry we are only entrusted with the very small part of her property."

EPITAPH ON A TRAVELLER.

The evil that men do lives after them.
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Here resteth the body of
T. B.

late of Manchester,
who died on a journey through Scotland
May 8, 1795, aged 40.
This stone was placed here
by an Acquaintance,
who, after examining the Debts and
of his cash account,

found a small balance in his favour.
His sickness was short, and being a
he was not troubled in his last moments
with the sight of weeping friends,
but died at an insupportable
with the consent of all around.

He left no mourner here,
Save a favourite mare, who
(if the account of an ostler may be
neither ate nor drank during his
REPOSE!

little will be said to perpetuate
the fact is—he died poor
the whole he left behind would be
sufficient to paint half his
His chief mourner was sold by
To pay the expenses of
over-grown landlord and half starved

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

t once contained
 patterns, and library,
 sisting of
 s and a clean shirt:
 samples of
 lines and tassels,
 , and whalebone;
 rious collection of books;
 manuscript poetry,
 f of his own muse)
 ial Magazines,
 'The Whole Duty of Man,
 and
 mortality of the Soul.
 g pocket lay
 ate for five pounds,
 shed love-letter;
 ced an eager desire
 dy marriage;
 ly face was an index of an
 unforgiving temper,
 by the object of his affection,
 i had spared him,
 ' had been unkind
 o have improved an ill-fa-
 ed stock.
 y of his manners,
 tibility of his heart,
 arances the lie;
 e fair sex was notorious
 so tenderly attentive,
 of a rude embrace
 the 'tear of Sensibility'
 from his eye.*
 py when doing good;
 ' bountifully extended
 ate part of the sex,
 'd to the utmost of his power,
 aking, a friend to all;
 none but himself.

TRAVELLER
 ment on the uncertainty of
 is life!

id only one.

Five days are not yet passed
 gice the well-known
 he little though
 his farewell tribute to ever
 Bot his last journey being
 no riding double stages to
 Nor boxing
 to mak
 who knows but
 of the good and evil
 and he
 that it may be found to his
 on the judgment day,
 in the grand ledger of everlasting happiness.

PRIESTCRAFT OUTWITTED.

An Italian noble being at church one day, and
 finding a priest who begged for the souls in purga-
 tory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord,"
 said the good father, "you have now delivered a
 soul." The count threw upon the plate another
 piece; "Here is another soul delivered," said the
 priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the
 count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I
 am certain they are now in heaven."—"Then,"
 said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it
 signifies nothing to you now, seeing the souls are
 already got to heaven, there can be no danger of
 their returning to purgatory."

PORTICAL LICENCE.

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
 Some smooth, soft flattery read, by Waller writ;
 Waller, who erst to sing was not ashamed,
 That heav'n in storms great Cromwell's soul had
 claim'd,
 Turn'd to the bard, and, with a smile, said he,
 "Your strains for Noll excel your strains for me."
 The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
 Thus to the king return'd, and bow'd his head;
 "Poets, so heav'n and all the nine decreed,
 In fiction better than in truth succeed."

THE SNORING MEMBER.

During a debate in the House of Commons, about four in the morning, a member was called to order for snoring, while a very eminent orator was addressing the house. When a division took place, the speaker, as usual, put the question.—“Those who are for the amendment say *aye*, and those who are of the contrary opinion say *no*.” A gentleman who was near the snoring member, exclaimed from the gallery, “the nose had it.”

LOVE FOR OUR ENEMIES.

A physician seeing Charles Bismarck about to drink a glass of brandy, said, “Don’t drink that filthy stuff, brandy is the worst enemy you have.”—“I know that,” replied Charles, “but you know we are commanded by Scripture to love our enemies.”

A SUCCESSOR TO CERBERUS.

Carolan, the Irish bard, being refused entrance to a nobleman’s house by the porter, whose name was O’Flinn, wrote with chalk on the door—
“What pity hell’s gates are not kept by O’Flinn,
Such a surly old dog would let nobody in.”

MACKCOILL, THE PICKPOCKET.

While Sir W. Parsons was one day sitting at Bow-street, he received the following curious epistle from a notorious pickpocket—

Gentlemen,—I beg leave to inform you that I am (with my wife) going to the theatre, Covent-garden. I take this step, in order to prevent any ill-founded malicious constructions. Trusting I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever insure me the protection of the magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect and attention, your most obedient very humble servant,
JOHN MACKCOILL.

Donaldson, the officer, therefore treated the apologist with proper attention, and Mackcoill retired with his wife, without attempting to *steal a whip, give a tilt, or draw a tatter*.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY
SHEWING HOW HE WAS
THAN HE INTENDED
HOME SAFE.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin’s spouse said
Though wedded we have
These twice ten tedious years
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding
And we will then repair
Up to the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister’s
Myself and children three
Will fill the chaise, so you
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do adore
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know
And my good friend the clergyman
Will lead his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that’s
And, for that wine is dear
We will be furnish’d with
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin knew’d his loss
O’erjoy’d was he to find
That though on pleasures bent
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door,
Should say that she was

its off the chaise was staid,
 ry did all get in,
 seals, and all agog
 through thick and thin,

the whip, round went the wheels,
 er folks so glad;
 the rattle underneath
 spide were mad.

at his horse's side
 the flowing mane
 got in haste to ride,
 came down again
 ere scarce reach'd had he,
 ey to begin,
 round his head, he saw
 homers come in.

came, for loss of time,
 it griev'd him sore,
 pence, full well he knew,
 ouble him much more.

before the customers
 ted to their mind;
 y, screaming, came down stairs,
 ne is left behind!"

h!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
 ven belt likewise,
 bear my trusty sword
 do exercise."

en Gilpin, careful soul;
 stone-bottles found,
 e liquor that she lov'd,
 p it safe and sound.

e had a curling ear,
 which the belt he drew,
 a bottle on each side,
 his balance true.

all, that he might be
 from top to toe,
 of cloak, well brush'd and neat,
 fully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road,
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 the snorting beast began to snort,
 Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So—fair and softly!" John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dream'd when he set out
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 'Till loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd;
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, Well done!
 As loud as he could hawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around—
 He carries weight! he rides a rug!
 'Tis for a thousand pound.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

As fast as he drew near,
Wonderful to view,
A trice the turnpike-men
In gales wide open threw.
Now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
A bottle twain behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.
He ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leather girdle brac'd
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trindling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tir'd;"
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Not by an archer strong;
Which brings me to

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
'Till at his friend the Callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the door,
And thus accosted him—

"What news? what news? you
Tell me, you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you're come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lo! 'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender,
In merry guise he spoke—

"I came because your horse
And if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be
They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to see
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and
Thus show'd his reward;
"My head is twice as
They therefore need

"But let me scrape
That hangs upon
And stop and eat,
Be in a hungry

Said John, "It is
And all the while
If wife should die
And I should

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

to his horse he said,
's haste to dine;
your pleasure you came here,
I'll go back for mine."

on speech, and bootless boast!
Oh he paid full dear;
he spake a braying ass
'most loud and clear!

his horse did snort as he
roared a lion roar;
ped off with all his might,
as done before.

And Gilpin, and away
Gilpin's hat and wig;
on sooner than at first,
for they were too big.

Miss Gilpin, when she saw
band posting down,
country far away,
'd out half a crown;

into the youth she said
drive them to the Bell,
it be your's when you bring back
hand safe and well.

did ride, and soon did meet
coming back again,
a trice he tried to stop
bing at his rein;

performing what he meant
dly would have done,
and stood he frightened more,
he him faster run.

ut Gilpin, and away
out-boy at his heels,
my's horse right glad to move
moving of the wheels.

on the road,
Gilpin fly,
imp'ring in the rear,
hoo

Stop thief! stop thief! man!
Not one of them was hat way
And all and each that
Did join in the purs

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to Town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

AFFAIR OF HONOUR ACCOMMODATED.

Weston the actor having borrowed, on note, five pounds, and failing in payment; the gentleman who had lent the money mentioned it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman, being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and the note was delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us, therefore let us give each other a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other."—"With all my heart" said Weston; "come, I'll wound you first," so drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "where you can, sir."

(PAST CURE.)

Comus proclaims aloud his wife's a w—;
Alas! good Comus! what can we do more?
Were thou no cuckold we could make thee one;
But, being so, we cannot make thee none.

CONVITTAL.

A witness in the Court of King's Bench being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, was asked if he was not a *fortune-teller*. "I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune."—"Well, fellow," says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Way, sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the Old Bailey, and I think it is probable that you will make your *last speech* there." Lord Kenyon told the witness, angrily, "That he would commit him."—"I hope," answered he, "your lordship will not commit yourself."

A SLEEPING WATCHMAN.

Sound sleeps yon guardian of the night,
The hours uncall'd youth's rest not sweeter.
"I thought he was a watch"—"You're right,—
He's a *stop-watch*, not a *repeater*."

THE CHRISTENING.

A countryman carrying his son to be baptized, the parson asked what was to be the name. "Peter, my own name, and please your reverence."—"Peter, that is a bad name; Peter denied his master."—"What then would your reverence advise?"—"Why not take my name, Joseph?"—"Joseph; ah! he denied his mistress."

ELECTION MANŒUVRE.

The non-resident freemen of Berwick-upon-Tweed living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, a few days previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water, Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the sum of £400, to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and in consequence Mr. Taylor and Lord Delaval secured their seats without any *further expense*.

THE NISER'S MANSION.

See, sir, see, here's the grand
This way is for his grace's use
There lies the bridge, and I beg
Observe the lean and the cove
The spacious court, the colonnade
And mark how wide the hall
The chandeliers are so well done
They never smoke in any wind
The gallery's contriv'd for view
The windows, to retire and
The council-chamber for debate
And all the rest are rooms of state
Thanks, sir, cried I; 'tis very
But where d'ye sleep, or where
I find, by all you have been
This is a house, but not a den

KNAVERY ON ALL SIDES.

A clergyman said to one of his parishioners
"You have lived like a knave,
like a knave."—"Then," said
"you will bury me like a knave."

A WELL-INFORMED WITNESS.

A quaker was examined before a court of excise, concerning certain duties on missionaries thinking themselves treated by his *theeings* and *thouings*. With a stern countenance, asking the witness, "do you know what we do?" "Yea," replied Nathan, "I do for a thousand, some for fifteen, others for seventeen hundred a-year."

THE TOPER'S LOGIC.

Some say that hard drinking will
And that temperance is to long
But since we were fashion'd
learn,
And to *dust* are all hast'ning age
To prolong our existence, a top
'Tis undoubtedly needful to "a"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FAIR BARGAIN.

was advertising for a coachman, or of applicants. One of them and told him, if his character wd take him on the terms which upon. "But," said he, "my 'am rather a particular man, I inform you, that every evening, of the stable is done, I shall be to my house for a quarter of 8 family prayers. To this, I have no objection."—"Why, asked the fellow, "I do not see as it; but I hope you'll consider

A DIALOGUE.

—I hate you; that's flat.
—Lord bless me!—be quiet—
p your hands off—take that;—
me here to a riot?

—how now? Do you scratch
I won't bear this usage—
thinking cross-patch—
of Miss I know who's age.

that Miss's age.
have fellows with me, Sir?
we'er such a rage,
e skips of a flea, Sir.

, I hope no offence;—
om bear any meaning:
lady of sense,
ld scorn to be seen in,

, would ruffle a saint;
ld leave to be civil.—

: I will, I'll maintain't—
: you're an impudent devil.

are satisfied?—N No:
how can folks be so teasing.
much sweetness bestow,
nothing displeasing.

REASON FOR GETTING DRUNK.

Says my lord to his cook, " an of a punk, k?
How comes it I see you, the
Physicians, they say, once a
A man, for his health, to get
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but
they don't say,
So for fear I should miss it, I'm dr
day."

NEGRO GANDOUR.

A negro in the island of St. Chris
cruel a master that he dreaded the
After exercising much tyranny among
the planter died, and left his son heir to
estates. Some short time after his death, a gen-
tleman meeting the negro, asked him how his
young master behaved. "I suppose," says he,
"he's a chip of the old block?"—"No, no,"
says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Ran away from his wife and helpless family, on
Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged
thirty-five; has a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a
nose of high-burned brick-blue with a lofty
bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honour-
able one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads
(that is, takes snuff and tobacco); and is so in-
quacious that he tires every one in company but
himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner
and the saint, he carries a pack of cards in one
pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other.
He is a great liar, and can varnish falsehood with
a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away,
a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since
changed to a round one, with a blue body-coat,
rather on the fade. He was seen in Kensington
on Saturday last, disguised in a clean shirt.

THE LOYAL PAIR.

"I'll list for a soldier," says Robin to Sue,
To avoid these eternal disputes!"—
"Aye, aye," cries the termagant, "An, Robin
"I'll raise, the mean while, fresh terror"

HUMOURS OF A CLUB.

Sir Geoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and ran it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a benchet of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them,

because they see I am something better than others; though, at the same time, by their behaviour, that I am considered as a man of a great deal of learning, and a great ledge of the world; inasmuch, that sometimes, in the height of his passion, he calls me the philosopher: and Sir Geoffrey longer ago than last night, upon a day of the month it was then in H, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried to the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six of the evening; but I did not come till half-an-hour after seven, by which time I had escaped the battle of Naseby, which usually begins at about three-quarters of eight. I found also, that my good friend had already spent three of his dollars, and waited an opportunity to hear a story of, that he might introduce the "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastical" traunce into the room, they were in their petticoat and a cloak, by which I perceived that the Benchet had been diverting them with Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, than Sir Geoffrey, to shew his good-will towards me, pulled a pipe of his own tobacco, and still I look upon it as a point of civility, that I am obliged by those who endeavour to divert me, and, therefore, in requital for his civility, I set the conversation a-going, I told him a story of old Gantlett, which he always has in his particular concern. He traced up the pedigree of both sides for several generations, and the diet and manner of life, with his particularities; and particularly that in which Gantlett was a game-cock, upon which Sir Geoffrey, a knight, in his youth, had won five hundred and lost two thousand. This our Major upon the account of I did not attend in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely utter

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

the same he had heard
ly years, and upon all
nephew to mind what

: the world a taste of
n, which we spun out
k, when my maid came
home.

OF YEARS.

owing receipt asserts,
of sixty to the appear-
we shaving (if a black
also hair, one; powder,
al teeth, two; a clean
false eye-brows, one;
pared, and thin shoes,

BARRINGTON, THE
SING THE THEATRE
STANY DAY.

wide-spread seas we

or beat of drum;
understood,
or country's good;
d our generous zeal,
as our country's weal;
that our emigration
the British nation.
ld our breasts inflame
theatric fame?
or former days
exhibit plays?
observations made,
ie scenic trade,
rs is no stranger,
admirable *Ranger*.
not far to roam,
be quite at home:
I dispute my claim
erited fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta
When 'twas so dark you could
Some true-bred Falstaff we m
Who, when well bolster'd,
part;

The scene to vary, we shall tr
To treat you with a little pan
Here light and easy columb...
And well-tried harlequins with us, and
From durance vile our precious selve
We often had recourse to a flying-levy
To a black face have sometimes owed
And Hounslow-Heath has prov'd the
crape.

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to son.
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
Too oft, alas! we forc'd the unwilling tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear!
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep!
His lady too, with grace will sleep and talk;
Our females have been us'd at night to walk,
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part.
"Give me a horse!" bawls Richard like a drome;
We'll find a man would help himself to one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To raise your smiles we'll do our very best;
And without dread of future turnkey Lockits.
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

EPITAPH ON A MARSHAL OF THE KING'S BENCH.

Some years since there was a Marshal of the
King's Bench whose name was Thomas, that be-
came extremely obnoxious to the prisoners; one
of them, on some occasion or other, spread a
report of his death, which gave rise to the fol-
lowing epitaph:—

Beneath this stone lies Marshal
Thomas.
He's gone: 'tis well;
We thank thee, Hell,
For taking such a rascal
from us.

and,
or hand,
the
the

AUCTIONEER ELOQUENCE.

An elegant pleasure-yacht being sold by auction, the auctioneer said, that it comprehended all the advantages of the most finished country villa, besides many which were peculiar to itself. It had all the accommodations of a house, and was free from the inconveniences of a bad neighbourhood, for its site could be changed at pleasure; it had not only the richest, but also the most various prospects; and it was a villa free from house-duty and window-lights; it paid neither church tythe nor poor-rates; it was free from government and parochial taxes, and it not only had a command of wood and water, but possessed the most extensive fishery of any house in England.

A PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER.

Though not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it: it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design, I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared in every face, how some hustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen: a poor cobbler sat in his stall by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and, as I stood in need of his as-

sistance, I thought it best to employ the cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving, therefore, he desired me to sit down, I took my shoe in his lap, and he mended it, with his usual indifference and turn of mind.

"How, my friend," said I to him, "do you continue to work, while all those fine fellows are passing by your door?"—"Very well, master," returned the cobbler, "for I am contented, to be sure; but what are you doing to me? You don't know what I am, do you? I am a cobbler, and so much the better. Your bread is baked; you may go and eat it the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, I am hunting after all these fine folks, and I get by my journey but an appetite. I have help me, I have too much of that ready, without stirring out for it. I see those who may eat four meals a-day, and who may sleep at night, are but a bad example to me."—"No, master, as God has called you to this world, in order to mend old shoes, you must mend them with fine folks, and they will be your friends." I here interrupted him.—"See this last, master," continued the cobbler; "this last and hammer are my best friends I have in this world, for they will be my friends, because I want to mend the great folks you saw pass by just now. I have a hundred friends, because they have shoes for them; now, while I stick to my work here, I am very contented; but, when I see those fine fellows run after sights and fine things, I hate my work, I grow sad, and I can't mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom I had formed into a philosopher. I then asked him to tell me a history of his life.—"I have lived," said he, "a very long time, now five-and-fifty years, here to-day, and here to-morrow; for it was my misfor-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

had of changing."—"Yes or then, I presume?" inter-
 boast much of travelling,"
 I have never left the parish
 but three times in my life,
 but then there is not a
 neighbourhood that I have
 time or another. When I
 take to my business in one
 een misfortune, or a desire
 elsewhere, has removed me,
 away from my former cus-
 more lucky cobbler would
 and make a handsome for-
 of my making; there was
 d, in the stall that I had left,
 seven shillings, all in hard
 wilted into the waistband of

He at these migrations of a
 and continued to ask, if he
 d? "Ay, that I have, mas
 for sixteen long years; and a
 t, heaven knows. My wife
 , that the only way to thrive
 save money; so, though our
 three shillings a-week, al-
 ay her hands upon she used
 e, though we were obliged to
 k after for it.

years we used to quarrel
 , and I always got the bet-
 hard spirit, and still conti-
 ; so that I was at last tired
 getting the better, and she
 at pleasure, till I was almost
 er conduct drove me at last
 ehame; here I used to sit,
 ed home like myself, drank
 est, and run in score when
 st me; till at last the land-
 y with a long hill, when I
 I putting it into my wife's
 d it effectually broke her

heart. I searched the whole
 dead, for money; but she ha-
 tually, that, with all my pain
 a farthing."

ASSISTANCE.

Curio, whose hat a nimble k
 Fat, clumsy, gouty,
 Panting against a post, ...
 And his sad story to a stranger ...

"Follow the thief," rep
 "Ah, Sir!" said he,
 more "
 "Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and
 "Alas! I've roar'd as long as lungs could
 roar."
 "Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endea-
 your,
 Sans voice: to call, sans vigour to pursue:
 And since your hat, of course, is gone for ever,
 I'll e'en make bold to take your wig—adieu!"

RIVAL DOCTORS.

When Drs. Cheyne and Winter were the two
 principal physicians at Bath, they adopted very
 opposite modes of practice; but the former gave
 some credence to his prescription of milk diet, by
 making it the principal article of his own suste-
 nance. On this occasion Winter sent to him the
 following stanzas:—

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
 Thou didst thy system learn;
 From Hippocrates thou hast it not,
 Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass;
 The one for babes and calves is food,
 The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
 A friend's advice forgive:
 Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
 Thy patients then may live.

after she was
 an effec-
 tual find

1,

DR. CHEYNE'S ANSWER.

My system, Doctor, 's all my own,
No teacher I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.
Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy in it you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.
Don't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive!
'Tis not that you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

SCOTCH NOBILITY.

Quin, being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, replied: "If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots; the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shagvelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it horse, mare, or gelding; much like a North Wales goat, but larger, and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me; supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The earl ran, and took hold of my stirrup when I dismounted; then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us without breeches, said, my lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, Lady Betty, to draw him a pint of two penny; for I suppose so great a man will ha' the best liquor in the whole house."—"I was obliged," continued Quin, "to stay here a whole night, and to make a supper of

rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The inn was indeed very complaisant, and was of his own bed. I cannot say it was the best in the world; for it was but an old box to sit upon in the middle of the room. There were neither sheets nor curtains. Betty was kind enough to apologise, assuring me, many persons had frequently slept in it; and blankets took me block, it was no more than they had been washed by her mother, and Lady Matilda C. Eleonora Sophia, one of her young ladies, then wished me a good night, as for her brother, would take care to grease my boots."

ANACREONTIC.

Ah! wherefore did I dangle
Upon the radiance of thy
And, vent'ring nearer to thy
How dar'd I clasp thee in
That kiss will give my heart
Which thy sweet pity will
Then, Cynthia, take the kiss
Or let me take ten thousand

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE PAUPER.

As Queen Elizabeth was riding
she was met by a beggar, who addressed
The Quern remarking to her
the man followed her wherever
this line out of Ovid:

Pauper ubique jam

Which may be thus translated:

"In any place, in any bed
The poor man rests his head"

On which the pauper instantly replied

*In thalamis Regina tuas, hæc
Si fact hac verum, Pauper*

"Ah, beautiful Queen, if
This very night I'd rest

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

IN PURGATORY.

A man was one day rallied by being to give something to the test demanded for the deliver-purgatory; when the priest asked what an innumerable number to take him? he answered how many devils there were in many?" says the priest, hised by the novelty of the an-millions, five hundred and a hundred and seventy-five says the nobleman. "At last, "pray what kind of a Yourself," says the noble-half a devil already, and when you come there; for all you deal with, and bring to your hands, that you may go again."

IN THE POKER.

'Susan storm'
age perform'd,
sweating, sweating,
and fretting;
y and thieving!
t a world we live in!
he morning,
aster warning.
up his doors,
-for-nothing w—s,
r trade they drive,
annot thrive."
n grunt and groan,
me alone,
's heels in throngs,
lost the tongue;
er, and grate
untimely fate.
wages spent
e new ones want.

There'd been, she swore, some
To rob and plunder all the k.

One night she to her chamber
Where for a moment she'd no
Curse on the author of these w.

In her own bed she found the to
Hang Thomas for an idle joker!

And there, good lack! she found the poker
With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
And all the culinary metal.

Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the poker's missing.

THE LESS OF TWO EVILS:

The doctrine of purgatory was once disputed between the Bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary; it is not likely the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop—"Your lordship may go farther, and fare worse."

HOW TO SAVE ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag. "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he went the next day to the rich man's house, about the time that he was known to sit down to dinner, and told the servant that he must speak with his master immediately; for that he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said the servant to his master, "here's a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out comes the master, "What's that you say, sir? That you can save me a thousand pounds?"—"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner. I'll go and dine myself, and call again."—"Oh, pray, sir, come in, and take a dinner with me."—"Sir, I shall be troublesome."—"Not at all." The invitation was accepted; and, dinner being over, and the family retired—"Well, sir, said the man of the house, now to one

or which is,

business. Pray, sir, let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds."—"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."—"I have."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"—"I do so."—"Why then, sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with one thousand."

WRITTEN ON THE DOOR OF A CERTAIN HOUSE.

Gold rules within, and reigns without these doors,
Makes men take places, and poor maids turn w—s.
Her blooming virtue's sold, his trust's betray'd,
Debauch'd the member fails, alike the maid!
Each pleads excuse, tho' profit each does move—
His is the sov'reign's service, her's is love.
The world sees through the sham in which both
join,
He votes for interest, as she yields for coin.

PATRONAGE.

The late Earl of Chesterfield was universally esteemed the Mæcenas of the age in which he lived. Dr. Johnson addressed the plan of his dictionary of the English language to him on that account; and his lordship endeavoured to be grateful by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others he published in a paper intitled the World, conducted by Mr. Moore and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield, which happened by a mistake of the porter; and just before the work was finished, on Mr. Moore's expressing his surprise that Dr. Johnson did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship, the lexicographer declared he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore should not make him his patron. "Pardon me, sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his lordship for the two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance."—"You quite mistake the thing," returned Johnson, "I confess no obligation. I feel my own dignity, sir; I have made a *Commodore Anson's* voyage round the whole

world of the English language; and coming into port, with a fair wind and a sunny day, my Lord Chesterfield and his little cock-boats to tow me in. I am sensible of the favour, Mr. Moore, and do not intend to say an ill-natured thing of that nature. I cannot help thinking he is a lord and a wit among lords.

LETTER FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN TO HIS SON IN LONDON.

My dear child,

I thought it my duty incumbent on me, as you know that your only living grandfather, Mac-Frame, has been violently ill of late, and is dead; therefore we have hopes of her getting better. Your grandfather constantly prayed for a long and peaceful life.

I am sorry to acquaint you, that your grandfather, Patrick O'Canter, is also dead. He was accustomed by eating tid-herrings, stink-puddings, or parates stuffed with tid-birds, and I know which; and notwithstanding he attended him for three weeks, he died for want of help on the day of his death, Sunday night last. The great bulk comes to an only dead child in the family.

I have made a present of your grandfather's ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small-clothes maker for three guineas; and I have taken a corner house that is burnt down, and is now a base.

I have sent you a Dublin Canary, which I have carefully put up in a rat-trap, and I have put food in a snuff-box, which will cost me no charges, only paying the captain for the passage.

Pray send me the news of the proceedings of the House of Commons next week; for we have given us leave to import all goods from England, which is great news indeed.

Write immediately, and don't stay in the District for me next door to the Bible in Copper Alley, Dublin, for then I shall remove to-morrow into a

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

In a frank again; for the last
 me was charged thirteen-pence,
 sent from
 lifful mother,

AMEY CARRAYL MAC FRANK,
 in this litter, to prevent it from
 pen; therefore send word if
 Your cousin-in-law, Thady
 gone for a light-horseman among

3 TO SCREEN A FOOL.

er, as tis said,
 unvan, tape, and thread,
 l-wadding, silk, and twist,
 extensive list
 r uncount bills abound
 in their garments found :)
 other arts in trade,
 some fortune made;
 few have ever done,
 and to his son.

y young swagg'ring blade,
 ry name o' the trade,
 ions should be thrown
 f to leave the town,
 re he was not known.

st he made his way,
 ch and liv'ries gay;
 beaux his taste admire,
 id rich attire;

so much adored
 r-billed sword;
 short, 'twas vastly new;
 tem'd a perfect treat;
 gg'd to have a look,
 ard in hand he took,
 ve, it was an odd thing,
 like a tailor's bodkin.

'd at his expression,
 his mean profession;
 he sneak'd away,
 ter the same day.

There soon he found new
 For (dining on some fine)
 They asked him which he
 Some cabbage or some cut

What was design'd a cool
 He thought severe reflect
 His stomach turn'd, he cool
 So made an ungovern'd cool
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
 And bade his coachman drive to Bath
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast goose;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 For Exeter directly steer'd.

There with the beaux, he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd find him out;
 His glass not fill'd (as was his role)
 They said 'twas not a thimble full
 The name of thimble was enough,
 He paid his reckoning and went off.
 Next day to Plymouth he remov'd,
 Where he still unsuccessful proved
 For tho' he filled his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up;
 'The toppers mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said "a remnant should be sav'd."

The name of remnant gall'd him so,
 He then resolv'd for York to go;
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up;
 "Well done," said Jack, a buck of York,
 "You go through stitch, air, with your work."

The name of stitch was such reproach,
 He rang the bell, and call'd the coach;
 But e'er he went, enquiry made
 By what means they found out his trade.

You put the cap on, and it fits,
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits;
 Our words, in common acceptation,
 Could not find out your occupation;
 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 To find out both your trade and you;

Proud coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
In ev'ry place themselves expose:
They travel far, at great expense,
To show their wealth and want of sense;
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise will screen a fool.

CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF A MAN.

The good qualities of such a man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm, but you never find him do any good. He is careful to have all the externals of sense and virtue, but you never perceive his heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. To him every body is his dear friend, with which he always begins all his letters, and ends them with "Your ever sincere and affectionate friend." He is usually seen with persons older than himself, but always richer. He is not prominent in his conversation, but merely puts in his "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to every thing said by the elevated or overbearing; which confirms him in their opinion as "a very sensible and discerning person," as well as a "mighty good kind of a man."—He is so familiarized to assent to every thing advanced, that I have known him approve opposite sentiments in the course of five minutes! The weather is a leading topic with "a mighty good kind of a man," and you may make him agree in one breath, that it is hot and cold, frost and thaw, and that the wind blows from every point of the compass! He is so civil and well-bred, as to keep you in the rain, rather than ascend a carriage before you; and the dinner would grow cold in your attempt to move him from the lower end of the table. Not a glass approaches his lips unless he has disturbed half the company to drink their health. He never omits his glass with the mistress of the house, nor forgets to notice little master and miss, which with mamma always makes him "a mighty good kind of a man," and also assures her, that he would make a very good husband. No man is ever half so happy, or so general, in his friendships—every one he names

is a friend of his, and all his friends are good kind of men." He calls on every third person he meets, though he even the name of one in twenty!—A man born with this demonstrated propensity to goodness, has every chance of his fortune. Thus, if in orders, he will pick up a tolerable living, or become a dunce of quality. If "a mighty good man" is a counsellor, he will draw from a large supply of chamber cases, pleadings, or bills and answers, he is qualified for a *dray-horse* of the law. Admitted into the college as M. D. he will have a chance to be at the top of the profession, where the whole success of the faculty depends on men, or fanciful young ones, hypochondriacs, and ricketty children; to the general of these nothing so much recommends a man as his being "a mighty good kind of a man." In a past dispute that a *good man*, and a *mighty good man*, should possess in some degree the outward glitter of a diamond; yet, if he possesses no more, he will be but a vapid and valueless character. Superficial observers are deceived by the glitter of a diamond, but hardness discovers the counterfeit, and is out to be of no intrinsic value! If the heart are to be omitted in the character, as well seek for female beauty without an eye, as expect a valuable man without standing or sensibility. But besides it happens that those "mighty good men" are wolves in sheep's clothing, and the subtle cunning of their outward deportment calculated to entrap the unwary, and to minister designs.

MADAM, MY WIFE.

O ye lovers of quiet, and conjugal joys,
Dread foes to contention, jars, tumult,
Oh! fly from my dwelling, fly quickly
Is't the plague? Ten times worse—'tis my wife.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

What clack of a mill;
That falls from you hill;
None of these, by my life,
Near is—from madam, my wife.

ry'd out; I am sure 'tis no
Sound is! how shrill is the

With speed, seize the murderer's
Thing—but madam, my wife.

loose! the fierce winds now

And, and disturbs all the skies;
Now 'tis the element's strife;
No; no—'tis madam, my wife.

gods! that these temults may

peed, to some island of peace;
—Hark! the noise of drum,
He!

Up my ears!—oh, 'tis madam,

MR DE COVERLY.

Society is a gentleman of Wor-
cester descent, a baronet, his
name Coverly. His great grand-
father of that famous country-dance
loved him. All who know that
acquainted with the party and
his behaviour, but his singulari-
ties good sense, and are contra-
dictors of the world, only as he
is in the wrong. However, this
has no enemies, for he does no-
thing or obstinacy; and his being
in and forms, makes him but
capable to please and oblige.

When he is in town, he lives
said, he keeps himself a

bachelor, by reason he was a
perverse beautiful widow of
him. Before this disappoint-
ment what you call a fine gentleman
with my Lord Rochester and I
fought a duel upon his first coming
and kicked Bully Dawson in a

for calling him youngster. He
by the above-mentioned whew, as
serious for a year and a half; and though his
temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over
it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed
afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and
doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at
the time of his repulse, which, in his merry hu-
mours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve
times since he first wore it. It is said, Sir Roger
grew humble in his desires after he had forgot
this cruel beauty, insomuch, that it is reported he
has frequently offended in point of chastity with
beggars and gypsies! but this is looked upon, by
his friends, rather as matter of raillery than
truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful,
gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in
town and country; a great lover of mankind—
but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour,
that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His
tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all
the young women profess love to him, and the
young men are glad of his company; when he
comes into a house, he calls the servants by their
names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit.
I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a Justice of the
Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-
session with great abilities, and three months ago
gained universal applause by explaining a passage
in the game act.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold:
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you
please.

THE SIX-FOOT SUCKLING.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And empty too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearances
 charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy which turns pale,
And sickens even, if a friend prevail;
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damps the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rosted, callous impudence
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless in spreading vices snared,
She blunder'd on some virtue unware;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
Came smothering on.

• • • • •

Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A *six foot suckling*, nursing at its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearsful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage nation spread
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid hardy red,
Blush'd it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play, and of play;
Much too of writings which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, tho' of little note;

For fate, in a strange humour,
That what it wrote ran on but
Much too it chatter'd of drama
Misjudging critics, and misplot
Then with a self-complacent p
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wa
And with an awkward briskne
Looking around, and peering
Triumphant seem'd; when th
 dame,

Known but to few, or only kn
Plain common sense appear'd,
Appointed, with plain truth, to
The pageant saw, and blasted
To its first state of nothing me
Nor shall the muse, (for even
Of this vain nothing shall be
Nor shall the muse (who'd fat
Fond, pleasing, thought, to lie
With such a trifler's snare
Known be the character, tho'
Let it, to disappoint each fate
Live without sex, and die with

THE BACHELOR'S

At 16 years incipient palpiti
ed towards the young ladies.

17. Much blushing and conf
addressed by a handsome woman

18. Confidence in convers
is much increased

19. Becomes angry if treat

20. Brays great conceit
charms and malice

21. A looking-glass becom
piece of furniture in his dre
some instance finds its way in

22. Innumerable puppy-love

23. Thanks no woman for
the marriage state with him

24. Is caught unawares by
poil

25. The connection broken
on his part.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

himself with airs of much superiority,
addresses to another lady, not
mortifying the first.
and frantic on being refused.
at the fair sex in general, as

in and out of humour in all
matrimony.

is matrimony more under the
than previously.
consider personal beauty in a
asable as formerly.

in high opinion of his attrac-
y has the hope that he may
m.

and violently to love with one
despair! another refusal.

in every kind of dissipation.
at part of the female sex, and
ion for his spleen in the society
positions.

in remorse and mortification in
ink he is growing old, yet still
of matrimonial ideas, but no

om young widow begins to per-
address her with mixed sensa-
interest.

travels, which causes much con-
jilts him, being full as cautious

every day more gloomy and averse
nervous symptoms now begin to

may become of him when he
is but still persuades himself he

48. Thinks living alone irk

49. Resolves to have a pe
as housekeeper and companie

50. A nervous affection a
quent attacks of the gout.

51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as
a nurse.

52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.

53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying
her.

54. Is in great distress how to act.

55. Completely under her influence, and very
miserable.

56. Many painful thoughts about parting with
her, and attempts to gain her on his own terms.

57. She refuses to live any longer with him
solo.

58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.

59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside,
and promises to espouse her.

60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in
her favour, and makes his exit in her arms.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A group of toppers at a table sat,
With punch, that much regales the thirsty soul;
Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in,
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host were drown'd.

Wanting to drink, one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then, taking care that none were
lost,

He put in ev'ry mother's son again.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss;

Swearing, and in the attitude to strike.

"Lord!" quoth the man, with gravely lifted eyes

"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but others might."

ing woman

him, and fre

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

WHIMS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

ous to the year 1890, when Sir Richard published that system of nature in which he illustrates that there exists no power in the or known universe but matter in motion; matter in motion is the only existing power; men illustrate the proximate causes of all phenomena on this principle: the so-called philosophers taught to the world, and perhaps many others actually believed in the following most philosophical doctrines:

1. That bodies attract one another, or are to move towards one another by their own mutual influence or pressure, which is the same as to say that they acted where they are not, pushed each other from their opposite or contrary sides!

2. That in other cases they took it into their heads to repel or repulse one another, or were actuated alternately by sentiments of affection and dislike!

3. That a stone moves towards the earth because the earth attracts it or pushes it downwards from the opposite side.

4. That the earth thus pushes the moon towards itself on the moon's opposite side, and the sun all the planets, though none of them permanently vary their distances.

5. That the space between the planets is a vacuum, though gas expands on every side.

6. That heat is a subtle fluid coming when called for, and filling up the spaces between atoms, when these are said to be heated.

7. That animal life is a principle of its own kind, or a sort of rare fluid which gets into bodies.

8. That electric, galvanic, and magnetic phenomena are each produced by fluids which whisk up and down the world, and come at command on performing certain incantations.

9. That identical atoms of light travel twelve millions of miles in a second, and have fits of easy motion and transmission.

10. That the moon in some way gets under the

waters of the ocean, and pushes them up, while the waters somehow get behind the moon and push down the moon.

All which may be called the philosophical commandments of the last age, and absurd as they may seem to every thinking mind, they are to this day cherished by dotards, in philosophy and by superannuated establishments which acknowledge never advances.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

Queen Mary having ordered her attorney-general, Seymour, to draw up the charter for a college in Virginia, which was to be given two thousand pounds in money, he approached the grant, saying, that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the necessity for a college in Virginia. The royal representative to him, that its intention was to educate and qualify young men to be ministers of the gospel, much wanted there; and the Attorney-General would consider that of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. "Souls!" said he, "souls! make tobacco!"

OLD AND YOUNG, IN CHURCH.

Fair Susan did her wif-hede well me
Algate's snuffed sore by litchours
Now and I read aright that auntie
Olde were the parsons, the dame
Had thilke same tale in other
Had they been yong, (pardie) and
That, by St. Ait, had wrought me
Full marvellous, I wote, were so

THE CRITICAL QUEST.

When Marklin gave lecture
Footie being one evening present
Footie being very loud, just before
Marklin, offended, called out
"sir, you seem to be very
you know what I am going to
sir," said Footie; "pray do

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

NOMINAL SPITAPH.

Let write a work on the English par-
t obtained for him the short and pithy
how lie Walker's particles.

DORINDA.

parkling wit and eyes,
at too fierce a light,
s high, but quickly dies
the heart but hurts the sight.
er, gentler joy,
his looks, and soft his paces
a blackguard boy,
a link fall in your face.

ROTATING A VISITOR.

Having been engaged on a visit
in early hour, to enjoy the plea-
the pond: Foote, ever ready to
sidered the fishing apparatus to
a chair to be placed at the
accommodation of the learned
ers did the Baron throw the
regth Foote and his company
baron," said he, "do they
only had a nibble or two."
it!" says the son of Ariston-
ou mean?" said his lord-
lied his host, "that there is
for the water was only put

THE CATHOLICS.

gently expresses himself
the Papists are all asses;
m you please boiled,
kinned best hashed,
ones! The pope (he
devil's posteriors, full
and idolatries; he is
upber, the ravisher of
ups, the governor of

THE PARSON'S BRIDLE.

A youthful parson one day preach'd
Against the drunken, lewd, and idle;
His flock he earnestly beseech'd
On their desires to put a bridle.

The service o'er, his text forgot,
The parson revell'd with the squire;
Bumpers went round, oh woe! blot,
His reverence tumbled in the mire.
"Where's now your bridle?" quoth his host,
He hiccup'd out, "What do you think
I've thrown't away? no, 'tis not lost,
I only took it off to drink."

BOWELS OF AN ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. Erskine, when a counsel in the Court of
King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, "That he had a
pain in his bowels, for which he could get no re-
lief"—"I'll give you an infallible specific,"
replied the humorous barrister: "Get made
attorney-general, my friend, and then you'll have
no bowels at all!"

WHITFIELD AND THE DRUMMER.

George Whitfield was once, in the early part
of his life, preaching in the open fields, when a
drummer happened to be present, who was deter-
mined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely
beat his drum in a violent manner, to drown the
preacher's voice. Mr. Whitfield spoke very loud,
but was not so powerful as the instrument; he
therefore called out to the drummer in these
words: "Friend, you and I serve the two
greatest masters existing, but in different callings;
you may beat up for volunteers for King George;
I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name,
then, don't let us interrupt each other; the world
is wide enough for us both, and we may get re-
cruits in abundance." His speech had such an
effect, that the drummer went away in great good-
humour, and left the preacher in full possession
of the field.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor
 Yet we will wed—so say no more;
 And should the bairns you mention come,
 (As few that marry but have some)
 No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
 And bread, as well as children, send.
 So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
 To live alone she finds it hard;
 I've known her weary every claw
 In search of corn amongst the straw,
 But when in quest of nicer food,
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
 With joy I've seen that self-same hen
 That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
 These are the thoughts that make me willing
 To take my girl without a shilling;
 And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
 Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

A HOT BIRTH.

Mahommed says the slightest of sinners will be
 confined in hell nine hundred years, so very hot as
 to make the brain boil through the skull; but
 downright sinners for nine thousand years, in a
 place where the heat is seven times more hor-
 rible.

NICE DISTINCTION.

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted
 felon at the bar to Judge Barnet, "to hang a
 poor fellow for stealing a horse."—"You are not
 to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for
 stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that
 horses may not be stolen."

EXTEMPORE ON A KEY, APPENDED TO THE
 NOBIL OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL
 YOUNG LADY

How blest is thy lot, thou insensible key,
 How gladly I'd change situations with thee!
 For to thee, like the key of St. Peter, is given
 To guard o'er the gateway—that leads into
 Heav'n!

THE TRAVELLER.

Foote, being at Dover, he
 went into the kitchen of the
 inn. The cook, understanding
 to embark for France, was to
 part, she was never once out
 Foote instantly replied, "A
 very extraordinary; as they
 that you have been several
 —" He, may say what they
 or below stairs," replied the
 never ten miles from Dover
 now, that must be a Rhé,
 have myself seen you at Spit-
 by this time caught the jule,
 run round the kitchen, wait
 them a crown to drink his
 voyage.

LIPS AND DE

Phœbus and Ned are like two
 Always, when one is up, the

POPULAR NOB

In Wilkes's time No. 45
 any other assemblage of num-
 invent. One man swore that
 of beef-steaks; another that
 pots of porter; but they
 glorious purpose could be as
 Wilkes it was a lucky number
 in upon him in forty-five;
 45 dozen of claret; from
 candles, but all in forty-five.

OLD MARG

Dead drunk Old Marg'ry,
 But now she's laid beneath
 As door-nail dead—alas!
 Her nose was red, and now
 From morn to night, of course
 She placed her glass on the
 Without a sigh her forehead
 But much she grieved to

GENTLEMAN. A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

On Sunday, in the gloomy month of March, I had been detained, in the course of a slight indisposition, from which I was not yet recovered; but I was still feverish, and was confined to my room all day, in an ion of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country has had the luck to experience the full force of my situation. The rain was incessant; the bells tolled for a melancholy sound. I went to the window for something to amuse the eye; but I had been placed completely out of all amusement. The windows looked out among tiled roofs and chimneys, while those of my sitting-room were in full view of the stable-yard. I was more calculated to make a man of a stable-yard on a rainy day. It was littered with straw that had been trodden by travellers and stable-boys. In a stagnant pool of water, surrounded by mud; there were several half-dead horses crowded together under a cart, as a miserable crest-fallen cock. A bull, all life and spirit; his drooping ears were, into a single feather, along which trickled from his back; near the door a cow, chewing the cud, and ready to be ruined on, with wreaths of mud on her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, in the loneliness of the stable, was poking his head out of a window, with the rain falling from the eaves; an unhappy cur, of a house hard by, uttered something between a bark and a yelp; a hen-wench tramped backwards and forwards in the yard in pattens, looking after herself; every thing, in short, was sad and forlorn, excepting a crew of boys, assembled like bees com-

monions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors, that I know of at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hostel in the good old fighting times would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high and dripping umbrell-

lay. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco-smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times; good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons, and I deciphered several scraps of fashionable inn-window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds, drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter-patter-patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers tucked all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and scathed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the cartoty bearded hostler, and that non-descript animal, ycleped boots, and all the other vagabond crew that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the battle was transient; the coach again whirled on

its way, and boy and dog, and hound, all slunk back to their holes; the streets became silent, and the rain continued. In fact, there was no hope of its ever clearing. The barometer pointed to rainy weather, and a tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire, wringing and rubbing her paws over her ears, referring to the almanack. I found a notation stretching from the top of the page down, through the whole month, "Expect rain—about this time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours if they would never creep by. The ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the silence of the house was interrupted by the rattle of a bell. Shortly after, I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The stout gentleman in No. 12 has had his breakfast. Tea, and bread and butter, and ham and eggs; the eggs not to be touched." In such a situation as mine, every incident has importance. Here was a subject of conversation presented to my mind; and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint myself, and on this occasion I had some work upon. Had the guest upstairs been called as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jones, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 12," would have been a perfect blank to me. I have thought nothing of it; but "the stout gentleman!" the very name had something of the picturesque. It at once gave the idea of a personage to my mind's eye, and fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or as some term it, *probably*, therefore, he was *probably* a stout man. Some people expand as they grow old, and breakfasting rather late, and in his own house must be a man accustomed to live at his ease above the necessity of early rising; a round, ruddy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "a man of importance!" accustomed to be prom-

of appetite, and a little cross when things," thought I, "be my business; or who knows but he may, be wilful?"

It was sent up, and there was a short time; he was doubtless making the y there was a violent ringing; and he answered, another ringing still.

"Bless me! what a choleric old fellow!" The waiter came down in a bulk, and said: the eggs were overdone; the salt; the stout gentleman was in his eating; one of those who eat sleep the waiter on the trot, and militant with the household. The

fact same. I should observe that the coquettish woman; a little of a thing of hammerkin, but very pretty a companion for a husband, as to have. She rated the servants

for negligence in sending up so bad food; not a word against the stout which I clearly perceived, that he

of consequence, entitled to make a trouble at a country inn. Other bread and butter, were sent up.

So he more graciously received; at no further complaint. I had not about the travellers' room, when her ringing. Shortly afterwards, I had an inquest about the house.

man wanted the Times or Chronicle. I set him down, therefore, for a

from his being so absolute and had a chance, I suspected him of. Hunt, I had heard, was a large

man," thought I, "but it is Hunt

begun to be awakened. I inquired who was this stout gentleman that this stir; but I could get no information to know his name. The dining inn seldom trouble their guests or occupations of their trans-

ient guests. The extent of a guest, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in buff colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry. This—this—this! still the same! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking over-head. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking shoes. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toed of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I had to go to work at this picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Most merry fellows, in Helcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquor. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highbury; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waters by name, lounge the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of segs after dinner. The morning wore away in forming of these and similar sketches. As fast as I wrote one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect. I was getting a bit of the fidgets. Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no, he had dinner served in his own room.—

What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of this world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end, for he could not have finished his first bottle, before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and, on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "Who knows?" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for ought I know, for they are all stout gentlemen." The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two, especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa and Thelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away, the travellers

round the fire, and told long stories of horses, about their adventures, the breakings down. They discussed different merchants, and different wags told several choice anecdotes of bermaids and landladies. All the while were quietly taking what they called cups, that is to say, strong glasses of water and sugar, or some other kind, after which, they, one after another, and the chambermaid, and in old shoes cut down into many comfortable slippers. There was only a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric, a very large sandy head. He sat a glass of port-wine negus, and a and stirring, and meditating, and nothing was left but the spoon. He was asleep, but upright in his chair, glass standing before him; and it took him to fall asleep too, for the wick grew short and cabbaged at the end, and the light that remained in the chamber that now prevailed was contagious. The shapeless and almost spectral departed travellers, long since buried. I only heard the ticking of the clock, the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeper, the drippings of the rain, drop down the eaves of the house. The church bells rang out at midnight. All at once the stout gentleman began to walk over-head, pacing slowly forwards. There was something in all this, especially to one in my mood. These ghastly great-coats, these gutters, and the creaking footsteps of this man. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and died away. I could hear it no more. I wound up to the desperation of a "Be he who, or what he may," "I'll have a sight of him!" I took a candle, and hurried up to No. 10. I stood ajar. I hesitated, - I entered. I was deserted. There stood a large

on a table, on which was an empty Times newspaper, and the room full of Stilton cheese. The mystery had evidently but just retired. I was disappointed, in my room, which led to the front of the house. As I entered the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, red tops, standing at the door of a

They doubtless belonged to the unit would not do to disturb so redoubtable in his den. He might discharge something worse, at my head. I went over, and lay awake half the night in a nervous state, and even when I fell asleep, I was haunted in my dreams by the old gentleman and his wax-topped

er late the next morning, and was somewhat stirred by the bustle in the house, which I at first comprehended; until getting

I found there was a mail-coach at the door. Suddenly there was a cry: "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella in No. 10." I saw an immediate scampering of a foot along the passage, and a shrill reply: "Here it is! here's the gentleman's

Some stranger was then on the point

This was the only chance I could find of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, unlocked the window, and, peering aside the curtain, caught a glimpse of the rear of a man in a top hat and a pair of drab breeches. The skirts of the coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of a pair of drab breeches. "All right!" was the word, — and that was all I ever saw of the gentleman!

REASON NEVER PROSPERS.

Reason never prospers; what's the reason? Because, none dare call it treason.

IRISH READING.

An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, an Irishman was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the sign. On an enquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

HOME TRUTHS.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments, but with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

SATIRE.

Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

INTOLERANCE.

There are only two things in which the professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

THE THRIVING TRADESMAN.

When a couple of broom-men had chatted one day on a number of things in a sociable way, A new subject they started; says Jack, "My friend, Joe, I have long been most plaguedly puzzled to know How you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than mine, As I steal the materials." "I like your design, But improvement, you know, is the soul of each trade, So the brooms which I sell, I steal ready made."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

GREENWICH FAIR.

"A glorious sun now rises gay,
 Of a brilliant day;
 Your toils and cares for one day,
 With hoy! 'tis Whitsun-Munday.
 The throng begins to pour
 Through the Minories to the Tower;
 Spitalfields in crowds they come,
 Shoreditch, and from Hackney some.
 Each driver from his coach,
 The motley groups approach,
 All 'em with tremendous bawl,
 Room for barbers! Shavers all!
 And the noisy boatman roars,
 Sculler! Sculler! Oars, sir? oars?"

The 'prentice, pantalooned so neat,
 Hands his fur one to her seat,
 Then beside her gently sits,
 Counting—cracking nuts by fits;
 While around, with cheerful faces,
 Lads and lasses take their places;
 And the boatman doffs his coat,
 Calling out to—"Trim the boat!"

Now adown fair Thames they glide,
 Barding jokes from side to side;
 Ship-bells jingling—shouting sailors,
 "Barbers all! or, tailors! tailors!
 Here's a pair!—how smart they look!
 Leachy John, and Betty Cook!"

Cuckold's awful Punni they pass,
 Each gay lad salutes his lass,
 Head uncover'd, bending low,
 Gives to horns the accustomed bow.

Hark! the French-horn's cheerful note,
 Heard from yonder gilded boat,
 "What a handsome, well-dress'd crew,
 Holland trousers—jackets blue:
 And their ladies at each side,
 Chanting as they sweetly glide,
 While England's banner o'er them waves,
 Whom power will be slaves!"

"What a charming group of sailors!"
 "Ma'am you're wrong."—"What! are they
 tailors?"

Bustle, bustle; noise and bustle!
 Now among the boats they rustle.
 The narrow keel now cuts the strand,
 Each joyous soul prepares to land,
 'Midst shouting, sweating, wrangling, fighting,
 Some in mud, and some in water;
 While the crows of lass, and jenny spart,
 Onward push for Greenaway Park.

Hark! the merry bells are ringing,
 Happy mortals!—cheerful singing—
 Dancing—eating—drinking—smoking—
 Wrangling some—and others joking!
 Bless me! what a mingled din!
 "Shew 'em up! pray walk in!
 Just now going to begin!"

Lo, the Park, and many a stall,
 With toys and ribbons, 'gainst its walls
 And Pidgeon with his beasts so rare O,
 And strolling actors, with Pizarro,
 Shewing the histrionic art,
 From its primeval stage,—a cart!

Now the Park's small entrance view
 Ah! what struggling to get through!
 "Bless me, sir! don't squeeze me so!"
 "Ma'am, your heel is on my toe!"
 One general push, now—"Yo—oh—
 Huzza! we're in the Park, my boy!"

Mercy on us! what a do!
 "I've lost a cloak!"—"and I a shoe!"
 "Stop thief, pray stop that rump!"
 He's scampering off with my umbrella!
 See the rumpled lasses stand,
 Lending each a helping hand,
 Smoothing back dishevel'd tresses,
 Pinning up their tatter'd dresses.

The anxious school-boy takes his
 Brandish'd truncheon in his hand,
 Almsing, by one skilful thing,
 To drive the orange o'er the ring

Cycle near you tree
 And lasses see,
 Let passing round,
 ample bound,
 kerchief—and mark
 that jenny spark.
 & the nimble fawn,
 spring o'er the lawn,
 & pursuing hard,
 sweet reward,
 stive does bring,
 joyous ring;
 Lads and tit'ring misses,
 earn'd prize of kisses,
 known hill appears,
 they trip in pairs;
 line, link'd hand in hand,
 signal stand;
 off they nimbly go!
 p in steady row,
 stop!—across the slope,
 's have drawn a rope."
 and away they go!
 vale below!
 ng fair one tries
 rms from vulgar eyes;
 ick, or blue, or white,
 expos'd to sight,
 in neat made shoe,
 ered garter too!
 shouts now rend the skies,
 ymph essays to rise;
 , with tender care,
 his trembling fair
 least'rous scene
 ng o'er the green,
 yon spreading tree,
 fiddler see,
 ul to harmony."
 sailor go,
 hen un toe;
 —then advancing,
 lly hornpipe dancing.

Hail! all hail! to one-tree hill!
 Here we'll sit and gaze our fill;
 Ships and boats, and herds, and flocks,
 Blackwall Yard, and London Docks,
 A palace, too, beneath our feet,
 The sailors' well-earn'd last retreat,
 And Deptford Yard, and meads and bow'rs,
 And fam'd Augusta's distant tow'rs.

If Greenwich Park such joys can give
 At Whitsuntide, there let me live.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A citizen, whose industrious habits had advanced him to a country-house, while walking one day in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him, that such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was for that reason exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

A QUICK RETORT.

A black footman was one day accosted by a fellow,—“Well, Blackee, when did you see the devil last?” Upon which Blackee, turning suddenly round, gave him a severe blow, which staggered him, and with it this appropriate and laconic answer, “When I saw him last he send you dat—how you like it.”

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

A French epigrammatist gives the following account of Beaumarchais' Comedy of the *Marriage of Figaro*. “In this imprudent play every actor is a vice: Bartholo is *avarice*; Almaviva, *seduction*; his Tender Rih, *adultery*; Double-main, *theft*; Marcelbine, *a fury*; Basile, *calumny*; Fanchette, *innocence on its way to seduction*; Cherubin, *libertinism*; Suzette, *craft*: as for the Figaro, the droll, he so perfectly resembles his patron, that the likeness makes one start; in short, that all the vices might be seen together, the pit is full chorus-called for the author.”

TAKING THE WALL.

An ill-bred man, who always took the wall, one day said to a gentleman, "I do not give the wall to every puppy;" when the latter replied, "But I do."

CRACKING A PUN.

Two ducks, who were sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of port by the liveliness of their wit. After many jokes had passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, "If this nut could speak, what would it say?"—"Why," rejoined the other, "it would say, give me none of your jaw."

WALTZING.

What! the girl I adore by another embraced?
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?
What! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee?
What! panting, recline on another than me?
Sir, she's yours; from her lip you have brush'd the ripe dew;
What you've touch'd you may take.—Pretty Waltzer, adieu.

THE FAT GROCER OF MALDEN.

Edward Bright was a grocer of Maldon, in Essex, and became heir, in regular succession, to mountains of flesh, for his ancestors were remarkably fat. At the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed 144 pounds. Before he attained the age of twenty he weighed twenty-four stone; and increased about two stone in each year, so that at the time of his death his weight amounted to forty-four stone, or 616 pounds. He died at the age of thirty, November, 1750. This man, it appears, took a great deal of exercise, and even walked nimbly; his appetite always good. Towards the close of his life, he drank nothing but small beer, at the rate of a gallon a day. After his death, seven men of twenty-one years of age were included in his waistcoat, in consequence of a wager, "without breaking a stitch, or straining a button."

LAW.

How many good laws have our F
And how many of breaking the
jest?
Let us then have one more—the
obey'd;
And, happily, this may be broh

LITERARY FELONY.

When Sir John Hayward published the Reign of Henry IV., in the year 1592, Elizabeth was highly incensed at it. Bacon, afterwards Lord Bacon, said whether there was any treason in it? Mr. Bacon answered, "No, my son, I cannot deliver opinion that it is very much felony." The queen gladly asked, "how and where?" answered, "Because he had stolen sentences and conceits out of Cor

THE DEAD AND THE L.

To the bedrid den recter the curate
The state of his health to inquire
And found him departed—the wife
"Bewailing the loss of her com
"In this valley of tears," the kind
"From some the Lord takes, g
giving;
It is your duty now, madam, to re
But 'tis mine to be off and look e

CLERICAL THEFT.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended. He said a gentleman to whom it was read was a good sermon, but he stole it. Told to the preacher, he resented the gentleman to retract what he said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "I retract my words, but in this instance you had stolen the sermon; I find for on returning home, and reflect on whence I thought it taken, I found

MAHONE AND SILVIA PRATT.

Couple alone
 In coffee-room sat,
 As Mr. Thaddy Mahone,
 To the plump Mrs. Pratt.
 Paintedly gay,
 Received with a smile;
 At things he could say,
 And her silver the while
 The fond shepherd began,
 "Be cruel to me?
 And thirsty young man
 And gunpowder-tea,
 Or trouble your mind;
 I look upon you;
 Your answer be kind,
 Whatoe will do."
 "All, sir, indeed,"
 And gave him a leer,
 To-day's paper to read?
 "Yes, sir, to take your tea here?"
 "My tea here? that I will
 And papers nor books;
 And, the tea-pot to fill,
 The tea with your looks.
 "I've emptied the pot,"
 Stout Monaghan youth;
 "Yes, your tea is so hot,
 The top of my tooth.
 At good time you employ;
 For a jug of your cream?
 Warm, my dear joy,
 Are singed by the steam.
 You're an angel in face,
 In your fingers so fair!
 A dragon to place
 Wedding-ring there.
 Now my lies are untrue!
 Those sweet eyes of your own,
 And that loves you,
 Mr. Thaddy Mahone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
 And then what a change we shall see!
 When you are the flesh of my bone,
 What a beautiful charmer I'll be!"

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
 Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
 And all that he manfully swore,
 She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the willow begin
 To answer her lover so gay;
 When, alas! a bum bailiff came in,
 And took Mr. Thaddy away.

CHOICE OF EVILS.

A gentleman who was asked whether singing or
 public speaking entertained him most, replied,
 "Of the two evils I certainly prefer the former;
 a song has an end, but a speech has none."

KNIGHTHOOD.

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral
 Campbell, he told him, that probably the King
 would knight him. The admiral did not much
 relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S.
 "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it."—"Then
 let the King knight her," answered the rough sea-
 man.

PUNNING ON NAMES.

A Miss Hudson being addressed by a naval
 officer, whom she repulsed, it was observed, in her
 presence, that he was not the only warrior who
 had been foiled in endeavouring to enter Hudson's
 Bay.

On Mrs. Trout being delivered of a son, who
 was christened Jonas, a wag said—

Three days and nights, asserts the sacred tale,
 Jonas lay hid in belly of a whale;
 A greater wonder now by far's come out—
 Jonas, from nine months lodging in a Trout!

Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart,
 "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the
 sittart, and call you Van for the future."—"With
 all my heart," said he, "by the same rule, I shall
 drop croft, and call you Bear."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

TO A POPPISH CLERUYMAN.

Be thou, dear parson, plainly dress'd,
All priestly frippery I detest;
No curls should deck thy tortur'd hair,
To make the congregation stare;
Nor diamond ring, nor perfumes strong,
Nor 'kerchief wav'd to thee belong

In cassock plain, and sable gown,
Thou'lt be admir'd by all the town;
'Twill ne'er shame thee as a divine,
To make the sober vestments thine;
Nor me, as an impartial friend,
The decent garb to recommend.

THE WRONG LEG.

Dr. Thomas, (Bishop of Salisbury) forgot the day he was to be married, and was surprised at his servants bringing him a new dress. A gnat stinging him in the leg, the doctor stooped and scratched the leg of a gentleman who stood next to him.

AMOURS OF HENRY VIII.

Three Kates, two Nans, and one sweet Jane, I wedded,
One Dutch, one Spanish, and four English wives;
From two I got divorced, two I beheaded,
One died in childbed, and one me survives.

Henry once sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, who returned for answer, that she was greatly obliged to the king for his compliment; and that if she had two heads, one of them should have been at his service; but, as she had only one, she could not spare it.

VALUABLE GIFT.

A scene-shifter to a provincial company having sustained some severe losses, was advised by the manager to solicit a subscription. A few days afterwards the latter asking how the business proceeded, was shewn the list of donations, which, after inspecting it, he returned, "Why, sir," said the scene-shifter, somewhat surprised, "will you be *kind* to me any thing?"—"Zounds, man," replied the other, "did not I give you the list?"

TO SIR JOHN HILL, M.

Thou essence of dock, of valerian,
At once the disgrace and the pest of
The worst that I wish thee for all thy
Is to take thy own physic, and
rhymes.

Answer to the Junto.

Their wish in form must be reve
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For he who takes his physic first
Will never read his rhymes.

The doctor sent to one of the paper
ing answer:—

Ye desperate Junto, ye great or ye
Who combat dukes, doctors, the dev
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or po
Your impertinent curses shall never
I'll take neither ange, dock, valerian
Do you take the physic, and I'll take

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH OATHS.

A highlander's oath was formerly
and may still be, by holding up the
A highlander, at the Carlisle assizes,
ly sworn to a fact of consequence, h
mode; but his indifference being antie
posite party, he was required to conf
mony by taking the oath of his country
"Na, na," said the mountaineer, in
dialect, "dinna ye ken that that is
between blowing on a buik and dam
saul?"

MILITARY PRIZE POEM.

On the death of General Wolfe, a
offered for the best written epitaph
officer. A number of poets, of all
started as candidates, and among the re
sent to the editor of the Public Ledger
the following was one of the stanzas
"He march'd without dread or fear,
At the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what was more remarkable—no
cular,

He climb'd ye trees that were the

COCKNEYISH.

pronunciation of the following
the property of the Cockneys,
is to give their precedents or
instance.

ious; and curiosity, for cariosity.
It; and yet they say stupendious,
which shews, that though brevity
of wit, it is not always of pro-

necessitated, for necessitated.
Impossible.

Least.

people, for a concourse.

Black'd.

ry, for chaise and post-chaise.

n; school'd, for school.

bachelor.

or obstreperous.

ally; or, to argue.

i, for Covent-garden.

Kensington.

imbley, for chimney.

prodigious.

edigy.

z.

neepan; sauce, for sauce; saucer,

, for saucy.

giter.

contiguous.

instead of, for fear of.

uhious.

musician; opticianer, for op-

floried.

rowd

weeze.

b), to make angry.

om.

mon.

rain. Also surgeon, for surgeon.

phlytic.

Poster and postesser, for poets. So also ghoster
and ghostesser.

Sitation, for situation.

Portingal, for Portugal.

Somewheres, for somewhere; nowhere, for now-
where; a favourite plural.

Molest, for molest.

Scholar, for scholar.

Regiment, for regiment.

Margent, for margin.

Contrary, for contrary.

Blasphemious and blasphemous, for blasphemous.

Howsomdever and whalsomdever, for however
and whatever.

Successfully, for successively; "He did not pay
my bill, though I called upon him several days
successfully."

Respectively, for respectfully.

Mayoraltry, for mayoralty.

Commonality, for commonalty.

Properietor, for proprietor.

Nonplush'd, for nonplus'd.

Colloguing, for colleguing.

Drown'd, for drowned.

An-atomy, a skeleton.

Paragraft, for a paragraph.

Stagnated, for stagger'd.

Ruinated, for ruled.

Solentary, for solitary.

Eminent danger, for imminent danger.

Intoxicated, for intoxicated.

Perwent, for prevent.

Perused, for perused.

Refuge, for refuse.

Radidges, for radishes; also rubbidge, for rub-
bish; furbidge, for furbish.

Taters, for potatoes: thus abbreviated, cockneys
perhaps do not consider them as pot-atoes, until
they are put into the pot!

Lovyer, for lover.

Humoursome, for humorous.

Potticary, for apothecary.

Set, for sat; "he set himself down;" set, for
sit; "pray, set down."

Flagrant, for fragrant, as, "this moss-rose is very fragrant."

Fatch a walk, *folch'd* a walk, *catch'd* cold.

Know'd, for knew and known; also *seed*, for saw and seen; *grow'd*, *throw'd*, *dram'd*, for grown, thrown, drawn.

Mought, for might.

Fie, for fought; a Five's-court abbreviation of the preterite fought.

A-dry, *a-hungry*, *a-cold*, &c.

This here; *that there*; *if so be as how*—and so.

Refusal, for refusal.

Realy, for really.

Wind, for wine.

Scithers, for scissors.

Postpond'd, for postponed.

Kwine, for coin.

Inigo Jones, the architect, has been often complimented as *Indigo Jones*.

Rizz, for risen.

Lunnun, for London.

Moral, for model; "The child is the very moral of his father," who may not have much morality to spare.

Hon, *hern*, for his or hers.

Ourn, *yourn*, for our's, your's.

Nolus volus, for volens volens. They also call part of the funeral service, "*De profundis*," (the 130th Psalm,) by the style and title of "*Deborah Fundish*." An ignorant imprisoned cockney pickpocket once called a "*habeas corpus*," "a *hap'orth of copperas*," which is the language of Newgate.

Weal, for veal.

Winegar, for vinegar.

Vicked, for wicked.

Fig, for wig.

Widowhood, neighbourhood, and livelihood, are called *widow-wood*, *neighbour-wood*, *lively-wood*.

Howdacious, for audacious.

Underminded, for undermined.

Mullygrubs, a neat symphonious expression for merriments.

Nincompoop, (a corruption of the Latin *non sum*) a fool an idiot.

Obstacle, for obelisk.

The letter *h* is taken great liberty with by genuine cockney, as in the following.

"They saw a flower in the edge of the hedge; they got at it, trod just at the hedge off, and they have their air cut by a fashionable dress, and they shall have brought a most beautiful at, becoming ed-dress, and they shall time they go hout to dinner."

A City servant once began a letter to the alderman, with *Horned Sir*, *Honoured Sir*.

"Is there none here but you?" asked by Dean Swift to his clerk, who, turning over the leaves of a book, dryly replied, "Sure, you are here."

THE IRISHMAN'S REPLY.

"Who lives there, honest fellow?" asked a travelling stranger.

As on thro' the county of Antrim, and who fancied that houses were in danger.

"Lives there," answered Tom, "that is dead."

"When did he die?" cried the stranger, gaily.

Tongue pau'd, scratch'd his head, and so sleek,

Then replied, "By my combs, I don't know why really,

If he'd lived till to-day, he'd be a week!"

DOUBLE CONFESS.

A pamphlet called "The Sad History of a Nobleman," (probably in joke) being reported to be written by a nobleman, (probably in joke) abused in it sent him a challenge; he protested his innocence; but not being satisfied without having it proved, the nobleman took a pen, and to satisfy, that the book, called "The Sad History of a Nobleman," was written by a nobleman, he wrote "Oh, my lord," said the peer, "I am satisfied now you are not the author."

DUAL MISTAKE.

Merchant, who had more money in his ragged appearance denoted, a passage in a Liverpool stage-lim, of the first order, who was a man evidently annoyed by the and having missed his handker- with having picked his pocket, e him taken before a magistrate, : Before they arrived there, white found his handkerchief, uted in his hat. He made a d of an apology upon the occa- ped him short with this remark, -easy, my honey; there's no tter about the matter. You f, and I took you for a gen- are both mistaken; that's all

IVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.
a friend—or being dry—
ould be by and bye—
reason why.

Y RECOLLECTIONS.

Mayor of London, in the year as a waiter, and his manner his original station. When he be examined in the House, one rittily observed—"If you ring will come of course." One lderman's Club, he was at the Mr. Alderman Pugh, a dealer in remely good-natured man, was mking his pipe. "Ring the bell, Mr. Kennet, in his coarse way. f, Bar," replied the alderman, twice as much used, to 't as I

LOVE.

inspire a woman with love of
the him with love of herself;
our will be yours.

LOGIC.

Cries logical Bobby to Ned, will you dare
A bet, which has most legs, a mare, or no mare.
A mare, to be sure, replied Ned, with a grin,
And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win.
Quoth Bob, you have lost, sure as you are alive,
A mare has but four legs, and no mare has five.

TEDIOUS BREAKFAST.

When Buonaparte was preparing to invade Spain, Talleyrand remonstrated against it as fraught with difficulties. "No, no," said Napoleon, "the war with Spain will be only a breakfast for me."—"I fear," replied the minister, "that your Majesty may be long at table."

ROUGH ROADS.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

GREENWICH AND DULWICH.

A celebrated living poet, occasionally a little absent of mind, was invited by a friend, whom he met in the street, to dine with him at a country lodging he had taken for the summer months. The address was "near the *Green Man* at *Dulwich*," which, not to put his inviter to the trouble of pencilling down, our bard promised faithfully to remember. But when Sunday came, he made his way to *Greenwich*, and began inquiring for the sign of the *Dull Man*! No such sign was to be found; and, after losing an hour, a person guessed that though there was no *Dull Man* at *Greenwich*, there was a *Green Man* at *Dulwich*, which the gentleman might possibly mean.

MOURNING SUITS.

Parsons and lawyers, both you'll find
By mourning suits are known;
These for the sins of all mankind,
The other for their own.

ODE TO MY PIPE.

Pipe! whether plain in fashion of Frey-herr,
Or gaudy glittering in the taste of Boor,
Deep-darkened Meer-schaum or Ecume-demer,
Or snowy clay of Gowda, light and pure,
Let different people different pipes prefer,
Delft, horn, or catgut, long, short, older, newer,
Puff, every brother, as it likes him best,
De gustibus non disputandum est.

Pipe! when I stuff into thee my canister,
With flower of camomile and leaf of rose,
And the calm rising fume comes fast and faster,
Curling with balmy circles near my nose
And all the while my dexter hand is master
Of the full cup from Meux's vat that flows.
Heavens! all my brain in soft oblivion wraps
Of wafered letters and of single laps.

I've no objections to a good segar,
A true Hatanah, smooth and moist, and brown;
But then the smoke's too near the eye by far,
And out of doors 'tis in a twinkling flown;
And somehow it sets all my teeth ajar,
When to an inch or so we've smoked him down;
And if your leaf have got a straw within it,
You know 'tis like a cinder in a minute.

I have no doubt a long excursive hooker
Suits well some lordly loungeur of Bengal,
Who never writes or looks into a book, or
Does any thing with earnestness at all;
He sits, and his tobacco's in the book, or
Tended by some black heathen in the hall,
Lays up his legs, and thinks he does great things
If once in the half-hour a puff he brings.

I rather follow in my smoking trim
The example of Scots cutters and their wives,
Who, while the evening air is warm and dim,
In July sit beside their garden fires;
And, gazing all the while with wrinkles grim
To see how the concern of honey thrives,
Empty before they've done a four-ounce bag
Of sailors' twist, or, what's less common—rag.

MENDING A PEN.

When Mr. Penn, a young
known for his eccentricities, was
park-corner to Hammersmith, for
hundred guineas, with the Hon.
several gentlemen who had with
spoke of it to the Duchess of G.
it was a pity that a man with so
ilities as *this Penn* had, should be
ing these unaccountable pranks.
her grace; "but why don't you
ter? He seems to be a pen that
but nobody mends."

FEMALE VIRTUE.

Did ladies now (as we are)
Our great grandmother did
Wake to a sense of blasted
The fig-tree spoil to hide
So numerous are these mod
A forest scarce could find

SWIFT ON STOCK JOB.

He who sells that of which he
is said, proverbially, to sell the
the bear runs in the woods; and
for stock-jobbers to make con-
ferring stock at a future time, the
not possessed of the stock to be
were called sellers of bear-skin.
Another interpretation arises for
character for *trampling under-foot*
with their department of business
down the stocks.

ON A PHYSICIAN.

Here Doctor Fisher lies in
Who filled the half of the

HONESTY.

A gentleman once asserted that
lieve that there was a truly honest
whole world; but, said a bye-its
impossible that any one man should
world; but it is very possible that
—may know himself.

THE THEATRICALS.

Now, at Mrs. Flourish's,—chairs
waded; the ceremonies of tea and
red, and the eyes and ears of the
noded for the promised display.
Diggory," said the young gen-
tleman, "make your best bow
my love, and let Doctor Tadpole
'The Newcastle Apothecary!'"
Diggory to my summit happi-
suppose, Madam," replied the
to the young gentleman recites
The Old Hen and the Cock!"—
flor, he shall learn that next, after
what,' and 'Moonseer Toman,'
eat you all!' and 'Young Noe-
'owler,' and 'All the World's a
—"Hold, hold, my dear madam!
ugh for the next nine months al-
ould multiply the ten parts of
and let us have all of them!"—
gory, my man, I'll ring the bell,
flies, and you shall give us that
howsoever; and we'll have
ds." The Doctor interfered no
pany adjusted themselves in prom-
nt in rueful expectation of the

remise, that Master Flourish's
tolerably tenacious as to the
jects, was rather variable as to
siting them; thus making a kind
-reading, which sometimes mar-
ket of his tragedy. At length,
blackening his face, clearing his
Nag up his trousers, he thus

sher an apothecary,
edy shop a tortoise hung,
stuffed;—

this Esculapian line
castle-upon-Tyne,
van Helms!

My poverty, but not my will contents,
When taken—To be well shaken.
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Calling aloud—What, ho! Apothecary!"

During this very extraordinary exhibition, the
good old lady winked, nodded, and prompted,
but all to no purpose. The fact was, Master Dig-
gory's speeches were literally at his fingers' ends,
as, being accustomed to work them into his hand,
by scratching himself with a particular finger, the
same manœuvre was always to be performed at
the recital, and the application of a wrong digit
invariably introduced a wrong passage. "Why,
Diggory, my love!" at length exclaimed his per-
turbed mamma,—“you were sadly out, my dear!
Now do try again, chuck, and let the company
hear Gimlet's sillyliquis about Toby.” Master
Flourish, junior, accordingly again hah'd and
hemmed; and, after the usual evolutions, thus
broke out:—

"Toby, or not Toby,—that there's the question?
Whether—my name is Norval
On the Grampian hills,—My father feeds his
Pigs,—no, sheep,—his flocks—flocks of
Pigeons, that flesh is heir to.
To die, to sleep, a horse! a horse!—
My kingdom for a horse!
Aye, there's the rub! for, for, for,—
Heaven soon granted what my sire denied, you
moon!"

Here young Hopeful concluded; most of the
company expressed themselves perfectly satisfied,
and even Doctor Tadpole was convinced that, in
some cases, a single dose is one too many.

HALF-WAY AND BACK.

An old gentleman, who had been accustomed to
walk round St. James's Park every day, was
once met by a clergyman in the Mall, who asked
him if he still continued to take his usual walk.
"No, sir," replied the old man, "I cannot do so
much now; I cannot get round the Park; but I
will tell you what I do instead, I go half round
and back again."

THE BERKSHIRE PUBLICAN.

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange you, that live so near
Bray,

Should not set up the sign of the vicar;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must be the sign of good liquor.

The Answer.

Indeed, master poet, your reason's but poor;
For the vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

The following paper contains regulations for the household-servants of an English baronet, about the year 1586.

1. That no servant bee absent from praier, at morning or evening, without a lawfull excuse, to bee alleged within one day after vppon paine to forfeit for eury tyme 2d.
2. That none sweare any othe vppon pain for eury one 1d.
3. That no man leau any doore open that he findeth shut, without theare be cause, vppon paine for eury tyme 1d.
4. That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.
5. That no man's bed be vmade, nor fire or candle-box vcleane after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.
6. That no man teach any of the children any dishonest speeche, or othe, on pain of 1d.
7. That no man waite at table without a trencher in his hand, except it be vppon some good cause, on paine of 1d.
8. That no man appointed to waite at my table be absent that meale without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

9. If any man break a glasse be the price thereof out of his wages; not known who breake it, the builer it, on paine of 12d.

10. The table must be covered before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, paine of 2d.

11. That mente be readie at 11 dinner, and 6, or before, at supper.

12. That none be absent without cause, the whole day, or anye part of 4d.

13. That no man strike his fellow loose of service; nor reule or chide one another to strike, on paine of 1d.

14. That no man come to the table without reasonable cause on paine of 1d, likewise to forfeit 1d.

15. That none toy with the maids, 4d.

16. That no man weare foul shooes, nor broken hose or shooes, or dubletts, on paine of 1d.

17. That when any stranger goe to the chamber be dressed vp againe with after, on paine of 1d.

18. That the hall bee made cleane eight in the winter and seuen in the summer, on paine of him that shall doe it 1d.

19. That the court-gate bee shut and not opened during dinner and out just cause, on paine the porter every tyme 1d.

20. That all stayrs in the house, that need shall require, bee made cleane day after dinner, on pain of forfeit one whom it shall belong unto 3d.

All which summes shall be deducted out of their wages, as the poore, or other goodly use.

OUT OF DEBT.

You say you nothing owe, and so
He only owes who something has.

OF A COACH.

On stage, not particularly cele-
bly, inquired of the gentleman
what the coach was called;
He replied, "I think, sir, it
is, for I observe all the other

BRIGHTON BELLE,

Gentleman at Nottingham,
your midland town,
English fair possesses;
no spot can own,
no happy Sussex blest.
A seat of stocking-looms
I see a trip to Brighton;
log plate illumines
an love or eye delight to.
He can keep his heart,
ravell'd from Jerusalem,
love's potent dart,
Ige exceed Methusalem.

Hearts to retreat,
himself by meditation;
each step you meet,
it's a constellation,
He last in prime of youth,
I, I love her better;
and Scotch; but since 'tis truth,
I glad to the letter.

Now I'm set on flame,
Heart this very minute,
Fick, you'd find her name
I'd pretty deeply, in it.
So to rival Venus,
Eye of love and light full,
Quiz—I think between us,
Noble is delightful.
Her charms in rhyme,
If her in verse but prose;
A waste of time,
I love or sweets of roses.

But this I know, that, may or sing,
The sight of her to me's a sweeter,
Yet, curse me, 'tis an easier thing,
To see this dandel than forget her I
And were I not so over nice,
(Or not such brass, as you say rather,)
I could methinks give some advice,
Would prove of service to her father.

For, sure, were all men of my mind,
His girl might prove a mighty saving;
Five minutes' gaze on her they'd find
A cure for all their warm-bath craving.

And he might charge the usual tip,
For where's the man would grudge to pay it?
He sure must be a frigid rip,
And dead to beauty, though I say it.

But soft! too fast my projects rise,
And after all I should but fool him;
For when thus warm'd at Kitty's eyes
All his cold-baths could never cool 'em.

OXY-GIN AND HYDRO-GIN.

While a ventriloquist was describing the na-
ture of gas, a blue-stocking lady clamorously in-
quired of a gentleman near her, what he meant by
oxy-gin and hydro-gin, or what was the difference?
"Very little, Madam," said he; "by oxy-gin,
we mean pure gin, and by hydro-gin gin and
water."

THE BASHFUL MAN,

Written by Himself, in a Letter to a Friend.

I labour under a species of distress, which I
fear will at length drive me utterly from that so-
ciety in which I am most ambitious to appear;—
but I shall give you a short sketch of my present
situation, by which you will be enabled to judge
of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer, of no great property,
and with no other learning than what he had ac-
quired at a charity-school; but my mother being
dead, and I an only child, he determined to give
me that advantage which he fancied would have
made him happy, viz a learned education. I was

sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a-year, joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at *Friendly-Hall*, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion thus occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge

of my distress; and of that I am, I believe, in very immoderate politeness, by degrees, dissatisfied, and I was astonished to see how it could enable him to suppose I could appear with perfect ease in such an accident.

The cheerfulness of her familiar chat of the young ladies, to throw off my reserve and at length I ventured to join in the conversation, even to start fresh subjects. The library was richly furnished with books, and I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of letters, and ventured to give my opinion on several editions of the Greek text of the Baronet's ideas exactly my own. To this subject I was led by an edition of Xenophon in six volumes (as I had never before heard of it), which greatly excited my curiosity to examine what it could be. As I was about, and (as I suppose) to my trouble, rose to take down the book, it made me more eager to prevent my laying my hand on the first volume, and I forced myself; but to my cost, instead of the book, which, by leather and gilding, looked like sixteen volumes, I fell and unluckily pitched upon my head, and stood on the table under it. Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm done, and that the book was not damaged, and scarce knowing what to stop its progress with my chief. In the height of this confusion, I perceived that dinner was served, and I then understood that the accident which had so alarmed my fears, was the dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall towards the dining-room, I saw my scattered senses, and was sent betwixt Lady Friendly and

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning; and I was just beginning to subside, and to feel comfortably cool, when, having set my plate of soup before me, I looked-for accident rekindled all my fires. Having complimented the pattern of the table, in bowing to Miss Wether, I tumbled the whole scalding contents upon my lap. In spite of an immediate attempt to wipe the surface of my black silk breeches were not stout enough to resist the effects of this deluge, and for some minutes my legs were stewed in a boiling cauldron; how Sir Thomas had disguised his head upon his toes, I firmly bore, and sat with my lower extremities, amidst the stifled giggling of all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

ON A GIANT ANGLING.

His angle-rod, made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

ECLIPSE DEFERRED.

Dean Swift one day observed a great rabble assembled before his deanery door, and upon inquiring the cause, was told it was to see an eclipse. He immediately sent to the headle, and gave him instructions what to do. Away ran the crier for his bell, and after ringing it some time in the crowd, hawled out, "Oh yes, oh yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the King and his reverence the Dean."

THE HUMOUROUS REFUSAL; OR, SUNDRY
NOVEL OBJECTIONS AGAINST GOING
TO SEA.

Of a vein most facetious and quaint was Dick
Swill,
But the joys of the bottle his thoughts aye did
fill;

One day to his sire, who made a great fuss
In begging to sea he would go, Dick spoke thus:
"Dear father, no further insist on this matter—
Ods heart! the trite subject is worn to a tatter;
But yet, ere *in toto* we wisely dismiss it,
Just hear me expound my refusal explicit:—
Your son well-advised from such dangers would
keep—

He's a vast deal too deep, sir, to tempt the vast
deep;

Nor into the hazard of drowning e'er poor he,
Unless in epitome, drowning—by dropsy
The ocean, oh shun I would I say to my soul,
Or be thy *meta* sport but a brimming punch-bowl.
Then, sir, living at sea would be scarcely to me
life,

Who like to see life, though I like not a *sea* life.
Obeying, I quickly most wretched should be,
And besides being *sea-sick*, quite *sick* of the sea.
What vessels care I for, save vessels of wine?
What anchors, save anchors of brandy divine?
Say, how can I harbour a thought about Port,
Save that which creates the gay Bacchanal's
sport?

Besides, who could ever regard as a treat
That compound of leather and brine, their salt
meal?

'Twere not fair to expect with such fare life to
drag on;

So—give me a flagon—I'll ne'er think a flag on.
Then, hang it! that word of such ominous scope,
Rope's-end—which suggests the end and end by a
rope.

But should some grand booty (like Colchis' rich
fleece)

Toward my sea perils, thro' Fate's kind caprice,

Would there not *then*, yon ask me, be
some for't?

Ah no;—I should be but *flee'd* out of
fort.

That man must possess, sir, a mind the
minds,

Who at the ship's stern can endure the
windy

Ah! think what a toil, in one's life's last
To be *ploughing* the main 'midst the
age!

I prefer a deep glass to the glassy deep,
And now pitch to oblivion all thought
far.

Thus, as for the sea, my dear father ne-
all

The motives which urge me to *swim* the p-

A BANDY JOKE.

A company of itinerant actors once
to gratify the inhabitants of a country,
their united efforts; one of our best trag-
selected for the night's amusement. In
act of the tragedy, the Duke, sitting in
ordered the culprit into court, in these
words:

"Bring the vile offender straight before
me. The messenger, who was a wag, stepped
and exclaimed in the superlative, "I
sible, your grace, to bring *him* *before*
you, for he is one of the handsomest I *ever*
you ever saw in all your life;" which
saw a universal roar, that a considerable
elapsed before the comical tragedy con-
ceeded with.

ON A PORTLION.

Here I lay,
Killed by a chaise.

BED.

Bed is a handle of paradoxes; we go
reluctance, yet we quit "with regret"
make up our minds every night to leave
but we wake up our bodies every morn-
ing late.

BILLY TAYLOR.

was a brisk young feller,
 h, and full of glee,
 he did disilver
 or add free.

My brisk young feller,
 was in rich array,
 they seized Billy Taylor,
 was, and sent to sea.

he followed arter,
 one of Richard Car,
 were all bedabbed
 sty pitch and tar.

It came on the very next morning;
 among the rest;
 e did blow her jacket,
 red her lily-white breast.

tain him for to know it,
 viod has blown you to me?
 him for to seek my true-love,
 reamed and sent to sea.

to seek your true-love
 ship is gone away,
 d him in London streets, ma'am,
 b his lady gay.

vly in the morning,
 the break of day:
 false Billy Taylor,
 his lady gay.

Med for swords and pistols,
 y was at her command,
 otting Billy Taylor,
 y in his hand.

tain he him for to know it,
 ich applauded her for what she
 our,

er first lieutenant,
 at Thunder bomb,

DEVIL OUTWITTED.

From the Romish church, 1580, black
 he following story—There was a

lively holy monke, which was continually tempted
 and troubled with a deuill, even tyll his olde days;
 and when, in the ende, hee began to waxe weery
 of it, hee then did pray the deuill, very friendly,
 that hee woulde let him alone in quiet; where-
 upon the deuill did answer him, that so farr,
 as he woulde promise to doe, and sweare to keepe
 secrete a thing that hee woulde commande him,
 then he woulde leaue off to trouble him any more.
 The monke did promyse him, and tooke thereupon
 a deepe othe. Then sayde the deuill; "If thou
 wilt that I shall trouble thee no more, then thou
 must not pray any more to that image;" and it
 was an image of our ladie, holding her childe in
 armes. But the monke was more craftie than the
 deuill; for he went and confessed him of it, the
 next daye, to the abbot, and the abbot did dis-
 pence with him for his othe, upon condition that
 hee should continue his praying to the image.

ON A PARISH PARSON.

Come, let us rejoyce, merry boys, at his fall,
 For, egad, had he lived, he'd have buried us all.

VIOLATION OF THE SABBATH.

In the time of Marlow, the celebrated patriot,
 fanaticism ran so high, that an order was issued
 by the Privy Council that no beer should be
 brewed on a Saturday. This very singular order
 being the subject of conversation, King James the
 Second asked Marlow, during the period he was
 composing his celebrated "Jew of Malta," what
 his opinion was of the subject, "May it please
 your Majesty," replied Marlow, "you may de-
 pend upon it, the reason why they will not suffer
 any beer to be brewed upon a Saturday, is, for
 fear it should work on a Sunday.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD NEWS.

The word explains itself, without the Muse,
 And the four letters speak from whence comes
 news,

From north, east, west, south, the solution's made.
 Each quarter gives accounts of war and trade.

REASONS FOR HANGING A WEAVER

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hang'd. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the alcade said, "How, then, can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough; hang the other."

BOTHKRATION.

Copy of an Order sent by a Farmer's Wife, to a Tradesman in Town, for a Scarlet Cardinal.

Sir,—If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman; they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not be willing to give more than twelve; but if you have any as long either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings; I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal on Wednesday without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, full not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige, Your humble servant, M. W.

P.S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's the waternan, who comes to the Barhite, at Queenhutte; pray don't send me a duffel one, but cloth; I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel, but cloth; let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I don't like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long; send two, both of a length, and both large ones full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail then not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

When honest men confess'd the
And paid the church gentle
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and free.

They march'd about from place
With shrift and dispensing
And mended broken conscience
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One frar was Father Boniface
And he ne'er knew doquies
Save when condemn'd to sayle
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form and tall
Would scarce have made a cud
For Boniface's talow.

Albeit, he tipp'd like a fish,
Though not the same potato
And mortal man ne'er clear'd
With simpler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alow, that it
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper pot was set to be
On faggots briskly crackling
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacques and to Jacquelin.

They bow'd, and bless'd the de
In pious terms brought her
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water

For water and a crust they ras
Those mouths that even on L
Scarce knew the taste of water
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacques, "That were so
For men fatigued and dusty,
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I f
You'd go to bed but cenny."

might a Bask of rich
fast Silenus,
the sight of which
like two hyenas.

Host and spouse
pardon gauger,
tates right marvellous,
for a wager—

Like balloons convey'd
the martyrs;
warm, where holy maid
her garters,

terr gap'd, I guess
two-inch asunder,
of weariness,
it of wonder.

3 duets, the Freres
in matches,
sentimental airs,
glees and catches.

ild have danced outright,
and tame bear,
not drunk Good night,
to their chamber.

gh, the host's was nigh —
e suspicion,
ild make a race-show
he partition?—

essors would come
out-reaching,
no hum-drum
own preaching?

riars of orders gray,
knelt, and wriggling,
ould have gone to pray,
eves to giggling!

will have its meed:
but information
mers, in a trice,
th consternation.

The farmer on a bone prepares,
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Freres,
The fat one and the lean one,

To-morrow, by the break-day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of fears;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his tinders!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and coggings,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadilloes.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

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A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hung'd. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the alcade said, "How, then, can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough, hang the other."

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And paid the church generously
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You'd go to bed but empty."

got a Bask of rich
of Silenus,
he slight of which
like two hyænas.

out and spouse
garden gauger,
yes right marvellous,
's a wager—

in balloons convey'd
a martyr;
warm, where holy maid
her garters.

we gaped, I guess
black saunder,
piousness,
in wonder.

fruits, the Freres
'in matches,
pimental airs,
lees and catches.

I have danced outright,
and tame bear,
it drunk Good night,
to their chamber.

the host's was nigh
suspicion,
I make a race-show
partition!—

ears would come
out-reaching,
in drum
even preaching?

are of orders gray,
felt, and wriggling,
I'd have gone to pray,
yes to giggling!

I'll have his need:
it information
was, in a trice,
in conternation.

The farmer on a horse prepares,
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Freres,
The fat one and the lean one,

To-morrow, by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling tubs; but, tender, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty ;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination !

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement ;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads ;
Dijon was all amazement.

Walls bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd.
Windows gap'd aghast in bare rows,
Soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Charging him before police,
Words of Dominick surly,
Earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
In all this hurly-burly :

“Tush the priest—ass-assins, sir,
Twice a league, or nigher)
Halt, scrape, massacre
And up a friar.

Soon at the magistrate
A troop from the
Of twenty men rode
To storm the blow

As they were coming
Comes Jacques
But started when a
Cried, Rascal, be

'Twas Boniface, as
Playing antics in
“ And what the de
You mountain of

Ah, once how jolly
And blubber'd
That frantic Capuc
To cut fantastic

Crying help, holla
The pot is on to
I am a pretty pig,
They shall not b

Nor was this ravin
In truth, he was
Until they brought
And that wrong

Just as the horsemen
Crying, Murden
Jacques was conf
With a good gla

Who heekon'd to
A row ; but wa
Squeez'd Jacques
Said you're a di

Explaining lost be
Here ended all
So God save Quee
And long live E

The gens-d'armes
Into horse fits
And, as if they ha
Their horses and

take, his chaplain,
 stern, and moody,
 so perhaps,
 a good day.

EVER.

was going one morning
 IV. of France, he met
 he knew had just left
 ous monarch. When
 ved him with a very se-
 im he was very unwell,
 whole morning he had
 it left him."—"I know
 to minister, "I know it
 away, all in green."

N'S RELIGION.

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 rising on the coast of
 lose his chaplain, who
 on which the lieutenant,
 office of it, saying, at the
 sorry to inform him that
 "—"Well, so much the
 . "Oot awn, my lord,
 a British clergyman?"—
 p, "because I believe I
 man-of-war that could
 a who had any religion

SMITH.

died of late,
 & heaven's gate;
 will not knock,
 pick the lock.

NEUS AVERNI,

aving a dispute concern-
 ferent mines, found it
 London lawyer, to have
 re witnesses, examine the
 mines, &c. The divine
 gical assistant was as great

a scoundrel as ever was struck off the roll. How-
 ever, as he thought his knowledge might be useful,
 he showed him his papers, took him to compare
 the surveyor's drawing with the situation of the
 pits, &c. When in one of these excursions, the
 professional gentleman was descending a deep
 shaft by means of a rope which he held tight in his
 hand, he called out to the parson who stood at the
 top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your stu-
 dies to geography, but know all things from the
 surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this
 to the pit in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot
 exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine,
 "but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a
 minute."

BACCHANALIAN ODE

Inscribed to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

While worldly men through stupid years
 Without emotion jog,
 Devoid of passions, hopes, and fears,
 As senseless as a log—
 I much prefer my nights to spend,
 A happy ranting dog,
 And see dull care his front unbend
 Before the smile of Hogg.

The life of man's a season drear,
 Immersed in mist and fog,
 Until the star of wit appear,
 And set its clouds agog.
 For me, I wish no brighter sky
 Than o'er a jug of grog,
 When fancy kindles in the eye,
 The good gray eye of Hogg.

When Misery's car is at its speed,
 The glowing wheels to cog;
 To make the heart where sorrows bleed
 Leap lightly like a frog;
 Gay verdure o'er the crag to shower,
 And blossoms o'er the bog,
 Wit's potent magic has the power,
 When thou dost wield it, Hogg!

THE LAUGHING

At themselves to leap,
 Breath imploring
 Buns to keep
 And hostess snoring.
 Lighted like a cat,
 Taper'd off like Jehu,
 To help the man of fat,
 Cheek was of a clay hue—
 By nature more design'd
 Eating than for jumping.
 Lay on his parts behind,
 Broaden'd with the plumping.
 Long beneath the window's glance
 He browses he eat pawing,
 As the figure of a house
 Upon a Chinese drawing,
 Length he waddled to a sty;
 The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
 Came round and nosed him lovingly,
 As if they'd known their namesake.
 Meanwhile the other flew to town,
 And with short respiration
 Brav'd like a donkey up and down
 Ass-assum-ination!
 Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
 Popp'd out from every enlacement;
 The cats ran frighten'd on the leads;
 Dijon was all amazement.
 Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and hogs harr'd,
 Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
 Till soundest sleeping watchmen woke,
 And even at last the mayor rose—
 Who, charging him before police,
 Demands of Dominick surly,
 What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
 Made all this hurly-burly?
 Ass—quith the priest—ass-nains, sir,
 Are (hence a league, or nigher)
 About to salt, scrape, massacre
 And barrel up a friar.

Soon at the camp
 A troop from the
 Of twenty men rode
 To storm the bloody
 As they were cantering
 Comes Jacques to
 But started when a
 Cried, Rascal, be
 'Twas Boniface, a
 Playing antics
 "And what the
 You mount up
 Ah, once how jo
 And blubber
 That frantic
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 The pot is
 I am a pre
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 Nor was
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 And
 Just as
 Cry
 Jacq
 Wh
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THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Minick, methinks, his chap
 weary, worn, and moody,
 readers, too perhaps,
 I wish 'em good day.

HECTIC FEVER.

of Sully was going one morning
 of Henry IV. of France, he met
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 of this amorous monarch. When
 he received him with a very so-
 he told him he was very unwell,
 For the whole morning he had
 but just left him. "I know it,"
 replied the minister, "I know it
 it going away, all in green."

CHAPLAIN'S RELIGION.

of Cloncastle was captain of a
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LOCKSMITH.

died of late,
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 will not knock,
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INSUS AVERNI.

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 To make the heart where sorrows bleed
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Who, charging him before police,
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Made all this hurly-burly?
Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins, sir,
Are (beuce a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre
And burn on a fire.

Soon at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.
As they were cantering toward the place
Comes Jacques to the wineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, Rascal, hold thy whinyard.
'Twas Basilace, as mad a King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery—
"And what the devil brought you here
You mountain of a fiar, eh?"
Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blabbet'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To eat fantastic capers—
Crying help, hallo, the billows blow
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig, but no!
They shall not barbecue me.
Nor was this raving fit a sham;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a drug
And that wrought like a miracle.
Just as the horseman halted near
Crying, Murderer, stop, oh no!
Jacques was comforting the fiar
With a good glass of noyseau.
Who beckon'd to them not to stir
A row; but waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacques' hand, and
Said you're a dam'd good
Explaining lost but little breath
Here ended all the matter;
So lived Mrs Queen Elizabeth
And long live Henry Quatre.
The gens-d'armes at the story
Into horse fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known
Their horses neigh'd there.

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 a chaplain who had any religion

IN A LOCKSMITH.

acksmith died of late,
 a stands at heaven's gate;
 why he will not knock,
 means to pick the lock.

IS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

tyrmas having a dispute concern-
 res in different mines, found it
 id for a London lawyer, to have
 go with the witnesses, examine the
 of the premises, &c. The divine
 his legal assistant was as great

a scoundrel as ever was struck off the rolls. How-
 ever, as he thought this knowledge might be useful,
 he showed him his papers, took him to compare
 the surveyor's drawing with the situation of the
 pits, &c. When in one of these excursions, the
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PROCLAMATION FOR HOLDING A FAIR AMONG THE SCOTCH.

O yes! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's third and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shan let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Lougholm, for the space of aught days, wherein gin any hustrin, eustrin, land-lopper, dub-kouper, or gang-the-gate-swingin, shall breed any burdaim, durdaim, rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, he shall have his legs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of twa-a-penny until he down on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to ha'en nine times God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me Jemmy Ferguson, barley of the afore-said manor. So you've heard my proclamation, and I'll gang hame to my dinner.

NUDA PAPILLA.

In Paradise, ere baneful sin began,
Naked were seen the woman and the man,
But when blest innocence remained no more,
Sin brought forth shame and cast a covering o'er;
Their virtuous tints *primitive* worth express
By throwing off the incumbrances of dress;
Our heauteous belles, with elegance and ease,
And in a state of nature, strive to please,
Hail, heavenly charmers! justly you're ador'd
Now shame is fled, and innocence restor'd

DRESSING AND SHAVING.

Two sailors went into a cook's shop, and called for dinner. The landlady set before them a piece of boiled pork, which had not been properly singed, many long hairs adhering to it. "Ja k," said one to his companion, "I cannot stomach this pork; why, the hairs are half as thick and as long as a cable." "You may eat away, gentlemen," said the landlady; "I can assure you it is good meat, for I deuced it myself."—"O d you do! mistress," said the other sailor; "I wish you had also shaved it yourself."

BAD TIMES.

A Yorkshireman meeting with a Londoner, the following conversation between them: "Sad times," says the Yorkshireman, "how dun you come on?"—"Very bad," replied the Londoner, "the honest man has no chance to live, and—" "Ah!" (says the Yorkshireman) "but in our country."

ON A WOMAN WHO WAS SINGING FOR MONEY TO BURY HER HUSBAND.
For her husband deceas'd, Saily sweet lay.

Why, faith, it is singular sorrow;
But, (I doubt) since she sings for a day,

She'll cry for a live one to morrow.

UNLUCKY OMISSION.

The company of Stationers, in the time of Charles I., took it into their heads to compel people to commit adultery: for in the Statute then printed, at the King's Priests' garden, now the Times' Office, instead of the seventh commandment, "Thou shalt commit adultery," Archbishop Laud, ever, had them up to the Star Chamber, and they severely for the over-zealous training world availed themselves of give, in the early copies, but were decried by the Spectator, however, Archbishop Laud's many young prodigals of his time, and the commandment very strictly.

DRYDEN'S IRITABILITY.

Dryden, in his play of the "Conquest," makes Almanzor say to Bagoas of Grenada

"O! 'd as sovereign by thy subject
But know, that I alone am king of
This mode of expression incurred the

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ENGLISH

which Dryden's temper could not easily bear, and it was retorted upon him by Colley Cibber, the nephew of Dr. Heylyn, the coadjutor. Not long after the publication of his "Essay of Criticism," which created no small stir, he fell into the company of Dryden, falling into the circumstances that had happened to his uncle, and asked him that he lost himself? "Sir," said Dryden, "I cannot answer you exactly; but I know it was somewhere in the kingdom of France that he took his hat, and walked off."

MATRIMONIAL WHIMS.

Have a man that's tall,
A little is worse than all;
Have a man that's fair,
A black I cannot bear;
He is a constant pest,
Would my room infect;
He, they say, is proud,
He is always loud;
Which I'm sure won't have me,
For I fear would starve me
With smells of tar,
As, is at the bar;
Will not take,
My heart would break;
His temper, ages,
Want heart engages;
Wretched is my fate,
In the marriage state.

MR. POLEMICS.

A reformer, thus addresses the
Little, little pope, you are
To walk very softly, it is slip-
per on your legs, and then people
ask, "What is this?" The little ass of
course knows it is an ass; and
yet but these little asses of
theology are asses."

An Englishman at
lord-mareschal, to p
deric the Great. "It
not such an easy mat
hlemen had been ref
Englishman, "it is no
but, as I have already
glad to make up the ha

Soon after the death
Counsellor Scare bought
Scare appeared in it as
Lord-Chancellor (Hard
Scare, (or rather the wig,
have you any thing to mo
The sight of a wig has
fect. A man returned from
field's sermons, and said, "
he there: the place, indeed,
he had not been able to get
him; but then," he said, "I

ON CAPTAIN THOM
As the earth the earth do
So under this stone lies an

JAPANESE PUNCT

A Japanese, who had be
Russia, in the suite of the amb
in a fit of despondency, mad
cut his throat with a razor. A p
geon instantly prepared to stanc
a Japanese guard interposed, a
would be unprecedented to tak
until the governor's orders had be
was in vain to tell them, that the m
the interim; he was left to bleed
of some of the Banjos, who declared
have been quite irregular for the R
to save the life of a Japanese; and
cordingly turned over to the faculty
with according to the laws and insti
pan.

PRIDE OF PARENTAGE.

A cornet of hussars, who was not the most polished in his manners, having joined his regiment, was asked by his colonel what his father was? He replied a farmer.—"Pity your father did not make you follow his trade," Upon which the cornet asked, "Pray, sir, what is your father?"—"A gentleman, sir."—"Pity he did not make you one," replied the cornet.

EPIGY WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

The beaux are jogging on the pictured floor,
The belles responsive trip with lightsome beels;
While I, deserted, the cold pang's deplore,
Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.
When first I entered glad, with glad mamma,
The girls were ranged and clustered round us
then;
Few beaux were there, those few with scorn I saw,
Unknown dandies that could come at ten.
My banyan heart beat high with promised pleasure,
My dancing garland, moved with airy grace;
Quick beat my active toe to Gow's gay measure,
And undismembered triumph wreathed my face.
Fancy prospective took a proud survey
Of all the coming glories of the night;
Even where I stood my legs began to play—
So racers paw the turf o'er jockeys' smite.
And "who shall be my partner first?" I said,
As my thoughts glided o'er the coming beaux;
"Not Tom, nor Ned, nor Jack,"—I tossed my head,
Nice grew my taste, and high my scorn arose.
"If Dicky asks me, I shall spit and sprain;
When Sam approaches, headache I will mention;
I'll freeze the colonel's heart with cold disdain."
Thus cruelly ran on my glib invention,
While yet my fancy revelled in her dreams,
The sets are forming, and the fiddles scraping;
Gow's wakening chord a stirring prelude screams,
The beaux are quivering, and the mince crying.

Beau after beau approaches, down
Quick to the dangler's arm spring
telle;

Pair after pair augments the spark
And full upon my ear "Tut tut

I flirt my fan in time with the man
My eye pursues the dancery's man
Cross hands! Balancez! down a
middle!

To join the revel how my heart
One miss sits down all glowing red
Another rises, and another yet;
Beaux upon belles, and belles on
The tune unending, ever full the

At last a pause there comes—to G
The hurrying lackey hands the e
The misses sip the ices where they
And gather vigour to renew the

I round the room dispense a waite
Wish Ned, or Dick, or Iwan, t
honour;

I hear Sam whisper to Miss B. "
And launch a withering scowl

Sir Billy capers up to Lady D;
In vain I cough as gay Sir Bill
The Major asks my sister—salut,

"Well, after this—the men

In vain! in vain! again the dance
With lazy eye I watch the boys
Far on the pillowed sofa sad and
Languid the attitude—but sharp

"La! ma'am, how hot!"—"You
I see;"

"What a long dance!"—"And
to town?"

Such casual whispers are addressed
But not one hint to lead the net

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the
And now the seventh—and yet
once!

When supper comes, must I desc
Down, down down down down

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

lets me to the room for munching, | the original dialogue,
I brost the crumb, and wing of | coming along the gad
By, and hard nuts am crunching,
of tride down my gullet,
me to a glass of cherry;
the salver of chalopaigne;
I are towing brimmed merry,
I comfort my disdain.

len! and ye tasteless creatures!
I how I scorn you all!—
with pale cheese-pairing sea-

holog, red-faced boobies tall.
of the bean and the attorney!
gol-boys for a whicker shav-

place of fury burn ye!
ad fools!—but hah!—I'm

STAMMERING.

numbered a great deal, being
wing several bets which he
ould have replied in time,
and pounds to a hun-
dred by said done; but
ring happening to seize
the word done before his
On this Colonel Thorn-
ng jog, observed, "If
lain speaking man, you
' this time.

MISTAKES.

once made by Mrs.
entre, in the part of
ine Marriage;" when
ity, who had locked
v, and walked away
." She has looked
ver in her pocket
dieberg, had pre-
by substituting for

THE ADVANTAGE
Some say toppers should be
That a drunken man's a st
For if 'tis true that he al
He's twice his neighbour's
But an argument soonest
When you take the pleasure
And if our lives by this sh
He's twice his neighbour's p
Then all get drunk if you w
To shun pleasure that course y
Drink away, you'll be nobly
hour.

Why 'twill make you no hal
Suppose, while you're racking
You've not cash enough to pay
Why what's to do I get drunk ye
'Twill make ten and sixpence
Then if to do good you receive
How charming to think that, fo
Of conferring two you'll have the
And can any man shew me a sweet
Then all

Since friendship's so rare and so b
To the fire of life that so kindly ad
With wine make your clay so mol
Instead of one friend why you'll me
ple:

Then when you come with the drink
How sweet of two wives to hear the
But that would be covetous out of sen
For one wife at a time is enough in al
Then all get

Thus, were the world drunk, 'twould d
pleasure,
The drunken miser would double his tr

UNLUCKY HINTS.

HEALTH.

E PLAY-BILL.

re to announce to the
paration, and intended
Thomas (if it be possible)
splendid profusion of

THE FARCE OF PHYSIC.

THE FARCE OF PHYSIC.

When Dr. —, some years since, went to practise at Bath, a gentleman asked Dr. Delacour, what could bring a practitioner from the metropolis to open a shop in the country. "The reason," replied he, "is obvious enough, sir; when a doctor breaks down on the London turf, he retires to cover at Bath for a guinea and a shilling."—"Why, my dear doctor, this makes physic a mere farce."—"True," rejoined he, "a direct farce, for it is generally the last act before the curtain drops."

THE BAKER'S FUNERAL.

The death of Mr. Holland of Drury-lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendship for him: being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased one of the bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford-coffee-house; when Harry Woodward coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him shored into the family oven."

THE DECANter.

O thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and single ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence;
'Tis thou that first the bard divine,
Sacred to *Phœbus*, and the nine,
That mirth and soft delight can'st move,
Sacred to *Venus*, and to love
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Confined in a certain street, the north-end of the city, up three pair of stairs backwards, by the cruelty of a most unnatural mother, and the indolence of a father, who doth not want for sense, but spirit to wear the breeches, a young girl, turned of one-and-twenty, not very tall, but thought to be too much so by her mother, who still keeps her in flat-heeled shoes. The young lady cannot boast of as much beauty as her mamma, but she has the advantage of her in an easy temper, and would be *glad* if she would let her. She would be much obliged to any gentleman who could take pity on

her sufferings, and relieve her by mending the distresses, bolts, and bars, she is in. N. B. She is quite easy as to fortune, as well contented with a partner of an annuum, as with a larger sum.

VILGAR NATURES.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pity;
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with vulgar nature;
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

FIGHTING AND PAINTING.

When Hayman was painting the British heroes for the Rotunda at Marquis of Granby paid him a visit in St. Martin's-lane, and told him at request of his friend Tyers, the people's hall Gardens, to sit for his portrait. 'Frank,' said the Marquis, "before I insist on having a set-to with you, not understanding him, and apprehensive at the oddity of the declaration, he exclaimed: "I have been told of the best boxers of the school of England, but, since I have been in Germany, little out of practice, therefore I will try a trial of strength and skill." Hayman, in age and goot as insuperable obstacle, in position the marquis replied that little difference between them; to exercise was a specific remedy, and a few rounds would cause a glow of animation to the canvas. At last, and after the exertion of much strength on both sides, Hayman gave the blow on the stomach, when they both fell mending none, which brought up Mrs. Hayman, who found them resting on the carpet, like two bears.

H. AND GARRICK.

Second went to see Garrick
 the only part of the play
 interested the king, was the
 adon; and when Garrick was
 party from the theatre, anxious
 opinion of his own performance,
 he received from the sovereign
 upon the Lord-Mayor. "I
 your," said the king, "capital
 Lord-Mayor dat, Mr. Garrick,
 capital Lord-Mayor."

SOCIETY.

ed what was the difference be-
 and a woman of gallantry, an-
 that there is between a sharp-

LAUTIFUL MAID.

an angel all confess:
 agree her;
 devil is prov'd by this,
 all men that see her,
 ten our hearts we find
 as all we can,
 and hell are both combin'd
 or mortal man.

THE GOSPEL.

an inland county once con-
 with the following words:—
 Friday is my tythe-day, and
 tythes on that day, which are
 awarded with a good dinner;
 t, may depend, that on Satur-
 on a lawyer's letter."

HIS PELOWS.

In a Court of Assize.
 and felonies smart,
 ion for stealing a heart!
 while and cry, "Laws I defy

can be summon'd to try you!
 edtry defence will secure ye:
 Juries will just make a jury.]

HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

Barrister. Call John Tomkins.

Witness. Here—(is sworn).

B. Look this way—What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray, John Tom-
 kins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapside—

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tom-
 kins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

B. Oh, ah! Monday, the 26th of June—And
 pray, now, how came you to know that it was
 Monday, the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—
 here is the middle of November, and you pretend
 to remember your walking along Cheapside in the
 end of June.

W. Yes, sir, I remember it as if it was but
 yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remem-
 ber it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife.

B. Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of
 the jury, please to attend to this—So, John Tom-
 kins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch
 a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this
 way, sir—what could you possibly want with a
 midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's
 wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have
 no wife of your own?

W. No, sir.

B. Recollect yourself, you say you have no
 wife of your own?

W. No, sir; I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not
 ask you if you ever had a wife; I ask you if you
 have now a wife? and you say no.

W. Yes, sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, sir! and no, sir! and you say truth

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

W. soon find that out. And was there no-
to fetch a midwife but you?

B. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—
What! did he want a midwife too? (a loud

W. He lay ill of a fever; and so I went to
him.

B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fel-
low in your way. But pray, now, after you had
called the midwife, where did you go?

W. I went to call upon a friend—
B. Hold, what time in the day was this?

W. About seven o'clock in the evening.
B. It was quite day-light, was it not?

W. Yes, sir; it was a fine summer evening.
B. What! is it always day-light in a summer

evening?

W. I believe so—(smiling).
B. No laughing, sir, if you please; this is too
serious a matter for levity. What did you do when

W. He asked me to take a walk; and when we
were walking, we heard a great noise—
B. And where was this?

W. In the street.
B. Pray attend, sir,—I don't ask you whether
it was in the street—I ask you what street?

W. I don't know the name of the street, but it
turned down from—
B. Now, sir, upon your oath—do you say you

don't know the name of the street?

W. No, I don't.
B. Did you never hear it?

W. I may have heard it, but I can't say I
remember it?
B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I
may have heard it, and forgot it.
B. Well, sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way

to make you remember it.
W. I don't know, sir; I would tell it if I
knew it.

B. To be sure you would; you are re-
solute. Well, you heard a

W. Yes; we went to the house where it came
from.

B. So! it came from a house; and pray
kind of a house?

W. The Cock and Bottle, a public house.
B. The Cock and Bottle! why I never heard
of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do

with a bottle?
W. I can't tell, that is the sign.
B. Well, and what passed then?

W. We went in to see what was the
and the prisoner there—
B. Where?

W. Him at the bar, there, I know
well.
B. You know him? how came you

W. We worked journey-work together
and I remember him very well.
B. So! your memory returns, you

the name of the street, but you know the
the public-house, and you know the pri-
soner. You are a very pretty fellow—
what was the prisoner doing?

W. When I saw him, he was—
B. When you saw him! did I
he was doing when you did not see him?

W. I understood he had been fight-
ing.
B. Give us none of your under-
standing.

W. He was drinking some Holland
B. Are you sure it was Holland?
W. Yes; he asked me to drink

it just put it to my lips.
B. No, don't you did, and I don't
take it upon oath—look at the

your oath, will you aver that it was
water?
W. Yes, it was.

B. What; was it not plain?
W. No; the landlord said it
B. Oh! now we shall come to

landlord said! Do you believe
landlord of the Cock and Bottle?

W. Was enough.
B. What are you of?
W. Instant.

W. In a future state I

passed after you drank the

W. Had been a fight, and a man

W. Oh! Robert, I hope you

W. And he shook his head.—

W. And what did you under-

W. Did you understand by his shak-

W. Can't you tell what a man

W. Is his head?

W. I don't ask you what he said

W. Say?

W. My words, now; but come

W. Did you see the dead man?

W. In the next room.

W. He to be dead?

W. Then a fight, as I said before—

W. You to repeat what you said

W. Seen a fight between him and

W. Is lordship don't hear you—

W. Voice?

W. Seen a fight between him and

W. Pray, sir, when did this fight

W. Exactly; it might be an hour

W. As quite dead.

W. Fight, if the fight had been a

W. Was not what I asked you.

W. ?

W. Was before we came in.

W. ?

W. ?

B. Well—and it was over—and you saw no-
thing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to at-
tend to this; he positively swears he saw nothing
of the fight. Pray, sir, how was it that you saw
nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the
house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any
fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you just now said, you heard a noise
—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noise—

B. Speak up, can't you? and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people crying and
lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well,
crying and lamenting—

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened;
and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have
thought him the most quiet of the wale—*(another*

laugh)—But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several
times without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W. No; but I was told that—

B. We don't ask you what you was told—What
did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us
what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reason why the
company blamed the deceased.

B. Oh! we have nothing to do with your rea-
son—or theirs either.

W. No, so, I don't say you have.

B. Now, sir, remember you are upon oath—
you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume
you now went for an undertaker?

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man
as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good, don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther—*(witness called, but is called again)*. Pray, sir, what did the prisoner break his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know—it was a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Ay, when it is full, I suppose.—You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. *(Aside)*.

ON THE SEAVE OF GEORGE II. ON THE TOP OF THE SPIKE OF BLOOMSBURY CHURCH.

When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch, his subjects all staid him the head of the church; but George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people, instead of the church made him head of the steeple.

PRETTS OF WEDLOCK.

He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never contented with what we have.

A man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she is upon them. He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.

Selden's Table Talk.

AVARICE.

Ten thousand pounds Avarus had before,
His father died, and left him twenty more.
All men, a roll and egg he could allow,
But eggs grow dear, a roll must dine him now.

MUSICAL POLITICAL.

Dr. Wiae, the musician, being requested to subscribe his name to a petition against the prorogation of Parliament in the reign of II., answered, "No, gentlemen, it is no business to meddle with state-affairs; but I will tune to it, if you please."

PENNANT'S TOUR THROUGH CHESTER.

Pennant had a singular antipathy to which, however, he could suppress till yielded to wiae, but when this was over, he went the wig next lion into the fire. The at Chester with no officer who wore a Pennant because he had—was over; another company, however, had placed himself Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief much patience, and many a wistful look started up, seized the wig, and turned burning coals. It was to flatter in a well as the officer, who ran to his own stairs ran Pennant, and the officer through all the streets of Chester; but from his superior knowledge of topography escaped. This was whimsically enough Pennant's tour through Chester.

PIETY AND PLEASURE.

Charles the Second had on the warm his mistresses beds this inscription: "Sleep and live for ever."

ON FOOTE'S DEATH.

Footo from his earthly stage, alas! he is
Death took him off, who took off all the

PATIENCE AND INFELICITY.

When Horne Tooke was called before his commissioners to give an account of the part of his income, having answered a question asked, one of the wise men said previously did not understand his answer. To Tooke, "as you have not half the word of another man, you ought at least to have patience."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ANCESTRY.

Overbury says, "that the man who
thing to boast of but his illustrious an-
like a potatoe—the only good belong-
under ground."

TRIP TO PARIS.

Realists, in a neat Calais job,
Lamself, Mr. Connor and Bob.
How sheepish Bob look'd at Kil-

[a Dandy;
s's quite alter'd—they've made him
now, whisker'd, great-coated, and
lame, exceedingly small in the waist;
yet of creatures, unknown yet to

immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
our music-stools soon must be
[round them!
the creatures may wish to look
Dandy" describe what I mean,
best of the genus I've seen:
sag man, fond of learning,

aris to study French dishes,
ik, how quick!—he already
els, and—what d'ye call that,
oes?—oh! *maitre d'hotel*—
dly, he knows them as well
e all his life he had cut,
Bobby has never touch'd

[rooks,
mes of French dishes and
itles of authors and books.
Bob's journal,
e is this Paris! but stay—
you, I'll just sketch a

some comrades I've got,
n, who know what is

After dreaming some hours of the land of
algae,
That Elysium of all that is friend and sh
Where for half they have don mops, and cl
ruin,

And the skaters in winter show off on a
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields;
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant ta
And the geese are all born with a liver complai
I rise—put on peckcloth—stiff, tight, no can be
For a lad who goes into the world, Dick, like a
Should have his neck tied up, you know, there
no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as some lads who go out of it.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots tha
"hold up

The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that
draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *dejeuner a la fourchette*
There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like
your ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves
about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles
One's pate of larks, just to tone up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidnies—imagine, Dick—done with
champagne!

Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or,
Chamberlain, which you know's the pet tippie of
Nap.
And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar.—
Your coffee comes next, by prescription, and
then, Dick, 's

The coffee's no'er-falling and glori-

(If hooks bad but such, my old Grecian, depend
on't, [con't,]

I'd swallow even W—lk—ds', for sake of the end
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips,
Just as if little *l-velvet* tipped over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and paid for—(how odd!
Till a man's used to paying, there's something
so queer in't,

The sun low well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the w—ld enough air'd for us, Nobs, to
appear in't,

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick,
the phyzers,

The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzers!
Here to idles along some odd figure of fun,
With a coat you might date anno domini 1;
A hat'd hat, worsted stock-ings, and—noble old
soul!

A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our Pr—ce, who nor reason nor
fun or ads,

Ind its without ev'n a court-martial on hundreds.
Here trips a *gizette*, with a foud, roguish eye,
(Rather call some things these *gizettes* by the by);
And there an old *de navelle*, almost as foud,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the
Fronde.

There goes a French dandy—ah, Dick, unlike
none else,

We've got about 'White's—the Mouseeers are but
runners,

Such hats?—a for mankies—I'd back Mrs. Draper
To cotton or wa—er-boards out of brown paper.
And rather low I wish, if it would n't distress
them!

There's a for old B—m—I, from Calais, to dress
The w—ricks, as from the neck such a space.
It's good swear 'twas the plan of the head—
A p—r—n—t—on.

To have more to read than a song little place
For me—d—r—p—into, in decapitation;
In—t—t—what with *abbatebraks*, counts, and
for—t—t—

some wauwers by trade, and the rest amateurs—

What with captains in new jockey
breeches,

Old dusties with swinging green
And shoe-blacks reclining by state
There never was seen such a
sptals.

WATER-GRUEL AND ROAST

Phillips and Smith, the sheriffs
1807-8, were men of very different
and habits. Phillips lived on
frank water, and Smith eat turtle
the best vintages, while in persons
fact contrasts. Phillips was a rosy
right. Smith was a dyspeptic, lean.
As they passed through the street
hear the following speculations from
as Smith went forward, "there goes

"what a poor looking dog"—
potatoes and cabbage." "Ha! ha!
gruel and he became one another
advanced, "Here comes roast-beef
neral cry, "My God! what a
water-gruel fellow looked as thou
eat and sp—d up again; but
ever."—"Ha! ha! ha! God bless
—no water-gruel for me."

THE PROGRESS OF WATER

In the blithe days of honey-moon

With Kate sallutements a little

I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon

And called her nearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat

And cross like other wives.

Oh! by my soul my honest Ma!

I think she has nine lives!

A MATCH FOR THE DEVIL

"Two gossiping women," said
"are a match for the devil," no
story will, in some degree, explain
the saying—

Old Nick, or, as he is vulgar
Devil, sometimes, it is said, and

...the parson was
 ...took his atten-
 ...dowagers, who, instead
 ...the minister, amused
 ...the scandal of the town, and such
 ...their own intimate friends.
 ...their own intimate friends.
 ...certained with their innocent re-
 ...roll of parchment out of his
 ...n to write down in short-hand
 ...ir conversation. Before, how-
 ...dore, his parchment was full
 ...villing to lose a word of what
 ...it with his mouth—still it was
 ...hort time he was as bad off as
 ...oiled by two old women, he
 ...out all to no purpose; at
 ...illing, the parchment snap-
 ...devilship's head against the
 ...veral places. St Martin, at
 ...at the altar, burst out
 ...in such a passion, and to
 ...to suppose that a roll, or
 ...t, would hold two wo-
 ...ch.
 STRESS.

...Court, who immediately wrote the
 ...and handed it back to Mr. S. with the fol-
 ...When the Clerk of the Rules draws a Frank up

...in Court,
 ...Though the distance be great, the direction is short;
 ...If a member be spies, whose pen is but scrawlish,
 ...He trusts will be legible somehow at Dawlish:
 ...So he works the poor member, his pen, and his
 ...inkhorn,
 ...To Melrose postage for one Billy Linkhorn.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

There is a strong propensity in man's nature, to
 ...resolve every strange thing, or, whether really
 ...strange or not, if it be but strange to us, into the su-
 ...pernatural, or into devilism or magic, and to say
 ...every thing is the devil, that we can give no ac-
 ...count of. Thus, the famous doctors of the faculty
 ...at Paris, when John Faustus brought the first
 ...printed books that had been then seen into the
 ...city, and told them for manuscripts, were surprised
 ...it: but he affirming they were manuscripts, and
 ...that he kept a great many clerks
 ...write them, they were satisfied.
 ...looking farther
 ...exactness

ventor of printing; and having printed the psalters, sold them at Paris, as manuscripts; because, as such, they yielded a better price. The learned doctors, not being able to understand how the work was performed, concluded it was all the devil, and that the man was a wizard; accordingly they took him up for a magician and a conjuror, and one that worked by the black art; that is to say, by the help of the devil; they threatened to hang him for a wizard, and commenced a process against him in their criminal courts, which made such a noise in the world, as raised the fame of poor John Faustus to a frightful height, till at last he was obliged, for fear of the gallows, to discover the whole secret to them.

THE HERALD.

I do remember a strange man—on Herald,
And herenabouts he dwells, whom late I noted,
In party-coloured coat, like a fool's jacket,
Or morris-dancer's dress. Musty his looks,
Like to a skin of ancient shrivelled parchment,
Or an old pair of leather-brogues twice turned,
And round the dusky room he did inhabit,
Who a waltoscoat seem'd as old as Noah's ark,
Were divers shapes of ugly ill-form'd monsters,
Hung up in bunches, like an old church aisle;
A blue-bone rampant, and a griffin gules,
A gaping tiger, and a cat-a-mountain,
What justice never form'd, nor madman thought;
"Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire,"
—And right before him lay a dusty pile
Of ancient legers, books of evidence,
Torn parish-registers, probates, and testaments,
From whence, with cunning art and sly contrivance,
He fairly culled divers pedigrees,
(Which sonke, full oft, the son heget the father,
And give to maiden ladies fruitful issues);
And next, by dint of transmutation strange,
Did coin his rusty vestment into gold.—
Anon, comes in a gaudy city youth,
Whose father, for oppression and vile conning,
Was roaring now as Harbo-luke the whale;

And after some few words of
Most gravely uttered by the
He takes in lieu of gold the
With arms emblazon'd and
And struts away a well-born
Observing this, I to myself d
An' if a man did need a coat
Here lives a castif that won

A NEW WORD.

The following scientific is
in an American newspaper:

"Light develops light."

St. Louis, (Missouri Territory)

April 10, A. D.

"To ALL THE WORLD.—I
be hollow, and habitable w
number of concentric spheres,
and that their poles are open
degrees. I pledge my life in
and am ready to explore the
will support and aid me in the

JOHN C.

Of Ohio, late C.

I ask one hundred brave
equipped, to start from Siberia
rein-deer and sledges, on the
I engage we find a warm cot
stocked with thrifty vegetables
men, on reaching about sixty
of latitude 82. We will return
spring.—J. C. S.

THE MELANCHOLY

The characteristic pensiveness
notorious, it is to be wondered
writers, who have expressly
should have mentioned it.

They may be reduced to
subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the
peculiar in his diet.

First, his sedentary habits.—
famous narrative of the frenzy

as to the occasion of
plies that it was "by
learned doctor seeming
which he had never
seems not to have been
with some warmth,
ut a noble art! that he
ty at it; and that the
not to know that there
even the brain and the

sitting for fourteen
the critic probably
was writing his "re-
that the tailor, in the
art, submits to daily
about the year, shall we
fected, and in a manner
indissoluble sympathy
ess noble parts of the
at? The unnatural and
ting must also greatly
such that I have some-
ailors at their boards to
sitting cross-legged to
own felicity. The legs
rise, or decussated, was
posture of malediction.
t at this day, are noted

to which purpose is a
n Burton, in his chapter
ness of melancholy."—
eaten (he says) I find
as, disallowed; but es-
with troublesome dreams,
re to the brain. Galen,
of all herbs condemns
lib. 2, cap. 1, *animi*
heaviness to the soul."
ing a testimony from an
theory of his own in-
ely contributed to the
s well known, that this

last-named vegetable has, from the earliest period
which we can discover, constituted almost the
sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

HOT AND COLD.

To his poor cell a satyr led
A traveller, with cold half dead,
And with great kindness treated;
A fire-nose high he made him straight,
Show'd him his elbow-chair of state,
And near the chimney seated.

His tingling hands the stranger blows,
At which the satyr wond'ring rose,
And bluntly asked the reason.
Sir, quoth the man, I mean no harm,
I only do't my hands to warm,
In this cold frosty season.

The satyr gave him from the pot
A mess of porridge piping hot;
The man blow'd o'er his gruel.
What's that for, friend? The satyr cry'd,
To cool my broth, his guest reply'd,
And truth, sir, is a jewel.

How, quoth the host, then is it so,
And can you contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my cottage.
This honest mansion ne'er shall hold
Such rascals as blow hot and cold,
The de'il must find you postage.

THE EXCISEMAN IN H——L.

An exciseman, born and bred in London, whose
name was John Grant, chanced to fall in love with
a young lady from Newcastle, whom he shortly
married. The only condition was, that the newly-
married couple should pass the honey-moon in
Newcastle, at the house of the bride's father,
which was readily acceded to. Accordingly, the
couple set out on their journey, and were well re-
ceived by their friends; who, in the true spirit of
hospitality, contrived to intoxicate the bridegroom.
Overpowered by the fumes of the wine, Johnny
fell into a profound sleep, in this state his new

friends, to complete the jest, let him down into a coal-pit. In a few hours Johnny awoke, and was immediately surrounded by the miners; one of a peculiarly rough appearance stepped forward to the trembling bridegroom, and asked him, in a gruff voice, "Who, and what are you? and how did you come hither?" Johnny, astonished at the infernal crew, concluded immediately that he was in hell, and very submissively taking up his hat replied, "how I came here I know not, but I suppose I died."—"Who, and what are you," repeated the miner. "When on earth," replied the bridegroom, "I was Johnny Gram, the excise-man, a righteous man, and a psalm-singer; but now I am in hell, I am any thing your devilship pleases."

TO A PERSON VERY TOND OF SINGING.

O! prithee cease thy ear annoying strain,
And bid, at least, thy friends of persecution;
Such notes were stolen from hell 'tis very plain:
Repent, and make the devil restitution.

HOW MUCH.

In 1824 an action was brought to recover a debt of 11*l.* 3*s.* The counsel, Mr. Sergeant Pell, first took the names of the parties *How* and *Much* in their ordinary form, and after drawing unfortunate "*How*" through all the changes and vicissitudes which it ever experienced, had "*yet*," as he himself observed, "a difficult task to perform," for "*How*" remained behind. He assured the Jury, that, slight as the case was, and brief as should be the proof, yet if they gave their verdict for the plaintiff, they would be for ever remembered as on that day having done "*much*" at all events. He then went on to speak of the names collectively, and rang the changes upon "*how much*," to no end. Mrs. *How* proved that she had gone to Mr. *Much* for the amount of the bill; that he told her to go to Mr. *Parry*, with whom he said he left the money, and when she refused to do so, he told her either to go to *Parry* or to go to hell. Counsel—I suppose you declined to go to *either*—Indeed I did.

A QUERY, ADDRESSED TO A 2 Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary in the world?

Because no man has more business and he always chooses good grounds to do. He commands his *thyme*, he is *mint*, and tingers penny *royals* he every year, and it is a bad year when not bring him a *plum*. He more bought than a minister of state; he *beds* (to the French king, and has *pointed* *ladies* and genuine *roses* and *lilies* to be found at a country-house; he his business more than his diversion, as gentlemen do; but makes it an health and fortune, which few others boast of more *rapes* than any take in it. His wife, notwithstanding, has come *home*, and heart's *ease*, and never would Distempers fatal to others never he walks the better for the *gravel*, and *in a consumption*. He can boast of *more hearts* than your *Indy* *ship*, and more the duke of Marlborough; but his great and the world's greatest envy, is, that *you* when he please.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN.

This *SNOWFIELD* raised, the sacred dust
Was *DRYDEN* once. The rest, who do

DR. GOODENOUGH.

On being told that the Bishop of Goodenough was appointed to preach in the House of Peers—

" 'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach
For sure enough they're *head and*
He undertakes to teach."

When the above prelate was made certain dignitary whom the public had to get the appointment, being asked how he came not to be the new Bishop because I was not Good-enough!

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

Through the day, "the great, the important, the fate" of three hack steeds, and the goodly personages, burst through my heart. I had coaxed myself to sleep last night, with the Possibility that it was possible that it might rain, seeing that all things are subject to change—that the hat now been baked for upwards of six feet I was disappointed. Phoebus was in better than ever, and the little girls were waving my head with the most heart-rending fervour. Nevertheless, I was a philosopher, and I stood by my promise with magnanimity. I broke my fast with a glass of camomile tea gave me vigour to dispose of a bowl of fries and cream, and to tilt at the most aced jokes of the party.

Breakfast was scarcely over, when we were led to the window by a strange outlandish semblance the gambols of sweeps on May—the more musical clink of marrow-bones ivers. I had scarcely time to exclaim "the deuce is that?" when I beheld three approaching the house, at the instigation of animals which I should, without doubt, fear for crocodiles, had I not been assured by Captain that they were very excellent. All our souls and bodies were in instant motion. The ladies donned their bonnets and their parasols; while the gentlemen set to the stowing of the cargo. "Ham-baskets, and bundles," passed to and fro with rapidity that was truly fearful, and threatened to flatten some of the handsomest noses of the party. I am well assured that I was considered a helpless sort of a person; for, in truth, I was occupied in getting out of the way of contributing my exertions for the general amusement, likewise, that my skill in the art of running but lightly esteemed; for when I was asked to give a shower-bath with us, the proposition was absolutely considered as a joke.

At last there was a general cry for passengers. The captain mounted the dicky of the best equipage, and was soon accommodated with five of the lightest insides. His friend, the cornet, made ready with equal alacrity; and, to my dismay, I was informed that I, even I, was to be the chariot-steerer of the third. At the same time (I confess it was with gratitude), I received a confidential communication that it would not be incumbent on me to show any uncommon degree of *Olympic spirit*, as I had been appointed *conducteur* to the married ladies and the crockery-ware. And what to do with them? O ye Gods! my blood curdled at the sight. I could have picked a better horse out of the maws of the ravens. Such a ewe-necked, ram-boned, rat-tailed, broken-kneed, maulendered, maulendered, spavined, and string-baited skeleton, never entered the precincts of a dog-kennel. The owner, however, assured me, upon the honour of a gentleman, that it could see very tolerably with one eye, and had the best wind of any horse in the country.

I had applied four or five thwacks with the whip, and had begun to expect that my quadruped would shortly agree to follow his companions, who were now almost out of sight, when the operation was suspended by a shout in the distance, and the appearance of a corpulent gentleman in leather breeches and boots, with a bundle at his back.—"Oh, here's Mr. D.!" cried the ladies all at once. "I knew he would come," said one. "How kind!" cried another. "How he runs!" exclaimed a third—and I must in justice declare, that, for a gentleman whose legs diverged like a pair of compasses, and who lacked some of the wind for which my horse was so celebrated, he wagged along with very praiseworthy rapidity—"How d'ye do, Mr. D.?" cried all at once—Mr. D. wiped his red face and powdered head, and panted sorely—"Servant, Ladies—pooff—oh dear! pooff—how hot it is—only just got your note—pooff—came off at a moment's warning—pooff—ran like a lamp-lighter—Dear me, dear me—brought my share of the pic-nic though—round of beef—fat as I am—

"I melted, I'm afraid, and—beg pardon, young gentleman—permit me to put it between your legs."

"Ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?" The soaking bundle was placed under my nose, and Mr. D. ascended the after part of the car. The shafts rose, and the belly-band tightened, and I was very near leaping from my situation, under the idea that Mr. D. and the horse intended playing at see-saw, or rather that the latter was to be hoisted over my head, and seated in the laps of the ladies. The event, however, not occurring, I resumed the application of the whip, and had the satisfaction of seeing my animal set up his back and grind away beyond my hopes.

Oh, how I wish my limits would permit me to dilate upon the dust and the heat; the stoppages and the walk ups and downs; the jokes of Mr. D. and the applauses of the ladies. For be it known that Mr. D. was something of a wit, and very much of a rhymer, and altogether a very desirable companion—when there was room for him. One thing I must not omit to state, which is, that no person whatever should judge of a horse by appearance, or mistrust his abilities before he has given him a fair trial. We overtook the car which preceded us, and had it not been for the screams of the married ladies, and the clattering of the dishes, I could truly have sworn we could have beaten it. Mr. D. thought so too, for which I honour him. We now arrived within sight of our destination, and I found my spirit not a little exhilarated by the prospect of being once more upon my legs. Perhaps this happy state of mind may have been in our measure owing to the consciousness of having saved myself a worthy candidate for gymnastic exercises; but it was more likely to arise from a recollection of my dark-eyed maid, who beckoned to approach her tent, and wanted me that, since we evidently the most accomplished kangaroo, she determined to place herself under my protection for the rest of the expedition. With such a prospect, I leaped to the ground as lightly as if I never had not once been shaken out of their

sockets. The dust flew as if it had preceded the jolt of a gigantic pepper-box; but I got not—I gave but one sneeze, and helped out. The captain took care of the back without dispute, must have been really the horses of the sun, as they must, many have sunk beneath his beams; the rest of the unloading of the baggage; and I did to play the agreeable to thirteen pretty Mr. D. was dusting himself amongst the caps; and another young gentleman, who not mentioned, was too much enthralled by individual enchantress to be worth the rest. It would be an uncourtly confidence were I to relate all the good that were said to me. Let it suffice, interest to procure, by general consent, a commission from the labour of the day, at the fairest price in the world, with which to make myself as happy as I could.—"I said my dark-eyed maid, "are you and you come with us?" "I have no more replied, "I would come every day of I lived to the age of Methuselah."

Of course, eating and drinking pleasures were the first amusements which occur to earthly minds; if such of our guests happen to be favourites with the ladies, very especial ones—I mean, in short, I know, I mean a delicate allusion to my stood upon the summit of a hill, overlooking the valley for an appropriate scene of huge cliffs on the opposite side, extending delicious shadows over the green low wood, and the blue streamlet looked like a sprays of Lapland. "Delightful," Mr. D. who had just risen from the ground of green buckskins, "let us carry provisions without more ado. The two shall bring the two hampers, the clergy the basket, and I my own beef." We flourished the saturated bundle, and put it at the declivity.—Alas, and alas! the steep and the grass was slippery! Poor

and his bundle at the same instant—The
ly set up a shout, and down he rolled—
w a man turn over at such a rate in my
am quite convinced that he would have
he best roller at Greenwich fair. The
nspired with a noble emulation, and con-
race most magnanimously. Bets ran
the odds varied from two to one on the
e to four on the beef. The wager, how-
not doomed to be decided; for Mr. D. in
his arms round about for some kind
top his career, unhappily seized upon
itor, and they both plunged into the
er; which the captain pronounced to
eat. At first there was some alarm for
nences of this surprising feat; but on
erging, like a river god, from the bed
m, and waving his hat, which had gone
ter him, our breasts beat more freely,
ouths commenced the removal of the
ething cautioned in their motions by
example which had just been exhibited.
de the best of his way to a farm-house—
a churning the water in his boots at the
a hundred yards.

ed our head-quarters in a small green
ch was nearly insulated by the brook, a
weeping birch and feathering ash trem-
our heads, and beneath our feet smiled
t cowslips that ever welcomed the hap-
penes of happiness. I never before saw
o like what he ought to be, or woman
angel. While the gentlemen who did
to be favourites with the ladies, (mean-
ld before, all but myself and the luck-
), were emancipating whole hecatombs
-door population, with certain quarrel-
les of champagne, which had been
to break each other's heads almost from
acement of the journey, I made myself
spreading cloaks and coats for our more
ompanions to recline upon. Never was
aintly adorned. I sat upon the same

cloak with the dark eyes, and could have spouted
extemporaneous poetry till

“Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers
Had hid their diminish'd heads, and look'd aghast.”

I was getting from pensive to sad, and from sad
to sorrow, with a rapidity which would very soon
have affected the fountains of mine eyes, when I
was aroused by a peal of light laughter, to which
the sonorous “ho, ho, ho!” of Mr. D. bent time
like the drum in a band of music. He made
his appearance in a smock-frock, worsted stock-
ings, and hob-nails, and challenged to roll down
again with any gentleman or lady of the party,
and give them half-way. The gauntlet not being
taken up, (though I am not sure but I saw a pair
of little black eyes very much inclined to sparkle
with defiance), he wheeled round, and made a
dead point at a magnificent venison-pasty, which
rose up from the midst of the subordinate build-
ing, like the tower of Babel. Turret after turret
disappeared, the turkeys were mutilated, the pies
evaporated, and the champagne banded like a
battery upon the scene of slaughter. “Another
slice,” quoth Mr. D. “with a little of the jelly,
and some of the under-crust—thank’ee ladies, your
health—ho, ho, ho! what a roll it was! I’ll be
bound I made the turf as smooth as a bowling-
green, and flattened every stone in my course.
Happy to take a glass with you, sir—I mean the
gentleman in the blue cravat.—So—so—that beats
arquebusade and opodeldoc too—cured all my
bruises in a crack—I never drank any other em-
brocation than champagne.—Another slice, please,
with a little more of the jelly, *sicut antea*, as the
doctors say. Hark’ee,” continued he, flinging his
arm round my neck, and whispering while he was
yet masticating two square inches of venison, which
made some of the party believe he was devouring
my ear, “how do you think I got this doublet
and hose? I knew my leathers would only be fit
for spindles after this sousing, and so I made a
swap with the farmer—ho, ho, ho! I’ll sell you
my smock at half-price.”

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

It was now time to harness the harks, and was a high mettled skeleton, that we should
 representation was in performance, I could plainly see, I believe it
 through the slivers of iron descending in terms of good-will that my calculations were
 deceptions to my skill as a whip. But I was first heard a crash, then a general
 ally set down for rays, for I had almost been the word of command to halt, and after
 with the worst horse and the heaviest load (to justify "ho, ho, ho" of Mr. D. which
 nothing of Mr. D. as superfluous, and I was satisfactory intelligence that my course
 be certain, now that the prizes were eaten, and to a downfall, and that none of the
 above gentlemen exchanged for my beauty, I perceived had by injury. Now we
 could win the race home with ease. I started, a my triumph; but I was my I am
 before, the list of the free, bushbanding the powers I was beginning an administrative charge
 my creature with handsome jockeyship. The told you how it would be," when the
 light became very dark, and we were only aware of distress actually deprived in of
 our relative distances by the rattle of our wheels, speech. The while stood still lay
 and the metallic cracking of our whips. My the ground, while the captain of
 opponents were evidently gaining ground upon peers for his liberal outlay—the
 me, and my passengers were beginning to glow snapped off like sticks of an
 clamorous under the idea that we should lag to whole machinery, as pointed to
 far behind, and so he robbed and murdered. I stuck like short of a push, as
 believe I have hinted, a various place, that I am not however, cried the doctor
 endowed with a certain portion of that greatest of last," replied Mr. D., "it is
 all ear his grays called philosophy, and it was comfortable as they I was ever
 this watch rushed me to call to the chambers in which right to open my eyes
 my favour, with a perfect indifference to the of danger, except a
 to the term to, new, or persons who were less which hung a horrible, and
 gifted. In the last place, it was granted on all took advantage of the absence
 sides that we were going down hill; and, in the My heart melted within me,
 next, it was not to be denied that every one of the the opposition carrier, that if
 quadrupeds, from the testimony of his knees, was vanquished champion and the
 woefully addicted to stretching. Now I had al- D., I would endeavour to pe
 ways considered it as an axiom, that a horse was accommodate the five for to a
 more apt to stumble down hill than up hill, and point was thankfully agreed
 that an over-assertion of all no sort of conscience the wick were removed
 what it. Consequently it was inevitable on me more the back turned into
 to use all proper precautions, and ring to it I had sent I myself, and I finished
 a hundred, and I did not rest a moment for, besides journey was eleven ladies,
 a serious person, who did quite furnish me to dent.
 ment of. The caution which I had adopted was When Elizabeth first to
 equally necessary for my competitors; and since He the woman attack'd,
 they were carried with too much courage to follow
 it, the chances were about fifty to one, that one of
 them would measure his length on the ground.
 The other must be put up to a war his com-
 mander, and to this dilemma I had settled it with my

THE END

Dialogue 1.

Try.

Безопасность

STAMP 123

Евгений.

Взрывайте.

Act 1

Her key.

All.

Her die.

Scapellato,

Ann.

High tones,

All a quiz!

"I hate you."

A grand home!

1. *1944-1945*
 2. *1946-1947*

As a March hare,
The hare.

to driver.
Hudon

**Undone,
He said**

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A huge

Fact!

Parent essay.

Explain.

Gallery

Agreed—Harris

Nec prior ipsa loqui potuit.

Eccom1/

Of gall.

Apr!

Agree!

Answer:

And whence before, so wolfish grown and ravenous:	ECHO.	Venus.
Wretches, as changeful as the changing ocean!		O chiana?
<i>Aucun, qui les amant, les ont frappé le cou—</i>		<i>Itakana,</i>
<i>Ma sotte car c'en est toujours allé</i>		Ali agree.
<i>Tu t'es vengé avec un miroir</i> 'Tant de Sagesse;		Cyrus.
<i>Alors il n'a ni mûlur in n'y conseil:</i>		Wily?
<i>Cumque illo miles Batavi conjurat ambo</i>		Rot'em, I
Woe would his Best Best in our empire land?		Island.
<i>Αλλ' οὐδ' ἔστιν ἔτι καὶ νεβελὸν δὴν κῆρ</i>		En Beome.
<i>Quinam illum à Scitis mihi exilus, auspice Moirâ?</i>		Maga.
<i>Spem forsitan nūtam, Moira ubi jam ducit, habet!</i>		Deuce a bit
<i>Εἰς Ἀγγλίας, δ' ἔτι καὶ ἰσὺς τοῦ τοῦ,</i>		To die.
How best shall we 'scape this invasion's alarm?		Ali nam.
Then, Englishmen, rush to the field, 'tis your duty:		Amos.
Be no longer the dupes of an Amiens truce.		Kare?
<i>(Il y a des, u c'est la tu d' m s'gno: m' d' m' a' r' e;</i>		Quia?)
<i>Purem ego contundam, qui te rapere audet, agelle.</i>		To a jelly.
<i>Angliaque externos facile opprimit ipsa latrones.</i>		At her one
And dost thou wish the throne restored by Moreau?		Oro
Then from his height falls dread Napoleon:		Apollyon!
<i>(Sed licet hunc Angli vocat, hunc Hebraei Abaddon!</i>		A bad one.
And then the world, now sacred, will laugh at him:		Affatus.
<i>Il reste donc à souhaiter, que la France lui desoient.</i>		So be it!

THE CHESTER SHOWMAN AND MUNGO.

A puppet showman, having engaged a black (native of Africa) who was a performer on the instrument called the jumba, made from an Indian nut-shell, also danced to his own music, and sung (in tolerable English) his own songs, his simplicity and pleasantry drew his employer great audiences, and poor Mungo believed his master was possessed of some supernatural agency, by nightly beholding with astonishment his wonderful feats of deception and legerdemain. On the 5th of November, 1771, the showman, or doctor, was exhibiting in a large lodge room at Chester. After various feats that tended to elevate and surprise, by cutting off locks, heads, swallowing knives and forks, eating fire, disgorging ribbons and needles, tricks of cups and balls, cards, &c. to the astonishment of Blackey, and admiration of the company, a most shocking occurrence happened. In a cellar under the lodge room, which was

an out-building, several barrels were deposited for exportation to boys in the street, throwing about serpents, squibs, &c. one of which in the cellar, and unfortunately some powder, some of which had been crevices of the barrels, and caused explosion, in the critical scene when he is in the act of running away with wife Joan." The majority of the killed, including the showman, were lacerated and wounded, were at distance. Poor Mungo was found in the burning field, scorched and agonised, but not doing any harm. On taking it for granted the affecting event had happened as part of the performance, "Oh dam my master, he is a hurry! My master dam clever fellow like dis trick; we give him warning

WANTS PUBLICITY.

ten having died suddenly, the
er told his readers he was author
tracts which he had privately
Me.

EDINBURGH LOUNGER.

ing about half-past nine,
coffee I consumed *pour quatre*,
its enriched with marmalade fine,
in of butter dished in water,
platefuls of superb cold chine
needed to make thin folks fatter);
my ballast stow'd on board,
kill a day's time like a lord.

to pay the whole forenoon,
des though my life were on it;
a jotting of a tone,
ymes to G—s for a sonnet;
bass' shop with Miss Balloon,
r ipia dixit on a bonnet;
my mouth with ices, tarts, and

and soda, at Montgomery's.
street I once or twice paraded,
on these same eternal faces;
beaux and bearded belles, those

bs, cartouts, pellmies, laces;
clerks, astride on hackneys jaded,
capering with notorial graces;
ghosts who indulge vain whimsies,
pass in Bond-street or St. James's.

and pedestrian vanish
ring in his lonely shop,
gregarious, and more clannish,
stern' for a mutton-chop;
for once my cares to banish,
Zephyrus of thought a sop,

Sam's, and Dick's, and Tom's
and in Billy Young's we went.

I am not nice, I care not what I dine on
A sheep's-head, or beef-steak, shall I wish;
Old Homer! how he loved the *epidion ome*!
It is the glass that glorifies the dish.
The thing that I have always set my mind on
(A small foundation laid of fowl, flesh, fish)
Is out of bottle, plicher, or punch-bowl
To suck reviving salace to my soul.

Life's a dull dusty desert, waste and drear,
With now and then an oasis between,
Where palm-trees rise, and fountains gushing clear
Burst 'neath the shelter of that leafy screen;
Haste not your pacting steps, when such appear,
Repose, ye weary travellers, on the green,
Horace and Milton, Dante, Burns, and Schiller,
Dined at a tavern—when they had "the siller."

And ne'er did poet, epical or tragical,
At Florence, London, Welmar, Rome, Mayhole,
See time's dark-lantern glow with hues more
magical

Than I have witnessed in the Coffin-hole,
Praise of antiquity a ham and fudge I call,
Ne'er past the present let my wishes roll;
A fig for all comparing, croaking grumblers,
Hear me, dear dimpling Billy, being the tumbler.

Let blank verse hero, or Spenserian rhymers,
Treat Donna Musa with chateau-margout,
Chateau-la Bille, Johannisherg, Hschelmer,
In tall outlandish glasses green and blue,
Thanks to my stars, myself, a doggeed chimera,
Have nothing with such costly tastes to do;
My muse is always kindest when I court her
O'er whi-ky-punch, gin-twist, strong beer, and
porter.

And O my pipè, though in these Dandy days
Few love thee, fewer still their love confess,
Ne'er let me blush to celebrate thy praise,
Divine invention of the age of Bess!
I for a moment interrupt my lays
The tiny tube with loving lips to press,
I'll then come back with a reviving zest,
And give thee three more stanzas of my best.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.

At York assizes, a barrister met a tinker, and jocosely clapping his hand on the fellow's shoulder, asked him what news for such? "A great deal," replied the tinker; "a war has just fallen down."—"Well," returned the counsellor, "it is to be built up again, I suppose."—"I don't know," says the other; "there's a great dispute about it between the pope and the devil."—"And how," cried the long-robed gentleman, "do you think the matter will go?"—"I don't know," answered the tinker; "the pope has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

HAND AND FOOT.

An Irish officer having hurt his foot, applied for cure to the late Mr. Kelly, the surgeon. Kelly, and he having quarrelled, he quitted him before the cure was completed, and put himself under the management of another surgeon. Notwithstanding this, Kelly brought him a bill of thirty pounds, which the hero objecting to, the cause was tried in Westminster Hall, where the counsel employed for the defendant beginning an harangue which the captain thought irrelevant to the cause, the captain interrupted him with—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I will state the real fact in one minute. The real cure was this; I hurt my foot, and applied to Mr. Kelly to cure it, but during five weeks curing, it grew worse every day, and as I at last found he wanted to make a hand of my foot, I left him, and took it to another surgeon."

EPITAPH ON A TAYLOR.

Here lies poor Snip, who when he first began,
Made fair to be the ninth part of a man;
In earth he lies, remov'd from all abuse,
Who, while alive, oft prov'd himself a goose;
But, as a goose to live must surely eat,
He dealt in cabbage—a most glorious treat.
To cut and clip, and stich, he knew full well,
His work was done, and now he's gone to hell.

ODE ON THE SUN.

A young gentleman, at the time of the late George, known to have a great deal of wit, was one day seized with the sun-bands, and a dicer (not a dancer) wrote an ode on the weather, which was immediately taken up as an imagination peculiarly glowing ode as follows:—

"The sun's perpendicular heat

Had illumined the depth of night

This done, he scratched his head, and thought, but in vain. The heat sometimes inspire with genius, as with sleep. With our poet they had no effect, for in a few seconds he sunk less in his chair. A fellow collegian, peeped at this inauspicious moment, saw his situation, and seeing of the new-born ode lying on the table, he took the pen and wickered the stanza as follows:

"The sun's perpendicular heat

Had illumined the depth of night

And the fishes beginning to swim

Cried, d—n it, how hot we sit!

THE THREE CRUISES.

Dean Swift, in his journeys on foot, was sometimes obliged to stop for refreshment at little ale-houses by the roadside, between Dunchurch and Daventry, guided by the sign of the three cruises to the three intersecting ways, was the site of the house. At this, the dean had breakfast; but the landlady, with accommodating her mother and some waggoners, and staying to see the election which unexpectedly arose, kept quite inattentive to his repeated calls. He took from his pocket a stone, and threw it at every pane of glass in the room.

To the Landlord

There hang three cruises at thy door,
Hang up thy wife, and she'll be more.

OF MODERN YOUNG MEN.
talking, swearing, drinking,
shooting, never thinking;
nonsense all day long,
half an opera-song;
baubles, rings, and jewels;
eves, fighting duels,
words in conversation,
all the nation.
Their own pretty faces,
eared of all the graces;
gh no bigger than a rat,
under each girl's hat.

GENTLE GIANTESS.

cket, of Oxford, says a modern
est female I ever had the pleasure
ere may be her parallel upon the
I never saw it. I take her to be
d from the maid's aunt of Brain-
Master Ford such uneasiness. She
solders; and, as she stoopeth in her
offences to answer for in her
as any of Eve's daughters, her
enough to bear the blame of all
hat have been committed since
eth her waist—or what she is
as such—nearly up to her shoul-
th which, that huge dorsal ex-
luous declivity, emergeth. Re-
e preventeth the idle boys, who
in shoals, whenever she cometh
ting up and riding. But her
y commands a reverence. She
: Americans would express it.

Her person is a burthen to her-
to the ground which bears her
se, she hath a proguitude withal,
lepth of winter to her the most.

Her distress in the warmer sol-
During the month of July and
y renteth a cool cellar, where
hereinto she descendeth when
e dates from a hot Thursday—

some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in
summer is pervious to the four winds. Two
doors, in north and south direction, and two win-
dows, fronting the rising and the setting sun, never
closed, from every cardinal point, catch the con-
tributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she
calls a quadruple draught. That must be a
shrewd xephyr, that can escape her. I owe a
painful face-ach, which oppresses me at this mo-
ment, to a cold caught sitting by her, one day in
last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan in
ordinary resembleth a banner spread, which she
keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least
breeze. She possesseth no active and gadding
mind, totally incommensurate with her person.
No one delighteth more than herself in country
exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an
agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park
at Woodstock. She performs her part in these
delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a
portable garden-chair. She setteth out with you
at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till
you are both well breathed, and then she cryoeth
for a few seconds. Then she is up again, for a
hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her move-
ments, on these sprightly occasions, being some-
thing between walking and flying. Her great
weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-
fashion. In this kind of relieved marching, I
have traversed with her many scores of acres on
those well-wooded and well-watered domains.
Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and
gardens, where, when the weather is not too op-
pressive, she passeth much of her valuable time.
There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated
between the frontiers of that and *****'s college
—some litigation latterly, about repairs, has
vested the property of it wholly in *****—
where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be
found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in
fact, pressing and breaking it down with her
enormous settlement; as both those Foundations,
who, however, are good-natured enough to wink
at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here

she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but gracefully accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident fellow (is usually there are none of that breed left behind at these periods) or stray Master of Arts (most of whom she is better known than their dinner-bells), with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gentlemen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye at, or turn from the length of Middleton's grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and urgently neglecting the deficiencies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommon eating solitariness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is far all the world like that of a piping but-butcher, who from her size and stature you would expect no one to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine voices reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or trepidulousness of pipe, she carries quite through the composition; so that her tone, in a common air at least, keeps double motion, like the electric current the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving per se downwards. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is agreeable as it is illogical now and surprising. The appearance of her outward frame lodgeth a scandal in all respects disproportionate. Of more than more I make, she exerts without a tremulousness, a yielding softness of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an affected and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—*being not high.* She languisheth—being two

feet wide. She worketh slender delicate music—her fingers moulding a Colossus. She sips of a glass daintily—her capitation of Heidelberg. She goes those feet of hers—where would the back ox's presence, rather thy sex, and even by what particular date thee—last and best of Ogress, fed with milk instead of or least handsome among Ogressures—Oxford, who, in its denudation, can never properly be having thee to fill it.

ON AN UNDER-TAKE

Here lies Bob Master. — Faint! To take away our worst Robin Yet surely Robin was full well Robin was always looking out

STANDARD MERE

Fletcher, bishop of Nismes, a tallow-chandler. A proud doted to mortify the prelate, by saying that he stunk of tallow; to which he replied, "My Lord, I am the son of a tallow-chandler, and if your lordship had been a tallow-chandler, you would have remained a tallow-chandler for the rest of your life."

OLD ANAGRAMS

Arresting very well with this. It is a stringer worse than wasp. The very word includes the prison. Arresting briefly clips them off. To all good voices prisons are. And many poets they keep for. Again, it is very word prison. For he that is a prison is to. Makes woful purchase of cold. And finds in it no profit, or no. Filth, cold, and hunger, at door. And thus a prison always doth.

FRANÇOIS ENGLISH.

At the French spoken in his
that Stratford at the Bow."

or probably some such school
id for teaching a peculiar dia-
language; and the abundant
women into the French metro-
has brought this dialect into
often seen emblazoned in large
window, meant probably as
likely, one would think, to
to English travellers—
ry speak the English."

olated) merely declares that
it is spoken in the house. A lady
writing this inscription over a
import being explained to her,
, having with some difficulty
of the *Dame-seller* it was that
ng the English, she attempted
re about a hat which she was
many vain attempts on both
each woman at last, observing
a small, brought out this accu-

re, he is too little big."

fonoré, a hair-dresser has the
ng invitation:

ff shares in English fashion."

subourg Poissoumière dwells a
ixv, who tells the world, by
word, that she is a

And wash embroideries, lace,
age, also household-furniture's
to, napkins, and Calender's all
will also charge herself of the
who that is to be done to all
be body, and will be exactly
lure."

A WAGGONER.

—dead and gone,
a fall from a waggon.

CAUSE OF GOUT.

Alderman Barber one morning, while he was in
bed, was visited by a friend, who being told he was
ill of the gout, walked into his chamber without
any ceremony. The visitor sat down, and entered
into conversation; but observed the curtains to be
close drawn, and the alderman to be more reserved
than usual, and looking under the bed, spied a
woman's shoe. "Well, Mr. Alderman," said he,
"I hope you are not dangerously ill." "I am
miserably tormented in my feet," replied the al-
derman. "I do not wonder at that," said the
other, "when you wear such narrow-toed shoes."

THE LAW-SUIT.

An Irishman loaded with faggots, cried loudly
as he passed along, "Make way! make way!"
that people might beware in time, as is usual. A
coxcomb, who thought it beneath him to take the
fellow's counsel, pushed by him, and had his coat
considerably torn. He flew in a violent passion,
and had the man taken before a magistrate plead-
ing for payment of the damage. The Irishman
was interrogated, but he merely opened his mouth
without speaking. "Are you dumb? my friend,"
said the magistrate. "No," interrupted the plain-
tiff, "mere malice, because he cannot defend him-
self; he appears dumb now, but when we met this
morning, he bawled, 'Make way! make way!'"
like a very devil; you might have heard him a
mile."—"And why, then," said the magistrate,
"did you not make way?"

THE SWEEP.

An Irish gentleman being confined to his bed by
a severe fit of the gout, some sweeps were employ-
ed to clean the chimneys of the house next to him,
and one of the boys by mistake came down into
the gentleman's apartment. The boy, confused at
his mistake, seeing the gentleman in bed, said,
"Sir, my master will come for you presently."
"Will he, by G—d!" said the gentleman, leaping
out of bed; "I beg to be excused staying here
any longer than," and immediately ran down
stairs.

DRY HUMOUR, OR THE FAST-DAY.

'Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral fast

Were from the cockpit given;
That met no more in the night plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
And make their odds all even.

When cooking S. . . , who every day,
To eat some wort, to souse his clay,
There found the doors all shut;
For Sam the front and posteru try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard.

And hard it'd harder while he knock'd,
Silence with a hissing meck'd,
'Til sally up'd the sish,
And cry'd, "Pray cease your rat tat tat,
This day we are resolv'd, that's flat,
To fast, and take no cash."

"Way ther," says S. . . , in sulky strain,
"Fast on, I'll top you ere to-morn,
Upset me if I do;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who not content to fast yourselves,
Must make your doors fast too."

DIFFICULTY OF ONE IN SIMILAR KNOWING
ANOTHER.

An Irishman having one night endeavoured to display his abilities at a public eloquent society, his oration was severely criticised and unadverted upon by several orders in the opposition, and especially by one of his countrymen. When the society broke up, he thus addressed himself to a gentleman in acquaintance, "did not you observe what a fly argument that Scotch fellow made against me?" "Why, it was your own dear countryman," said the gentleman, "how can you not to perceive it?" "No, surely," replied Pat; "Why then, my friend, I will tell you the reason: you know that if there be two people in a company that have not a garlick, they cannot smell it upon each other."

A QUARRELSOME RHYME.

One morning, Otway happened
Dryden, (who lived opposite to his
lane), at breakfast-time; but was
servant, his master was gone to break-
fast of Pembroke. "Very well,"
"tell your master, I will call to-mor-
row morning he called, according to
"Well, is your master at home now
the servant. "No, sir, he is gone
with the Duke of Buckingham hire,"
said Otway, whether actuated by
or disappointment, then took up a pen
which lay on the table, and wrote
as he went out.

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and
The next morning Dryden received
writing, and told the servant to go to
and desire his company to breakfast;
the mean time he wrote, with the
chalk, underneath Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and
"This was written by Otway, and
This, however, offended Otway,
he might keep as well as do to each

THE DRINKARD.

Ned Soaker lay stretched on the bed
By brandy burnt up, gasping deeply
A friend, with much ceremony, advised
On his awful approach to utter a
cries Ned, "for such matters I die,
And am well for a world of pure spirit."

A YOUNG WIFE WELL MATE.

A gentleman of Hampshire had, by
the year 1736, ordered, that after his
body should be thrown into the sea.
Needles, which was accordingly done.
On making enquiry into his motive
for disposal of his remains, it was
that he made it for the purpose of his
young wife, who had frequently
way of consolation, that she would
grave.

OF A BRICKLAYER.

are required at your house,
 he comes, probably attend-
 receive your directions, occu-
 The next morning he sends a
 rer; the workman begins to
 for returns for materials, and
 and one hod of mortar, em-
 The job being finished,
 Paddy?" enquires the man of
 re it is a score of bricks and
 replies the assistant brick-
 ppe, the foreman makes up
 of bricks, and four hods of
 e man; the foreman makes a
 clerk, then score bricks and
 the clerk enters in his mas-
 dred bricks and eight hods of
 looking over his accounts,
 a hundred and fifty bricks and
 r; and thus the bill is ren-
 ckwit,

Dr. to Thomas Singleton,
 laying brick step in cellar;
 1; plaistering copper; stop-
 repairing ceiling; self, man,
 day and a half; one hundred
 icks; twelve hods of mortar;
 ish carted away, 5*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*

AND THE STABLE-KEEPERS.

Peter was undone,
 e of Number One.
 anson would have written)
 the remembrance;—Peter!
 oft my fancy smitten,
 had never a completer
 and clerks,
 lefts our remarks,
 t, a prig,
 plice Martinet,
 geicians who look big
 fore their time they get

To an appointment, and abuse those elves
 Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head besmear,
 And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
 You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes
 Invariably struck as he went by.

From morning fines he always saved his gammon
 Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye
 To Number One;—his charity

At home beginning, ne'er extends,
 But where it started had its end too;
 And as to lending cash to friends.
 Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
 While no one's bargains went so far,
 And though in dress a deadly quiz,
 No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
 To move by clock-work, ever keen
 To live upon the saving plan,
 Had soon the honour to be deem'd
 That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
 Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
 Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
 And as the reader knows the prig well,
 I need not say he went, delighted!
 For great men, when they let you slice their meat
 May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
 Which was too early to come back;
 So, after much debate,

Peter resolved to hire a hack,
 The more inclined to this because he knew
 In London Wall, at Number Two,
 An economic stable-keeper,
 From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
 A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure,
 But the good bargain he had made
 Compensating for meek and sagges,

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
 Devour'd enough for six or seven,
 His horse remounted, and reach'd town
 As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven.
 But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
 To give a preference to Number One
 (As he had always done)
 Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
 Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
 Instead of Number Two,
 Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
 And he neward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed and no one came
 To bring the bill, or payment claim
 He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
 Forgotten quite, or never look'd—
 An error which the honesty of Prim
 Would never have rectified, if left to him.
 After six weeks, however, comes a pair
 Of groom-like looking men,
 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
 One for the six weeks hire of a bay mare,
 And one for six weeks keep of ditto;
 Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!
 There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,

Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
 Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
 Of bile, and burgund with a quack,
 Who daily swore to cure him—till he died!
 When, as no will was found,
 His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
 Went to a man to whom some months before,
 He had refused to lend a pound.

THE MNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died: "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask."

DANGER OF SKEPTICISM.

Mallet, the poet, was so fond of being a sceptic, that he indulged this weak occasional. His wife, it is said, was convert to his doctrines, and even started at their master's bold arguments being powered by their influence. However, was determined to practise was so solicitous to propagate, and master's house being pursued, and justice, Mallet attended, and faced with ingratitude and dishonour. "Fellow," I have often heard you talk possibility of a future state; that, there was neither reward for virtue, merit for vice, and this tempted me to robbery."—"Well! but, you raised Mallet," said you to fear of the "Master," said the culprit, looking him, "what is it to you, if I had a future that? You had removed my grief, why should I fear the less?"

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Archbishop Usher, when crossing the Ireland to this country, was wrecked on the coast of Wales. On this disaster after having reached the shore, he made of his way to the house of a clergyman, and not far from the spot on which. Without communicating his name, or station, the archbishop introduced brother clergyman in distress, and particulars of his misfortune. The Canon, suspecting his unknown visitor to be a gave him do very courteous reception, intimated his suspicions, said, "I can't tell me how many commandments—" "There are eleven," replied the very meekly. "Repeat the eleven," the other, "and I will relieve you in practice and you will," answered "A new commandment I give unto you, love one another."

BEN JONSON A BRICKLAYER.

Jonson, in the early part of his life, was a lawyer, but was then distinguished for his wit and poetical talents. A lady of considerable husband, who had heard of him, passing him one day while he was at work, addressed him

"With line and rule,
Works many a fool ;

Good morning, master bricklayer."
His Ben replied,

"In silk and scarlet
Walks many a harlot ;
Good morning, madam."

CIVIC CONUNDRUM.

A fashionable emigrant being invited to dine at a city alderman, in whose hands he had lodged, was for a long time tormented with exuberant encomiums on a giblet-pie, which his guest was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, mounseer," said the alderman, "have you ever seen any thing like it?"—"Nothing in my life," replied the other, "except your worshipping."—"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the alderman, "that's a good one. But pray how is my friend that pie?"—"Purdie," rejoined the emigrant, "because it has a goose's head in it."

THE ROPE.

Two persons quarrelling in a public-house, one of whom he knew what would hang him. "You are a liar," replied his antagonist, "and I will try to prove your words," when the first produced a rope, and said, "this would hang

THE TART REPLY.

A squire to the parson, "if you were to lie in dirt, we could make a substantial goose pie: but the parson, "if you in your grave were exposed, (mended,) I hope won't happen till your morals are reformed by the prayers, by a much better rule, which might call me a goose-bury fool."

CRITIC IN BLACK, AND THE LISPING LADY.

A Mail-coach Adventure.

The night was dark and stormy, nor except from the occasional glimpse of a lamp as we passed through L-lington, could I form any idea of the physiognomy of my three companions; nor was it until the constant use of a snuff-box, that set the whole coach sneezing, that I discovered the person opposite me to be a Frenchman; and although we were four in the inside, as loving and as compact, as potted beef, it was at least two hours before one word was spoken. In another corner of the coach was a lady with a pug-dog, which she hugged with all possible care and attention; and opposite her was a cynical old gentleman in black, who might have passed either for a poor parson, a rich attorney, a bishop, or a Welch judge, and seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach; this seemed to give great uneasiness to the Frenchman, who, by a variety of sighs, shrugs, hints, and peeps at the old gentleman, tried to break the ice which had hitherto frozen up all conversation. However, he made an attempt at a thaw of words; perhaps it would be requisite to tell you what he meant before I tell you what he said; he meant to say that the coach he was in had started first from town, but had suffered another to pass it, which he had thus expressed—Mister Sare, dat coach wich was fairst bye and bye is now behind very—but observing he was not attended to, he addressed himself particularly to the old gentleman in black, sitting opposite to him, who seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach—and all he could get in reply was a frown, an occasional nod, or a grunt, ugh; Ah, ah, monsieur, vat is dat ugh? Je ne comprend pas, monsieur; I don't understand dat ugh. Parlez vous Francois, monsieur, comment vous portez vous, mon-sieur. How you do, sair? Ugh, ugh! Are you not well, sair? c'est bien drôle—c'est bien comical; ah, that gentleman shall not speak to me.—Are you not well, sair? I am

DRY HUMOUR, OR THE FAST-DAY.

"Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a general fast
Were from the cocky given;
That men on more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
And make their odds all even.

When cocky gossamer, who every day,
To eat's his wont, to souse his clay,
There found the doors all fast'd;
For saw the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entry ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard!

And hard at's hat for while he knock'd,
Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
"That silly op'd the sash,
And cry'd, 'Tis my case your rat tat tat,
This day we are resolv'd, that's flat,
To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
"Fast on, I'll nip to more to vain,
Upset me if I do;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who not content to fast yourselves,
Must make your doors fast too!"

DIFFICULTY OF ONE MAN KNOWING
ANOTHER.

An Irishman having one night endeavoured to display his abilities at a public eloquent society, his oration was severely criticised and hampered upon by several orators in the opposition, and especially by one of his countrymen. When the society broke up, he thus addressed himself to a gentleman of acquaintance, "did not you observe what a very arguable Scotch fellow made against me?" "Yes," it was your own dear countryman. And the gentleman, "how can you not perceive it?" "No, surely," replied Pat; "Why then, my friend, I will tell you the reason; you know that if there be two people in a company that have a garlick, they cannot smell it upon each other."

A QUARRELSOME XINT.

One morning, Otway happened
Dryden, (who lived opposite to
lane), at breakfast-time; but his
servant, his master was gone to his
last of Pembroke. "Very well,
"tell your master, I will call to-
morrow morning he called, according
"Well, is your master at home to-
day the servant. "No, sir, he is gone
with the Duke of Buckingham here
want. Otway, whether accented by
or d supposition, then took up a
whisker on the table, and wrote
as he went out.

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and
The next morning Dryden recog-
nizing, and told the servant to go
and desire his company to breakfast
the mean time he wrote, with the
chalk, underneath Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and
"this was written by Otway.
This, however, offended Otway,
he might keep his wit and his bread

THE DRINKING.

Ned Bosker lay stretched on the bed
By brandy burnt up, gasping deep
A friend, with much terror advised
On his awful approach to the
cries Ned, "for such must as I do
And am well for a world of pure spirit

A YOUNG WIFE WILL MAKE

A gentleman of Hampshire had,
the year 1736, ordered, that after
body should be thrown into the
Needles, which was accordingly
in making enquiry into his un-
usual disposal of his remains, it was
that he made it for the purpose of a
young wife, who had frequently a
way of consolation, that she would
grate.

JOHN OF A BRICKLAYER.

repairs are required at your house, myer; he comes, probably attend to receive your directions, occasional. The next morning he sends a labourer; the workman begins to labour returns for materials, and picks and one hod of mortar, ready. The job being finished, "d, Paddy!" enquires the man of "Sure it is a score of bricks and tar," replies the assistant bricklayer home, the foreman makes enquiry of bricks, and four hods of mortar for the man; the foreman makes enquiry the clerk, three score bricks and tar; the clerk enters in his manuscript. A hundred bricks and eight hods of mortar, looking over his accounts, to one hundred and fifty bricks and mortar; and thus the bill is rendered.

a Lackwit,

Dr. to Thomas Singleton.
and relaying brick step in cellar;
wall; plastering copper; stop;
; repairing ceiling; self. man,
one day and a half; one hundred
of bricks; twelve hods of mortar;
rubbish carted away, 5*l*. 10*s*. 10*d*.

HE AND THE STABLE-KEEPER.

how Peter was undone,
; care of Number One.
to Johnson would have written)
in the remembrance;—Peter!
was oft my fancy smitten,
but had never a completer
toward clerks,
it elicits our remarks.
alist, a prig,
his office Martinet,
it precisions who look big
before their time they get

To an appointment, and about those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimney
Invariably struck as he went by.

From morning five he always saved his gammon
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mutton.

For Peter had a special eye
To Number One;—his charity

At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too;
And as to lending cash to friends,
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far,
And though in dress a deadly quirk,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted!
For great men, when they let you slice their meat
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back;
So, after much debate,

Peter resolved to hire a hack,
The more inclined to this because he knew
In London Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure,
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and smugget,

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
 Devour'd enough for six or seven,
 His horse remounted, and reach'd town
 As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven.
 But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
 To give a preference to Number One
 (As he had always done)
 Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
 Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
 Instead of Number Two,
 Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
 And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed and no one came
 To bring the bill, or payment claim
 He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
 Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
 An error which the honesty of Prim
 Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
 After six weeks, however, comes a pair
 (Of groom-like looking men,
 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
 One for the six weeks hire of a bay mare,
 And one for six weeks keep of ditto;
 Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!
 There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,
 Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
 Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
 Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
 Who daily swore to cure him—till he died!
 When, as no will was found,
 His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
 Went to a man to whom some months before,
 He had refused to lend a pound.

THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!"

DANGER OF SCEPTICISM.

Mallet, the poet, was so fond of being a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on occasions. His wife, it is said, was a convert to his doctrines, and even the slaves, being poisoned by their influence. On one occasion, however, was determined to practise what he preached, and was so solicitous to propagate, and improve, his master's house. Being pursued, and taxed with ingratitude and dishonesty. "Sir, fellow," "I have often heard you talk of the possibility of a future state; that, at least, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit robbery."—"Well! but, you rascal," Mallet, "had you no fear of the gall?" "Master," said the culprit, looking at him, "what is it to you, if I had a misfortune that? You had removed my goods, why should I fear the less?"

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Archbishop Usher, when crossing the channel from Ireland to this country, was wrecked on the coast of Wales. On this disastrous occasion, after having reached the shore, he made his way to the house of a clergyman, who lived not far from the spot on which he was wrecked. Without communicating his name, or his situation, the archbishop introduced himself to his brother clergyman in distress, and stated the particulars of his misfortune. The clergyman, suspecting his unknown visitor to be an archbishop, gave him the very courteous reception, and, intimating his suspicions, said, "I don't tell me how many commandments?"—"There are eleven," replied the archbishop very meekly. "Repeat the eleventh," said the other, "and I will relieve you," in practice and you will," answered the archbishop. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

HOBSON A BRICKLAYER.

He, in the early part of his life, was a but was then distinguished for his wits and talents. A lady of considerable husband heard of him, passing him one day as he was at work, addressed him.

"With line and rule,
Works many a fool;
Sweeping, master bricklayer."

He replied,

"In silk and scarlet
Walks many a knave;
Sweeping, madam."

CIVIC CONUNDRUM.

Able emigrant being invited to dine at an alderman's, in whose hands he had lodged for a long time tormented with excruciations on a gizzard-pie, which he was voraciously devouring. "Have another," said the alderman, "have you any thing like it?"—"Nothing in the world," replied the other, "except your own."—"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the alderman, "a good one. But pray how is my gizzard-pie?"—"Purdis," rejoined the emigrant, "because it has a goose's head in it."

THE ROPE.

Two quarrelling in a public-house, one of whom knew what would hang him, said, "I'll prove your words," when the first rope, and said, "this would hang

THE TART REPLY.

He said to the parson, "if you were to lie in the grave you could make a substantial goose pie:—
[muted.]
—if you in your grave were ex-
posed, it won't happen till your morals are
prayed, by a much better rule,
I'll call me a goose-bury fool."

CRITIC IN BLACK, AND THE LISPING LADY.

A Mull-coach Adventure.

The night was dark and stormy, nor except from the occasional glimpse of a lamp as we passed through L-lington, could I form any idea of the physiognomy of my three companions; nor was it until the constant use of a snuff-box, that set the whole coach sneezing, that I discovered the person opposite me to be a Frenchman; and although we were four in the inside, as snug and as compact, as a pulled beef, it was at least two hours before one word was spoken. In another corner of the coach was a lady with a pug-dog, which she hugged with all possible care and attention; and opposite her was a cynical old gentleman in black, who might have passed either for a poor parson, a rich attorney, a bishop, or a Welch judge, and seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach; this seemed to give great uneasiness to the Frenchman, who, by a variety of sighs, shrugs, hints, and peeps at the old gentleman, tried to break the ice which had hitherto frozen up all conversation. However, he made an attempt at a thaw of words; perhaps it would be requisite to tell you what he meant before I tell you what he said; he meant to say that the coach he was in had started first from town, but had suffered another to pass it, which he had thus expressed—*Mister Sare, dat coach which was first by and bye is now behind very*—but observing he was not attended to, he addressed himself particularly to the old gentleman in black, sitting opposite to him, who seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach—and all he could get in reply was a frown, an occasional nod, or a grunt, *ugh*; Ah, ah, monsieur, *vat is dat ugh*? *Je ne comprend pas, monsieur*; I don't understand dat *ugh*. *Parlez vous Francois, monsieur, comment vous portez vous, monsieur*. How you do, *sair*? *Ugh*, *ugh*! Are you not well, *sair*? *c'est bien drôle*.—*c'est bien comical*; ah, that gentleman shall not speak to me.—Are you not well, *sair*? I am

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
 Devour'd enough for six or seven,
 His horse remounted, and reach'd town
 As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven,
 But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
 To give a preference to Number One
 (As he had always done)
 Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
 Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
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 Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
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Some days elapsed and no one came
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 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
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Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,

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"With line and rule,
"Works many a fool;
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He replied,
"In silk and scarlet
"Works many a horse;
"Morning, madam."

CIVIC CONSUMPTION.

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CRITIC IN BLACK, AND THE LIMPING LADY.

A Mall-coach Adornment.

The night was dark and stormy, not except from the occasional glimpse of a lamp as we passed through L-lington, could I form any idea of the physiognomy of my three companions; nor was it until the constant use of a snuff-box, that set the whole coach sneezing, that I discovered the person opposite me to be a Frenchman; and although we were four in the inside, as living and as compact, my, as putted brief, it was at least two hours before one word was spoken. In another corner of the coach was a lady with a pug-dog, which she hugged with all possible care and attention; and opposite her was a cynical old gentleman in black, who might have passed either for a poor parson, a rich attorney, a bishop, or a Welch judge, and seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach; this seemed to give great uneasiness to the Frenchman, who, by a variety of sighs, shrugs, hints, and peeps at the old gentleman, tried to break the ice which had hitherto frozen up all conversation. However, he made an attempt at a thaw of words; perhaps it would be requisite to tell you what he meant before I tell you what he said; he meant to say that the coach he was in had started first from town, but had suffered another to pass it, which he had thus expressed—Mister Bare, dat coach wich was first bye and bye is now behind very—but observing he was not attended to, he addressed himself particularly to the old gentleman in black, sitting opposite to him, who seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach—and all he could get in reply was a frown, an occasional nod, or a grunt, ugh! Ah, ah, monsieur, vat is dat ugh? Je ne comprend pas, monsieur; I don't understand dat ugh. Parlez vous Francois, monsieur, comment vous portez vous, monsieur How you do, sir? Ugh, ogh! Are you not well, sir? c'est bien drôle —c'est bien comical; ah, that gentleman shall not speak to me.—Are you not well, sir? I won

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Well myself, it is very warm, it is quite as warm, though I have lost him point and. You
 of de dag—and whenever it is de day of know, sir, so fond an I of the letter S
 ave de bad of de head I have not drink taught my daughter Selma to cultivate it
 at, mais, I must confess last night I did same way; and I never take a servant in
 or sixpence too much of your punch—Ugh, house if she has not got an S in her name
 ver the Frenchman having heard that perso- got a servant called Sukey, in I another
 always answered, he was now determined Sophy, a cat called Ink, and a dog called
 its effect, by putting a direct question to lensko; so I told my daughter Selma,
 and trusting to his politeness for an answer a little lesson after me—that was to tell
 mol, tell me, sure, are you not well; at bring the scissors off the sofa, to cut her
 the old gentleman was provoked to a reply, tail."
 said, "I am remarkably well, I was very well Will and Hat, love their bottle."
 id, "I am remarkably well, I was very well the why not?
 en I left town; I am very well now, and it I Drink as much as they can, 'twill do
 ould happen to be taken ill, sir, I'll let you "Phil's purse his sh'd deep for a d
 saw," finding all attempts at conversation Well, Prattle, the damage is P. L. 1/2
 are ineffectual with him, he determined to try "Sacrifice seven all night, and sleep
 persuasion with the sulter sex: he then turned day.
 ound to the lady with the pug-dog; and here he Well, I rattle, his pranks will not
 was rather more fortunate in his application grey
 being one of those who are called agreeable com- "Charles, run'd by gambling, he
 panions in a stage-coach, who would rather talk sist."
 nonsense than not talk at all. When he said, Well, Prattle, subscribe or with
 "madam, shall I have de pleasure to talk to you, Be less busy. Go and Prattle, with
 because dat gentleman shall not speak to me?" Keep an eye to concern of your
 "Oh, yes, monsieur," with a hiss, "with the You're in risk of arrest, Prattle
 greatest pleasure in life, what shall we talk about? cern.
 "Oh! madame, it is not for me to choose—vat None will lend you a doll, and
 you please, theatrique, politique, Belle Lettre to earn.
 Letters; talking of letters, pray what do you Your wife's ever drunk, Prattle
 think of the letter S, madame?" The letter S, Miss Prattle, your daughter's
 sir!" "Madame, I don't understand you." "I too
 mean, sir, with respect to the pronunciation of it, I could preach this a week, if
 "Pronunciation, oh! madame, I cannot pro- Bat, Prattle, your daughter's
 nounce it at all; it is de double himself; it is true SWEARING BY
 we have it in our language, merely pro-form at Cardinal Dubois used for
 the end of our words; but there he lay wriggling after any thing he wanted
 and twisting about like a French horn upon piano, One of his clerks told him
 forie. Oh! the letter S is the sweetest sounding better hire a man to swear
 "Oh! sir, I think it is the sweetest know, will gain so much time."

DEATH BY DEGREES.

He who attended Fontenelle, once
 drinking coffee. "My good sir," said
 the Count of Galen, "I am astonished
 allowing the juice of that pernicious
 is a slow poison"—"I should
 be slow," said Fontenelle, "for I
 with great perseverance for more
 it."

APH, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

Thomas Hughes,
 moved from over the way.

ALLANT MOURNING.

do do not often pay hyperbolical
 but one of their admired writers,
 lady's black eyes, says, "They
 ing for the murders she had com-

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

ly, rung the bells,
 St. Michael's tower,
 Penlake, and Rebecca his wife,
 Michael's door.

he was a cheerful man,
 frank and free.
 d life, with Rebecca his wife,
 o shrew was she.

he a scolding would take,
 avail'd no longer;
 Penlake, his crabstick would take,
 that he was the stronger.

He had often wish'd
 Michael's chair
 by the mistress then,
 he sat there.

Richard Penlake fell sick,
 that he would have died;
 made a vow for his life,
 by his bed-side.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
 My husband's life," quoth she;
 "And to thine altar we will go,
 Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
 For woundedly sick was he;
 "Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
 Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
 Teazed him by night and by day;
 "O mine own dear! for you I fear
 If we the vow delay."

Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
 The bells of St. Michael's tower,
 When Richard Penlake, and Rebecca his wife,
 Arriv'd at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
 And Richard knelt in prayer:
 She left him to pray, and stole away,
 To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
 Round, and round, and round;
 'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,
 And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers, for rocking
 The tower!" Rebecca cried,
 As over the church battlements
 She strode, with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael's chair!"
 She said as she sat down;
 Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
 And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
 That his good wife was dead;
 "Now shall we toll, for her good soul,
 The great church-bell?" they said.

"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,
 "Toll at her burying," quoth he
 "But don't disturb the ringers now,
 In compliment to me."

TIMELY FEAR.

Foote once went to spend his Christmas at a friend's, when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. A lady seeing him with his boot on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in? and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me have a leg to stand on."—"Why, sure," says the lady, "we do not drink so hard."—"No," says the wit, "but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with my right leg."

THE PIG.

An Irishman seeing his neighbour driving an unruly pig, asked what he was going to do with it? "Faith!" replied Paddy, "I am taking it home to help the children to eat their potatoes."

THE FEMALE MICROCOSM.

To a Lady, who said, Man is a little World.

The world in small men are, you say;
And why not women too, I pray?
All species they as well comprise,
That trace earth, waters, or the skies.

The lamb their childhood well explains;
They're skittish fillies in their teens;
Often the name of cats prevails,
Creatures that play much with their tails.

Yet are believ'd from seas to spring,
When the dis-embling Sirens sing;
Some are call'd *tho nbucks*—for their years;
Some *crocodiles*—when they're in tears.

But they are *parrots* when they talk;
They're *peacocks* proud whene'er they walk;
Yet *turtles*, meeting face to face;
They're *rails*, who at tea-tables sway,
They're *bats*, who chase their twilight prey;
And other things in proper place.

The Lady's Answer.

A little world, I say again,
Meets in the motley creature man
His single species all explains,
Earth, ocean, or the air contains.

The ape much in his youth appears;
The goat, the swine, or wolf in years;
Often, the name of curs prevails,
For fawning at their patrons tails.

Yet thought some ocean monster who
We see a state *letrialkan*;
Some are call'd *codsheds*—wanting
Some *sharks*—where gaining reigns.

But *blackbirds*, when in pulpits read;
They're horned *owls*, when husbands lead.

And *jays*, at court, who spark it;
They're *gulls*, whom corporations gle;
Canary birds at 'Change are seen,
And *capons*—in Haymarket.

PICTURE DABBLING.

P——, a picture-dealer, met S—— in the street one day, and the following conversation ensued.

S. You look deplorably sad, what is the matter with you?

P. Oh! I am the unluckiest dog alive; almost ruined; I have lost fifty pounds this morning.

S. How, how, man; I never knew you of much to lose?

P. Oh! it is always my luck, always my fate; a heavy loss, a dead loss!

S. (Sympathetically.) But how happy are you now?

P. Why, last week I bought a volume of prints at a sale for forty shillings; and as they were the way of Lord G——'s collection, I took them to him. He appointed to call this morning; I went; his Lordship was engaged, and I sat down in the anti-room. I had resolved to ask for good five pounds profit on, and beg over the prints, that I might see where they were their value. It struck me that they were worth more than before, and I determined to ask for them! Well, sir, I waited and

"I said to myself, by G—, I have so long for nothing, for any thing; I'll ask fifteen pounds!!" he pined, and I got so mad, that if I'd ask thirty, and I had made up when I was called to. His desperate good humour, and be- that when he inquired the price, was fifty pounds!!!

Your greed you lost your pur- he gave me a check for the debt, without haggling; I might as got a hundred; but I am always

TODLER'S DUEL.

ed probably a most bloody duel, ted in the musical world, by the friendly second fiddle, fortunately secret pitch for the harmonic pur- r-keyed Cramer, it seems, called as Gorkowich, for an orchestra er. It happening that neither of g a bow to draw the next day, he o draw a trigger against the first her's life. The instruments were happily, the time was not duly been only began his dead march to see flats, while the other had run o the termination of the passage. nt movement, where he remained w? From this error in counting, al of twenty-four bars rest took he two-part friend happily threw ttle of his own composing; this tugal performers into unison with amicable roudes, which, after a ed the performance by a very

PAIR OF EAR-RINGS.

for the music nursed Charles' temple beckoned; fair one sang the first, at sight the second.

Not mine that tawdry heigh to gain,
And yet, to stem disaster,
Methought I might, by care and pain,
Some few duction master.

Kate, fair precognitress, taught me well,
By dint of ~~effort~~, to hellow
A second to Mozart's "Cruel,"
And Mayer's "Vecchierello."

Push'd on by her assiduous aid,
In strains not much like Haati,
Through "Cou un Aria" next I strayed,
Composed by Fioravanti.

Thus taught my tuneful part to bear,
To Kate, assiduous girl,
In courtesy I sent a pair
Of ear-rings deck'd with pearl.

My Mercury to Kate's abode
On agile pinions flew,
And fleetly by the self-same road
Brought back this billet-doux:—

"A boon like this, dear sir, appears
The best you can bestow;
'Tis fit you decorate my ears—
You've bored them long ago.

NICKNAMES.

Lord Howe was called, by his sailors, *Black Dick*, from his dark complexion.

Old Ventris, the celebrated dancer, christened himself the *Dieu de Danse*!

Queen Anne was called, by Walpole, *Goody Anne*, the wet-nurse of the church.

The great Duke of Marlborough got the nick- name of *Silly*, from a habitude of expression he had. If a question was asked, he would reply, "Oh silly!" Then will you do so and so?—"Oh silly! silly!" was the eternal reply.

Lord-chancellor Northington, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner, procured him- self the nickname of *Surly Bob*.

Lord Sandwich got the name of *Jemmy Twitche-*

Judge Jeffreys had a book dedicated to him, as *Earl of Flint*.

The late Lord Temple obtained the nickname *Squire Gawk*, &c.

Dr. Halifax, when at the University, was known by the nickname of *Louie*, from his courting the young of the *brads* of houses.

Dr. Fletcher Norton, eleven years Speaker of the House of Commons, got the epithet of *Sir Bullface Doublet*.

When Julius Cæsar entered Rome in triumph, his own soldiers said, "Romans, take care of your wives and daughters. *Udd-pate* is come again."

Socrates was nicknamed *Flat nose*.

Frederick the First got the name of *Barbarossa*, from the colour of his beard.

CHANGING NAMES.

Thomas Knight, Esq., whose paternal name was *Brotray*, which, very early in life, he changed for that of *May*, afterwards by a statute of 9th Geo. II. took the name of *Knight*, which occasioned a factious member of the House to get up, and propose "a general bill, to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased."

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me—the glass when
I am shrinking;

That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me
inking.

God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's
way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's
intenance,

The wings reddened with nectar—that fly up to
supernals.

Bottles crack'd in taverns—have much the sweeter
kernels,

Than the sups allowed to us—in the college jour-

Every one by nature hath—a mould with
cast in;

I happen to be one of those—was ne-
By a single little boy—I should be sur-
Writing so. I'd just as lief—be buried
and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too a-
I, when I make verses—do get the input
Of the very best of wine—that comes
nation;

It maketh sermons to abound—for edifi-
Just as I quor floweth good—floweth
lay so;

But I must moreover ex-—or I could
Nought it availeth inwardly about
day so;

But with God's grace after meat—I de-
Neither is there given to me—pro-
tion,

Unless when I have eat and drank—
Then, in my upper story—hath I
nation,

And Phœbus riseth into ear, and leg-

AMERICAN ODDITIES.

Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their
the Source of the Missouri, among other
Indians, fell in with that of the *Soc*
chiefs made a speech, but whose name
literally translated from their own *Shosh*
Multatree, that is, *white cranes*; *Snag*
is, *crow's-head*; *Lennasawa*, *id est*,
Neswanja, that is, *big ox*; *Suannawa*,
There were other eminent men among
equally eminent names; as, *Big Horse*,
Little Thief, *Hopitality*, *Little*
man, *Little Raven*, *Little Fox*, *Big*
Thief. These eccentricities are not
the names of the American rivers, and
as *Big Muddy River*, *Little Muddy*, *Big*
Shallow River, *Good Woman River*, *Little*
Woman Creek, *Grasshopper Creek*, *Supper*
Biscuit Creek, *Blowing-fly Creek*.

H-SURVIVED.

with some surgeons who beg-
ged malefactor, to go to the
the carcase with the criminal
but did so, and was admitted
on the morning wherein
was communicated his busi-
ness with a little fellow
shillings, and insisted upon
Another fellow said, "Look
at little dry fellow, who has
his life, and is now half dead
twer your purpose. I have
freely, my veins are full, I
arisonment; you see my crest
, and after Jack Catch has
it, you'll find me as sound as
of the markets. Come, for
your man." Says the Sur-
guinea." The witty rogue
as soon as he had it in his fist,
is hang'd in chains."

DRIGAL,

from Quaveda.

in, heavenly maid!
on thus display'd?
tag swains unfold,
so cold,
arling of the fair,
a to nestle there:—
ad'rer to thy arms,
conceal thy charms;—
be inspires,
e fierce desires;—
the Graces rove,
du has banish'd Love.

WISHES.

Upon asking a criminal about
customary bequest, and re-
"Long life to your honor,"
which drew the bolt which
the man into eternity.

LEFT-HANDED.

A prisoner in the bar at the Mayor's Court, in
being called on to plead to an indictment for lar-
ceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right-
hand. The man immediately held up his left-
hand; "hold up your right-hand," said the clerk.
—"Place your honour," still keeping his left
hand up, "place your honour I am left-handed."

SHADES OF LIFE.

This is the very best world we live in—
To spend, to lend or to give in;
But it is the worst world that ever was known—
To beg, or to borrow, or get one's own.

IRISH PETITION.

To the Honourable Commissioners of the Excise:
The humble Petition of Patrick O'Connor,
Blarney O'Bryan, and Carney Macquire, to be
appointed Inspectors and Overlookers (vulgarly
called Excisemen) for the Port of Cork, to the
Kingdom of Ireland.

And whereas we your aforesaid Petitioners
will, both by night and day, and all night and all
day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride,
and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry,
and we will see all, seize all, and more than all,
and every thing and nothing at all, of all such
goods and commodities as may be, can be, and
cannot be, liable to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners will, at all
times, and no time, and time past, be present and
absent, and be backwards and forwards, and be-
hind and before, and be no where, and every
where, and here and there, and no where at all.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners will come
and inform, and give information and notice, duly
and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the
matter as we know and don't know, and we will
not rob or cheat the king any more than is now
lawfully practised.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners, all of us, are
protestants and gentlemen of reputation, and we
love the king, and we value him; and we will

fight for him and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family and acquaintances, as far and as much farther as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both, together.

Patrick O'Connor,

Blarney O'Brian,

Carney Macquire.

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Of old, the debtor that insolvent died,
Egypt the rites of sepulture denied;
A different trade enlightened Christians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

POLITE ROBBERS.

A gang of robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards, the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser—

"*A Card.*—Mr. R. of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of calling a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. In their haste they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that; to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red moroccan pocket book, they are also heartily welcome; but in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers, which, can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he, therefore, hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is, with due respect, theirs, &c.

W. R."

A packet was a few nights ago put into the care of his house and papers, with this ap-
"Son, - You're quite a
we be's not too old, and
works, or we would have
papers. They be all in
the red book. You're all
the tankard and spoons w
soup in Duke's place, but
The old family watch-c
time, made into a brown ge
new christened, and on the
If they had not been trans
had 'em ages, for you an
you know as they have bee
new name, they would no
family; and sue, sir, we
say, but that we be much
shall be glad to serve and
by day, and are yours, till

THE FAD

In ev'ry town and village
A marvellous wight is
Whose works, as a gus
Make both himself and
Within the reach of mo
Beyond that space, like
His works unseen, a be
Remains undisputed by

For each vain dabbler
A Dryden, Addison, or
To celebrate his art and
Although these brethren
We e long and lavish in
Of serv'ant, w as little
Whilst many such, for w
Or god, their lives ch
Nor when they die shall
Be placed above their
No monument, no epit
To make fools stare, as

Here, now alive all,
 of such a rival;
 him depriv'd of breath,
 "If may suffer death,"
 for work, to live,
 his stroke shall give;
 "rest of praise,
 wins admiring gaze,
 long by a poet;
 ever shall be whole,
 under they behold
 to be in burnish'd gold;
 placed as a sign,
 to be design'd to shine;
 fixed star,
 led from afar.—
 sometimes he deigns
 the world contains;
 he, head prolific,
 figures hieroglyphic
 of fish, and fowl
 jug, glass, and bowl;
 to nature's store,
 strikes out more
 strange than she can drag on,
 such as fiery dragon;
 and dismal hue,
 the lion blue;
 by him so doom'd,
 led flames consum'd;
 her heart's blood,
 infant brou;
 red here descends,
 black fiend attends;
 man, 'bove the surges
 the sea emerges;
 more than demi-
 others I could name ye;
 so vast his genius,
 ever heterogeneous,
 combined together,
 he of a feather;
 presumption's hand.
 heaven's high command.

For nothing with or without breath;
 In heav'n above or earth beneath,
 Or in the waters under earth,
 Is like that to which his brush gives birth;
 But all so like 'twould pose a witch
 Well to determine which is which,
 Had not that happy art been found
 Which "gives a form to empty sound,"
 And makes the hand talk to the eye;
 The traveller else, as passing by,
 Might for a cowmistake the steed
 But that ev'n "he who runs may read,"
 In capitals, "THE WHITE HORSE INN,"
 And in less characters, "wines, beer, and gin."
 When England Charles for Null did batter,
 Made one protector—'t'other a martyr;
 When roundheads ruled our cavaliers,
 The arts and sciences in tears
 Mourn'd their protector's hapless fate,
 Gentle, generous, good, and great;
 It happen'd in these times fanatic,
 Such artist with his host ran a tick,
 Five pounds or so—a desperate score!
 (It might be less, or might be more,)
 Of their discourse the constant theme
 Whene'er they met; at last this scheme,
 Poor Brush, quite harass'd, did impart,
 To pay each other art for art
 Quoth he, they differ but in name,
 The principle of both's the same,
 On drawing both depend, 'tis clear—
 I pictures draw, and you draw deer.
 Then since they are so near a-kin,
 To quarrel would be shame and sin."

The host, who could not mend the matter,
 Thought something still than nothing better;
 In short, without much farther jargon,
 They both agreed, and struck a bargain;
 The host, in want of a new sign,
 Gives him the subject, or design;
 Not dictated by wicked wit,
 But taken out of holy writ;
 Nathless, resolved to make a show,
 He would have Pharaoh's overthrow.

Home went the painter, overjoy'd,
To find himself again employ'd,
Got his materials and tools,
And laid the board all over gulls,
But how to place the figures there
Required more skill than fell to's share !
He beat his head, and rubb'd his brow,
But rubb'd in vain, as I do now.
Tir'd of the task, he soon gave o'er,
Said that should do—he said, nay swore.

Next day returning to his host,
He of his piece began to boast :—
“ I'm sure it must be to your liking,
It is so very bold and striking.”
“ Well, say no more,—let's see,—dispatch,—
Zounds !—what is this !—a mere red splash !”
“ Red splash d'ye call't ?—'tis the Red Sea.”
“ The devil it is !—well, that may be ;
Then where are Pharaoh and his host ?”—
“ Drown'd in the sea, you know they're lost.”
“ True—the Egyptians went to the bottom,
But the Israelites, where have you got 'em
And Moses too, who was their guide ?”
“ Oh ! they're all safe on t'other side.”
The host, who hitherto had stickled,
Finding at last his fancy tickled,
His visage now began to uncloud,
And now he laugh'd both long and loud.
When he recover'd from his fit,
Quoth he, “ Friend Brush, I love thy wit,
And like thy joke, yet much I doubt
Some dupes may not find it out ;
Therefore “ *pro bono publico*,”
In order that all men may know,
In letters fair write under, (bids he)
“ This is Pharaoh in the Red Sea.”

CURRAN'S SOUL OF WIT.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, “ That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night.”

CH

An Indian of the
ple of South Ame
“ You will certa
money, when you
to christen him ;
the water was on
ever, a doubt ar
“ By this water
“ As sure as there
answered the father,
be baptised, they
they shall not mis
cuse me ; I am ac
ble, but I shall c

T

The celebrated
have written on
lines :—

Here
The L
But if
Have

VII

The tailor, a pa
in the church ch
nius, has frequent
where they “ ma
certs. He is, in
Master Simon ; i
the making, or r
of the hall, whic
had been cut out
of the Flying Isla
of their customer
in fact, might rise
the village, was h
and keep holidays
his substance, real
net, which literall
and estate. He h
his regular work,

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

unmade and unremended, while he is
wearing garlands of party-coloured
flowers, for the decoration of

latter Simon's counsellors is the
best, and rather fat man, with a
face that diverge like those of
the village wise man; very sen-
sible of profound remarks on shallow
things. Simon often quotes his sayings.
He is rather an extraordinary man,
and occasionally in desperate
and humor. Indeed, he seems to
be flayed by the apothecary's phi-
losophy in my very first con-
versation. He is a man of deep
and solemn maxims, such as may be
found in tobacco-boxes. I had
in the course of which he ob-
served with solemnity and emphasis, that
"a man who had hold of my arm,
it, and whispered in my ear,
and remark!"

LOES OF WOMEN.

than tender,
delay the bliss,
tender
in a kiss.

change in trading?
time more cheap
the maiden
p.

becoming,
her swain,
iron him
a gain.

try over,
id said have bought
over
thought.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

Than Burns perhaps no man more severely in-
dicted the civilization of reproof. The following
anecdote will illustrate this fact. The conver-
sation one night at the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries,
turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral
was to take place on the following day. "By the
bye," said one of the company, addressing himself
to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black
coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of
repair."—"Having myself to attend the same fu-
neral," answered Burns, "I am sorry that I can-
not lend you my saddle, but I can recommend a
most excellent substitute; throw your character over
your shoulders—that will be the blackest coat you
ever wore in your life-time!"

PUNNING EPITAPH.

The following epitaph, engraven on a tombstone
in the House, a large burying-ground is the town
of Dundee, affords a striking example of the taste
for playing on words, which prevailed towards
the end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the
following century.

On Mr. Alex. Speid.

Time flies with speed, with speed Speid's fled,
To the dark regions of the dead;
With speed consumption's sorrow flew,
And stop! Speid's speed for Speid it slew,
Mim Speid beheld, with frantic woe,
Poor Speid with speed turn pale as snow,
And beat her breast, and tore her hair,
For Speid, poor Speid, was all her care,
Let's learn of Speid with speed to fly,
From sin, since we like Speid must die.

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS TIMES.

The eccentric Horace Walpole says, that in his
times the modes of christianity were exhausted, and
could not furnish novelty enough to fix attention.
Zinzendorf plied his Moravians with audities,
yet made few enthusiasts. Whitfield and the me-
thodists made more money than disturbances: his
largest crop of proselytes lay among servant-maids,
and his warmest devotees went to Bedlam without

going to war. Bower, whom some thought they had detected as a jesuit, and who at most was but detected as an impostor, had laid open the practices of the catholics, and detailed the establishments of the jesuits in the very heart of London, without occasioning either alarm or murmuring against those fathers. Yet, unflammable as the times were, they carried a great mixture of superstition. Masquerades had been abolished because there had been an earthquake at Lisbon; and when the last jubilee masquerade was exhibited at Ranelagh, the ale-houses and roads to Chelsea were crowded with drunken people, who assembled to denounce the judgements of God on persons of fashion, whose greatest sin was dressing themselves ridiculously. A more inconvenient reformation and not a more sensible one, was set on foot by societies of tradesmen, who denounced to the magistrates all bakers that baked or sold bread on Sundays. Alum, and the variety of spurious ingredients with which bread, and indeed all wares were adulterated all the week round, gave not half so much offence as the vent of the chief necessary of life on the seventh day. Some of the elders too of our own church, seeing what harvests were brought into the tabernacles of Whitfield and Wesley, by familiarising God's word to the vulgar, and by elevating vulgar language, had the discretion to apply the same call to their own lost sheep, and tackled back their old women by sounding the brass of the methodists. One Ashlou, a quaint and fashionable preacher of the orthodox, talked to the people in a phrase compounded of cant and politics; he reproved them for not coming to church, where "God keeps a day but sees little company;" and informed them that "our ancestors loved powder and ball, and so did our generals; but the latter loved them for their hair and hands."

ROYAL LEARNING.

The present King of Persia made many inquiries of Sir Harford Jones respecting America, saying, "What sort of a place is it? How do you get at it? Is it under ground, or how?"

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY, AND AFFECTION.

A messenger, in breathless haste,
With hair erected on his head,
In Cornaro's chamber prest,
And rush'd up to the sleeper's side,
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,
The wasted strength of life re-
Luffed by the music of his voice,
Which morn's vulgarly call'd snore.
The stranger shook him pretty round,
And tweak'd his nose, and put
At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,
Asked what the devil brought
The messenger, in great distress,
At length he broken accents said,
"O' sir! they've sent me here to
To tell you that your wife is dead."
"Indeed!" the widowed man replied,
Turning upon his other side,
And pulling o'er his eyes his cap,
In hopes of flushing his nap—
"To-morrow, when I wake, you
How long and long my grief shall

CHISWICK.

Dr. Blunderston, the rector of
time the Earl of Burlington built
there, had been made to believe
was entirely formed of cheese. He
lated this report so often, that he
persuaded himself of its truth
taimed a foundation, which was in
somehow or other, discovered the
Church was *Cheddar-cheese*; and, it
suade the world that he was an an-
tiquary with the best architects in
but had not so fixed himself upon
materials. Brick was vulgar,
might have a brick-house. It was
sively dear. At length, upon re-
sion abbate, who had an uncle in
Lodi, where the Parmesan cheese
Italians had the address, for the best

THE 'EXAMINER' PHILOSOPHER.

glittering light enters my chamber." "Of a pale blue
blue colour, was it not?" "Of a pale blue
light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern
who appeared as an old man of seventy
age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug
thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight,
face of a dark sable hue, on his head a large
cap, and in his hand a long staff. Terror
my whole frame—I trembled till the bed shook
figure, with a slow and solemn step, stalked near
and nearer." "Did you not speak to it? There
was money hid, and murder committed, with
doubt." "My lord, I did speak to it. I adjured
it, by all that was holy, to tell me whence and why
it thus appeared?" "And in Heaven's name,
what was the reply?" "It was accompanied
my lord, by three stroke of his staff upon the
floor, so loud that they made the room ring again;
when, holding up his lantern, and then waving it
close to my eyes, he told me he was the watch-
man! and came to give me notice that my street-
door was wide open, and unless I arose and shut
it, I might chance to be robbed before morning."

AND PRIDE.
[ply'd,
"With my love and my pride?
counsel, if friendship has
blood," early Richard re-
sente in the arms of your

STORY.
a justice of peace had
the subject of ghosts.
defender of their reality
ritical. The bishop once
e justice told him, that
to the subject, he had
high commended him of
I rejoice at your con-
re "give me the cu-
with all the particu-
to say "— "Yes, my
by bed,—about the
by an uncommon
ming up stairs."
house, I drew my
and saw a faint

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.
There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
Like Job who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonna the curious may gaze,
With applause and amazement, but chiefly his
praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.
They were angels compared to the devils he drew,
Who beset poor St. Anthony's cell,
Such burning hot eyes, such a d—mnable hue,
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was
so blue,
He painted his devils so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the dragon, embracing her son,
Many devils already the artist had done,
But this man out-do all beset.

The old dragon's traps, so they fled through the air,
At seeing it, pans'd on the wing,
For he had a likeness so just to a hair, (there,
That they came, as Apollon himself had seen
To pay their respects to their king

Every child on beholding it shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd, as he turned away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but turning her head,
Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles,
and said,

"God help me from ugly old Nick!"

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

"You rascally dauber," old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again!"

Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance,
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Twas fresh to his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of the nose is red hot, (senses,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with
And that—the identical curl of his tail,
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!

He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
He looks around for applause, and he sees with
The original standing behind. [at night.

"Fool! idiot!" old Beelzebub
spoke,

And stamp'd on the scaffold;
The Painter grew pale, for he
'Twas a terrible height, and
broke;

And the Devil could wish it

"Help! help me, O Alcey,"

As the scaffold sank under him
From the canvas the Virgin came
She caught the good Painter, and
harm,

There were thousands who saw

The old dragon fled when the

And curs'd his own frailties

Whose the Painter call'd after,

Shook his pallet and brush, to try

"Now I'll paint thee more

TANDEM DRIVES

At length Bill Pouchon sees his

At length Bill Pouchon means

At length he soars to manage well

At length he says all the kick

At length he drives upon New

At length he drives, not like the

ETYMOLOGICAL PU

Swift, in his Art of Punning,

logical rule, when a man has

every letter and syllable of a

ample, I am asked, "What is

spend an evening with?" I ask

for there is, p—pot—poto—po

the reverse, not a top.

Achilles, continues he, being a

unquiet nature, never gave up

either to peace or to war; and

Earl of Warwick was call'd a

other terrible, as I kill devils

call'd a kill-case, or a travel

length, by corruption, Achille's

Andronache, the wife of Hector

Her father was a Scotch grail

...this ancient kingdom;
...in Troy, in which city he
...countrymen, in the defence of
...Cretensis learnedly observes,
...with his daughter, and the
...Andrew Mackay. The young
...by the same name, only a little
...accident.

...in his Diversions of Purley, in-
...vation of King Pepin from the
...as thus—asper, eper, oper;
...upkin, pipkin, pepin—king—
...and, in another work, we find the
...pickled cucumber from King Jeremi-
...King Jeremiah—Jeremiah
...jerkin, girkin, pickled cu-
...the name of Mr. Fox, as derived
...as thus—Rainy-day, rain a
...rain hard, reynard, fox!

OPTICAL DEFICIENCY.

...once lost his sight by an accident,
...placed under some skilful oculist,
...recovered it; he was lo-
...gradually, and was able at length
...firmly at distant objects, saw
...on the horizon, boats in the dis-
...dances, dogs, flies, and even fleas;
...establishment of the faculty, he was
...the largest type. As reading was
...of his recovery, away went the
...books, and doctors, and apotheca-
...lancetting, lotioning, rubbing,
...the eyes as hard as they possibly
...termination of a fortnight, they
...their skill, and nearly killed
...Gentlemen," said the sufferer,
...your exertions, I assure you I
...enough. I have sufficiently reco-
...eyes to satisfy myself; I see
...five fields distant. I see
...window frame—I am satisfied."

...the professors, "but your
...I get denied to yourselves can-

not yet read even large type, and this, which
convinces us there is something yet to do."—"What
there is, sir," answered the patient, "a great deal
to do, to make me read any type, for I cannot
could read at all."

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

O! cry'd Arsenia, long in wedlock bound,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast;
"Should death divide thee from thy floating
What comfort could be found in widow's life?
How the thought shakes me!—bear's my daughter
live,

Or give the lost Arsenia half his grave."
Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd;
"And should not wives like this," said he, "be
lov'd?

Take the lost sorrower at her word; and try
How deeply-rooted woman's vows can lie."
'Twas said, and done—the tender Strophon
dy'd;

Arsenia two long months—t' out-live him try'd;
But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

VICE VERSA

A Frenchman once asked what difference there
was between M. de Rothschild, the loan broker,
and Herod? "It is," he was told, "that Herod
was the King of the Jews, and Rothschild the Jew
of the Kings."

BARRISTERS.

A gentleman when attending York Assizes,
wrote to a friend as follows:—"I spend most of
my time in the Nisi-prins Court. Besides that the
trials are of a less painful nature than those at the
crown end, the bar have certainly there the widest
scope for the display of talent. I visited it for the
first time on Tuesday, in company with my worthy
friend Timothy. We set off early in order to se-
cure a good place. The streets through which we
passed were all alive, and the castle was evidently
the centre of general attraction. The bearers of
the bags (for green is now discarded,) were par-
ticularly nimble.

"There, with like haste, by several ways they run,
Home to undo—and some to be undone."

My friend was in danger of laughing outright when he saw caught a first gl'opse of the galaxy of wig, which "looked as if it was fastened to a wise, and as many as it was foolish."—"Odds bel' him!" said he—"but they are a rum looking set!" And sure enough they are. I never look upon them, without being reminded of the Ugly Club at Oxford, mentioned by the Spectator. Some frowned from a *der deep* wig. These Timothy took to be the Cumber Council, of whose unfathomable legal knowledge he had often heard. Others assumed *ferce* wigs, and *poet* wigs. These, he doubted not, were the formidable lawyers he had read of, who terrify poor wretches so in cross-examination. A few sported sly wigs; and a great many were encumbered with wigs that bore no character at all. All these he set down as the *baristes*. There were new moon phizzes and full moon phizzes; sleepy eyes and sleepless eyes; staring eyes and quivering eyes; sharp noses and snub noses; long nose and long noses; twisted noses and twisting noses; in short, features differing as much from each other as possible, but all agreeing in that true legal characteristic—Oddity!

"What formidable gloom their faces wear!
How wide their front!—how deep and black the rear,
How do their threatening heads each other
throng!"

Their employments, also, as Timothy remarked, were some of them equally comical. Those who were not concerned in the cases before the Court were killing their time, and perhaps smothering their chagrin by reading a newspaper, or French novel, or sketching caricatures; or cracking jokes; or perpetrating puns. Our graceless wag was at it long paper pockets with his finger and thumb, and discharging them at his neighbor's head, or to the shoulder of the best. Another was ornamenting a bevy of beauties, who occupied one of the most conspicuous portions of the Court,

as conveniently as if they had been for the express purpose of being and a fourth were conversing with signs and nods, across the table, fully pleasant sight, and even only an equal number of gay divines, the slipper in their canonicals, in public assembly, if such a thing should

YAT YOU PLEASE

Some years ago, when civil faction
Flag'd like a fury thro' the field
And children in the general d'atra
Were taught to curse as soon as to

When common sense in common
And murder shew'd a love of m
And France, determin'd not to be
Decapitated all the higher class
To put folk more on an equal
While coronets were not worth ten
And liberty in bonnet-rouge, m
For Mother Red cap, up at Cam
Full many a Frenchman then to
Bidding soup-maitre an abrupt
And hither came pell-mell,

Sans cash, sans coines, almost all

Two Messieurs, who about that t
Half starv'd, but too proud to gat
(No weasels' e'er were thinner)

Trudg'd up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted
Extremely puzzled how to get
'Twas morn, and from each side
The don smote wrinkles were d
Each house-maid, cherry-cheek d
Before the door was gaily to d

From morn till noon, from noon

Our Frenchman wonder'd and
Great was their need, but weary

Stomach and pocket in the same
At length, by mutual consent they
And different ways on the same

On a day most dear,
 When a general use
 Of boasting of the sav'ry good,
 One Frenchman, at a tavern here,
 Held the glorious cheer;
 He sniff'd the luscious gale in,
 Which windows was exhaling,
 To work his busy brain,
 Long'd, and long'd and sniff'd again.
 He mother of invention,
 'Ye heard many mention,
 He saw his plan completed,
 Frenchman at a table seated.

At his elbow stands—
 Shew me with your commands?
 And hold'st, sir, choose you these or

Is very good, sure! — VAT YOU

Is word,
 Smokes the wish'd for bird!
 Long did he waste,
 Pell-mell upon it;
 Merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
 So merry thought that woe it!
 See, and after pie comes cheese;
 "Heh! he, sir!" — "AS, VAT YOU

Frenchman having ta'en his fill,
 When—"sir, your little bill!"
 I've still a veil, Mr. Bill, good

William!" — "No, sir, stay;
 I, sir—you've this bill to pay."

Ma For!
 Sing, sure—PARDONNEZ MOI!
 If you call your goose, your cheese,
 "But—I tell you, VAT YOU PLEASE,"
 Master, each explained the case,
 Sing, t'other with grimace;

But Boniface, who dearly lov'd a jest,
 (Although sometimes he dearly paid for it),
 And finding nothing could be done—
 (For when a man has got no money,
 To make him pay some would be rather snappy!)
 Of a bad bargain made the best,
 Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it;
 Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
 And Briton-like forgave a fallen foe,
 Laugh'd heartily, and let him go!

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
 Away he trotted in a merry mood;
 When, turning round the corner of a street,
 Who but his countryman chanc'd he to meet,
 To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
 He told how he had taken Jenn Bull in!
 Fir'd with the tale, the other licks his chops,
 Makes his coogee, and seeks this shop of shops.
 Ent'ring, he seats himself, just at his ease,
 "What will you take, sir?" — "VAT YOU PLEASE."
 The waiter look'd as pale as Paris plaster,
 And, up stairs running, thus address'd his master—
 "These d—d Monseers, come over sure in pairs;
 "Sir, there's another "VAT YOU PLEASE!" down
 stairs!"

This made the landlord rather crusty,
 Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat
 musty;

Once to be done, his anger didn't touch,
 But when a second time they tried the treason,
 It made him crusty, sir, and with good reason;

You would be crusty, were you done so much!
 There is a kind of instrument

Which greatly helps a serious argument,
 And which, when properly applied, occasions
 Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!

'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen
 skip;

'Twould strike you presently— a stout horsewhip!

This instrument our MARTIN D'NOY
 Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat,
 And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
 Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his thread-bare Determin'd whilst the iron's hot to strike it. [kneels. Pat with his lesson answers—"VAT YOU PLEASE?" But scarcely had he let the sentence slip, Than round his shoulders twines the phant' whip! "Bare!"—*ah, I ah, misericorde! pardieu!* Got I—*in, monsieur, vat make you use me so? Vat call you dis?"*—"Lord, don't you know? That's what I please," says Bunny "how d'ye like it?"

Your friend, although I paid dear for his funning, Deserv'd the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning; But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting, Are goose enough—and only wanted basting!"

ADULTERY.

A Shandon Fragment.

"It is a shame—it is a disgrace to our laws—to our manners—to our religion," exclaimed Yorick, with more than his usual elevation of tone. My father waked him from his reverie, and expected, from the earnestness of Yorick, an elaborate disquisition on the laws, manners, or religion. He drew, with great complacency of look, and marked attentiveness of aspect, his chair towards that of Yorick, who pointed with his finger to several paragraphs in the paper, which he had been reading, dated from Doctors' Commons. My father surveyed them with calmness, or rather indifference. My father had been long married, and the subject of adultery was one of those few speculations which had never agitated his perceptions, or produced one eloquent speech, or one pointed observation. My father, besides the inconvenience of the hip-gout, was never, as my mother used to relate, a very fond lover. He had never written sonnets to praise her charms, or elegies to deplore her cruelty. My father had only written—his name to the marriage articles. These valuable MSS. he had all the morning been employed in perusing, or dozing on his knee before the fire-side. On Yorick's exclamation my father, in hopes of some fresh subject, put them hastily into his pocket. "Too many ex-

amples," repeated Yorick, sometimes at the non-chalance of my now placed his left leg on the grate, a posture which betrayed fissure in his lower vestment, "the religion we profess."—"In Yorick," said Dr. Slap, sitting in his chair, and in a very professional age is not one of the commonest of the immorality of the breach of fidelity. Indeed Dr. Slap, with somewhat before "is not so great, as it has more of a civil nature."—"I replied Yorick, "in our church altar, and, in the sight of God eternal fidelity to each other, to coöperate the adulterer of each other's claim."—"To a very late matter my father very quickly, who had resumed the perusal of his manuscript. "And the children, you know, Mr. turned my father very serious dear little things, and they are guilt of either sinner?" asked whilst a big tear stood in his eye, heaved with convulsive pity. bewitching looks came across imagination. Her age, which had probability of being a mother, which had created certain doubts in the bosom of an old man, rushed upon his reservoir of ideas, and voice was so elegant, and the mod question so very energetic, that in tive fancy was immediately on the right side of his nose with great stifling a smile, he approached his chair, and looking at him with great—"My dear brother, has then the man done us the honour?"—"Yes, my noble with great surprise, his inference, and resumed his place in perfect composure.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

LXXI

MY SPEECH,

ON THE QUESTION,

Unsubstantiated, unsubstantiated, unsubstantiated, I rise, sir, in coming caught your eye, sir, to excite diffidence, my humble ideas subject now before the house. I am bold to affirm, and I am not, that I by no means meet the *de l'Ed.* I will not, however, go further or commit myself, by taking about the most perfect consideration now upon my legs, I certainly *ask the question*; nor am I at all *half way*, because, on the business, I was determined to scout for it, sir, the well-being of civilised the establishment of order and be grand object of our investigation hesitate to pronounce—Sir! I pronounce, that I want words to nation at the general tenour of *ably agitated* by the honourable *ft hand*. But, sir, the idea does when my learned friend professed *faciles* with so much method, he weakness by undertaking to *can stable*, and to perform the *les himself*. No, sir, I am again I, sir, I am by no means *disin-* that if gentlemen, under the *ances*, do not act with vigour *ainst* the introduction of French *lorious* constitution, produced by *our* ancestors, may fall to the *, fall* to the ground, by the *im-* innovation. But on this head, *liberate*; and I trust the gentle- I have the honour to act, and *a* decided majority of this ho- *for* whose worth, integrity, *ally*, ingenuity, perseverance, *have* the most dignified respect,

and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence; I say, sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless banditti of *acquitted* *folens*, who, not having been killed off, insult us daily by their negative successes, and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, who may, by possessing property, become an object of their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer upon the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere:
Carpe diem.

LAUGHING PROHIBITED.

To prove pleasure but pain, some have hit on a project,
We're duller the merrier we grow,
Exactly the same unaccountable logic,
That talks of cold fire and warm snow
For me born by nature,
For humour and satire,
I sing, and I roar, and I quaff;
Each muscle I twist it,
I cannot resist it,
A finger held up makes me laugh;
For since pleasure's joy's parent, and joy begets mirth,
Should the subtlest casuist, or soph upon earth,
Contradict me, I'd call him an ass and a calf,
And boldly insist once for all;
That the only criterion of pleasure's to laugh,
And sing toll de roll loll de loll.
Vainly bountiful Nature shall fill up life's measure,
If we're not to enjoyment awake;
Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure
Deserve not that little they take.
For me who am jiggish,
And funny, and giggish,
Such joys are too formal by half:
I roar, and I revel,
Drive care to the devil,
And hold both my sides while I laugh.
For since pleasure, &c

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

the pleasures we're angling and aquar-
[ing,
and cutting by rules;
— dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,
allow such fashions are fools.
any may say what they list on't,
of life, I insist on't,
sure the prop and the staff,
that sets every muscle,
to a come it busle,
les one into a laugh.
For since pleasure, &c.

THE MERIT OF BLOOD.

Sheriff Phillips told Sir John Silvester,
order of London, that his court in the Old
smelt of blood — "I'm glad of it," replied
Jack, in his stern way, "for it will thereby
away the rogues and thieves."

IN HENDON CHURCH-YARD.

T. Crossfield,
Died November 8th, 1808.
Beneath this stone Tom Crossfield lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries;
He laughed when sober, and when mellow,
Was a humor-seatum harmless fellow;
He gave in none design'd offence,
So Honi soit qui mal y pense

REPUBLIC OF BABINE.

There was, at the court of Sigismund Augustus,
gentleman of the family of Psamka, who, in
concert with Peter Cassovius, bailiff of Lublin,
formed a society which the Polish writers call
The Republic of Babine; and which the Ger-
mans denominate "The Society of Fools." This
society had its king, its chancellor, its counsel-
lors, its archbishops, bishops, judges, and other
officers. When any of the members did or said
any thing at the meetings which was unbecom-
ing or ill timed, they immediately gave him a
box of which he was requested to perform the
duty of which he was appointed in his stead;
he too much, so as

to engross the conversation, he was ap-
pointed orator of the republic; if he spoke im-
properly, occasion was taken from the society
to appoint him a servable employment; if, in
stance, he talked about dogs, he was made
of the buck-bounds; if he boasted of his
he was made a knight, or perhaps a lord
and if he expressed a bigotted and fan-
ciful opinion in religion, he was made
inquisitor. The offenders being thus
for their follies, and not their wisdom
sion to the Germans to call the repub-
lic Society of Fools. The king at
day, asked Psamka, if they had ever
their republic? To which he re-
forbid that we should think of electing
while your majesty lives; your majesty
ways he king of Babine, as well as
The king inquired farther, to what
republic reached? "Over the whole
says Psamka; "for we are told, by
all men are lars." This society was
so much, that there was scarce any person
who was not honoured with some post
its chiefs were also in high favour with the

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

In London I never know what to be at,
Enraptured with this, and transported with
I'm wild with the sweets of variety; please
And life seems a blessing too happy for
But the country, Lord bless us, sets all
right,
So calm and composing from morning
Oh! it settles the stomach when none
But as us on a common, a grassy one
In London how easy we sit and eat,
Gay pleasure the theme, and sweet
our treat;
Our mornings, a round of good humour
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure
In the country how pleasant our
Though ten miles of mud far from

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

and covered with legs of mutton, shouldering
 other, with some bones to be plected at
 a hand very cheap. He also intends to esta-
 blish a one-finger club for the use of shoe-blacks,
 women, nightmen, &c. and one of the rules of
 the club will be, that if any one should happen
 to choose or chance to swallow another fellow's
 finger, or the joint of a finger, he is to pay one-
 penny. Those that intend to stow in three din-
 ners at once, are to pay by the pound, twelve
 pence to the dozen, butter weight. And whereas
 there are some pale thin-looking fellows, with
 bone-necks, that would demolish a shoulder of
 mutton at one sitting, they are to pay according
 to the damages they have committed; and as the
 Irish are very fond of working at the wet-dock, he
 has laid in a large quantity of small-beer, of so
 fine a quality that it will wrattle even with some
 of your porter, though it should get into a passion,
 and foam as much as it pleases; but his dear
 countrymen must know, that he will not keep a
 doubling account with any one of them, nor take
 a duplicate in pay for any one of them, even
 though it should be backed by his honour. As to
 Scotchmen, who wish to cheat their guts, and to
 amuse their teeth, he has prepared for them
 that dish so well known north of the Tweed,
 namely, a haggis, with black-pudding as tough as
 Indian-rubber; and, as an empty sack can't
 stand, he is resolved that the substantial only shall
 appear on his tables. None of your French
 slops, with a little piece of beef, and an ocean of
 soup, like a small island in a lake; no syrup of
 cinders, no jelly of pipe stopples, or quaking
 puddings, that will tremble at the sight of a knife
 or a spoon. And as it sometimes happens that
 those who frequent Eating-houses often mistake
 their pocket for their mouth, and, as it is a pity
 that the belly should be defrauded of its due, he
 requests all such to take notice of this hint, and
 to be careful that they do not commit such mis-
 takes. He has also fitted up a room for the use
 of those that wish to be admitted in half-

mourning, or those that have been
 sides of the street, as he does not wish
 meandering of that kind in his house,
 wish to eat against time, to pay a
 head, provided they don't bolt, or
 eighteen-pence. A bill of fare,
 Welsh pedigree, will be written
 with a clean table-cloth once a
 use of those that like to dine geor-
 genteel accommodation; but be
 and heels in the morning. The
 will be always welcome.
 N.B. Fine roast pork, that will
 every day at one o'clock.

IN LAMBETH CHURCH.

On William Wilton, a trooper
 Here lies the body of
 Who never more will trouble

THE CAMBRIDGE

In the days that are past, on the
 Whose waters but softly we
 With ivy o'ergrown, an old
 That was built on the skirt
 wood.

Where the yew tree and

The villagers shank as they
 When resting at eve from
 And the traveller full many
 If his ears once admitted
 Of the tale that was told

They said that the house
 By a saucy-eyed ghost
 Which fill'd ev'ry heart
 By assuming strange ap-
 pears.

Shapes monstrous and

And truly they said, for
 That this ghost was
 For no sooner the bell
 Than this frolicsome
 To caper like ten

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

He was the most strange, and
 He was ever so daring,
 He was a most terrible-crier,
 And bones, and his sweet little

He grew beyond bending.

At time, as the master's sad heart
 And anguish was swelling,
 A scholar, with science replete,
 Lure as an egg is of meat,
 Cambridge a dwelling.

He was in all mystical arts,
 He was throughout college,
 He was many an unquiet ghost,
 King Pharaoh, and his mighty host,
 He was his powerful knowledge.

He learned; the master he went,
 He bent with submission,
 Of the ghost, and the horrible

His household from sleeping

His humble petition,

A scholar, in wisdom so wise,
 A blest ghost lay in fetters,
 Torments for ever to dwell,
 In pit of the neithermost hell,
 The sleep of his betters.

He was in all mystical lore,
 His prayer should be granted,
 He was to be saddled with speed,
 The back of his cream-colour'd

He home that was haunted.

He was at the fall of the night,
 He was a most shiver,
 He was a most blue burn the
 He was a most pale with affright,
 He was a most quiver.

Bring some turnips and milk, the scholar he said,
 In a voice like the roaring thunder;
 They brought him some turnips, and such heede,
 Some milk and a spoon, and his motion they made,
 Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips—he par'd off the skin,
 Put them into a pot that was boiling,
 Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to sup,
 Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips Ash'd
 In a hurry, for they were a-spelling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
 The hail at the easement 'gan clatter;
 The scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
 But raising his eyes, and turning about,
 Ask'd the maid for a small wooden-platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
 The storm came on thicker and faster,
 The blue lightnings flash'd and with terrific din,
 The rain at each crevice and cranny crept in,
 Tearing up by the root loth and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
 The morn would have ravish'd a glutton,
 When, lo! his sharp bones scarcely cover'd his
 skin,

The ghost from the nook o'er the window peep'd
 in,

In the form of a boil'd scrag of mutton.

"Oh, ho!" cried the ghost, "what art doing
 below,

The scholar look'd up in a twinkling,
 Since the times are too hard to afford any meat,
 To make my poor turnips more pleasant to eat,
 A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling.

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he
 seized,

And sou'd it at once in the platter,
 Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,
 And before the poor ghost could tell what he
 was at,

He was gone like a mouse down the throat of
 a cat,

And that is the whole of the matter.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

WATCHMAKER'S EPITAPH,

Found in Berkeley church-yard, Gloucestershire.
 Layeth Thomas Peirce, whom no man taught,
 In iron, brass, and silver wrought.
 Jacks and clocks, and watches (with art)
 Made

ended too, when others work did fade.
 Berkeley five times minor this artist was,
 Yet this major, this artist was but grasse:
 When his own watch was done on the last day,
 That made watches had not made a key
 To wind it up, but useless it must lie
 Until he rise again no more to die.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwell Captain Drew,
 George Benson dwell at Number Two;
 (The street we'll not now mention)
 The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
 The former, being lamed in war,
 Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
 None deeper in the mystery
 Of culinary knowledge;
 From turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
 Apt student, taking his degrees
 In Mrs. Rundell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom;
 Proud of an invitation from
 A host who "spread" so nicely,
 Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
 "Extremely happy—come on Fri-
 Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
 Drove up at six, each invidious thought
 Ideal turbot trench in
 Bat, ere he trench & the winning post,
 He saw a haunch of Ven'son roast
 Down in the next-door kitchen.

What's this! a haunch at
 (Drew's!)

To pass were downright treason;
 To cut Ned Benson's not quite decent
 But the provocative—a haunch!
 Zounds! it's the first this season!

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk a
 Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door
 "John, I'm in such a hurry!
 Do tell your master that my aunt
 Is paralytic, quiteasant,
 I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a
 "Is Captain Drew at home?"
 "Drew, how d'ye do?"
 "Yes, I—you've ask'd me, man,
 To drop in, in a quiet way,
 So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have,"
 "I've nothing but an Irish stew
 Quoth Tom aside) "No
 'Tisn't do—my stomach's up
 "I will be by, till the lard fat
 Comes quivering on the"

"You see your dinner, Tom
 "No, but I don't though,"
 "I smok'd below,"
 A haunch!"—"Oh! true, it
 My neighbour has some friend
 "Your neighbour!"

"His chimney smoked; if
 I let him have my kitchen
 While his was newly
 The Ven'son you ordered
 Went home just half an
 I guess it's now done"

"Tom, why that look
 Come, help yourself to
 Don't sit with hands
 But dine, for once, off
 And read the 'Dog &
 When next you"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.
 What is this? here's neither coal nor
 fire;
 nothing but gulls of fishes handle
 table are both here within,
 by ne'er down'd, where sun did never
 of this on earth man never saw,
 so within a monster's maw!
 ler mountains, which are high and

er waters hundred fathoms deep!
 both in his house of ice,
 a window he the light did see;
 pve the highest waves, a wonder,
 if are all the waters under!
 I might go and also come;
 in such a straighten'd room
 path; head and feet together
 there as would a thousand smother.
 extracted from the poems of the
 lord, a man of undoubted piety,
 eccentricity. He left his fortune
 pla to the University of Glasgow;
 f his bequest, judging from the
 ren, must have been invaluable!

N DR. JOHNSON.
 Some Jennings.

ision; reader, have a care,
 ye rouse a sleeping bear;
 fen'rous, and humane
 secreted, rude, and vain;
 raring in dispute,
 sation, yet a brute;
 his wisdom and his folly,
 mirth, and melancholy;
 retailers of his wit,
 wrote, and talk'd, and spit.

IMPORTERS.

with a description of per-
 signated by the title of

croakers; mortals endowed with option
 happily formed in their views of the a
 others, that they can contemplate nothing
 long perspective of a fellow-creature's
 one uninterrupted scene of gloom,
 "Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon
 If you consult a person of this class on the
 of your affairs, there are no hopes which do
 not derive unfounded, no expectations that
 too sanguine, no projects that are not fatally
 visionary. Young persons, in particular, who
 have a most kind and special care of
 against that buoyancy of spirits so natural
 time of life. In addition to the "hair-brut
 'scapes" to which all are liable, and on which
 will not fail to expatiate most emphatically,
 will discover, in the peculiar character of an
 individual with whom he converses, something
 calculated to augment his distrust and enhance
 dangers. Though most lavish, even to intrusive
 ness, of his opinions, he is far from prodigal
 advice. In fact, you would vainly seek it o
 him; his forte is dissuasion. Whatever steps you
 propose to pursue, ask his sentiments upon the
 subject, and all that you are likely to learn is,
 that "here Scylla foams, and there Charybdis
 yawns." He will leave no objection to say of
 your plans unstated; and availing himself of the
 noted maxim of antiquity, that the gods have
 placed all human good on the right hand and on
 the left, he will never leave his argument till he
 has, to the best of his ability, succeeded in con-
 vincing you, that, let the measures you intend to
 adopt be what they may, your object will prove
 equally unattainable. If he have sufficient influ-
 ence over the person he addresses, he will, per-
 haps, be thus enabled to heget in him all the
 indecision of indecision, and all the torment of
 suspense. But, though the croaker may succeed
 in establishing the imprudence of every plan
 suggested by another, he will be careful not to
 commit himself, or assist you by proposing any
 substitute. It is in dissuasion, as I have before

AT ST. BENNET'S, PAUL'S WHARF, LONDON.

Here lies one More, and no More than he;
One More and no More; how can that be?
Why one More and no More may well lie here
alone,
But here lies one More, and that's More than one.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown
place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in
the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis
well known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.
Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and
lively,
Hir'd lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.
He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat
sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.
Next night 'twas the same!—and the next—and
the next;
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and
vex'd;
Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.
In six months his acquaintance began much to
doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung
about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cry'd, like a nunny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—
there's a guinea."
The doctor look'd wise—"A slow fever," he
said;
"Horrid'st odorifics, and going to bed;

"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will,
bugs!

"I've enough of them there, without
drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor; but, when
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always
So, calling his host, he said, "sir, do
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months

"Look'e, landlord. I think," argued
grim,

"That with honest intentions you start
But from the first night—and to say if
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm
cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I
dispute;

I've let lodgings ten years—I'm
boot:

In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is
And your bed is immediately—over me

"The oven!!!" says Will.—Says the
this passion?

In that excellent bed died three people
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Loud
Will, in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty with his
baking!"

Will paid for his room—Cried the
sneer,

"Well, I see you've been going on
year."

"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no
Will said;

"I see one may die where another may

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

The assemblies this year have gained
cession of beauty. Several brilliant
arisen from the east and from the north
on the firmament of fashion; among the
have discovered another planet, which
Venus in lustre, and I claim equal be

THE EVENING PRINCIPLES

My memory. I shall take some pains to describe this planet, and the little which revolve around it.

At assembly the company began to grow about eight, but the most-favoured their appearance until about the number of the moon, and the most possible hour for beginning to go.

Honeycomb, whose memory I hold in veneration, even with his half-century, would have been puzzled to remember a lady by her prevailing colour. The "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs. Edme Bouchard, appeared to have wonderful inventions in the direction, variation, and combination of colour. The philosopher who maintains that white, and that, of course, there is no colour as white, might have given his theory on this occasion, by the forsaken white muslin. I was, pleased to see that red maintains all other colours, because red is Mr. Jefferson's * * * * *, Tom's my slippers.*

My small-fungi of this world, who hang books, cobwebs, and spiders, in the face of the age; for my part, with the magic of the scene, and ped through the mazes of the land glowing, and dazzling, I, none, thanked them heartily for the with which they loaded themselves with entertainment of bystanders, that I was a bachelor.

As well as on several other great pleasure is indulged in white. The allusion made to small-clothes with which use of good taste, used to boys and other public oc-

The gentlemen were, as usual, equipped in their appropriate black uniforms, constituted a sable regatta which contributed not a little to the gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend, the cock Mr. 'Sbidlikensdash, or 'Sbidlikens, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite variety—stands in high favour—with himself—and, as Caleb Quotem, is "up to every thing." I remember when a comfortable plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow, 'Sbidlikens observed, that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest paintmaking snail—who had once walked six feet in an hour, for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story to say, that the ladies of New York dance well; and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quitted their swaddling-clothes. The immortal Duport has usurped despotism away over all the female heads and heels in this city; hornbooks, primers, and pianos, are neglected to attend to his positions, and poor Chilton, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the North river Society. 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of five-and-twenty dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' candour in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often glances through a cotillion, yet he never catches a glimpse of life.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts.—The public shall know all about it. As I never dance collisions, holding them to be monstrous distortions of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I, at length, traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and, by the most accurate computation I have determined, that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these juck-o-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb mosquito-net; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a-prancing the other way, like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprang up, and finished sturgeon, toward his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man of woman born, who was not a Frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming youth brought a fresh supply of roses to the month of beauty,

where lies too much prodigal well to every sweet face under hope her roses may survive the tions of winter, and lose nothing with the latest offerings of the kens, to whom I made similar use that they were very just, as pressed; and that the lady in dignous fine piece of flesh and I find it in my heart to bite their own roast-beef—they call between a fine woman and another young lady acquaintance but that she excels in far plishments. Who praises even though it is most be with The company retired at the supper-room, where with their most splendor friend, 'Sbidlikens, with a corkney, had carefully cheese and crackers, that again to venture his limb fair ones who throng the precaution was unnecessary the room with sur No gowns were worn. bled—nor was there of either managers or

SCOTCH

Dialogue between an American — Thos hair' Say, is it as thy loe Art thou descended Whose ancestor was Mac Whisky.—I A.—But, fallen An exile from Thou travel'st. Though—

SCOTCH
 Dialogue between an
 American — Tho
 hair?
 Say, is it at thy loo
 Art thou descended
 Whose ancestor w
 Mac Whisky — I
 A. — But, fallen
 An exile from
 Thou travel'st.
 Though —

And while he lauds the "big man's verse,
 Swears it out-Osians Homer's error
 But who, of all thy sons, hath told
 That true Scotch itch is rubb'd with gold?
 That there were once in Scotland mair
 Thistles than vines? and that there are
 Twa dishelouts, little worse for wear,
 Three stockings, twa three pair o' breeks,
 Mair feet than shoon, mair jews than leeks,
 Just twenty lords in twenty slaves,
 And thirty saints in fifteen knives,
 And sixteen fools in that famed land
 Where brass i' th' face is braid i' th' hand,
 And were, save siller, naught will pass
 For genius, learning, wit, but brass?

M.—The greatest heroes known to fame,
 Are Scotchmen—Wellington and Grahame?
 The greatest bard is Cunninghamo,
 The king of critics and of men;
 We're Jeffrey, in himself a host.

A.—Jeffrey, the seer, whose prophecies
 We read by th' rule o' contraries;
 Impartial Jeffrey, fain'd for giving
 Scotch praise to all Scotch scribblers living;
 M.—We have.

A.—And for what noble ends?

M.—We yearly meet, all Scots and friends.

A.—To praise skun-whang o'er cheese of Stilton?

M.—To light our pipes wi' drowsy Milton,
 Proud of our land of godlike men,
 And if of her, still more of them.—
 Smith, Spenser, Tasso, Arkwright, Pen,
 Beth, Deuteronomy, and Shem,
 Sir! Cæsar told the Earl o' Mar
 He learn'd of Bruce the art of war.
 There was one Mars, too, a brave fellow,
 And he had hair of a reddish yellow.
 Sir, Venus was a Highland dowie;
 England invented beef fra' crowdie;
 Mean envy of Scotch bracken-wine
 Gave France the hint to plant her vine.

A.—Where is the tomb o' th' famed Scotch bard
 Called Homer?

M.—In Dumfriesshire
 His widow lives at Inverclyde
 Where his son, I had, mair

A.—There was one Duns

M.—Of Leth—he had
 And fear'd na' ghosts;
 Scar'd out o' his by J—

A.—Is England like a
 Compar'd with Scotland

M.—A mere bog
 A.—What are the English

M.—The lion

The rat, the spaniel, and
 Wallowing through life
 Still each dual son excel
 We sell hogs, but to get
 Then kick all beggars.

The English
 And toil, and

Slaves, without draught,
 We also booz, but not for

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE
 SING

A partner in a banking-
 enough to the abode of a
 nose his worship's kitchen;
 order of the day, was w
 watering-place on the coast
 the country, he determin
 sports; and, for the first th
 day's shooting. "When
 the cit," we must do as
 vulgar sportsman, such as
 rustic nobleman, sets off
 shooting pony, in pursuit
 Cramus Gadams such simpl
 banker, with a merchant fr
 into his phaeton, took the
 rowed in the carriage, and
 livery to follow him. The
 been used to such a fashion
 soon began to show sympt
 even of an inclination to
 stulted, however. In part

DIRECTIONS TO LADIES ON THE SUBJECT OF DRESS.

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown, or frock, is most advisable—because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. John Frost, nose-painter general of the colour of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting—(i. e. *gritily*.) Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks—flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—nudity being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionably coloured mud that can be found; the ladies permitted to hold up their train, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B. —If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoulders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *a-la-strabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown—a yellowish, whitish, smoky, dirty-coloured shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "*Cinderella dress*."

The recipe for a full-dress is as follows:—Take of spider net, crape, satin, gyp, cat-gut, gauze, whale bone, lace, bobbin, ribands, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws, as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka

Sound. Let Mrs. Toole, or Madam Patch all these articles together, and dash them plentifully over with dust-travel, and they will altogether, which, hung upon a ladies back, supplying the place of beauty, yet nod of reminding the spectator of region of finery, called *Rag Fair*.

IRISH LEARNING.

The rector of Fintona, when parishioners in the church, came up to ask her how many commandments. She answered, seven. The rector there were ten, and inquired why. This was too hard for her, and stammering about it, one John Patter behind her, whispered to her, "No other gods but me"—"Do you quote me," "what John Patter here says to me? he says, I shall have no other gods but him; Devil in hell take us."

LEO X. AND HIS RUFF.

Querno, a kind of poetical favour with Leo X. had been crossed by the gay young men of fashion in Rome. The Pope, fond of his best, sent him choice dishes from his table, expected always some dish in return like other bon-vivants, was tortured, and at one of its most powerful moments obliged to write, in gratitude for the present the following:

"Archipoeta facit verum pro me." To which the good-humoured Leo

"Et pro mille alius archipoeta." Then Querno, resolving to show his sufferings, wrote,

"Porridge, quod faciat mihi paterum."

But the Pope as smartly replied,

"Hoc vinum aperiunt debilitate"

THE LANDLORD-TENANT QUESTION.

...he thus translated:
...of power, the arch-pope
...of sinners, bespangled his
...of Palermian, 'salutes my
...in your feet, what is mea-
...gain.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

...a member of the famous as-
...Westminster, who were ap-
...religion, he used to delight
...with curious quibbles. In
...these venerable sages were
...eyed in determining the dis-
...malism and Jericho; and one
...prove that it could be but a
...ved, that "fish was carried
...be other." On which Selden
...was salt fish." This remark
...tion again into an uncer-

LARGE POLITICIAN.

...d the inn, we heard some one
...volubility, and distinguished
..."taxes,"—"poor's rates,"
...distress." It proved to be a
...pw, who had peened the land-
...er of the porch, with his hands
...mal, listening with an air of
...ulscence.

...to have a curious effect on
...squeezed my arm, and alter-
...ered wide of the porch, as
...ad any idea of entering. This
...ned me to police the orator

...He was meagre, but active
...long, pale, bilious face; a
...given as to bloody his shirt
...s, and a hat sharpened up at

the sides, into a most pragmatical shape. He had
a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be com-
menting on its contents, to the thorough convic-
tion of mine host.

At sight of Master Simon the landlord was evi-
dently a little flurried, and began to rub his
hands, edge away from his corner, and make
several profound publican bows; while the
orator took no other notice of my companion
than to talk rather louder than before, and with
as I thought, something of an air of defiance.
Master Simon, however, as I have before said,
obeyed off from the porch, and passed on, press-
ing my arm within his, and whispering as we got
by, in a tone of awe and horror, "That's a
millum! he reads Cobbett!"

I endeavoured to get a more particular account
of him from my companion, but he seemed un-
willing even to talk about him, answering only
in general terms, that he was "a cursed busy-
fellow, that had a confounded trick of talking,
and was apt to bother one about the national
debt, and such nonsense; from which I suspected
that Master Simon had been rendered wary of him
by some accidental encounter on the field of argu-
ment; for these radicals are continually roving
about in quest of wordy warfare, and never so
happy as when they can tilt a gentleman logician
out of his saddle.

On subsequent inquiry my suspicions have been
confirmed. I find the radical has but recently
found his way into the village, where he threatens
to commit fearful devastations with his doctrines.
He has already made two or three complete con-
verts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of
several others; and has grievously puzzled the
brains of many of the oldest villagers, who had
never thought about politics, or scarce any thing
else, during their whole lives.

He is lean and meagre from the constant rest-
lessness of mind and body; worrying about with
newspapers and pamphlets in his pockets, which
he is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has
shocked several of the staunchest villagers by talk-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ing lightly of the squire and his family; and hinting that it would be better the park should be cut up and made into small farms and kitchen-gardens, or feed good mutton instead of worthless deer.

He is a great thorn in the side of the squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy, thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but has been very much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and heresies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter has taken complete command at the tap-room of the tavern, not so much because he has convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old-established oracles. The apothecary, with all his philosophy, was naught before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to be convinced with whom he the other way by the next person with whom he talks. It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlady, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the king, Master Simon, and the squire. She now and then comes out on the reformer with all the fierceness of a cat-o'-mountain, and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such "low-lived politics." What makes the good woman the more violent, is the perfect coolness with which the radical listens to her attacks, and when his face up into a provoking, supercilious smile, she has talked herself out of her home-

also, that he never knows when to stop. He has half a dozen old maxims, which he advances on all occasions, and though they may overturn them never so often, he brings them anew to the fore. He is a robber in Aristotle, who, though he has cut off half a hundred times, yet he shoulders again in a twinkling as sound a man as ever to the chair.

Whatever does not square with his and obvious creed, he sets down as "politics;" for, notwithstanding this, he cannot be persuaded that the laying plot to ruin the nation, the blank of England. The radical overwhelmed him one day by a long newspaper; but Jack neither reads newspapers. In reply he recited stanzas which he has by heart, and indeed only author, old T. calls his Golden Rules.

Leave princes' affairs under
And tend to such things as
Fear God, and offend not
And keep thyself out of

When Tibbets had pronounced emphasis, he pulled out a purse, took out a handful of his score at the bar with turned his money. He put his purse into his pocket, and then, giving his cud the floor, and bidding the "sir!" with the tone of a man completely done for with lion-like gravity on

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FAMILY EPITAPH.

At North-hill, in Oxfordshire.

My father and mother, and sister and I,
all died within the short space of one year:
we are all buried at Wimbles, except I,
I be buried here.

THE YOUTH OF PROMISE.

Old Cockloft was determined his son should
be a scholar and a gentleman, he took great
pains in his education, which was completed at
Oxford, where he became exceedingly
versatile, in quizzing his teachers and playing bil-
liards. No student made better squibs and
to blow up the chemical professor—no
more ludicrous caricatures on the
the college—and none were more adroit
in picking and climbing lightning rods. He
learned all the letters of the Greek al-
phabet, and could demonstrate that water never "of
itself" rose above the level of its source.
He was certainly the principle of life,
and was entertained with the humane ex-
planation of a cat worried to death in an air-
lock once shook down the ash-house, by
the earthquake; and nearly blew his
nose, and her cat, out of the window
by being thoroughly acquainted with
the notion of Lacedemonian black broth;
made a pot of it, which had well-nigh
killed the whole family, and actually threw the
cat into convulsions. But, above all, he
was upon his logic, has the old college
and often hampered his father with his
the great delight of the old gentle-
man, in the major, minor, and con-
sidering the equal in argument to the polley,
the lever, in mechanics.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

My wife, of matrimonial life,
reverence an experienc'd wife;

To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part;
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart.
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days.
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too strict,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan;
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd,
And sure the certain stain was ne'er defin'd.
"Increase and multiply" was Heav'n's com-
mand.

And that's a text I clearly understand;
This too, "Let men their wives and mothers love,"
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the worst of mankind's belied.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve two men,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same spouse, too, has elsewhere own'd.
No precept for virginity he found;
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel of our will.
I envy not their blind, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
Pard let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us different ways; on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those,
Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may I can't deny;
But by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a saint since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspeckled maid in spite of man;
 Let such (a God's name) with flax wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
 For me I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n;
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reckoning every night;
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad,
 The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was

mine,
 The rest without much loss I could resign;
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace, with showers of gold
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old;
 If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
 And a new pulchre seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sovereign wives! give ear, and understand,
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
 For never was it given to mortal man
 To lie so boldly as we women can;
 Forwear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
 And call your maids to witness how he lies.

"Hark, old Sir Paul! (twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
 Treated, caress'd where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
 I sit so listless, and amur'd at home
 Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
 Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
 If I but see a cousin or a friend,
 Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
 But you reel home a drunken beastly bear,
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair,
 Say we are false, and every woman evil,
 And give up all that's female to the devil.

"If poor (you say,) she drains her husband's
 purse;

If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain;
 Vapours and pride by turns she gains;
 Now gaily mad, now sourly
 Freakish when well, and fretful
 If fair, then chaste she cannot
 By pressing youth attack'd on
 If foul, her wealth the lusty le
 Or else her wit some fool gall
 Or else she dances with becom
 Or shape excuses the defects of
 There swims no goose so gray,
 She finds some honest gander

"Horses (thou say'st) and a
 And ring suspected vessels ere
 But wives, a random choice, &
 They dream in courtship, but
 Then, nor till then, the veil's
 And all the woman glazes in

"You tell me, to preserve
 grace,

Your eyes must always languish
 Your tongue with constant flatter
 And tag each sentence with "O"
 If by strange chance a modest
 Be sure my fine complexion
 My garments always must be
 And feasts still kept upon my
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd,
 And endless treats and endless
 To a long train of kindred, &
 All this thou say'st, and all the

"On Jenkins, too, you cuss
 What I can your 'prentice ruin
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his
 And like the burnish'd gold his
 But clear thy wrinkled brow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice should

"Why are thy chests all
 design?

Are not thy worldly goods all
 Sir, I'm no fool, nor shall you
 Have goods and body to your
 One you shall quit in spite of
 I need not, I, the bolts, the loc

w'd say, "Go where you will,
 not as the tales they tell,
 one of a married life,
 without a faithful wife."
 you have enough what need you

of others' fate?
 I give and take delight,
 as will be left at sight
 of rational desire
 in a neighbour's fire.
 Is too you think is rich asray,
 be modest that are gay.
 I singe her tabby skin,
 and sits content within;
 look will from her corner run,
 I, and wanton in the sun;
 round face, and frisks abroad
 and to be caterwaul'd."
 And, I wrought to my desires
 ancient venerable sires.
 you say and thus you do;
 yet Jenkins swore 'twas true.
 I'd bite as well as whine,
 and where'er the guilt was mine.
 with wenching and amours,
 legs scarce dragg'd them out of

whiles that I took by night
 that dunces they bedight;
 got me many hours of mirth;
 given us from our birth.
 omen the peculiar grace
 , and cally human race.
 oct, and this prudent course,
 hoodling, stratagem and force
 and would be in the right;
 it made a restless night.
 off's arm was o'er my side,
 far with your spouse?" I cried,
 upon his head;
 was a nicety indeed;
 his certain maxim held,
 never is to be sold.

With empty hands no thanks you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And brave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold;
 Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
 Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table;
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spok'
 "Billy, my dear! how sheepishly you look!
 Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
 Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek.
 Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
 Well should you practice who so well can teach.
 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 But I, my dearest! will instruct you how.
 Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
 The wives of all my family have rul'd
 Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 Fye! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
 Here's your revenge, you love it at your heart.
 Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 You little think what custom I could have.
 But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
 What means my dear!—indeed—you are to
 blame."

Thus with my three best lords I pass'd my life,
 A very woman and a very wife.
 What sons from these old spouses I could raise
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Though past my bloom not yet decay'd was I,
 Was ton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl.

Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to seats of love;
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;
Wine lets no lover unwarded go,
As all true gamblers by experience know.

But oh, good gods! whence'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is ev'n to make my market of the brain.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say,
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But so I dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe;
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood;
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd.
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cast on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knock my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite is woman's,
Free gifts we scorn, and love what
Let men avoid us, and on them we
A glutted market makes provision.

In pure good will I took this post
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk
He boarded with a widow in the town
A trusty gossip, one dame Alban;
Full well the secrets of my soul she
Better than e'er our parish-priest
To her I told whatever could befall
Had but my husband lean'd against
Or done a thing that might have cost
She—and my niece—and one more
Had known it all; what must be
To these I made no scruple to reveal
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear
That e'er he told a secret to his friend.

It so befel in holy time o' Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went
(My husband, thank my stars, was
From house to house we rambled
This clerk, myself, and my good niece
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather
Visits to every church we daily pass'd
And march'd in every holy masquerade
The stations duly and the vigils kept
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet
The wasting month ne'er spoil'd my
The cause was this, I wore it every
'Twas when fresh May her
yields,

This clerk and I were walking in
We grew so intimate, I can't tell
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd
If e'er I laid my husband in his grave
That he, and only he, should serve
We straight struck hands, the bargain
I still have shifts against a time of
The mouse that always trusts to an
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd I scarce could sleep and
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd

And close the service, to the world's end,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say—Who builds his house on sand,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow land,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for who'er he be,
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And so do numbers more, I'd boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to beaming
bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil contrived)
For all their lies) were in one volume bound—
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves,
And many more than e're the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have—their pen,
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow,
(Thus by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanc'd my husband on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse, and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' evenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How curs'd Kriphylis her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame:
And husband-bait, oh, monstrous! eye for shame!

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And husband-bait, oh, monstrous! eye for shame!

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

page of
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At
young ladies could dance the waltz, thund-
dolska, murder French, kill time, and command
lence on the face of nature in a landscape in-
colours, equal to the best lady in the land
the young gentlemen were seen lounging at
of affects, and driving tandem; heard talkin-
at the theatre, and laughing in church, w-
much ease and grace, and modesty, as if the
been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in a
and in fine linen, and seated themselves in
places; but nobody noticed them except to
them with a little contempt. The Giblets a
prodigious splash in their own opinion; b-
body extolled them except the tailors, and th-
liners, who had been employed in manufac-
their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon
like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a
at the review," fell to work more fiercely
ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave
they hired cooks, they hired confectioners
they would have kept a newspaper in pay
they not been all bought up at that time
election. They invited the dancing men, a
dancing women, and the gormandizers, at
epicures of the city, to come and make me-
their expense; and the dancing men, an
dancing women, and the epicures, and the
mandizers, did come; and they did make
at their expense; and they eat, and they
and they capered, and they danced, and
—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle
the mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—
rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the st-
such slamming of box-doors at the theatre!
tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wh-
they appeared! The Giblets were seen be-
here and every where;—they visited every-
they knew, and every body they did not k-
and there was no getting along for the G-
their plan at length succeeded. By dint of
ers, of feeding and frolicking the town
Giblet family worked themselves into noise

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo ;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many jarrings on the stage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head,
"Hail follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
"Where grows this plant," replied the friend,
"Oh! where?"

For better fruit did never orchard bear ;
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be."

Then how two wives their lords' destruction
prove.

Through hatred one, and one through too much
love,

That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought ;
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
slain,

And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly
potion ;

All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd,
and frown'd ;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd and read again,
And lo! the night was thus consum'd in vain,
Pray'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one bullet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;

"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cried)
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"

He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"

But after many a hearty struggle,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and I
Do what you list the term of all you
I took to heart the merits of the tale,
And stood content to rule by whole.
Receiv'd the reins of absolute rule,
With all the government of home and
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er
As for the volume that reviv'd the tale,
'Twas torn to fragments and confus'd.

Now Heav'n on all my husband's
Pleasures above, for tortures sell be
That rest they wish'd for grant
grave,

And bless those souls my conduct

THE WORLD.

What is the world? a term that men
To signify,—not one in ten knows
A term with which no more precise
To point out herds of men, than he
In common use, no more it means
Than many fools in one opinion join.

WIFE'S AFFECTION.

O cruel Death, why wert thou so
To take my husband, and leave me
Thou shouldst have taken both of
Which would have been more
survivor.

LIVING IN STYLE.

In no instance have I seen grief
more whimsically exhibited than
my old acquaintance Timothy Glibet
old Glibet when I was a boy, and
early curmudgeon I ever knew. I
scarcely to the small fry of the day
the hatred of all these unlucky little
never could we assemble about
ing to play, and make a little hab
salied from his nest like a spider
formidable horse-whip, and dapper
crew in the twinkling of a lamp.

THE LAFCHING PHILOSOPHER.

sent in to my father for a pane of glass broken, which came well pound flogging; and I remember, the next night I revenged myself in-dozen. Giblets was as arrant a crawler; and the only rules of life were a button for were the rules and addition; which he practised fully than he did any of the rules of reality. He used to declare they were rules; and he took special care to arithmetic in the hands of his boys. They had read ten pages in the book. The practice of these was at length crowned with the prize; and after enduring all lings, and pence miseries of a life satisfaction of seeing himself of dying just as he had determined the remainder of his days in con- great wealth and accumulating

inherited his money; but they died, and every other memorial of his grave. Fired with a noble they instantly emerged from the ditch themselves and their accom- plices had been buried; and they whizzed, and they cracked about it of squibs and devils in a fire-

started, the Giblets were deter- mined should stop them in their car- and run their full course and y tip-top of style. Every tailor, every coachmaker, every milli- on-maker, every paper-banger, ber, and every dancing-master in alined in their service; and the most courteously answered their work to build up the fame of the and done that of many an as- hire them. In a little time the

young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Le- doiska, murder French, kill time, and commit vio- lence on the face of nature in a landscape in water- colours, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease and grace, and modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors, and the mil- liners, who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave balls; they hired cooks, they hired confectioners, and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gor- mandizers, did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! The Giblets were seen here and there and every where;—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of din- ners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblets family worked themselves into notice, and

enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and par-boiled at a ghastly balls, and evening tea-parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed; they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.

THE BACKBITER.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base,—
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatter'ing people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

Upon a black board, besprinkled with white
leats, and hung up in a public-house, in England,
is the following inscription:—“This monument is
erected to the memory of *Faust*, who was some
time ago cruelly put to death by *Credit*; a fellow
who is prowling about the country plotting the
ruin of all publicans.”

MRS. DOBBS AT HOME.

“The common chat of gossips when they meet.”
DRYDEN.

He who knows Hackney, needs must know
That spot enchanting Prospect-Row,
So called, because a view it shows
Of Shoreditch Road, and when there blows
No dust, the folks may one and all get
A peep—almost to Norton Folgate.
Here Mrs. Dobbs, at Number Three,
Invited all her friends to tea
The Row had never heard before
Such double knocks at any door;
And heads were popp'd from every casement,
Counting the comers with amazement.

Some magnified them in eleven,
While others swore there were but seven;

A point that's keenly mooted still,
But certain 'tis that Mrs. Gill
Told Mrs. Grub she reckoned ten:—
Fat Mrs. Hobbs came second—then
Came Mesdames Jenkins, Dump, and
Tappa, Jacks, Briggs, Hoggins,
Wiggins.

Dizen'd in all her best array,
Our melting hostess said her say,
As the souchez repast proceeded,
And curtsying and bobbing press'd
By turns each gormandizing guest,
To stuff as heartily as she did.

Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what!—your cap
Turn'd in your saucer, bottom up!—
Dear me, how soon you've had your
Let me persuade you—once more up,
'Twill do you good, indeed it will.
Psha now, you're only making game
Or else you tea'd afore you came.

Stop Mrs. Jenkins, let me stir it,
Before I pour out any more—
No, ma'am, that's just as I prefer it,
O then I'll make it as before.

Look! Mrs. Dump, that toast seems
Do take and eat this middle bit;
The butter's fresh you may rely,
And a fine price I paid for it,—

No doubt, ma'am—what a shame it is
And Cambridge too again has *ris*!
You don't deal now with Mrs. Krabs
No, she's a had one—ma'am she chaps
Hush! Mrs. Crump's her aunt—Giddy
How lucky she has just turn'd her back

Don't spare the toast, ma'am, don't spare
I've got another round below;
I give folks plenty when I ax a'm,
For cut and come again's my maxim.
Nor should I deem it a mistak'n,
If you demolish'd the whole quart'n;
Though bread is now a shameful price
Why did they 'doltish the assize?

THE LONDON PHILOSOPHER.

Mrs. Dobbs,
 Mrs. Hobbs!
 He-tuh runs o'er,
 in a bore!
 If we hang out—
 by no doubt.
 Only look,
 never be mistook;
 It can't be worse,
 as and a learse;
 rich and burying-place,
 upon your face;—
 pale your doubts,
 unlucky grouts;—
 not—the pot has stood,
 long and good,
 for's in the garden;
 —but begging pardon,
 ring dingy—
 well, ma'am, 's really Injy?
 —well, give me clothes
 and ma'am, not like those,
 fry, Mrs. Jacks,
 sing 'pon our backs.
 dear, —perhaps
 still with William Tapps.—
 What's got to pay,
 re their one-horse chays;
 or rumps. — At most
 be boil'd and roast,
 from Leadenhall
 shops and all.
 poor dear all round;
 g a groat a pound.
 the moments flew,
 my adieu;
 to waddle back
 of Cogniac,
 in Dobbs a law,
 was cold or raw.
 partners, clogs,
 the party jogs.

And silent solitude again
 O'er Prospect-Row resumed its reign;
 Just as the watchman crawl'd to sight,
 To cry—"Past ten—a cloudy night."

ROYAL TASTE.

The person of one of the mistresses of the second George, Madam Kilmasnegge (afterwards Countess of Darlington)—is thus described by Horace Walpole:—"Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess of Kendal—(another of the royal mistresses)—was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays,—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio!—One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We came for all your goods."—"Yes, damn ye!" answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

One day, the rocks from top to toe shall quiver,
 The mountains melt and all in sunder shiver;
 The bear's shall rent for fear; the lowly fields,
 Puff'd up, shall swell to huge and mighty hills.
 Rivers shall dry; or, if in any flood
 Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood,
 The sea shall all be fire, and on the shore
 The thirsty whales with horrid noise shall roar.
 The sun no more of light shall grant his boon,
 But make it midnight when it should be noon.
 With rusty mask the heavens shall hide their face,
 The stars shall fall, and all away shall pass:
 Disorder, dread, horror, and death shall come;
 Noise, storm, and darkness, shall usurp the room.

And then the CHIEF CHIEF-JUSTICE, venging
wrath

(Which he already often threaten'd both),
Shall make a sea-fra of this mighty bull,
As once he made it a vast ocean all.

SWIFT UPON BURNET.

In the Lansdown library, there is a copy of "Burnet's History of his Own Times," filled with remarks on the margin in the hand-writing of Swift. Burnet, it is well known, was no favourite with the Dean. We select a few specimens:—

Preface, p. 3. Burnet. "Indeed, the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, have sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them; so I warn my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—Swift. "I will take his warning."

P. 28. Burnet. "The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—Swift. "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 49. Burnet. "I will not enter farther into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—Swift. "Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write."

P. 5. Burnet. "Upon the King's death, the Scots proclaimed his son King, and sent over Sir George Wincan, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."—Swift. "Was that the reason why he was sent?"

P. 63. Burnet. (Speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices."—Swift. "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the

crowd. I believe the church has more as the minister."

P. 103. Burnet. (Speaking of the poem that ever was writ, at least in—Swift. "A mistake" for a poem.)

P. 169. Burnet. "Patrick, a great preacher, but a little to those who differed from him.—Towards more moderate."—Swift. turned a rank whig.

P. 263. Burnet. "And yet (King Charles II.) never treated with the deficiencies of a mistress."—Swift. "What deficiencies are those?"

P. 337. Burnet. "It seems on great account of their prison, leased 25,000 Dutch for 50,000—What! ten shillings a-piece! for a Dutchman."

P. 443. Burnet. "I laid out of the church of Rome in 1640, which were not then known; though very truly, the danger of power of that religion."—Swift.

P. 525. Burnet. "Home the credit of one evidence, true, were made to the Duke of his life; but he was not born in planet."—Swift. "Silly sop."

P. 586. Burnet. "But no hardships and fines, for being the Rye-house plot; yet during composed, and even cheerful, looked like the revival of the 10 Greeks and Romans."—Swift. "he was our cousin."

Vol. II. p. 669. Burnet. (progress of his own life.) "sense I did soon mature."—Swift. "with the wine of some election."

P. 727. Burnet. "I came 1688, which proved memorable, extraordinary and unheard of."

117. "All Europe heard of it." *Epit.* "When I heard of the news of James's flight, I was affected with verse of fortune in a great Prince, that it to express."—Swift. "Or *Epit.*"

Epit. "It was proposed that the intended Prince might be inquired in ordered to gather together all the essays that were formerly mentioned; did not amount to a full and legal seemed to be such violent projects when they were all laid together, he convincing than plain and downy, for that was liable to the suspicion; whereas the others seemed to carry convincing characters of truth and—Swift. "Well said, Bishop."

PRINTING.—A SONG.

and science were both sunk in night,
and freedom were banish'd outright,
of Printing soon brought all to

the praises of Printing,
the noble art's praise.

profess this great heaven-taught art,
city, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
these verses, and now bear a part,
To carol, &c.

neither a galley must have,
from that a composer's a slave,
we often dug tyranny's grave.
Then carol, &c.

we needs, all mankind does the same,
unless his matter, he is not to blame,
often he lays a strong claim.

Then carol, &c.
impress, 'tis not to do wrong,
to follow the chase all day long,
like a good thief does belong.

Then carol, &c.

The friendly 'tis quoth, yd 'Friend' comes in
loves,

Expert in his great and long prison he prevails;
And with skill and address all his furniture repairs.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' so antiquary, he does much in coils,
And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
And to aid the republic of letters he joins.
Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids, and in middle invites,
Tho' so blockhead; he often in feckless delights,
And handles his steering-stick tho' he ne'er fights.
Then carol, &c.

But the art to complete, the most precious must
come,
And make use of their balls, their friends, and
And to strike the impression the platts pull home.
Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear,
We're the farthest from God when the church we
are near,
So in all printing chapels do devils appear.
Then carol, &c.

On the press, truth, religion, and learning depend,
Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains 'in
end,
friend,

Then my bodkin in him who is not Printing's
And carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in that noble art's praise.

THE JUDGE BURIED IN HIS OWN CELLAR.

One of the judges in King Charles II.'s reign, being in the long vacation, at his country-house, in Holsworth, Suffolk, happened to fall into a deep fit of the hypochondria, insomuch that he fancied himself to be dead; and was so very obstinate under the influence of his whimsical distemper, that he would not be persuaded to stir hand or foot, or receive any sustenance, but by force, till he had brought his body into a very low condition. In this stubborn frenzy he lay upon his back, stretched out at his full length, like a corpse, and motionless; neither his physician nor

his family knowing what to do with him. A famous High German doctor coming into the town, attended with fools and rope-dancers, to pick the country people's pockets of a little money, hearing of so eminent a person under this unaccountable indisposition, took an occasion, the first time that he mounted his public theatre, to mention this matter to his country chums, telling them their country physicians were all fools, and that the judge was only troubled with the millgrubs; and that if his lady would send for him he would undertake to bring him to his speech, set him upon his legs, make him walk, talk, eat, drink, or do any thing in four and twenty hours time, or else he would desire nothing for his trouble. This large promise of the mountebank was soon communicated to the judge's lady, who sent immediately for the Dutch tooth-drawer, to consult him about the matter; who told her positively he could soon cure him if she would promise a hundred guineas reward, provided he had leave, without interruption, to do as he should see fit. Both parties being agreed, the doctor sent his man for a joiner and a coffin. When every thing was in order, the doctor and the lady entered the room where the body lay. No sooner had the doctor cast an eye upon his sullen patient, than he cried out to the lady, "Lord, madam, what makes you send for a physician to a dead man; let shame, keep him not above ground any longer. Upon my word, madam, he has been dead so long that if you do not bury him quickly, the scent of his corpse will breed a plague."—"I have had a coffin in the house for some time, (replied the lady,) but was loth to have him buried too soon."—"By all means, (said the doctor,) let it be brought in, and order him to be nailed up immediately."—"Pray, doctor, (said the lady,) do you stay a little in the room, for fear the rats should disfigure the corpse, and I will step and order some of my servants to bring in the coffin presently." The patient heard all this, but was still too much amused to break silence; the lady came accordingly, and the servants with the coffin, who set it down by the bedside, and having wrapt their blankets, laid him into the coffin, and pretended to nail him up to the great bell of the church to-morrow, might think they were bearing him to the grave; instead of which, they carried him to the wine-cellar, where they set a good table till a good supper was prepared. The doctor ordered his lady and himself to disguise themselves in wadded gowns, like ghosts or spirits, the doctor in a black party. When they were thus equipped, they entered the van of those holybushes, and the cellar, where they altered the tune a merry, extravagant chaunt of the affairs of the upper world, and the glazes, extolling the death, and drinking to the friends they had left behind. The supper was laid, and they fell to with as they were then merrily eating. "What's the matter, (says the melancholy ghost, that he does not come to the coffin?) He has been amongst us, and has not yet given us any news; surely he is sadly tired of his journey to the other world, for he has a long way to go; prithee wake him, and ask him to come home." One of the most frightful of the household, with a taper in his hand, now appeared, and hawled in his ragged Huggie-Duggie, deputy-governor of the regions, desires your company, and his share of the coffin, and beholding the figures seeming heartily, "Prithee, dead men eat?"—"Aye, and drink, (said the doctor,) or how should they live?"—"The judge, (if eating be the duty, I will make my resurrection with you." They now conducted him to the table. "Truly, (said the doctor,) to find that dead men live so merrily, may we live so merrily, (said the

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Money that a man in the
year; for, in short,
it that for nothing."

er they drank a cheerful
of their particular friends
at last the patient (being
a long fasting) grew very
turned him again into his
here he soon fell into a
high time they carried him
and put him again into his
rich his lady till the next
it, when waking, he began
nely surprised, which the
"Prithce, my dear, what's

—“ Lord, love, (said he,)
are we?” —“ In our own
in our own chamber, in
re do you think we should
be judge,) I have had one
ible dreams that ever was
time he was recovered of
unkhank had his reward,
the bench for several years

LA-TABLE.

nences, all starch'd and all

r, their corus, or sit mum;
upbraid, of ribands, of lace,
id—and will name you the

r colds, and they hem and

servants to pass their time

he doating mamma;

I baby will laugh and say

that wit and of soul—

I then the draughts of the

From mellowing the tongue and ridding the mind,
And enlightens their eyes to the fields of intellect.

In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they seek,
And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast;
Some gentle faux pas, or some female mistake,
Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as toast;
A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
It would stick in the throat, so they butter it;
With a little affected good-nature, and cry
“ Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I.”
Our young ladies nibble a good name in play,
As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away
While with shrugs and smiles the toothless old
dame,

As she mumbles a crust, she will mumble a name.

The wives of our city of inferior degree
Will soak up repute in a little bohea;
The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
With which on their neighbours' defects they ha-
rangue;

But the scandal improves, a refinement in wrong!
As our matrons are richer, and rise to some song,
With hyson—a beverage that's still more refined,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind;
And by nods, innendoes, and hints, and what not,
Reputations and ten send together to pot.

While madam, in cambrics and laces array'd,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in gunpowder blow them by dozens all up.

Ah me! how I groan, when with full swelling sail
Wafted stately along by the favouring gale,
A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,
Displaying her streamers and blaring away.

Oh! more fell to our port is the cargo she bears
Than grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs;
Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town,
To shatter repute and bring character down.

If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-whang of a clown,
Where the evil is open, and subject to law.

Not nibbled, and mumbled, and put to the rack
By the sly undermainings of ten-penny clack;
Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
But spare me! O spare me, a tea-table toasting!

A CONFERENCE

Between George Duke of Buckingham and Father Fitzgerald.

Priest. May it please your grace, I come from his Majesty, who sent me on purpose to wait on you.

Duke. I am exceedingly beholden to his Majesty for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his remembrance; pray, sir, take a chair. And what may your errand be?

P. His majesty being informed of your grace's illness, and as it becomes a prince who has a true regard for his subjects, compassionating the dangerous circumstances you are in at present, commanded me to use my best endeavours to reclaim your grace from that heretical communion 'tis now your unhappiness to embrace, and reconcile you to the catholic church, out of which there is no salvation.

D. I perceive, sir, you're a priest; Sam, bring up a bottle of wine, and clean glasses.—Do you smoke, sir?

P. An't please your grace, I did not come to drink, but —

D. Well, well, a glass now and then won't spoil conversation. But do you say, sir, there's no salvation to be had out of the pale of the catholic church?

P. Well then I submit; his majesty's (drinks off his glass) health, and your grace's commands must never be disputed.

D. But all this while, father, you take no (playing with the cork) notice of my fine gelding here. Do but observe his exquisite shape: what fine turned neck is there? His eyes, how lively and full! His pace, how majestic and noble? I'll lay a hundred guineas there's nothing in Newmarket can compare with him.

P. An't please your grace, I —

D. Why don't you see me play stroke him under the belly clap! manage him as I please?

P. Either your grace is merry else your illness has had a very upon your grace's imagination. U — I see nothing but a cork in your

D. How, my horse dwindle piece of cork? Come, father, this done of you, to turn the finest gelding whose sire was a true Arab, and genealogy to show than the best genealogy of Scotland can pretend to, into a

P. Not to flatter then this melan your grace, which may but serve to rivet it the more in you, I may fairly tell your grace, that 'tis nothing but a cork.

D. 'Tis hard that a person's word won't be taken in such a manner; I have not the least prospect of getting by imposing upon you. But, father, make good your assertion? I say, you tell me 'tis a cork; how shall it be made up between us?

P. Very easily; for instance (taking the cork from the duke) and that tells me 'tis cork. I touch it with my finger, and it gives a slight, and that affirms the same; by my taste, and still 'tis cork.

D. Hark you, father, before I step farther; thou art plausibly thinking to make the Trinity a transubstantiation.

P. Be it so then; and since mentioned transubstantiation, we must mention that controversy. I say, your grace, that no article of our religion is so expressly laid down in scripture as what can be plainer than heretofore

D. I see, father, I must refer with this piece of cork, which I once more to be a horse; just as

the subject in those matters that pre-
sented to their attention; but now you dis-
franchise of the court, which is not
done.

By Lord Duke, you must humble your
stubbornness to this holy mystery,
for the angels themselves don't compre-

hend, father, since we have fallen, I don't
know upon the chapter of miracles, I will
not entertain you with one that happened
winter in Northumberland, and comes
from so many hands, both catholic and
protestant, that he must be a rank infidel indeed,
to dispute the credibility of it. But as I
am the most treacherous member in the
house, I won't pretend to relate it to you myself,
but my servants shall do it—Here, (to
a gentleman coming into the room,) go
John come to me immediately.

Our grace may save yourself that trouble,
sir, for I am as well satisfied as if I had

heard, you are no priest for my money if
you can't bear a miracle, and what is more, a
miracle. (Long John enters.) Come
must oblige this worthy gentleman here,
upon no less errand than the salva-
tion of your master's soul, with the relation of
the miracle that happened last winter in
Berland.

Our grace has always a right to com-
mand. Why then, sir, you are to understand,
in two miles of my Lord Widdrington's
the above-mentioned county, there was a
house which wholly belongs to his Lord-
ship, and where most of the inhabitants,
I suppose, to their landlord, are
settled.

Well, proceed.

One woman of this village was ac-
cused her door, about three in the
day my lord's priest happened to
be there, and after him,

and told him, after which, your grace must think
of going to his lordship to-night, the way is
slippery and full of sloughs, the days are short,
and you'll certainly be brought before you can
have got half the way thither; I tremble to think
what would become of you, should you lose the
road, or fall into a ditch; therefore, let me per-
suade you to accept of a sorry supper and lodging
at my house; I am sure my lord will not be
offended with you, and to-morrow you'll have the
whole day before you.

D. And what reply made the priest to this?

J. After a little humming and hawing upon
the matter, he considered it would be his wisest
way to take up his quarters that night at the old
woman's, so he followed her to her house; she led
him into a pretty snug warm parlour, made him a
fire stove high, then going into the yard, slew a
barn-door fowl with her own hands, clapt it on
the spit, and when it was ready, neatly dished up
with egg-sauce, and who so cheerful as she and
the priest over their supper?

D. 'Twas well done.

J. Resolving to give so worthy a guest the best
entertainment her house afforded, after supper
she presented him with a dish of nuts of her own
gathering, and then thwacked his guts with apples
and ale, and was very liberal of her nutmeg and
sugar. Thus they passed away the hours merrily;
at last bed-time approached, our good old land-
lady showed the father the chamber he was to lie
in, wished him a happy night and departed; but
being a curious woman, as most of the sex are
possessed with the spirit of curiosity, she peeped
through the key-hole, to see how the priest man-
aged matters by himself.

P. Honest friend, you may drop your miracle
here, if you please, I'll hear no more on't.

D. Father, your zeal has got the heels of your
discretion. Upon my word here's no trap laid
for a jest, but what her majesty and maids of ho-
nour may hear.

J. To her infinite surprise and admiration, she
saw him jump stark naked as ever he was born.

not into the sheets, though they smell must deliciously of lavender and roses, but into the blankets. Down stairs she hurries, full of grief and confusion, which would not let her wink all night; and Lord, cries she, what a wicked age is this we live in, how cold, and uncharitable, when a person of such merit and learning, who has resided too so long in the family, has not a shirt to put on his back? I could never have thought my lord so niggardly. These afflicting thoughts, wholly occasioned by her zeal for religion, and the professors of it, made that impression upon her, that she did not enjoy a minute's repose that night. Early she gets up the next morning, and measured out six ells of the finest flaxen linen she had, which was of her own spinning. Presently down comes the father into her parlour; she enquires of him how he past the night, and was ravished with joy to hear he had slept so well. After this, comes in a thundring toast, with a full tankard of humming stale beer. The priest and she soon ended it between them, and now she had courage enough to tell him what she had observed the night before. Father, says she, I beg your pardon for being so impudent as to peep through your key-hole last night; and truly I was grieved to the heart to see that a gentleman of your education and great parts should be without a shirt. Come, never blush for the matter, I know it is so; but here are six ells of my best linen, which will make you two very good shirts, and I humbly desire you to accept of them.

D. Why, father, here is the quintessence of true christianity for you.

J. Well, daughter, replies he, I accept of your present in good part (for priests and lawyers are seldom guilty of refusing) not that I shall have any occasion of making use of it myself, for you must understand, I belong to an order which obliges us to wear woollen next our skin, but it

began to do after he was gone, a doing till sun-setting. Our lord going that a miracle was done by father's blessing, very innocently the small remainder of linen she had her great astonishment, and that continued in this posture till she got such a prodigious quantity means, that next week she was her lease, and is now the top of the parish.

D. What think you now, John's story?

J. This miracle in a moment four northern counties; every rung of it; nay, it crossed the ears of the unbelieving wherever he came, was worshiped like a little Divinity, and the praised by all as a true pattern of piety, and charity, since heaven pains to reward her in so extraordinary manner.

P. Honest friend, let me discourage as you can, for in plate of your story already.

J. At the lower end of this above-mentioned miraculous lived another old woman, a catholic, who, hoping to gain as much by her neighbour had done before sharply for the father as a Y does for a purse-proud litigious to her mighty satisfaction, she door; immediately she trots all of the depth of the ways, and fear of being lost, desires him safety, and not expose himself which he might so reasonably sadness of the ways and the nights. With these plaints

the light, comes to gain her point, is over, while you live, father, the belly, if you intend to make

table-cloth was taken away, our le, who was resolved to out-do entertainment in her provisions, ga in a double bottle of Meiberg-per, and begins prosperity to the

She tells the father, that a julely told her, that a cardinal was ne, who was to make his public leapside, in cloth of beaten silver was he, and that he was to con-tion, and then, father (says she) y times. The honest priest was his pot and pipe, that he neither ed to approve her discourse. In drank and prattled, until the a way into their pericraniums see one another. The priest, his head any longer, desired to room where he was to lie that an, with much ado, gets him to his bed, wishes him a thou-nd so leaves him with a trusty d-side, that if he waked in the something to refresh his con-ouce.

bn.

the priest had rigged himself nto the parlour, our ancient a nice breakfast, out of the ns, which, being highly sea-effectually shoeing-horn for ud now, with tears in her ne story as her neighbour e horrid ingratitude of the and devout a man as he o prevent which, for the within her small capacity,

P. You'll never have done for that.

J. The priest, not being conjuror enough to dive into the bottom of her heart, to know whether she was guided by any secretary Sybil, or whether her intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble present she had made him; and folded it up under his great-coat; bid her kneel down, and laying his sacerdotal fist upon her head, he gave her a blessing, and prayed, that whatever this good woman began to do after he was gone, she might continue a doing till sun-setting.

D. And what fell out upon this?

J. The father was no sooner got over the threshold, but our matron, who had laid all her tackle in readiness, was going to measure the remainder of her linen; but then considering, upon second thoughts, what a large morning's draught she had taken with the priest, and being a wise prudent woman into the bargain, she thought it would be convenient to make a little water before she fell to work. She did so, and continued in mingent circumstances from the morning till night, evacuating so plentiful a stream that she in a manner occasioned a second deluge. In short, all the low lands in Northumberland suffered by it; twenty-four mills, upon strict examination, were found to be overwhelmed by this sudden inundation, besides cottages and bay-ricks numberless. This old woman, conscious of her own deceit and hypocrisy, has not dared to show her head among her neighbours since this fatal accident. All true catholics rejoice at the just dispensation of heaven's favours, and so my story concludes.

D. Come, John, there's something to make you amends for the pains you have taken. (John bows and quits the room.) Well, father, what's your opinion now of this miracle?

P. Out of respect to your --- to sit out

say to the matter is, that it was contrived on purpose to make us poor suffering catholics ridiculous to the people.

After a few compliments his grace and Fitzgerald parted.

RECREATION ON THE VERB TO TWIST.

When a twister a twi ting, will twist him a twist,
With the twining his twist, he three twines both
entwist;

But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist,
Untwining the twine that entwisteth between,
He twists with his twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twist,
He twisteth the twine he had twined, in twain
The twain, that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were entwisted, he now both entwine;
'Twist the twain, intertwining a twine more be-
tween,

The twirling his twister makes a twist of the twine.

THE BIRMINGHAM MAN IN AMERICA.

Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather, as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimblets, pen-knives, and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham; sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tin whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera-singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a catch-club, and was a great hand at singing hob-nobbers; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a spouting-club; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a

barn, and had even, like Abel Deane, played the part of Major Sturgeon with applause; he was consequently a well-known and fully authorised interpreter of American performances. He had been to a great number of annual dinners, given by the merchants of Birmingham, where he had the fortune to get a taste of turbot, oysters, and smack of champagne and burgundy; he had heard a vast deal of the coast-guard, and was therefore expert in every dish and every glass of wine; he was a voracious animal as ever; Straddle had been splashed half-dead by the carriages of nobility, and had experienced the relative felicity of being kicked by a footman of a noble duke; he had seen the talk of nobility, and despised the pretensions of America. In short, Straddle was a dapper, bustling, florid, and well-to-do "gentleman," who bouncer as half-brother, undertook to give the

best of the town. He swaggered about parlour-rooms with the same unconcerned air as he used to display in the tavern; he accosted a lady as he would a man, and was pronounced a certain prodigy of better company in Birmingham. He came the great man of all the town; he had the chance of being accommodated in the best houses; his horses were perfectly understood by the landlords and waiters with the world, and accosted them with the same familiarity. He staggered from the play, entered the box office, and stood long enough to be bored by those who had the most to say to him. From thence he dashed off to the theatre, enough to flounder through a dozen gowns, commit a number of blunders, and make the whole of

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

263

in coming amongst them, I thought him a prodigious buck; cultivated his acquaintance, persevering assiduity, he sometimes complimented him, or a ride on one of his horses were delighted with the fashionable gentleman, and at his learned distinctions, and those of cast-steel; and dissertations on buttons, such merchants courted him. He was an Englishman, and with great deference became beyond seas. I cannot but your salt-water is a mark of men's wits, and I intend one of my acquaintance to a

his brilliant career for only prosperous journey over the sea checked by some of those the way of aspiring youth was; — a race of people who, observes, "are hated by magistrates slackened, whilom floated in the dark, and the tailors and shoe-makers, met Straddle. In vain were it in vain did he prove to had given them no money, more custom, and as many any man in the city. They the signal of danger being persecutors pounced upon now there was but one way to do the thing genteelly, to go, and dashed into the limits he fifteenth gentleman I have up to the — *ne plus ultra* — the

STUBBORN.
silly by the
in, fathers, wits;

Hands Malheur, Style, and Hooks,
Yet in some things methinks she fails;
'Twere well if she would part her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch belles,
Such sustenance and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (signs of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside;
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie high,
Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That puffs the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk,

THE PYRAMID OF DRINK.

The operation of drink, in its various degrees, may be represented by a pyramid thus;
Tipsy

Very fresh, ** Very tipsy

Fresh. **** Drunk.

Lively. ***** Very Drunk.

Comfortable. ***** Stupidly Drunk.

Sober. ***** Dead Drunk.

Sobriety.—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner are the most miserable in existence. The languor, the sense of utter inefficacy, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become comfortable. In this state you

are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil hazy in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which, if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in sleep. A philosopher seldom passes this point except in company.

Drink on, and you step up to *lively*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You have the reasoning power in high perfection, but aided withal by a happy fertility of illustration. This may be considered as a mental aurora, announcing that the sun of fancy is about to rise from the "purple wave."

Fresh.—There is more fire and colour in your ideas now, for the sun has risen. You grow then eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation. Your perceptions are still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

Very Fresh.—Your conversation is more and more highly coloured. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

Tipry.—Now on the top of the pyramid you began to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

Very Tipry.—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music, and regale your friends with a song speechily in incoherent language and evince a most decuded tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock, stout as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

Drunk.—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good-natured. Dealing much in shake hands, and knock downs. Tongue stammering and feet unsteady.

Very Drunk.—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double. Balance totally lost, you don't shout like a ship in a hard gale. Vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

Stupidly Drunk.—Head and stomach top-sy-turvy.

and locomotion, according to the usual consequences of *Dead Drunk*. An old dream of the devil, or

FEMALE

What though their garments
Disclose each hidden charm,
Why so censorious, friends,
If Paradise is open'd to
Like mother Eve, our men
For they are naked, and

HORNE TOO

Horne Tooke wrote
was then *High Sheriff*.
Wilkes had signified his
affair with Martin, on
North Briton, and he
following laconic reply to
not think it my business
Jesperado that may be
at present *High Sheriff*.
happen that I may shortly
telling you in my office
will answer for it, that your
complain of my endeavour
bly it was about this time
being naked by a foreign
tease: an Englishman
out being hanged, replying
him just yet, but that he

LOVE

Love, like the cold bath,
dom leaves us where it
tato it, it will either be
our vices.

PICKPOCKET

Pickpockets and bag
physiognomists, without
ter, who, it is notorious
for a philosopher, and

ON THE FEAST.

On your footsteps dread,
With thund'ring tread?
Noble haste
Love pass'd;
On direful work,
Lade, and points his deadly fork.

It's sound, and pacing forth,
Eps, alas, too slow,
High illustrious worth,
Lashes, in long order, go:
Midst a form divine,
Is the fam'd sir-loin;
As and glory crown'd,
Sheds its sweets around.

Lin of dinner bray?
t, and fork to knife;
Heroes, in the glorious strife,
And puddings, cut their destin'd

mighty blade,
ny a ghastly wound,
r-loin is laid,
many a gulf profound.
ye sons of glory,
Idings stand before ye;
t of hungry bellies
nder stand of jellies;
dainties are beside ye,
oods the gods provide ye;
s of this state,
e it is too late;
the puddings, jellies, pies,
alks, and shrink to pigmy size.

now retreating,
fire they meet,
the sons of eating,
If their mighty treat:
y's rosy graces
silly faces;
fearfulness are seen
less strenge.

Fill high the sparkling glass,
And drink th' accustom'd toast;
Drink deep, ye mighty host,
And let the bottle pass.
Begin, begin the jovial strain;
Fill, fill the mystic bowl,
And drink, and drink, and drink again;
For drinking fires the soul.
But soon, too soon, with one accord, they reel;
Each on his seat begins to nod;
All conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,
And pour libations to the jolly god.
At length with dinner, and with wine, oppress'd,
Down in the chairs they sink, and give themselves
to rest.

HUNTINGTON'S S. S.

Huntington, the celebrated preacher, gives the following definition of his assumed S. S.

You know we clergy are very fond of titles of honour; some are called lords spiritual, though we have no such lords but in the persons of the ever-blessed Trinity; others are named doctors of divinity, and prebends, though God gives no such titles; therefore I cannot conscientiously add D. D. to my function though some hundreds have been spiritually healed under my ministry; nor have I fourteen pounds to spare to buy the dissenting title of D. D. Being thus circumstanced, I cannot call myself a Lord Spiritual, because Peter, the pope's enemy, condemns it: nor can I call myself Lord High Primate, because supremacy, in the scriptures, is applied only to kings, and never to ministers of the gospel. As I cannot get at D. D. for the want of cash, neither can I get at M. A. for the want of learning; therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S. S. by which I mean Sinner Saved. *Own Life.*

PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A School for Scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now—the knowing think
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

HONEST HORT.

And by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
 make our fair-ones, let them read the papers,
 the powerful mixtures such disorders hit,
 ere what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.
 "Lord!" cries my lady Wormwood (who loves
 tattle,

and puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
 "It is'n at noon, all a glow at ears when the shing,
 strong tea and a scandal—how is it, how is it?
 Give me the papers, Lasp—how I did and free Lasp
 Last night he'd in (Lasp) was caught with lady D.
 For aching heels, of a charming, and volatile—(Lasp)
 If Mrs. B. will still continue sitting,
 We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw the curtain.

Fine satire, per' it is public all abuse it!
 But, by ourselves, (Lasp) our praise we can't refuse it.
 Now, Lasp, read on—there, at that dash and star—
 "Yes, Madam—A cartoon for I had best beware,
 Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square.
 For should he be by W. find willing—
 Wormwood is bitter—Oh! that's me—the vil-
 lain!"

Throw it behind the fire, and never more
 Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart.
 To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
 Is our young bard so young, to think that he
 Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
 Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
 Alas! the devil's sooner run'd than Iud.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
 Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging.
 Proud of your stables, once I wishly bestow'd,
 Again our young Don Quixote takes the road,
 To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,
 And seeks this hydra. Scandal, in its den;
 From his fell grip the frightened fair to save—
 Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the
 brave

For your apple-se, all perils he would through,
 He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliers true,
 Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.
 CAVATTS.

An Irish jockey once winning a hat by
 frequently observed, with enough of wit
 he was an honest house. After the pro-
 fession asked him what he meant by
 "Why, sir," replied the owner, "I
 know he always threatened to throw
 taily never deceived me."

Now to please your son
 Go to Inda—stay there twenty years
 —get money—save it—come her
 a store of wealth, and a d'ward
 friends—make a will—provide for
 die—what a prudent, good, gentle
 soul you would be!

IRISH ONE FOR A PAIR OF
 The following bill for a pair of
 a shoemaker to his attorney wh
 matter of right for the shoemaker
 thing effectually for him.

Timothy Terence, Esq to S.
 1812.

Now I attending you at a of
 consulting and advising on your
 pair of shoes

3. Attending you at a of, when
 did not come to any determi-
 sort of shoes I should make

6 The like attendance
 9. Attendance again at your
 when I found you were going
 Mayor's show

12. Attending your son, who
 termned to wear nothing
 but best black grain, and
 the more accordingly

13. Attending you at a of, when
 ed me that at the time we
 ough in the new paving
 sengers you had deter-
 strong was leather, imit-
 and taking your instru-

your honour's best to make
 - 0 3 4
 you four different times,
 and advising on the last, &c. 0 13 4
 it the shoes - 0 3 4
 My foreman's attendance for
 making inquiry for a good
 we found one with great diffi-
 not having gone to the Plant-
 - 1 10 0
 several attendances to fit them
 as honour was not at home 1 0 0
 twice this day to try them
 did not fit - 0 13 4
 not this bill and fair copy - 0 2 2

£6 12 0

this is my bill, and I have had it
 master of our company

I am, yours,

SAMUEL SWAN

A BORE.

odious and disagreeable, however
 it, constitutes a *bore*—a great *bore*—
bore—a horrid *bore*—an intolerable
bore. To *bore*; to tease incessantly
 to weary or *merry*. Thus your "mere"
 whom Sir Thomas Overbury, in his
 defines, "an intelligible *Ass*" will
 a bottle with Newton's Principia.
 ring of all animals is what is called
 will stick closer than a brother. It
 by quotation from Shakspeare, that
 in the above sense, is not peculiar

In the historical play of Henry the
 6th of Buckingham says to Norfolk,
 "Good Wolsey,

"I read in his looks
 Against me, and his eye revil'd
 The subject: at this instant
 I am with some trick,

x 2

HUNTINGTON AND PRIESTLEY.

Timothy Priestley was one of Huntington's bitterest
 antagonists. He and the S. S. had met in private life,
 and, as it seems, upon amicable, if not fraternal terms.
 Timothy, however, gave offence by opposing Antimo-
 nianism in a treatise called "The Christian's Look-
 ing Glass, or the Timorous Soul's Guide, being a
 description of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the
 heart intended for the relief of the Disconsolate."
 The reply to this was sent forth under a title in the
 genuine old fashion of puritanical polemics—"The
 Barber; or Timothy Priestley shaved, as reflected
 from his own Looking Glass. The Operator, Wil-
 liam Huntington, S. S." The texts also, which were
 affixed as mottoes, were selected in the same temper:
 "Thou son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee
 a barber's razor" Ezekiel, v. 1. "And the Lord
 shall shave with a razor the head, and the hair of the
 feet, and it shall consume the beard." The reply
 itself was in the Martin Marprelate style which such
 a title indicates. The Coarfeaver had treated Row-
 land Hill with some degree of deference, but in en-
 gaging with Timothy Priestley, he laid aside all cir-
 cumstances of courtesy or decorum, and closed with
 him at once for a rough and tumble. All wise per-
 sons were at a loss, he said, whether to call his pro-
 ductions the effects of insanity, or intoxication but
 for his own part, if he might be allowed "to give his
 judgment, as one that had obtained mercy of the
 Lord to be faithful," he believed they were a com-
 position of both. "This Timothy," said he, "is a
 snake in the grass, he is rotten at bottom and empty
 throughout, but by the help of God I will uncase
 him, and expose his secret treasures of darkness.
 Blessed be God, we are not ignorant of Satan's
 devices, for there is no more imitation of con par-son
 between the regenerating work of God in the soul,
 and the account of it in this book by Timothy Priest-
 ley, than between light and darkness, Christ and
 Belial. Satan is no more hid under the gown and
 wig of Timothy Priestley, than he was under the
 petticoat of the witch of Endor. The devil is the
 devil still, whether he comes in long clothing, a rough

agement to deceive, or in the attire of a harlot. Then, the scripture character of him appears in this very book. It is his business to draw ignorant souls into sin, and then to father it upon the instructors instead of himself, and it is verified in this Laughing Glass. Timothy Priestley's name stands affixed to it, whereas any discerning Christian may see, with half an eye, that the devil, and none but the devil, was the sole and whole author of it." Timothy Priestley had said that the change in regeneration is "from darkness to light, from enmity to love, from sin to holiness, and from death to life." "All this," says the S. S. "Tim took from my writings. I will not say he stole them because it may be he bought the book. But I know my own doctrines, and I know they are badly applied here. How Tim's Christian should have light without the candle of the Lord teaching the innermost parts of the belly, and how he should get love without dwelling in God and God dwelling in him I know not, and how he should have life without the Lord of life and glory living in him, is what I cannot get at, and it is what Timothy cannot bring out. A sinner, sensibly in the tormenting hands of the devil, can no more fill his belly with Timothy's doctrines, which is nothing but the hot wind, than the man in hell could satisfy his thought with devouring flames."

ON AN IRISH MISER.

Here crumbling lies, beneath this mould,
A man, whose sole delight was gold,
Content was never once his guest,
Though three ten thousand fill'd his chest;
For he, poor man with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

The son-in-law of a chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination, a cause which had been pending in the court of chancery for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of

the law, his intelligence was received with a yawn. "It was by this suit," exclaimed my father, "was created to provide for a portion your wife, and with the exercise of prudence it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children."

BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

Ye social friends of claret and of wit
Ye ever dappers'd in merry groups
Whether below ye gill the glistering sea
Or in the upper regions oft have been,
Ye bucks assembled at your patron's call
Dum'me, I know ye—and have at ye all.
The motive here that sets out the scene
The generous wish, the first and last design
If you with plaudits echo to renown,
Or urg'd with fury, tear the banner down
'Tis still the same—to one bright goal we
To show your judgment, and approve your
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
No, dam'me! bucks exact but in a riot
For instance now—to please the ear of
admiral crowd

Your bucks o' th' boxes sneer and take
To the green box next with jocular speed
Hilly ho' ho' my bucks! well, d—ye
fun!

Tho' Shakspeare speaks—regardless of
Ye laugh and tell the sprightly hours
For to seem sensible of real merit,
Oh, dam'me, it's low—its vulgar—be-
apart

Your bucks o' th' pit are marauders of less
Who point out faults to show their own
And claim like besting martyr'd sons
Pre-eminence then glorious and vast consequence
The long row whose keener views
A keenly center'd in some favourite
A set of jovial bucks who here resort,
Flash from the tavern, reeling ripe for

He then oft join the gen'ral roar,
—bravissimo, et dam'me, encore..

Behold another row,
Or smiling beau ;
Those cardinal protection,
Free from ranc'rous detraction,
Beneath a down drawn hat,
As a little—you know what
No range like gods at large,
In, but listen to your charge,
I change this scene of rallery,
As in the upper gallery :
And one o' th' sprightly sort,
—dam'me, you've no features for't :
A hidden station,
At their vocation,
Off ! Nosee, Roast Beef—there's

this mimic world quite thro',
Try's little faults to view ;
Receive the well-meant jest,
I still within thy breast ;
A heart or tongue offend,
Me, and I've gain'd my end.

THE SPORTSMAN.

Years before his death, paid a
Taman in the sister kingdom, at
Of the shooting season, and, in
Imputation of being an *ignoramus*,
Necessity of taking a gun, and at
Setting forth in pursuit of game.
For his want of skill, he took an
Hat of his friend, and was accom-
panied by a game-keeper, provided with a bag to
which might fall victims to his
Of excellent pointers. The game-
keeper, and possessed of all those
own to belong to his countrymen.
persuasive on him to be particularly
his friend, he lost no opportunity
his. The first covey (and the birds

were abundant) rose within a few yards of the stately
man's nose, but the noise they made was so unex-
pected, that he waited till they were "out of harm's
way" before he fired. Pat, who was on the look-out,
expressed his surprise, and immediately observed,
"Faith, sir, I see you know what a gun is, it's well
you was'nt nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you
ever came into the country." Sheridan re-loaded,
and went on, but his second shot was not more suc-
cessful. "Oh !" cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll
be bound you ruffled some of their feathers." The
gun was loaded again, and on went our senator ; but
the third shot was as little effective as the two for-
mer. "Hah !" exclaimed Pat, although astonished
at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a thurteen you don't
come near to us to-day again. Master was too near
you to be pleasant." So he went on shot after shot,
and always had something to say to console poor
Sheridan, who was not a little amused with his in-
genuity. At last, on their return home, without a
bird in the bag, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly
feeding on the other side of a hedge, and unwilling
to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a
slap at them on the ground. He did so ; but to his
mortification, they all flew away untouched. Pat,
whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had
something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking
at Sheridan very significantly, "By J—s you made
them *lave that*, any way !" and with this compli-
ment to his sportsmanlike qualities, Sheridan closed
his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his
companion, and rewarding him with half-a-crown for
his patience and encouragement.—

ENGLISH UNIVERSALITY.

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
The Lombard his Venetian,
And some like breechless women go,
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian.
The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth,
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

In linen wraps his head,
 The Indian his in lawn too,
 The Arab with sable furs his cap,
 Change will not be drawn to:
 The Spaniard's constant to his block,
 French inconstant ever,
 Of all felts that can be felt,
 Is the English beaver.
 German loves his coney-wool,
 Irishman his shag too,
 Welsh his Mammoth loves to wear,
 Of the same will brag too.
 We love the rough, and some the smooth.
 The great, and others small things.
 The free-hearted Englishman,
 Loves to deal in all things.
 The Russ drinks quass, Dutch, Lubbock beer,
 And that is strong and mighty,
 The Briton he mell egha quaffs,
 The Irish aqua v.ia.
 The French affects the Orleans grape,
 The Spaniard tastes his sherry,
 The English none of these lets slip,
 But with them all makes merry.
 The Italian in her high chopine,
 Scotch lass and lovely frow too,
 The Spanish Donna, French Madame,
 He will not fear to go to,
 Nothing so full of hazard dread,
 Nought lives above the centre,
 No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
 On which he will not venture.

CAMBRIDGE BEDMAKERS.

This office is not confined to sex. In justice to
 the women, they have not only been reckoned adepts
 at making a bed, *secundum artem*, as the phrase is—
 but, when they have had a mind to it, have shown
 themselves very alert in helping to *unmake* the bed
 they have made. *secundum naturam*! Indeed, these
 their natural parts and endowments were at one time
 notorious, or generally known, that, by a most mer-

ciless and unmanly decree of the senate
 sex was rusticated!

"It is enacted, that no woman, of what
 condition, be permitted in any college
 to carry the provision to any one's
 chamber, or to go to the hall, kitchen,
 or to be sent for as a nurse, who is not
 of mature age, good fame, and either
 married, or upon no account young women
 attend the students' chambers." This
 made in 1625. O tempora! O mores!
 is no scruple in the present Saturday
 the admission of "young maids" as
 chambermaids."

GAZETTED AND IN THE

These terms imply very different
 of a nobleman is gazetted, as a peer,
 and all his friends rejoice. John
 Gazette, and all his friends rejoice.

ADVERTISEMENTS OF MARRIAGE.

Jacobus de Voragine, in the
 thetic, succinct, and elegant, in
 fits of marriage, as follows.

1. Hast thou means? Thou
increase it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast.
3. Art thou in prosperity?
4. Art in adversity? Thou
part.
5. Art thou at home? Thou
choly.
6. Art thou abroad? Thou
thou at home, welcomes thee.
7. Nothing is delightful
equal to marriage.
8. The land of co. jug.
9. Married is in. cease
sisters, tan. lvs. or puer.
10. Thou art a father.
11. Hast thou a single child?

escape not punishment, thy will
as he sung it, that, without mar-

And, afternoon will come to nought,
would he be ruin brought."

ON THE WINDOW OF AN IRISH INN.

re cash, I mount a gig,
re none I hop the twig,
re cash its hurly-burly,
re none, I'm dail and surly,
re cash, why then I roof it,
re none, I'm glad to hoof it.

IT TO BREAK ILL-NEWS.

Jervas, how are you, my old boy!
I am at home!

d enough, your honour The mag-

mag! so he is gone, How came

er-ate himself, sir.

he, faith! a greedy dog! Why, what
he liked so well!

meat-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-

came he to get so much horse-flesh!

your father's horses, sir.

are they dead too?

e, sir, they died of over-work.

why were they over-worked, pray?

carry water, sir.

arry water! and what were they
it?

re sir, to put out the fire.

what fire?

ir! your father's house is burnt
nd.

ather's house burnt down! and how
e?

think, sir, it must have been the

what torches?

Steward.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G.—My mother dead.

Steward.—Ah! poor lady! she never looked up
after it.

Mr. G.—After what?

Steward.—The loss of your father.

Mr. G.—My father gone, too!

Steward.—Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his
bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G.—Heard of what?

Steward.—The bad news, sir, an' please your
honour.

Mr. G.—What! more miseries?—more bad news?

Steward.—Yes, sir, your bank has failed, your
credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the
world; I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you to
tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear
the news.

BISHOP.

In Cambridge, this title is not confined to the dig-
nitaries of the church, but *port wine*, made *copiously*
potable by being mulled and burnt, with the *addenda*
of roasted lemons all bristling like angry hedge-hogs
(studded with cloves,) is dignified with the appella-
tion of *Bishop*.

Beneath some old oak, come and rest thee, my
hearty;

Our foreheads with roses, oh! let us entwine!

And, inviting young Bacchus to be of the party,

We'll drown all our troubles in oceans of wine!

And, perfumed with *Macassar* or *Otto* of roses,

We'll pass round the *manor*, the spice-breathing
cup,

And take of that medicine such wit-breeding doses,

We'll knock down the god, or he shall knock us
up.

HUNTINGTON'S LEATHER BREECHES.

The remarkable circumstance which occurred con-
cerning a certain part of Huntington's dress, has
made the S. S. known beyond the little sphere of his
own followers.

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Go through the world, my brave boys ;"

at the latter qualification is better for going through the world on foot than on horseback ; so uncle Toby found it, and so did Huntington, who must be his own historian : no language but his own can do justice to such a story ; and it is in itself so pithy, that to use the words of Fuller the Worthy, all *compendium* would be *dispendium* thereof.

"Having now had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my breeches out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope the reader will excuse my mentioning the word breeches, which I should have avoided, had not this passage of scripture obtruded into my mind, just as I had resolved in my own thoughts not to mention this kind providence of God. "And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness ; from the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach. And they shall be upon Aaron and upon his sons when they come into the tabernacle of the congregation, or when they come near unto the altar to minister in the holy place ; that they bear not iniquity and die. It shall be a statute for ever unto him and his seed after him," Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. By which, and three others, namely, Ezek. xlv. 18 ; Lev. vi. 10 ; and Lev. xvi. 4 ; I saw that it was no crime to mention the word breeches, nor the way in which God sent them to me ; Aaron and his sons being clothed entirely by Providence ; and as God himself condescended to give orders what they should be made of, and how they should be cut. And I believe the God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in

"no man master, for
told my

which he gave to cover their nakedness, as they prepared for Baal ; for which iniquity their skirts discovered, and their heels made known," xiii. 22.

"I often made very free in my prayers to my invaluable Master for this favour ; but he made me so amazingly poor that I could not get any rate. At last I was determined to go to my friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that brand of necessity, to bespeak a pair ; and to get him to send me until my Master sent me money to pay for them. It was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them, as I rode through the town, when I passed the shop I forgot it ; but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel of lies there for me, but what it was he knew not. I showed him the note, and behold there was a pair of leather breeches with a note in them ! the substance of which, by the best of my remembrance, as follows :

"Sir,—I have sent you a pair of breeches, I hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them, and, if they want any alteration, leave it to me, the alteration is, and I will call in a / alter them.

"I tried them on, and they fitted perfectly, as had been measured for them ; at which I was much rejoiced, having never been measured by any shoemaker in London. I wrote an answer to him to this effect :

"Sir,—I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of breeches to be made, because I did not know that your Master had bespoke them of you. I am much obliged to which fully convinces me that the Master has moved thy heart to give aid."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

and I, unless I put I for Israelite
I for sincerity; because you did not
spet before you, as the hypocrites do."

HE OBTAINED THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS
IN CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

being student who may be ignorant of the
study he is to pursue at the University,
his information in the pages of the *Cam-*
bridge; but as he cannot be expected to
spare his hour of his undergraduateship to read-
find out amusements for his leisure mo-
a few agreeable friends to be the com-
mirth, and his exercises, as well as his
obtain companions, he must be inducted,
his leisure time in conviviality and mirth,
or be invited to entertainments. At
dinners he will meet with other *promis-*
ing of various descriptions, and he will
be inducted to, and make acquaintances
portion of these young men. Now it is
not a young man for his improvement,
all as coporeal, must see society; and
fully copy the manners of his college
in order that he might not seem a
amongst them. He will enter into
the same as they do, and, in short,
degree of B. A. in the regular *varmint*

varmint way to proceed to B. A. degree
must go to chapel as little as possi-
eldom more than once a week, give
cards, keep a horse or two, go to
and the six-mile bottom, drive a
at clothes and well-built coats, be
one at Barnwell,* a regular go at
staunch admirer of the bottle, and
man. "At lucre or renown let
varmint-man spurns a scholarship,
degradation to be a fellow, and
varmint, it would be about the very
enter his head. What cares he
residences of the Cyprian tribes.

for tutors or proctors, for masters or vice
lors, since his whole aim is pleasure and am
since a day's hard reading would drive him
or give him the blue devils; since subordina
word of the meaning of which he profess
ignorant; and since rows and sprees are the
of his soul. He is never seen in academics;
time, or towards evening, and then only put
on for "*dacency's sake*," or because it is a
throughout the "*varsity*." But in the day, he i
in a *Jarvey* tile, or a low-crowned-broad-brim,
of white swell tops, *varmint* inexpressibles; a re
flash waistcoat, and his coat of a nameless cut
"*cloth*" of the most uncommon pattern, tied afte
own way, and a short crookt-stick or bit o' plant in
hand; and thus he goes out riding: or he may d
differently, and lounge through the streets, always
company with a friend or two, visiting saddlers, n
liners, barbers, bootmakers, and tailors; or looking
at a friend's rooms, and to arrange matters for the
day: or, if fine, he may make up a water-party, if i
the summer term, and go down the *Camus* in a six
oar, dine at Clay-hive, or Ditton, or take a snack at
Chesterton, and return in the evening; or he may
walk out to Chesterton to play at billiards, and
return *plus* or *minus* the sum he started with; or he
may drive out in a buggy; or do fifty other things
and enter into fifty other schemes, all productive of
amusement. In the evening he dines at his own room
or at those of a friend, and afterwards blows a cloud
puffs at a segar, and drinks copiously. He then
sings a song, tells a story, comments on the event
of the day, talks of horses, gives his opinion on the
ensuing race between Highflyer and Emilius, and
makes bets on the late fight between *Spring* and
Langan. After this the whole party sit down to
unlimited loo, and half-guinea, or guinea points, and
here again he comes off *plus* or *minus* 40% or 50%.
If he has lost, he is no way concerned at it, for he
is sure of winning as much the succeeding night; he
therefore takes his glass or sits down to supper, and
gets to bed about two or three in the morning. De-
termined to *sleep a few*, after having cast off

THE UNIVERSITY PROCTOR.

Mr. Proctor, Mr. Varmint, why have you not done better? I have very seriously to do with your non-attendance. You have not been nearly a fortnight, excepting Sundays, cannot expect that I, or any man, in the school, can overlook such gross irregularity. You may think what you like, but I am bound to do my duty towards the college, and to be attended regularly. But as that has by no means the case, and as you have so disrespectfully treated yourself, I really must take notice of it in some way. I am very sorry for it, nobody more so than myself. It is an imperative duty I must fulfil. You have heart 500 lines of Virgil, the 7th Aeneid, and it will be said with alacrity and promptness morning, Mr. So here is Mr. Varmint's propositions in hand which must be very good: one, if not said, will forget rustication; two, if neglected, will cause the dean to tell his name off the boards of the college. in his own mind as to whether it is better or not; but at length determines to see you, and in short the whole University at other than look at a word; and

to take arms against a sea of troubles,
and opposing, end them."

How soon do mortals change their firmest
and resolutions! How many circum-
stances induce them to act contrary to their
Varmint, by drinking too much wine
a day, rather prematurely finds him-
self the worse from his late Cyprian ad-
vice. A fact is compelled to send for a sur-
geon. Varmint is obliged to get an *agrestis*,
and to his rooms, and lie still on the
bed are draughts, powders, and loz-
enges visit him daily. What is he to
do on the sofa? His friends are
faint to drive away melancholy; but
want of leisure time on his hands.
What? Walter Scott? No, he
is that kind of trash. Lord Byron?
By times, and he wants something

new. He thought of every thing; but at last
to spend his time in learning the three books
of Greek, and the five hundred lines of Virgil
proctor and Mr. Dean. In the mean time I
divide; and his companions, or the many
them, leave the University for their several
homes. He, of course, wishes to leave likewise, but I
and cannot depart before he is better, which I
know does not choose should be the case for
time, and even if he were well, he could not
leave the dean's *exeat*, which he won
do before the imposition was said, so he is left
in on all sides, and has the blue devils, both
prospect of growing happier. He, therefore, in
the time he would have passed in pleasure at
in the shady court of a college, and stuffs his
with Greek and Latin hexameters, and lives enti-
rely on barley-water and medicine, for the space of three
weeks. At the end of this time, we will suppose him
getting again convalescent, and recovering his wonted
spirits. He satisfies the proctor and the dean by
saying a part of each *impos.*, and after bitterly curs-
ing the place, leaves it for the country. This is the
way that many men spend their three years at the
University. But, Mr. Freshman, whoever you may
be, I write this for your especial benefit, and leave
to yourself to copy or avoid such conduct, as you may
think proper.

After the long vacation, Mr. Varmint comes
again to reside. His spree of his first year, and
its consequences, have gained him experience, and
he knows how to manage in a scientific way. To
avoid gate-hills, he will be out at night as late as he
pleases, and will defy any one to discover his ab-
sence, for he will climb over the college walls, and
see this gyp well, when he is out all night. To avoid
imposition from the dean, he will attend more regu-
larly at chapel; which, though a great bore, must yet
be endured; and to get clear from the clutches of the
proctors, he will stud when there is need; and if fol-
lowed, will floor the bull-dogs, and bolt. He now is
twice as gay as before, rides, courses, hunts, shoots
fishes, drives, drinks, fights, swears, roves, and you

bles, more than ever. He dresses still more like an eccentric fancy man, and acts yet more unlike what he ought to do, and thus he passes his terms. But now comes the time when he is to be examined for the *Little-go*, and about three weeks before the examination he begins to read. He bids himself unequal to the task, without *cranking*. He in consequence engages a fabulous tutor, and buys all the tran-locks published for the occasion. After reading his *book*, he goes to it; and by the greatest luck in the world, happens to pass. This puts him in high spirits again, and he gives a large *Spread*, and gets drunk on the strength of it. He continues to have a private tutor for the remainder of his residence, and reads with him one day in a term, until the last term in his third year, when he is obliged to read for his degree of *Bachelor of Arts*. Accustomed to mirth and games, and to all kinds of sporting pursuits, never having opened a single mathematical book since his residence, knowing Euclid only by name, and Algebra still less, it is possible, yet being a dab at Latin or Greek—in short, never having professed to be a reading man, Mr. Varmint begins to encounter all the difficulties attending on such a career, when near its termination in severe study. He has now recourse to his private tutor, who bids him miserably deficient, and to work they both go, the one cranking, and the other endeavoring to swallow a mouthful. He falls ill by reading hard, being so unused to it, and gives up for a week, then sets to again, and so goes on till the day of examination, when he may perhaps muster up resolution enough to go into the *Senate-house*. If he does go in, and is well enough cranked, he gets a station among the apostles; if not, he may perchance be plucked. But if he does not think he shall be able to go through, he reads on a little longer, and goes out at the *by term*. This is his career at college, what it may be in after-life, is quite another affair. When he has got his degree in either of these ways, with the rest of his companions, he sits down with all of them, about forty or fifty, to a most glorious *spread*, ordered from the college cook to be served up in the most swell style possible. They are about two hours

and a half at dinner; and after most awfully drunk, each man of three bottles of port, except and madeira at dinner, or three they conclude the first feast together at college, and an hour all, perhaps, waited far from the other, for ever.

"Farewell to the towers' fane,

Where the sage wizard Art
displays'd.

And sweet science cowers, and

In gay robes of glory majestic

Farewell, banks of Camus, ye fane

The Muse, Loves', and Grace

Your silver soft stream, near me

Aye, fresher than airs of Hy

Ye cloisters low bending, and

To cherish young Genius and

The spirit befriending, as sol

It mounts in pure incense to H

From you I must sever, then fa

Each heart honour'd object

theme,

The world is a field I must enter

Can ought charm my soul like

This is one way of proceed

B. A. The "reading man" of

another style. He attends lect

misses chapel, misses nearly a

moderate exercise, is rarely out

gates are shut, reads twelve hours

to get prizes and medals, always

ship, seldom gets "a little th

gives no swell parties, runs very

his cup of batch at night, and go

thus he passes his time in a

would despise. These are the

all the prizes and obtain wrang

made fellows and tutors, and w

the principal men in the univer

by no means the most gutted

or greatest genius. But they who owe all their knowledge to desperate perseverance in study, many—very many exceptions, the most part the case. I constat- ing, that many things in it 'nought set down in malice;' dent of a twelvemonth's stand, if his acquaintance is at all a truth of my assertions.

HER'S DEATH-BED.

He was on his death-bed. The sick among the number, gather- leave my second son, Andrew," r, "my whole estate, and desire Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as sions, prayed heaven to prolong ; enjoy it himself. "I recom- d son, to the care of his elder a beside four thousand pounds." Simon, (in great affliction to be ive you life and health to enjoy , turning to poor Dick, "As for s been a sail dog, you'll never never be rich, I'll leave you a r" "Ah, father," cried Dick, "may heaven give you life and self."

GOLDSMITH.

THE YOUNG LOGICIANS.

o tails,
tail more than no cat,
has three tails.

THE WHO WAS FLUCK'D FOR ORDERS.

, and was powder'd with care,
was Ned,
such pains with his *Antr*,
cult with his *head*

LOOK A GREAT EVIL.

Dumbarland, when Gibbon tri- the last volume of his *Romas*

Empire to his Royal Highness, exclaimed, to the small mortification of the historian, "What another d—d big book, Mr. Gibbon! hey?"

KNOWING A MAN.

To know, is a word which is very liable to mis- construction. "Do you know such a one?" i. e. Are you upon terms of great intimacy?—and, Do you wish to acknowledge him as your friend? Though a *butch* and a *quiz*, or *ruff*, were to dine together at the same table every day—to meet together, continually, at wine parties—nay, *keep* together in the same stair- case,—yet, if the former were asked,—Whether he *knew* either of the latter? he would answer with all imaginable coolness and composure, in the *negative*. "There is such a man, but I don't know him."

ADVICE TO A POOR GENTLEMAN.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of peas-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris, or, if there be found some irre- parable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross- legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ, assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful. in the wise, it is ridiculous; but beggary pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

GOLDSMITH

ART OF CUTTING.

To cut, is to look an old friend in the face, and affect not to know him, which is the *cut direct*."

To look any where but *at* him—which is the *cut-indirect* or *cut-oblique*."

To "forget names with a good grace"—as, instead of "Tom, Dick, or Harry, to address an old friend, "Sir," or, "Mister,—*What's your name?*" This is the *cut-confront*."

"Good den Sir Richard."—"God-a-merry fellow!" and if his name be George, I'll call him Peter; for new made honours don't forget men's names."

Shakespeare's King John.

To be intentionally engaged on the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, when an old friend passes, is the *cut-celestial*."

Lastly, to *dart* up an alley, *dash* across a street, *dash* into a shop, or do any thing to avoid the trouble and mortification of nodding the head to some one, whom, perhaps, you have as much reason to dislike, as the man in the epigram—

Non auro te—non possum dicere quare—This is the *cut-circumstantial*."

The art of *cutting* an acquaintance is of very considerable antiquity. In a comedy which was publicly acted by the students of St John's College Cambridge, in 1660, the following dialogue occurs, which is very *amusing* on *cutting*."

Acad.—*God save you, Sir.*

Amor. [*Aside*.] By the mass, I fear me I saw this *genus et species* in Cambridge waste long. I'd take no notice of him. By the face of a gentleman, this is pretty *weary*. At what age is the *gay* fellow?"

Barrah, boy, hath the groom saddled my horse (a hobby! Can Robin Hunter sit where a hare sits?)

Acad. See a poor old friend of yours of St College, in Cambridge.

Amor. Good faith, Sir, you must pardon me. I have forgotten you.

Acad. My name is *Academico*, Sir; one that made an oration for you once on the 'Queen's day, and show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so; it may be so; but I have

forgotten it. Marry, yet I remember there's a fellow that I was very beneficial unto. But, however, Sir, I leave the courtesy of for you. I am sorry you did not take notice of her's house, but now I am in exceeding haste for I have vowed the arms of a hare that this morning musing on her waist.

Acad. Sir, I am astonished by that acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, it hath pleased you heretofore—

Amor. Look, Sirrah, as you see my hat inverted, as yet, &c. &c.

CAMBRIDGE DECLAMATION.

The youth, perhaps may declamation prefer to such glorious heights lifts his eyes. But lo! no common orator can be, ye

The envied silver cup with his scepter, Not that orator leads much to our triumph. The Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's A manner clear and warm is useless, as We do not try by speaking to convince; He of orators of pleasing proud.

We speak to please ourselves, not move. Our gravity protects the muttering tongue. A paper discourse of the squeak and groan. No borrowed grace of action must be seen. The slightest nod or wince would displease the. Whilst every scarce estimate would prefer. Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the prize Must in one posture stand, and never lope Nor a step, but rattle over every word. Nor at or what so cannot be heard, Thus let him sit no far think to rest, While speak the fastest sure to speak the. Who utters most within the shortest time May safely hope to win the yearly race.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR, DRAWN UP BY THE PHILIPPIANS.

If you be a rich man you may go with three loud bells, which deliver chumney, and turn your back to the sun.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

I would advise you to shrink into the room
you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon
of a chair in a remote corner.

you are desired to sing in company, I
you to refuse; for it is a thousand to
you torment us with affectation, or a

young, and live with an old man, I
you not to like gravy; I was disinclined
for liking gravy.

much in public; the spectators that
try as you, will hate you, either because
the happiness, or fancy themselves the
mirth.

COLLEGE SONG.

College lads, and attend to my lays,
the folly of poring o'er books;
it is mere empty praise,
the fellowship, and fallow looks.

Chorus.

books, lads, and never repine;
in not your attics
mathematics,
lay with a bumper of wine.
was old Archimedes,
Rome's ships, as he'd play cup
time, I can't see where the need

for mathematics at all?
by your books, lads, &c.
ut the Linnæan law,
in power of b,
lanets that he never saw,
probably never shall see.
by your books, lads, &c.
star-gazing enjoy,
mathematics can give;
at better employ,
es, let us learn how to live.
your books, lads, &c.

These men as *admirable* conclusions may draw
Perpetual motion they never could find:
Not one of the set, lads, could balance a wind
And longitude-seeking is hunting the wind.

Chorus.—Then, lay by your books, lads,
If we study at all, let us study the means
To make ourselves friends, and to keep them
made;

Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordains
To make other men happy, let that be our aim

Chorus.

Let each day be better than each day before;
Without pain or sorrow,
To-day, or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to see many days more

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

The person who desires to raise the devil, is to
sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own pro-
perty, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obe-
dience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen
place, either under the eye-lid or in the roof of the
mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he
has power given him over three spirits: one for
earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon
certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians,
in which each is to give an account of what evil he
has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assem-
bly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often
like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occa-
sion, renew their vows of obedience, and then form
a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The
devil instructs them in every method of injuring man-
kind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon voca-
tion through the air. He shows them the whole
method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers;
his spirits have power to assume the form of angels
of light, and there is but one method of detecting
them, viz. to ask them, in proper form, What method
is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the
world? To this they are not permitted by the spirit
Power to make a false reply.

give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

GOLDSMITH.

LAUGHTER.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years, Heracutus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

THE OATH OF LOVE.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say?
"Or are these tender words applied
"Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel," said I, "forbear—
"For by those cherry lips I swear"—
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And said, "You've sworn—so kiss the book."

LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

Judge Garrow, in the cross-examination of a prevaricating *old female* witness, by which it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been made, had a scrap of paper thrown to him from a counsel on the other side, on which was written,

Garrow, — submit, that tough old jade,
Can never prove—a *tender maid*!

GRIMALDI'S CAMENT ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE, ADDRESSED TO HIS SON

Adieu to Mother Goose! adieu—adieu
To spangles tufted heads and dancing limbs,
Adieu to Pantaloon—to all—that drew
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!
Never shall old Botolph be old, when I—
Once he was young and demanded all o'er,
Take his particular Joseph on his back
And dance the natchie's fling so loved of yore.
Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed,—carrot-finger'd,—lean,—
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
Cabbage a body;—old Joe Frankenstein.

Nor make a fire, nor eke comp
Of saucepans, trumpets
fare,

"Sorrow hath ta'en my number
No more upon the chariot;
Gone is the stair, four steps,
Gone is the light vault o'er
Sloth puts my legs into this t
And stops me for a toll—I
How Water would quiver his
His town'd t'git ropes—whe
How would I twitch the Pant
And help his fall—and ad
How children sick'd to see m
Stole the broad laugh from
Boys pick'd their plums out of
And people took my vices for
Be wise,—that's foolish—tro
And oh, J. S. to every farcy
Carry a poisonous pocket at th
And roll th' ne eyes as thou
Hand Columbine about with n
Covet thy ne g'l hair's riches
Dance on the water, swim up
Let thy legs prove themselves
Cuff Pantaloon, be sure—forg
As thou beats him, thou'rt p
And wear a deal of paint upon
It doth boys good, and draw
Lastly, be jolly 'be alive' be
Twitch, th' it, and caper, turn
Grow up right ighly in the faith
And be an "absolute Joke"

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN

Here by a pleasant fire, in the
Sir John Falstaff cracked his
which was sometimes honour
and sometime polluted by his
panions, I sat and rumm'd a
washed to be young again, for
the best of life while it lasted
compared past and present t
indexed myself as the only livi

reverted my imagination back to his prince and he gave life to the *ex* debauchery not disgusting. The *to* throw my reflections back into floor, the gothic windows, and the *piece*, had long withstood the *watchman* had gone twelve, my *stolen* off, and none now remained *landlord*. From him I could have *history* of a tavern that had such *of* customers. I could not help *account* of this kind would be a *of* the manners of different ages, *would* give me no information. He *and* not, and tell a tedious story, *lords* usually do, and, though he *was* never silent: one good joke *and* joke, and the best joke of all *us* towards the end of a bottle. I *ver*, his wine and his conversation *he* inauspiciously began to alter his *cravat* seemed quilled into a ruff, *well* out into a furlingale. I now *ing* sexes and, as my eyes began *I* imagined my fat landlord ac- *into* as fat a landlady. However, *ew* changes in my situation the *sent* and the table, continued as *ffered* mutation but my host, who *into* a gentlewoman, whom I knew *y*, mistress of this tavern in the *and* the liquor we were drinking *into* sack and sugar.

"Quickly," cried I, (for I knew it first night) "I am heartily glad have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and *do* below stairs? Brave and hearty, *and* sooth," replied she, "he did *ever*, but he maketh foul work *fitted*. Queen Proserpine and he *f* him attempting a rape upon her *is* it not that she still had bowels *like* than seems probable he might *swilling* in Tartarus."

"I now found that spirits still preserve the *ties* of the flesh; and that, according to the latest criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been thought to be guilty of even more than platonic affection: wherefore as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject, and desiring she would pledge me to a bumper, observed, with a sigh, that our *such* was nothing now to what it was in former days. "Alas! Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times! when you drew sack for prince Henry: men were *ed* as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! ever since that we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be flittered away into brains or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul, I mean.) Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventure, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion, of neat device and excellent workmanship — In this room I have lived, child, woman and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passeth here; and I have withom compiled three hundred tomes, which *estoon* may be submitted to thy regards." "None of your wilhoms or *estoon*s," Mrs. Quickly, if you please," I replied: "I know you can talk every what as well as I can; but, when you

"I have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language, to spare; so give me both as well as you can; but, first, my service to you. Old women should water their clay a little now and then, and now to your story."

"The story of my own adventures," replied the vision, "is but short and unsatisfactory, for, believe me, Mr. Rognarole believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow, is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers. My grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as the Middlesex justice now) he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house, upon condition, that I should never make hard bargain with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every morning and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued, for several years to pay this tribute, and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly, my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearier when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent. But one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drank over night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't?—The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawly house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification and penance that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation though sack would have lulled me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the bawle."

"Sack is my own history, but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of that, which is one

of the oldest in London, you may see manners, pleasures, and follies, in all periods. You will find manners worse now than formerly the vice people are generally more water-shed, as those in the country. It was formerly, stuffed with sack and porridge, and now crams him with same low ambition that formerly to give up his religion to please a minister. It is the same vanity that our ladies cheeks and necks with paints them with carnation. You formerly powdered his hair with brick-dust, in order to appear frigid. Briton cuts his hair on the crown with hog's-lard and flour; and the king. It is the same vanity, the same vice, only appearing through the glass of fashion. In are 2—

"Sure the woman is dreaming. None of your reflections. Men love me, they only give me the your history at once. I love stoning."

"If you please then, sir," replied "I'll read you an abstract, which hundred volumes I mentioned just

"My body was no sooner laid the prior and several of his crew the tavern from the pollutions which I had filled it. Masses were said, lies were exposed upon every and the whole house washed with water. My habitation was soon a nastery; instead of customers, and sugar, my rooms were crowded with, saints, whores, and fairs, a scene of occasional debauchery with continual lowliness. The prior and the whole convent imitated Matrons came hither to confer

"*These same sister who called went*
Her was this a convent peculiarity
by convent at that period was equally
there, and gave a boundless boon to
the laws allowed it; each priest had a
private companion, and a power of dis-
ing often as he pleased. The lady gram-
led with their wives and daughters, hated
eye, and maintained them in splendour
there, these were happy times, Mr. Rig-
is were times of piety, bravery, and still
let as very happy, neither, good madam;
like the present; those that labour
them that do nothing, wear fine clothes
piety."

"*Since the fathers lived, for some years,*
madam; they transgressed, punished
each other, and were forgiven. One
year, our prior keeping a lady of dis-
tract too long at confession, her husband
came in upon them, and testified all
which was natural upon such an oc-
casion named the gentleman that it was
ad put it into his heart; and the lady
n, that she was under the influence
could never have believed in so un-
der. The husband, however, was not
such evasions, but summoned both
of justice. His proofs were fla-
unted large damages. Such, indeed,
expect, were the tribunals of those
the same manner as they are now.
priest was to be tried before an as-
; and a layman was to expect re-
their impartiality and candour.
you think the prior made to ob-
ious? He denied the fact, and
stiff to try the merits of their cause
It was a little hard, you may be
gentleman, not only to be made
obliged to fight a duel into the
the justice of the times. The
glove, and the injured husband

was obliged to take it up, in token of his accept-
the challenge."

"*Upon this, the prior supplied his champion, by*
was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the de-
fendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were go-
in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, such
method being previously used to induce both to a
confession of truth. After a month's imprisonment,
the hair of each was cut, the bodies smeared with
oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by
soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole
in person. Both the champions were sworn not to
seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed
and confessed upon their knees; and after these
ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and con-
duct of the combatants. As the champion whom the
prior had pitched upon, had fought six or eight times
upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary
to find him victorious in the present combat. In
short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken
from the field of battle, stripped of his shirt, and
after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained
in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future
offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rig-
marole! you see how much more just, and wise, and
valiant, our ancestors were than us." "I rather
fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much
like our own, where a multiplicity of laws give a
judge as much power as a want of law; since he is
ever sure to find among the number some to con-
travene his partiality."

"*Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now*
gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The
lady became a nun, the prior was made bishop, and
three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations
and fire-works that were made on the present oc-
casion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high
degree of reputation. There was not one in Lan-
don that had the character of being heretics so
much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose
from our convent their confessors, in short, it flour-
ished, and might have flourished to this hour, but
for a fatal accident which terminated, by its over-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

now. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee, found herself strangely disturbed, but hesitated in determining, whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in suspense, for, upon counting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech, and, when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched, and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply, for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out. The devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior, that, by his command, he resided in his present habitation, and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft, the witnesses were arrayed for witchcraft, not less than strong and numerous against him, not less than being by, who had heard the devil

to be supposed it could rub out any longer. They were ordered to decamp, and the once again converted into a tavern. The sister substituted landlady by royal authority, the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the mistress a very polite woman, it had more business than ever, and sometimes less than four shillings a day.

Under the care of this lady, she into great reputation, the courtiers learned to game, but they paid it at drunkenness is ever the vice of a gaming of a luxurious age. They had more expensive and more luxurious had. All their fooleries were more admired by the great and the more a courtier has been known to squander at a single feast a king to millions to furnish out the frippery. There were certain days appointed for bauchery, and to be sober at such a crime. Kings themselves set the example. Entertainment was half concluded times, sir, when kings kept mistresses in public, they were too plain happy times to hide their vices, as now.

"Upon this lady's decease the sister was occupied by adventuresome gamblers. Towards the conclusion of Henry VII. gaming was more common in England than even now. King Henry VII. was off at Primrose

THE LABORING PHILOSOPHER.

of note I find upon record was
born among the lower ranks
by frugality and extreme com-
to acquire a moderate fortune:
enjoyed for many years, had she
arranged with one of her neigh-
was in high repute for sanctity
Irish. In the times of which I
 seldom quarrelled, that one did
of witchcraft, and she who first
oaked pins was sure to come off
sical of a modern tea-table dis-
scandal of former times; the
s eyes at present, is regarded as
If a lady, formerly, should be
witchcraft in her eyes, it were much
soul and body, that she had no

house was accused of witchcraft;
e the best defence she could, it
e; she was taken from her own
Old Bailey, condemned and ex-
These were times, indeed! when
of scold in safety.

he tavern underwent several re-
to the spirit of the times, or the
gning monarch. It was this day
ent a conventicle for enthusiasts.
d for harbouring whigs, and the
retreat to Tories. Some years
ague, but at present it seems de-
say be remarked in general, that,
ourish most, the times are then
nd luxurious."—"Lord! Mrs.
nd I, "you have really deceived
mance, and here you have been
me only a description of the spirit
have nothing but tedious remarks
k some other hearer; I am de-
only to stones."

aded, when my eyes and ears
y landlord, who had been all this
account of the repairs he had made

in the house, and was now got into the story of the
cracked glass in the dining-room.

ARTICLES FOUND IN A REPORTER'S DRAWER.

Written in the age of Shakespeare.

Three aprons, two dresses, the face of a pig,
A dirty jack towel, a dish-cloth and wig;
A foot of a stocking, three cups and a frill,
A bust and six buttons, mouse-trap and a quill;
A comb and a thimble, with Madonna bands,
A box of specific for chops in the hands;
Some mace and some claves tied up in a rag,
An empty thread paper and blue in a bag;
Short pieces of ribbon, both greasy and black,
A grater and nutmeg, the key of the jack;
An inch of wax candle, a steel and a flint,
A bundle of matches, a parcel of mint;
A lump of old suet, a crimp for the paste,
A pair of red garters, a belt for the waist;
A rusty bent skewer, a broken brass cock,
Some onions and tinder, and the draw'r lock;
A bag for the pudding, a whetstone and string,
A penny cross-bun, and a new curtain ring;
A print for the butter, a dirty chemise,
Two pieces of soap, and a large slice of cheese;
Five teaspoons of tin, a large lump of resin,
The feet of a hare, and corks by the dozen;
A card to tell fortunes, a sponge and a can,
A pen without ink, and a small patty-pan;
A rolling-pin pated, and common prayer book,
Are the things which I found in the drawer of the
cook.

A LONG TASK.

The Rev. Mr. Milne, in a Report of the Missionary
Society for China, says, "We want, sir, fifty millions
of New Testaments for China; and after that about
one-sixth of the population only would be supplied.
I would ask no higher honour on earth, than to dis-
tribute the said number." Now, if Mr. Milne had
commenced the distribution of the said number at
the time the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, and had

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

...ed to distribute forty-three Testaments per
Sundays excepted, he would have on hand,
4, 1817, seven hundred and thirteen thousand,
hundred and forty-seven. Or, should he now
less work, and distribute ten each hour during
hours per day, he would end his labour on the
day of January, 3411, at one o'clock in the fore-

RAILLET BETWEEN CHURCHILL, DIKT OF MARL-
BOROUGH, AND CHURCHILL, THE POET.

Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes;
And, great Churchill now commands our praise,
And the palm yields her empire to the bays,
Who lost a fought nobly at his army's head,
And slew his thousands with the balls of lead,
Yet must the hero to the hard submit,
Who huris, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

JOHN'S VERDICT.

A coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young
lady in Italian ore, America, who had hung herself in
a fit of love frenzy, brought in their verdict—*Died*
by the visitation of Cupid. A reasonable novelty

PETITION OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, the humble
Petition of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of
the most noble Order of the Garter, &c.
Sheweth—That your petitioner, being rendered
by deafness an useless and inefficient as most of his
contemporaries are by nature, hopes in common with
them, to share your Majesty's royal favour and bounty,
whereby he may be enabled to save or to spend, as he
may think proper, a great deal more than he possibly
can at present.

That your petitioner having had the honour to serve
your Majesty in several very lucrative employments,
seems the more entitled to a lucrative retreat from
business, and to sit, without any diguitate, that is,
without any disgrace, at home.

Your petitioner humbly apprehends, that he
may be entitled to a considerable pension,

as he neither wants, nor deserves,
pardon, dread not, an expression you
used to, and rests upon it.

Your petitioner is little apt, and at
least to speak advantageously of himself.
degree of justice is due to one's
others, he begs leave to represent, that
your Majesty has always been a weak
worst of times; that particularly, in
tural rebellion, when the young
vanced as far as Derby, at the head
least three thousand men, composed
the Scotch nobility and gentry
enough to allow, and encourage ene-
lives in support of, their real pa-
tioner did not join him, as might
have done had he been so able
contrary, raised at the public ex-
penses of one hundred thousand each
Majesty's undoubted right in the
these realms, which service is
unrewarded.

Your petitioner is well aware
evil that must necessarily be
long and tedious after the
even if it has undergone, be-
humbly hopes, that an argu-
to have been urged as a first
soever will not in a singular
tion, especially as he has some
the deficiencies in the pension
be the last to be made good.

Your petitioner, being a low
pension, and grateful as it
dignity, on the part of the
sack of hole or of any on the
that a great one might do
one side, on the other,
which he takes as a mark
he is not worthy for those
table names place in the
vary list. Your petitioner
that upon this principle

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER:

203

will not be proposed to him, and if more agreeable.

He persuades himself that your majesty will accept his humble application to that motive; of which he has always a horror.—No, sir! he confesses his aim alone is his object; honour is his aim which is sacred to him as a peer, first as a gentleman; that honour, in him, he has sacrificed all other considerations upon this single principle that your majesty is an honour, which at present in no manner adorns the British Peerage; the most shining periods of ancient times nobled the greatest men, who were crowned at the expense of the public.

Honour, far dearer to your petitioner, he begs leave, in the most solemn manner to your majesty, that in case you should not grant this his most modest request, he will support and promote, to the utilities, the very worst measures, that your ministers can suggest; but, at the end he unfortunately, and in a singular manner, by a refusal, he thinks himself bound to declare, that he will, with any, oppose the very best measures your majesty yourself shall ever propose or suggest. And your petitioner, &c.

FROM AN ODE TO SCANDAL.

Oh, I burn with sacred fires,
If that every thought inspires!
Jemius! now I feel
Fire through each artery steal;
To my prying eyes
Gracious beauties rise;
Detective some flaw
We never saw.
Every whisperer hints,
Every whisperer faint,
Every squint:
And point!

"That though some fools of Celia prate,
"Yet be not hers the praise;
"For, if she should be passing straight,
"Hem! she may thank her stars,
"Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
"And celebrates her fame,
"But for my part, whenever she walks,
"I vow I think she's lame.
"And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
"Lawk, how the creature stares:
"Well, well, thank heaven, it can't be said,
"I give myself such airs!"

The Ode concludes with the following stanzas:

To woman every charm was given,
Design'd by all indulgent heaven,
To soften grief or care;
For ye were form'd to bless mankind,
To harmonize and soothe the mind:
Indeed, indeed, ye were.
But when from those sweet lips we hear
Ill nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,
Your power that moment dies:
Each coxcomb makes your name his sport,
And fools when angry will retort
What men of sense despise.
Leave then such vain disputes as these,
And take a nobler road to please.—
Let Candour guide your way;
So shall you daily conquests gain,
And captives, happy in your chain,
Be proud to own your sway.

SHERIDAN.

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war, a soldier, who had been wounded and honourably discharged, (but, perhaps, not paid,) being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick—And who the devil are you now?

Soldier—My name is John Wilson.

Patrick—And where the devil are you going from?
John Wilson?

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Soldier—From the American army at Erie, sir.

Patrick—And what in the devil do you want here?

Soldier—I want shelter to-night; will you permit
to spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-
night?

Patrick—Devil take me if I do, John Wilson, that's

Soldier—On your kitchen floor, sir?

Patrick—Not I, by the Hill o' Howth—that's flat.

Soldier—In your stable then?

Patrick—I'm d—d if I do that either—that's flat.

Soldier—I am dying with hunger: give me but a
bone and a crust; I ask no more.

Patrick—The devil blow me if I do, sir—that's
flat.

Soldier—Give me some water to quench my thirst,
I beg of you.

Patrick—Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such
thing—that's flat.

Soldier—Sir, I have been fighting to secure the
blessings you enjoy; I have assisted in contributing
to the glory and welfare of the country which has
hospitably received you, and can you so inhospitably
reject me from your house?

Patrick—Reject you, who in the devil talked a
word about rejecting you? May be I am not the
scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson.
You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen
floor, or in my stable; now, by the powers, d'ye think
I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half a
dozen soft feather beds all empty? No, by the Hill
o' Howth, John, that's flat. In the second place
you told me you were dying with hunger, and
wanted a bone and a crust to eat; now, honey, d'ye
think I'll feed a hungry man on bones and crust,
when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and
pigs? No, by the powers, not I—that's flat. In the
third place, you asked me for some simple water to
quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the
best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing
it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something
else wholesome and cooling. Come into my house,
my honey; devil blow me, but you shall sleep in the

best feather bed I have; you shall
supper and breakfast that my farm can
thank the Lord, is none of the worst;—
as much water as you choose, provided
with plenty of good wine or spirits,
also you prefer it. Come in my heart
feel yourself at home. It shall never
Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man so
been fighting for the dear country with
protection—that's flat.

PROSE V. POETRY.

Mr. Gifford to Mr. Haslitt

What we read from your pen we read

Mr. Haslitt to Mr. Gifford

What we read from your pen we read

THE TWO HERVEYS.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish

To please in separate stations

The one invented "Sauce for Fish"

The other "Meditations."

Each has his pungent powers

To aid the dead and dying;

That relishes a "Soul," when

This saves the "Soul" from

RIVAL LOVES.

The following, said to be from the
of *Palestine*, was circulated in *M*
in the University of Oxford. It
the elopement and marriage of a
the Professors with her father's
whose name was *Arabella*, choicer
than he constrained to receive
elderly gentleman, who, from
gait, was nicknamed Dr. *Tee*.

Twixt *foot*-man John and

A rivalry befell;

Which should prove the fittest

To bear away the *Bell*

The *foot*-man won the laurel

And who can blame him

The *whole* prevail'd against

'Twas *foot*-man versus

WELL-DEEMED COX.

a cornet in a regiment, being hos-
by a neighbouring farmer, formed
to seduce his wife. The usual
such assiduity preserved, that it
the eye of the farmer; but, de-
r's constancy, he did not forbid
ces of his guest. In process of
lady, who despised the advances
an opportunity of stating the
husband: in consequence of which
and the execution nearly proved
The farmer one day invited all
regiment to dine with him, except
he captain was not a little rallied
at the mess-room, where he had
make the farmer's wife one of
wers. However, the day previous
captain received a letter from the
t if he would attend at the garden
on the same night, he should be
rich more delicate entertainment
nking. All things were prepared
l with the farmer—and the cap-
ppointment, met an Abigail, who
er mistress's bed-room. He was
-clothes, and scarcely there before
a pressing hug as obliged him to
be alarm was given—the company
ghts, and found the captain fast
of a great she dancing bear. The
rest holding the chain of his bear
s of the bed: the first business
oor lover from his hugging mis-
he assistance of the keeper, was
t the expense of three broken ribs
don on the temple: such was the
xpected felicity.

ENTERTAINER'S BILL.

mitted on a gentleman with the
of his wife, amounting to 67l.
," said the widower, "for laying

a silent female horizontally! you must have made
some mistake!"—"Not in the least," answered the
coffin-monger, "handsome hearse—three coaches
and six—well-dressed mutes—handsome pall—
body, your honour, could do it for less." The gen-
tleman rejoined: "It is a large sum, but, as I am
satisfied the poor woman would have given twice as
much to bury me, I must not be behind her in an
act of kindness; there is a check for the amount."

THE OPERA.

An Opera, like a pill'ry may be said,
To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

MUSICAL PERFECTION.

After one of the first musicians had been playing
a solo, and shown a great many tricks upon his in-
strument, and was receiving applause for his great
execution, a Lady observed to Dr. Johnson, how
amazingly difficult the performance must be.
"Madam," said the doctor, "I wish it had been
impossible."

THE PEER AND THE PEDLAR.

A Member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget:
The peer was in his car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it,
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
The other's shoes are paid for.

POLITE FORBEARANCE.

A nobleman being seated with a party of ladies in a
stage-box, a sprig of fashion came in booted and
spurred. At the end of the act, the peer rose, and
making the young man a low bow, said, "I beg
leave, Sir, in the name of these ladies, and for myself,
to offer you our thanks for your forbearance."—"I
don't understand you; what do you mean?" said
the stranger. "I mean," repeated the other, "as
you have come with your boots and spurs, to thank
you that you have not brought your horse."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

SHOTS.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteus, and of the variety of shots which were fired upon an unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," said the man, in his broad dialect, "such as they shout (foals) with, and the like." "What kind of shot?" says the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, lord, dukes, (ducks) and sic kin' o'fools."

AMERICAN TELESCOPE.

A gentleman remarked one day to an Irish baronet, that the science of optics was now brought to the highest perfection; for that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the baronet, "I have one at my lodge that will be a match for it; it brought the church so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing Psalms."

AN OLD BORN STORY.

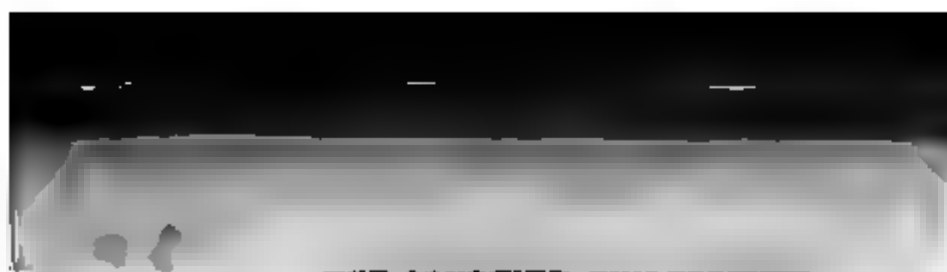
Hodge held a farm, and smil'd content,
Whene'er he ran, and anther's tent,
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexatious along his anxious mind,
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter day,
How cheap so'er or scant the grain,
Though urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain,
The same to him if false or true,
For rent must come when rent was due,
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence and crop his meads
In hunting, that same landlord's hounds
Dre' how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike enjoy'd,
While half the rising crop was destroy'd,
Yet tummy was the loss sustain'd;
'Tis said, the sufferer once complain'd;
The farmer laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
"The farmer laugh'd with a joke."

But luckless still poor Hodge's lot—
His worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
And got'd his cow, the last and best,
By sickness he has lost the rest,
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong
The beast will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said
"If Hodge, for once, don't sting me
May people post him for a bee."
He said—across his shoulder threw
His fork, and to his landlord goes.

"I come an't please you to a fine
Want, soon or late, you must be told
My bull (a creature tame till now)
My bull has got'd your worship's cow
'Tis known what drifts I wish to
Perhaps your honour may forgive
"Forgive" the squire replied
"Pray cant to me, I tell you, no
The law my damage at all decide
And know, that I'll be satisfied
"Think, Sir, I'm poor, poor as
"Think, I'm a justice, think of
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd
And, recollecting, archly said
"Sir, I'm so struck when ever
I fear I've blunder'd in the door
'Fore George! but I'll not bite
Your's was the bull, Sir, mine
His worship found his rage
And with calm accent thus he
"I'll think upon your case
But I perceive 'tis alter'd now
Hodge shrugg'd, and made
"An please ye, when's the

TRUMP CARD.

George III. once noticed a man
on Richmond Hill, and, being
a card-maker, he observed, "a
card-maker! all his cards
trumps."



OF THE WORD MALT, PREACHED BY THE
NATION IN A BELLOW TREE.

Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who
is since from Cambridge, had rendered
service to many of the Cantabs by fre-
quently preaching against drunkenness. Several of
his hearers on a journey, they determined to
preach in a hollow tree, which was near
his house. Accordingly, addressing him with
some politeness, they asked him if he had
preached much against drunkenness. On
the affirmative, they insisted that he
preach from a text of their choosing. In
demonstrating on the unreasonableness of
his to give them a discourse without
in such a place: they were determined to
insist, and the word MALT was given him
text, on which he immediately delivered
the following:—

Let me crave your attention. I am a
come at a short warning, to preach a
from a small subject, in an unworthy
small congregation. Beloved, my text is
cannot divide it into words, it being but
so syllables, it being but one; I must,
Patience divide it into letters, which I
use four, M, A, L, T.

Beloved, is Moral; A, is allegorical;
T, is Theological. The Moral is set
to you drunkards good manners; there-
fore; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my
allegorical is when one thing is spoken,
another is meant. The thing spoken of is
the Juice of Malt; which
M, your Master; A, your Ap-
Liberty; and T, your Trust. The
thing to the Letter—M, Much,
Trust. The Theological is so-
what it works; and these I find
first in this world; secondly,
The effects that it works in
M, Murder; in others, A, Adul-

tary; in all, L, Loosening of Life; and in some
T, Treason. The effects that it works in the world
to come, are—M, Misery; A, Anguish; L, Lamen-
tation; and T, Torment, and so much for this time
and text.

"I shall improve this, first by way of exhortation
—M, Masters, A, All of you; L, Leave off; T
Tipping; or secondly, by way of excommunication—
M, Masters; A, All of you; L, Look for; T, Ter-
ment. Thirdly, by way of caution take this. A
drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spell
of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's
agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his
children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's
scold, a walking well-bowl, the picture of a beast,
and the monster of a man."

CHARITY AND GALLANTRY

The Bishop of Exeter having established a poor-
house for twenty-five old women, asked Lord Mans-
field for an inscription; upon which his Lordship
wrote:

Under this roof the Lord Bishop of Exeter
keeps
Twenty-five women.

THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

This nobleman was so accustomed to promises,
that no applicant whatever left his presence without
an assurance of having what he solicited for. A
major in the army once waited upon him on his
return from abroad. "My dear major," said his
grace, running up to him, and embracing him, "I
am heartily glad to see you; I hope all things
go well with you."—"I can't say they do, my lord
duke," returned he: "I have had the misfortune to
lose my ————"—"Say no more, my dear major,"
returned he, "say no more, I entreat you, I'll give
you a better."—"Better, my lord," returned the
major, "that cannot be!"—"How so, my dear
friend? how so?" replied the duke. "Because,"
rejoined the major, "I have lost my leg."

GEORGE II.

At the first masquerade which George the Second honoured with his presence in England, a lady invited him to drink a glass of wine. With this he readily complied, and the lady, firing a bumper, said "Here, mask, the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, she presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of unfortunate princes."

FOX'S PAY-DAY.

Mr. Fox, on one of his occasions for borrowing money, met with a good natured Jew, who told him that he might take his own time for payment. "Then," said Charles, "we'll make it the day of judgment; or, as that will be rather a busy day, suppose we say the day after."

AN ERROR IN CHAIN.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bye-standers said she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he therefore supposed for certain, that she was the same at her death.

LOUIS XIV.

Killigrew, jester at the court of Charles II. being taken to see the Gallery at Versailles, was desired to observe particularly a picture of the crucifixion. He was then asked if he knew whom it represented. He said "No."—"Why," said Louis XIV., who was present, "it is our Saviour on the cross, and the picture on the right side is the pope's, and that on the left my own." Upon which Killigrew replied "I thank your majesty for your information, I have heard our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, but I did not know before who they were."

CURE FOR DISSIPATION.

A dissipated nobleman was one day reproved by his mother, who advised him to take example by a particular gentleman, whose constant food was veg-

tables, and his drink pure water. "Madam," said his lordship, "do you imitate a man who eats like a beast and fish."

CHURCH-YARD ACCOUNT.

A poor labourer having been obliged the operation of having his leg cut off, wakened peace by the sexton for that poor fellow applied to the rector for told him, he could not relieve him at that he should certainly consider it in the rest of his body came to be burnt.

ELEGANT WIT.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.
Their want of edge from their office
Both pain us least when exquisitely

EPITAPH ON A TALKATIVE OLD

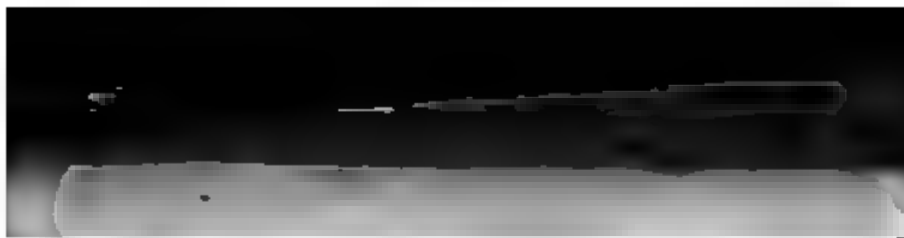
Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till
And ne'er before was out of bed.
Whether she's gone we cannot tell
For, if she talks not, she's in bed.
If she's in Heav'n, she's there
Because she hates a place of rest.

A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day,
"Why in such haste, dear Gyles,
I shall not change my mind," she said
"But then," says he, "I may."

STORY BY TITMUS, ON SEEING HER BY PHRYNIDES.

Anchysis, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd
All these I freely own, without shame
But where has this Phrynides been?



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

293

AMEO II. AND WILTON.

when Duke of York, one day asked
not, if he did not think his loss of
edgment upon him for what he had
at his father, Charles I. The poet
f his highness thought his loss of sight
on him, he wished to know what the
father's losing his head."

NAUTICAL LEARNING.

happening to join a crowd gathered
cher, just in time to hear him say,
exclaimed against the sins of his
and "I your pastor and teacher shall be
a witness against you at the day
"Hollo! Jack," cries one of them,
just as it is at the Old Bailey: the
always turns king's evidence."

AIRIE AND CHESTERFIELD.

on in London, being at a rout with Lord
lady in company, very much painted,
conversation. Chesterfield tapped him
r, saying, "Take care you are not
"My Lord," replied Voltaire, "I
then by an English bottom under
20

SAYING ONE'S WORD.

nd words, Sir Edward cheer'd his
how on my friendship may't depend;
time is but very scant,
I'll ne'er see Dick in want."
Smith, his friend, no doubt, would free
get his word—he would not see him!

MAJESTY.

example (M—Y) from MAJESTY, and
one of a FAULT
a shoulder of mutton too much

done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and
told her to take the mutton down and do it less.
"Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But,"
said the Dean, "if it had not been done enough
you could have done it more, could you not?"
"Oh, yes! very easily." "Why, then," said the
Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let
it be such a one as can be amended."

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

Alcibiades finding his irregularities had become
the general topic of conversation at Athens, took
a very fine dog, for which he had given a
large sum of money, he cut off his tail. His friends
told him the whole city blamed him for so foolish an
action, and talked of nothing else. "That is what
I wished," said he. "I had rather they should
talk of my dog's tail than of me."

QUICKSILVER.

Sir Thomas Moore examining a protestant on the
charge of heresy, whose name was Silver, told him,
in his jesting way, "that silver must be tried in the
fire." "Ay!" said Silver, "but quicksilver will not
abide it."

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

When Mrs. Macauley published her *Loose Thoughts*,
Garrick, who was in company with Foote, said it
was a very improper title for a lady to adopt: to
which Foote replied, he was quite of a different
opinion, for the sooner a woman got rid of her loose
thoughts the better.

THE PERMANENT MASK.

At Ranelagh, when Lady Grace
Unmask'd to put my poor heart in a pother,
So very hideous was her face.
I was deceiv'd, and begg'd she'd pull off t'other.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

A married couple, coming over in the packet
from Dublin to England, a storm arose, when every
one expected the vessel would be lost. The gentle

man lamented with his wife the dreadful situation they were in, and begged her to answer him one question. She bade him name it. "Tell me, my dear," said he, "as perhaps we have not long to live, have you been always true to my bed?" "Sink or swim," she replied, "that is the only secret that shall go to the grave with me."

BISHOP WARBURTON.

When the first volume of the "Divine Legation," by Warburton, was shewn to Dr. Bentley, he looked it over, and then observed of the author, "This man has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

RELATIONSHIP

A ludicrous mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Mary-le-bone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased brother or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all, Sir, only an acquaintance."

THE DYING CITIZEN.

A citizen dying greatly in debt, "Farewell," said one of his creditors, "there is so much of mine gone with him." "And he carried so much of mine," said another. A person hearing them make their several complaints, said, "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry *nothing* of his *own* out of the world, yet he may carry a *great deal* of other men's."

HANGING IN CHAINS

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Bat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference, only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

PASSION

The footman of a gentleman of an irritable temper, desired to be dismissed. "You leave me?" said his master. "I speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper," he said. "Be sure, I am passionate, but not more so than it is off." "Yes," replied the footman, "then it is no sooner off than it is on."

BILL AND CUBER

The following is the literal copy sent to a gentleman. —

10824

"Many Too quering your
hide Vistren Zulings."

THE PRINCIPLES OF

"Brother backs your glasses
'Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling
'Never fear 'twont reach my
'No—that's true—but 'twill

PREACHING AND DRINK

A country vicar, giving his text pronounced it. He brews, 10 out of chapter and verse.) An old teetotaler, asleep under the pulpit, thinking of brewing so many bushels to the vicar, said, "By the Lord, and no such bad liquor."

A DEAR WIFE.

A gentleman just married told his morning laid out three hundred pounds for his wife. "Faith, Sir," says Foote, "you are a hypocrite, for she is truly your dear wife."

THE LAST FOLLY

A volatile young lord, when he was in the female world were numberless. "Now, my lord," said the countess, "mend." "Madam," says he, "on it, this is my last folly."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FRANCE VANITY

A nobleman showing Matthew Prior, the King's Palace at Versailles, and desiring to see the many trophies of Lewis the Fourteenth, asked Prior if King William the master, had many such trophies in his No," said Prior, "the monuments of my stories are to be seen every where but in use."

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

A doctor having printed two heavy volumes of Natural History, a friend remarked to him, "Your publication was, in several particulars, enormous; and when the other defended his plied, "Pray, Dr. are you not a justice of peace?" "I am, Sir," was the reply. "Why, then," added his critic, "I advise you to send your vagrants to the same place you send your vagrants to the house of correction."

AN IMPROMPTU.

A man having played several nights to an inn in a country town, neglected to perform in the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant. He however bustled through it till he got to the part where he should have been on the subject of Leander's being smothered in the Hellespont; where he made a great noise, which was so intolerable to the audience, that a general hiss from all parts expressed their disapprobation, and he retired, as he called it, soon as silence was obtained by his departure. On the stage, leading Jessica, he addressed the audience

which a night as this we came to

might have touched but half-a-

men, bid these folks good night,
and stay, are starv'd outright.

TO A GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO MARRY.

Bob says, his spouse that is to be
Has all the requisites to bless.
Has wit, I know, in repartee,
A taste for letters, play, and dress.
Yet were I, Bobby, (*entre nous*)
Bound to three such in marriage bands,
I'd bribe the Devil with thanks and two,
To take the other off my hands.

TWO DIFFERENT CASES.

Charg'd with writing obscenely this was F—n's
reply;
'Tis what Dryden and Congreve have done as well as I
'Tis true—but they did it with this good pretence,
With an ounce of obscenity went a pound of good
sense.
But thou hast proportion'd, in thy judgment pro-
found,
Of good sense scarce an ounce, of obscenity a
pound

SHINING HONESTY.

'Aye! Honesty's a jewel,' Richard cry'd,
'That shines the clearer still, the more 'tis try'd.'
'True Dick,' quoth Jeremy—'yourself may show it,
'Your Honesty's so clear—we all see through it.'

CHARLES II.

The Duke of Buckingham was one day entertain-
ing Charles II., when the King said, "Buckingham,
I think you are the greatest rogue in all my domi-
nions;" upon which Buckingham immediately re-
plied, "of a subject I believe I am."

WIT AND HONESTY.

The late King of Prussia used to say, that he
preferred the company of a man who could amuse
him, though ever so great a rascal, to that of a
stupid honest fellow, who would suffer him to fall
asleep

MOTTO.

For an undertaker—"Grave undertakings," or, "I undertake grave subjects."

For a first rate singer—"I've cash'd my notes."

For a lamp-lighter—"Exalted Lohine;" or, "Brilliant exaltation."

For a news-crier—"My fame makes a noise!"

For a tobacco-pist—"Smoke ascends;" or, "Substantial smoke."

For a watchmaker—"Wound to the highest pitch;" or, "Take note of Time."

For a carpenter—"Plain dealings;" or, "Angur will."

For a resurrection man—"Mors janua vitæ;" or, "Death is life to me."

For an auctioneer—"Repeat I knockings down set me on my legs."

For a tailor—"Cut your necessities to all men;" or, "My goose laid golden eggs."

Officers of Justice, &c—"Collections and self-recollections."

For a distiller—"My spirits rise!" or, "Spirits at full proof."

For a cider merchant—"How sweet is expression."

For a navy agent—"Commissions, but no self-commissions."

For a lawyer—"The suit that fits me best is a Chancery suit."

For a manufacturer of smoking glasses—"The true mirror of fashion."

For a distributor of handbills—"A literary character."

For a banker—"Count Discount."

For the Master of the Mammals—"Knight of the Bath."

For the keeper of Bedlam—"Knight of the Crescent."

For a merchant—"No change like exchange."

For a coachmaker—"The Wheel of Fortune."

For a bragger—"Killing Langs me to life."

For a paper manufacturer—"I'm a new leaf."

For a curate—"A good living & souls."

PRESENTS.

A Hamper I receiv'd of wine,

As good, Dick says, as ever was

And Dick says you got it

For he contriv'd in a net to

As every day with me to dine

Much longer than the net, or last

If such are presents—well

Oh! let me not receive, but

THE CHIMNEY.

A Chimney-sweep and baker went

The baker beat the chimney-sweep

The chimney-sweep, the baker beat

Took a nap, and quickly beat the

In came a brooklet-maid, with

And beat both chimney-sweep and

Thus red, black, white, in clouds

And none could tell which party

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR

As soldiers and archers who contend

The way to procure themselves aid

Will always prove to their two strings

And manage their business with

So likewise the provident maiden who

Who would make the best use of

If her mark she would hit, or her loss

Two lovers must at all be on duty

Thus arm'd against Chance, as I see

Thus far our revenge we may carry

One spark for our sport, we may jill

And t'other, poor soul, we may m

THE SECOND BRUTE

Brutus unmov'd heard how his Po

Should Jack's wife die, as would b

STO OF WIT.

rd Phillips, the publisher, being edition of the "Encyclopedia test the whole by two separate to very ingenious men a copy of g each to erase the articles him as piquant. They per- id on returning their copies, the utter astonishment, that, with had erased what the other had their joint erasures, not a twen- al book remained. Confound- ed submitted the book to a third ed nearly every article which and struck out all that they as now reminded of the fable of and the Ass," and perce-iving deavour to please every one, he hout alteration, leaving it to his t pleasure from the mass, each fancy.

IN COURAGE.

Desmond, a fierce and powerful road on the possession of But- when in the course of the war, led and taken prisoner. As the ed him from the field, stretched sters exclaimed, with natural now is the great lord of Des- replied Desmond, "but in his in the necks of the Butlers."

TIQUETTE

asked a Judge, while he was if he had seen the rhinoceros? e paused. The esquire went noceros, my lord!" To which ' that the etiquette was not yet , as they both had their trium- fit, the first, whether he should once or the rhinoceros upon

DRYDEN'S WIFE.

This lady one day complained to her husband, that he was always reading, and took little notice of her, and finished by saying she wished that she was a book, and then she should enjoy his company. "Yes, my dear," says Dryden, "I wish you were a book,—but an *Almanack* I mean, for then I should change you every year."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN OLD MAID.

Chloe, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest ticklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.
Thus, weather-cocks, who for awhile
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

ON MISS FURY, BY LORD CHASTERTON.

To look like an angel, the ladies believe,
Is the greatest of blessings that Heaven can give;
But on earth, believe me, fair nymphs, I assure ye,
The blessing's far greater to look like a *Fury*.

TASTE FOR WIT.

Foote was rattling one evening, in the green-room, when a nobleman, who seemed highly entertained, cried out, "well, Foote, you see I swallow all the good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke," says the other, "then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never throw up one of them in your life."

A RHAPSODY.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and then answered myself
With the self-same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ZEAL FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP

years ago the Isle of Sheppey being an inhabitable parish, and the income not very large, he came there but once a month. The parsons being much displeased with this, desired the clerk to remind him of his duty. The clerk explained the sense of the parishioners; and the vicar was, "Well, well, tell them, if they will give me a pound a year more, I will come to them once a month; and be sure, Jonathan, to let me know the answer the next time I come." The next time he did come, he accordingly asked, and Jonathan answered, "Sir, they say, if you will excuse them a pound a year in their tithes, they will dispense with your coming at all."

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A Fool and Knave, with different views
For Julia's hand apply;
The Knave to mend his fortune sues,
The Fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave
If she's a Knave, the Fool.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at*."

ON A WELSHMAN.

A Man of Wales, betwixt St. David's day and Easter,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store
a tester:
His hostess chalks it up behind the door;
And says, for cheese, come, Sir, discharge this score.
Cot sounds, quoth he, what meaneth these?
D'ye think, hur know not chalk from cheese?

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

The Duke of Grafton was one day late near Newmarket, when a quaker, at some distance upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat and gave a loud halloo! The hounds immediately started to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the Duke, galloping up to the offender, he asked, in a stern tone, "Are you a quaker?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Well, then," rejoined his grace, "you never pull off your hat to a Christian, thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a fox."

A GOOSE'S REASON

A Goose, my grannum one day said
Entering a barn pops down its head;
I begg'd her then the cause to show:
She told me she must waive the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could know

A DOCTOR'S REVENGE.

A physician being in a tavern one evening a gentleman entered in great haste, exclaiming my wife is at the point of death, make haste with me." "Not till I have finished my dinner however," replied the Doctor. The man being a fine athletic fellow, and finding this useless, snatched up the Doctor, hoisted him back, and carried him out of the tavern; then he set the Doctor upon his legs and from him the following threat: "No! I'll cure your wife in spite of you."

HIGH PLAY.

A gentleman once playing at cards played an odd trick; on which the company, out of their resentment, threw him out into a one pair of stairs room. The same friend some time after, was loudly abusing this usage, and asked what he should say to the other, "why never play a

KOBLE BOXING.

Waterborough having been grossly beaten, deliberately stripped, and gave up, so that he could scarcely stand. Seeing the transaction, came on of the affray, and asked the person with whom he had been fighting. "A lord!" says the fellow, "a call him what they please, and he'll fight, but I am sure, from the weight of his fist, that his father must have

ED GALLANTRY.

A man of the name of Page, finding a glove at a watering place, presents the following words:—

Glove you take the letter *G* for me, which I devote to thee:—

He then returned the following neat

Page you take the letter *P*, for me, and that won't do for me."

SECOND CUT DIAMOND.

Heavoured to convert the Duke of Devonshire out of our Church," says the Duke, "be saved."—"And all in it will be his grace. "You want charity," Quite as much as your reverence,"

A MAN'S GRATITUDE.

A man would his penny pay—
A cryman was heard to say,
Friend! and live for ages more,
My useless boat ashore.

A MAN'S POLITENESS.

Rochester meeting Isaac Barrow in company that he would have been an old put. Accordingly, he bowed gravely, and, taking off his hat,

made the Doctor a profound bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe time." The Doctor, seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, "Dr. I am yours to the centre." Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, "My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of Hell."—"There, my lord," said Barrow, sarcastically, "I leave you," and walked off.

ORATOR HENLEY.

"I never," said a person, who knew little about the doctor, "saw Orator Henley but once, and that was at a Coffee house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them.

Henley. Pray what is become of our old friend Smith? I have not seen him for several years.

Gentleman. I really don't know. The last time I heard of him he was at Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies.

Henley (with some surprise). At Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in one sentence there are two mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is situated not in the West but the East Indies!

Gentleman (with some heat). That I deny.

Henley. More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.

Gentleman (in a cooler tone of voice). Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things.

Henley. What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?

Gentleman (in a violent rage). I do, Sir; what then?

Henley. Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for.

THE HUNGRY DISPUTE.

A hungry Frenchman one day went into a cook's shop, and there staid till his stomach was satisfied with the smell of the victuals. The cook insisted on his paying for a dinner, which the Frenchman refused to do; and the dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the decision of it to the first man who passed that way. It happened to be a chimney sweeper, who, on hearing the case, determined that the Frenchman's money should be shaken between two empty dishes, and the cook be satisfied with the gingling of it, as the poor man was content with the smell of the cook's meat.

CEREMONY.

A lady once invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it. Every delicacy was necessarily procured. The Dean was scarcely seated before the lady said she was sincerely sorry that she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not any thing fit for him to eat. "The deuce take you," said the Dean, "why did you not provide a better, surely you had time enough, but since you say it is so bad, I'll even go home and eat a herring."

DOG LATIN.

As Lady Mary Wortley Montague was walking through the gardens at Stow with a party, she was much teased by an impertinent young coxcomb, who was continually making some foolish observations to her. On coming to one of the temples, over which there was an inscription, she said, "Be kind enough to explain that inscription to us."—"Madam," said the fop, "I really do not know what it means, for I see it is dog Latin." "How very extraordinary it is," said Lady Mary, "that puppies do not understand their own language!"

THE MAN OF FASHION'S DIARY.

Laugh, joke, quarrel, fiddle, dance, game, drink,
Do all that mortal man can do—but think

GOLDEN GOOSE.

When an English lady was some time on the continent, she stopped at an inn in which was the sign of the Golden-riving lute, she ordered but a chamber and suite, which consisted of only one room. The morning, when the landlord paid her, she was much surprised at one of the items. "Expenses for the night fourteen shillings," said he. "How can that be?" said she. "You are a generous character, and your money was accordingly paid. We were going to depart, the landlord said, 'I am sorry to see you go, but it must be on one condition—again mistake me for your sign.'"

TIT FOR TAT.

Old Time kills us all
Rich, poor, great and small
And 'tis therefore we race
Throughout all our days,
In finding out ways,
To kill him, by way of pay.

ANOTHERLY TOLD.

An avaricious divine seeing a poor man in a pitiable condition, called him to him, and giving him a morsel of bread, he said, "Which he could read, to which he answered, 'The Lord's Prayer, the Lord's Prayer, the Lord's Prayer.' To the questions, whether he could read the Lord's Prayer, the answer was, 'Well,' said the divine, 'I will say after me: Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.' " "Our father?" repeated the poor man, "as well as mine?" "Yes," said the divine, "then we are brothers." "Then," said the poor man, "pulling the crust from under his nose, he said, 'You give your poor brother this bread.'"



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

29

GRATITUDE.

well known in his neighbourhood as a good body, honour, and equally great a piece wanting a new wig, his old and further assistance of art, he applied to a young in the business, to make him a new wig, who was just going to dinner, in honour of his new customer's company at which the parson readily consented. A bowl of punch was produced, and the parson, with equal readiness, joined in it. When it was out the barber was in business, and began to handle his money. The guest desired him to desist, saying he had his wig. "Why not?" exclaimed the guest. "Not in the least," replied the guest; "I have I done any thing to offend?" "Not in the least," replied the guest; "I am a very honest, good-natured fellow; I am somebody else in. Had you made it, ever have been paid for it."

WHOLESOME DOCTRINE.

parson, after divine service, used to sit with his parishioners in the church-yard. When told to the bishop of the diocese, he reprimanded: in his defence the parson took pains to instil the word of God in the church, but as that would not do, he to beat it into them in the church-yard.

COUNTESSE AND THE DEVIL.

It once, it is said, at a fair, where gentry that crowded it stare, upon of the Church's decree, where it the devil should see a sight who would think to forego? and in them, they all scrambled so! much very wide, an old purse, very long, at by this sore'er, and shook to the

"Hello!" "your eyes now say thing you behold?"

When one who stood next, straight replied, with some gall—

"What is there to see, where there's nothing at all?" "Ah! that is the Devil!" that wag said, "I swear; To open our's purse, and to see—nothing there!"

SARAH DUCHESSE OF MARLBOROUGH.

When the proud Duke of Somerset, a little time before his death, paid a visit to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, she insisted on his drinking with her glass of tokay, which had been presented to her husband by the emperor. He consented, and she addressed him as follows: "My lord, I consider your grace drinking a glass of wine with me as a very high honour, and I will beg leave to propose two healths, the most unpopular imaginable, and which nobody in the three kingdoms, except ourselves, would drink: here is your health and mine."

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

Charles once said over his bottle, that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was gone.—"Now," says his Majesty, "I should like to have something appropriate and witty.—Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen on the subject." His Lordship obeyed the command, and produced the following:—

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose promise none relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

DR. FRANKLIN'S ORACLE.

The Doctor when a child found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provision had been salted, "I think, Father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time."

THREE FOOLS.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a new coat: the parson asked in a haughty tone, who gave him

that cost? "The same people," said the shepherd, "that clothe you, the parish." The parson, nettled a little, sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd, and delivered his master's message. "Are you going away then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living wont maintain three of us."

CHARLES II. AND MR. PENN.

When Mr Penn went to pay his respects to Charles II. that King observing that the Quaker did not remove his hat, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, "prithce, friend Charles, put on thy hat." "No," says the King, "friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be covered here."

A PRAYER TOO QUICKLY GRANTED.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
"Have mercy, Heaven!" the parson cries
And on our sun burnt, thirsty plains,
Thy Blessings send in genial rains!"
The sermon ended and the prayers,
The parson to be gone prepares,
When with a look of brighten'd smiles—
"Thank Heaven, it rains," cries farmer Giles.—
"Rains!" quoth the parson, "Sure you joke!"
"Rain! Heav'n forbid! I've got no cloak."

THE FORGETFUL MAN.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown trim full of pride and pelf—
No wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? you see he has forgot himself.

TALKING AT A WORD.

A country rector one day gave his curate a list of the sick persons in the parish, in order that he might visit them. Soon after the rector inquiring about a poor woman, the curate replied that she was dead. The rector said that he had just then set out in the street, the curate, in his defence,

answered, that she told him the same, and could not live till the morning, and a woman going out of the world was no untruth.

AN EMPTY HEAD.

James I King of England, asked what he thought of the French. He answered, that he was a tall, proper fellow. He repaid the king, "what think you of me?" Is he a proper man for an ambassador? said Bacon, "tall men are like high windows, commonly the uppermost rooms are empty."

LIVING TOO LONG.

A person who had just two thousand pounds, was unwilling to leave any thing to his heirs, and spent, not only the annual income, but the principal. He accordingly made a will, in which he could not possibly live longer than five years; but, happening to survive himself reduced to beggary during the years of his life, and actually begged door to door, whining out, "Pray for a poor man, who has lived longer than his will."

ÆSOP IN SLAVERY.

Æsop went with a number of slaves, and being questioned as to their names, one said he could do this thing, another said he could do that thing, and a third could do every thing. When it was Æsop's turn, his master asked him what he could do, he answered "Nothing." "Possibly be," said his master. "No," said Æsop, "as the man before me says, if I can do nothing, there can be nothing left for me."

CONTRABAND INTELLIGENCE.

A Scotch nobleman chatting with a lady, she asked, how it happened that a general made a much better figure in Scotland. "Oh," said he, "nothing is counted for. For the honour of the nation, we stationed at every egress, to see

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

but men of abilities."—"Then," answered the captain, "I suspect your lordship was smuggled."

PAINTER, FOTS AND ALL.

A painter was employed in painting a West galley on the river, suspended on a stage under a gallows. The captain, who had just got on board, went alongside, for the purpose of going ashore, and asked the boy to let go the painter (the painter fast the boat): the boy instantly let go the rope by which the painter was held. The captain, surprised at the boy's conduct, said, "You lazy dog, why don't you let go the boat?" The boy replied, "He's gone, I all."

DEAN SWIFT'S DRAFFNESS.

I giddy, helpless, left alone,
If my friends a burthen grown,
Nere I hear my church's bell
If it rang out for my knell:
Under now no more I start,
At the rumbling of a cart:
What's incredible, slack!
Nere I hear a woman's clack.

FISH AND FLESH.

Nolsey, being one day in company with the Cardinal, the conversation fell on the institution of the Apostles, and the Cardinal said the reason it took out the Apostles were fishermen and it was a fish trade.—One of the courtiers answered, Cardinal, when you are Pope you strike it out of the calendar, for your father was a butcher."

PERSECUTION PREVENTED.

In the reign of Queen Mary, a commission was given to one Dr. Cole, a bigoted papist, to go into the north, and commence a fiery persecution of the Protestants of that kingdom. On coming to the city of York, he was waited upon by the mayor, who presented him with a commission, which he read, and said, "What shall I do with the heretics of

Ireland." The landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took out the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival he waited upon the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his Lordship; but on opening it, there appeared a pack of cards with the words of clubs uppermost. The doctor was petrified, and assured the company that he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The Lord Lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission, we will shuffle the cards the meanwhile." Before, however, the doctor could get his commission renewed, the Queen died.

FLYING FROM CHURCH.

A famous aeronaut once applied to a certain dean to grant him leave to ascend in an air balloon from the top of his cathedral. The prelate answered, that he could not comply with his request, it being contrary to his profession; as the tenor of his discourse was to induce people to come to church, and not to encourage them to fly from it.

LIVING HIGH.

A physician ordered a patient to live higher (i. e. more freely): the poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the garret, where, unfortunately, he expired before his next visit.

NEGRO WIT.

A West Indian, with a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro-boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quasi-eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah, d—n your heart," exclaimed the negro, "me d—n glad to see you burn your feet."

SINCERITY VERSUS WINNING.

Mr. Fox, on his canvass, having solicited a tradesman for his vote, the blue elector replied, "I cannot give you my support. I admire your abilities, but I am your principles." Mr. Fox instantly retorted, "My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but I am your manners."

MODERN CRITICISM.

When Churchill's *Prophecy of Fame* made its appearance, the sale was rather dull. Meeting his publisher in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold. The other told him the sale was extensive since the *Reviews* had praised it. "Age," says the poet, "that is fulfilling the Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I have ordained strength.'"

CUTTING MISTAKE.

A Frenchman, on landing at Dover, went into a barber's shop to be shaved. The poor man's cheeks were so much collapsed, that the barber was under the necessity of thrusting his fingers into his customer's mouth to assist the operation. "O mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "what the barber was darning away, 'no he damnable cut.'" "Confound your thin canters jaws," replied Strop, "I have put my fingers coarsely through your cheek."

THE IVY-LEAF HEART.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner written in the form of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune, on which the gentleman thought he had now a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes. He wrote therefore, the following lines on the same card:—

"Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,
I find *Kiss* service is much more sincere;
You've sent me ten hearts, but that's the only time,
So give me one heart, and take back the other nine."

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

A Cantish having been affronted by the mayor, who was a butcher, resolved to take an opportunity

of being even with him; according to his turn to preach before the prayer before the sermon he made the following expressions: "And since, O commanded us to pray for our persecutors, I beseech thee for the right worshipful the strength of Sampson, David, that he may knock down and cut the throat of iniquity like a lion, his horn be exalted above his brethren."

FAMILY WITS.

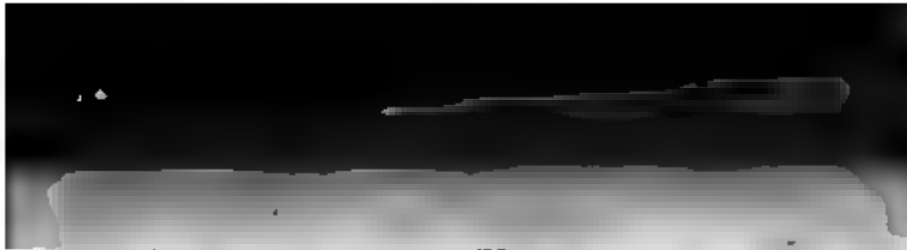
The celebrated Lady Wallace, a girl, was romping near a mill-dam, and incautiously approached the bank. Her mother called to her:—"For God's sake, be cautious, or you will most certainly fall into the water and be drowned."—"I will do, mamma," replied the young child, "remarked her mother, 'the one day prove your ruin.'"—"I will be mother-wit," retorted the mischievous girl.

DANGEROUS PAT.

An Irishman purchased the night ticket, for which he paid a guinea. A few days it came up a prize of twenty thousand pounds on application at the lottery office. The man, who was called Pat, said, "I'm glad it's no worse; as it is only twenty thousand pounds, I have only lost eight hundred and I had been a twenty thousand I must have been a hundred thousand."

LAWYERS' WIGS.

A late attorney-general receiving a letter from a friend, who was intimate with him, in his library, expressed surprise at the number of wigs hanging up. "Yes, these are all lawyers' wigs," that, pointing to a common business wig, that my chamberlain's wig, and that my son's wig, where is your head?" replied the lawyer, "that's not my head."



THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 of Lord Melville was brought for-
 ward of Commons, a gentleman man-
 nering that his Lordship had quitted his
 to get over," said a lady present, "how
 quitting his place?" "Yes, Madam,"
 answered, "his native place."

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 having lost a parcel of silk stock-
 ings about to offer a reward for them,
 small, that a friend observed he could
 recover them: "Ah! by J—," says
 observed them on worsted socks."

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 know physic to the dogs."
 coming to see his patient, inquired if he
 his prescription. "No, truly, Doctor,"
 "If I had, I should have broken my
 law it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 he First complained, on his arrival in
 the people did not understand property.
 trango country," said his Majesty, "the
 after my arrival at St. James's, I looked
 shadow, and saw a park with walks; a
 which they told me were mine. The next
 day, the ranger of my park, sent me
 of carp out of my canal; and I was told,
 five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant
 and my own carp out of my own canal, in
 1710

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 noting at the ignorance of a young
 man if he knew what an interrogation
 is, Sir," said he, "'tis a little crooked
 the questions."

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 for his gallantry to the fair
 day walking with a handsome young
 woman to him, that the rest of the day

was oppressed; on which the Queen presented
 her to show off a petticoat. The lady replied,
 "Between you and I, friend, I have but one leg;
 "And between thee and me," replied David Rizzio,
 "even that is one too many."

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 AN EQUIVALENT.
 When Quin was one day lamenting his growing
 old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would
 now give to be as young as he. "I would be con-
 tent," replied Quin, "to be as foolish."

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 THE MISTRESS'S DEATH-BED.
 The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The
 whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered
 around him.—"I leave my second son, Andrew,"
 said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and
 desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful
 tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven
 to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself:
 "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of
 his elder brother, and leave him beside four thou-
 sand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, (in
 great affliction to be sure) "may heaven give you
 life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turn-
 ing to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always
 been a bad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll
 never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an
 halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any
 emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to
 enjoy it yourself."
 GOLDENRITH

THE LANCING PUBLICATIONS.
 ONLY BELIEVE HALF A REPORT.
 When Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of
 Kingston, once met Lord Chesterfield in the rooms
 at Bath, they began to talk of the company present,
 and the lady was very communicative in her narra-
 tive of things said of Lady Caroline, Miss Langshu-
 ness, &c. &c. and concluded by remarking, "Yet
 much of this may be scandal; for, do you know, my
 lord, that since I was lately confined to my chamber
 by illness, they have spread an infamous report
 of my being brought to bed of twins." "O, my de-

lady, do not be uneasy," replied the peer, "for my part, I have long made up my mind only to believe half of what the town says."

LACONIC LETTER AND ANSWER.

Lord Berkeley, on the morning subsequent to his marriage, communicated his happiness to his friend the Duke of Dorset in the following laconic epistle:

"Dear Dorset,

I am the happiest dog alive.

Yours, Berkeley."

To which the answer was,

"Dear Berkeley,

Every dog has his day.

Yours, Dorset."

AN EYE KNOCKED OUT.

Mr. Curran, the late celebrated Irish advocate, was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his conversation, hearing a person near him say curiosity for curiosity, he exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad," replied Curran, "he has only knocked an I out."

IRISH HAND BILL.

This is to certify, that I Daniel O'Flanagan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the Liberty Mob on Tuesday last, and that I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand, this 30th July.

DANIEL O'FLANAGHAN

LONDON CLUBS, in 1760.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even to excess of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had for some time begun upon business. The Grand, with a

mallet in his hand, presided at the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, of adverting to my skill in physiognomy, that superiority of genius in a little so superior to the rest of the club, to see the lines of every face, without thinking, but though I had no science, I could for my life detect a snapper, fat, or profound sleeper.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down the song. I was, upon this, with a company who sat next me, the something touched off to a madman, as he was to give us Mad Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to act a madman as possible to go through the party crown and chains. His execution was a great majority, and with me the president ordered up the instead of a crown, but performed with an inverted jordan. After the cha, and shook his head, to the whole company, he began heard few young fellows offer that did not expose themselves to disappointment to me to find the number; however, not to rise from my seat in rapture. Encore! and slapped the table the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me pleased with my taste and the banter, and whispering told me an immense loss, for, had I known, I might have heard Grand-top manner by the pump, president's right elbow, but before I came.

As I was expressing my appointment, I found the attention employed upon a fat figure,

Strophicala giant's, was giving us
not, in Italian measure," of Alexan-

der a short piece of admiration, to
Welch dialogue, with the humour
lady; after that came an Old Jack-
y between every stanza; next was
ut, and then Solomon's song. The
to circulate pretty freely; those who
saber, would now be heard in their
find his song, and he saw no reason
not be heard as well as any of the
to be heard while he gave Death
high taste; another sang to a plate
smiling on the edges; nothing was
singing; voice rose above voice, and
us one universal shout, when the
acquaint the company that the
rank out. Rabelais calls the mo-
reckoning is mentioned the most

or lives. Never was so much noise
ed, as by this short but pathetic
adlord. Drunk out! was echoed
scontent round the table: drunk
at was very odd! that so much
drunk out already! impossible!
however, seeming resolved not to
first assurance, the company
and a president chosen for the

ine, to whom I was complaining
of the entertainment I have been
ed to bring me to the club that he
he fancied, would suit the gravity
silly. "We have at the Muzzy

"no riotous mirth nor awkward
fashion or hawling; all is conducted
& decency: besides, some of our
th forty thousand pounds; men of
sight every one of them; these
sustenance, and to such I will to-
day. I was charmed at the pro-
sperated with men worth forty
and to talk wisdom the whole
that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by
my friend, not indeed to the company; for though
I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my
approach, but to the table at which they were
sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not
avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity
of the scene before me; the members kept a pro-
found silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a
pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might
easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy
society! thought I to myself, where the member
think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but
convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with
meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full
half hour, expecting each moment that somebody
would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe
was laid down I expected it was to speak; but it
was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the
charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence,
(for to this I imputed their silence) I rubbed my
hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed
that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this
time of the year. This, as it was directed to none
of the company in particular, none thought himself
obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to
rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was
addressed to a gentleman who sat next me, to whom
I observed, that the beer was extremely good: my
neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of
tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy at this dumb society,
till one of them a little relieved me by observing,
that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ay,"
says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth,
"that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about
that—hem—very well; you must know—but, be-
fore I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical
Society; probably from that love of order and
friendship which every person commends in insti-
tutions of this nature. The landlord was himself
founder. The money spent is four pence each; and
they sometimes whip for a double reckoning.

this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four pence and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night, we discussed the topic of the day, drank each others' healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filed our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night, and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while a bug man, at the same time, was telling a pretty story of a noble lord, with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock-lane, he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar over the table, while the president in vain knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the contributions of the voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under-parts by themselves, and endeavouring to listen on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his commanding narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

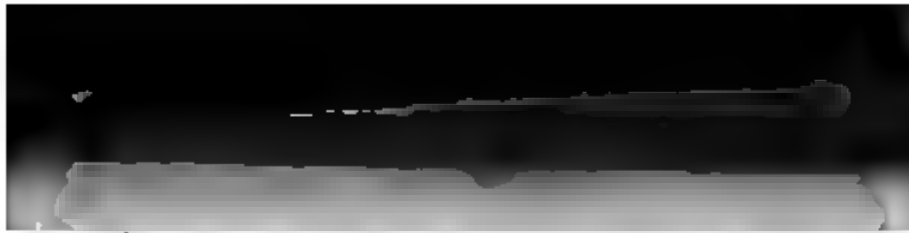
"So, Sir, do ye perceive me, the ghost giving me loud raps at the bed-post—Says my lord to my dear Smokecup, you know there is no man

high—A damnable false heretical or sound doctrine and good learning, I said, and spare not that—Silence—Mr. Leathersides for a song—As I was upon the highway, I met a young damsel, what brings you here? says he to the ghost—Sanconiathon, Mantho, and I have come the whole way from Islington turnpike to here—Dam—Is for Abel Druggist, Sir, low in it, my 'practice boy has more sense than he—For murder will out, and none but a ghost, you say, can—Damn it I do it, for my own know, gentlemen, and who is a person of consequence, a dear honest creature, we were laughing last night of damnation upon all his posterity by a tasting—Some grapes, as the fox said, could not reach them, and I did it to about that, that will make you burst with laughing—A fox—ee—Will no buy song—As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both lovely and good, ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered here but in one ghost killed in all—I was stabbed in the belly with a—soul if I don't—Mr. Bellows-mender, honour of drinking your very good me if I do—dam—blood—hugs—fire—tit—rat—trip—The rest all in a loud and rapid confusion.

The last club in which I was entered was a society of moral philosophers, themselves who assembled twice a week to show the absurdity of the present religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disposed to me, not indeed about religion, but about who had neglected to lay down six-pence upon entering the room, swore that he had laid his own down, and all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of showing the same to the



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

200

the president, who had been, as I was a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with grey hair; the next to him was dressed in a wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the colour of his complexion, seemed a native of the East; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a Jew. But their rules will give the most of their learning and principles.

There is a laudable society of moral philosophers to dispute twice a week about the merits of the different sects.

Leaving behind us old and following good learning and sound sense, so be, that any other persons have a share in the society, they shall be entitled to paying the sum of three shillings, to the company in pouch.

No member get drunk before nine of the clock, or forfeit three-pence, to be company in pouch.

As members are sometimes apt to go to sleep, every person shall pay six-pence entering the room; and all disputes shall be decided by a majority; and all fines shall be paid.

Six-pence shall be every night given to the society. The president has already spent a good deal of expence in buying books, particularly the works of Tully, Socrates, which he will soon read to the society.

Who brings a new argument against the society, who, being a philosopher, and a man of the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the society, upon paying six-pence to the company in pouch.

Now we are to have an extraordinary meeting, advertised by some outlandish foreigner.

Mr. Mac Wild, president.

Mr. Blawit, vice-president.

Mr. Mark.

Mr. Tavin, secretary.

Goldsmith.

VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

A gentleman having a prod that started, and being his wife's neck; a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again."

EXTREME ECONOMY.

A lady whose taste equalled her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner; the following is an actual copy of the bill of fare, with the expence of each dish.

Top.—Two herrings	0	0	2
Middle.—1 ounce butter melted	0	0	1
Bottom.—3 mutton chops cut very thin	0	0	4
One side.—1 lb. of small potatoes	0	0	1
Opposite.—Pickled cabbage	0	0	0
Fish removed.—2 larks roasted, plenty of crumbs	0	6	3
Mutton removed.—French roll boiled for pudding	0	0	1
Parsley for garnish	0	0	1
	0	1	2

The dinner was served up on China; looked tasty and pretty; the table small and well proportioned; it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of fish, meat, fowl, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for fourteen pence.

JUDGE BARNET.

Judge Barnet, son of the famous Bishop (when young,) is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the Bishop; "what are you rummaging on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son.

GOOD EYES.

As the late old Lord Nugent was riding out in the coach of the Duchess of Kingston, whose family he well knew, and whose proflery he liked to expose, he put his head out of the window, on the sorry side of the Thames, and after looking earnestly for some time, exclaimed, "Good God, that I should live to see this!" "Why, my lord! what is it that you see?" rejoined the duchess, casting her eyes the same way. "Why, my lady, a group of women bathing at broad noon day!" "Women," said she, looking more inquisitive. "Why, my lord, they are all men!" "Well," replied his lordship, "it may be so, for your grace's eyesight is much better than mine!"

INSCRIPTION FOR AN APOTHECARY

The following was, in consequence of an evening's frolic, inscribed by some wags of Oxford, over an apothecary's door.

*He venditur
Catharticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,
Et omne quod exit in um
Præter,
Remedium.*

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE

Swift preached an assize sermon, and in the course of it was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy, and did not doubt were the devil to do, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift: "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

ANTIPATHIES.

A gentleman, who for some misdemeanor had been expelled the House of Commons, one day meeting with Archbishop Tulkson cried out, "I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman." "And I," replied the good bishop, "hate to see a parson in any shape."

ON A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGING"

are lodged together.—SHAKESPEARE
and booby's insult.—OVID.

man's house is his castle"—I grant a lodging, a comparison remains to be Englishman's house may be his castle; but where he consents to keep the Of all earthly alliances and partnerships mortal man is capable of being treach which induces two interests to place him four walls, is decidedly the most happens that, throughout my life, I sleep only for half a house, and, from slum, have been unwilling to pay rent of; but—there can be, on earth, I find, no for him who is so unhappy as to all a house?" In the course of the s, I have occupied one hundred and Street lodgings, running the gauntlet all London and Westminster, and I can remember, the "out-parishes" two "removes are as bad as a fire, it have gone 71 times and a half through conflagration! And, in every place red, it has been my fate to be domiciled! But my voice shall be heard, as a house-top, crying out until I find some ten days already in the abode from, so I can't, in reason, look to three or four more. I hear people move" as a lodging (at worst) that a of; but, if there be one resurrection I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall die.

I endured when I came to London, the tone of all the boarding-houses—I believe, assisted, by every person's advertisements."

led by the pretence modest—this Time all the year round. "Desire situation"—"Limited near heavy situation"—and "no chil-

Next, was the commanding—at the very "head and front" of The Morning Post. "Vicinity of the fashionable squares?"—"Two partners, to include society"—"Family of condition"—and "Terms, Mr. Bame's, the bookseller's."

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank"—"Unprotected early in life"—"Desires to extend family circle"—"Platonic interests," &c.

Moonshine all together!

"Desirable circle"—A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and booby from Devonshire meat up before my eyes. Little boy too in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find out where that sister had been buried.

"Fashionable square"—The fire, to the frying-pan! The worst item—(on consideration)—in all my experience. Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets. "Terms," "two hundred guineas a-year," and surcharges for night-candle. And, as for dinner! as I am a Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in Manchester Square!

I have had two step-mothers, and I was six months at Mrs. Tickletoby's preparatory school, and I never saw a woman since I was born cut meat like Lady Catharine Skinflint! There was a transparency about her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause to look at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy—their cutting up a fowl!—In the purest half-starved chicken that ever broke the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you side-bone, pinion, dramstick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merry-thought; and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all admitted and apocryphal divisions and distinctions, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in nomenclature, never before existed!

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

now understand the meaning of the Persian saying—"May your shadow never be less!" I lost entirely in about a fortnight that I staid at Ekimbi's.

Two more hosts took me "at livery" (besides the "widow" of the "officer of rank")—an apothecary, who made patients of his boarders, and an attorney, who looked for clients among them. I got away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found that the pastry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing about discounts, and "investments of property," that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a washing bill, during the few days I was in his house. On the quitting which, I took courage, and resolved to become my own provider, and hired a "first floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square.

"Matatto loel, non ingrat!"

The premier coup of my new career amounted to an escape. I ordered a carte blanche outfit from an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined to have my apartment as unexceptionable before I entered them, and discovered, after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, decorating, and curtain fitting, that the "ground landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This misadventure made me so cautious, that, before I could choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house-agent (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Backward all houses, as though they had the plague, in which I found that "single gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with three actions of detraction for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion! The "family" perfectly respectable, but had "more room" than was necessary for them. Demanded the "strictest economy," and accepted no inmate for "less than

conveyed myself and my property. Don't stay for ever, and doubted whether I should secure it at once for ten years instead of before I had been settled in the house. Of an hour, I found that the chimney of them' smoked from the top. There was guilt in the land-own's eye. The first puff drove me out of my dream. I made an effort to say something like "amen," but the "amen" stuck in my throat. I say "amen" when I did cry "God bless the whole building, from the kitchen to the infected with the malady. I had no complexion of the family, and had been from the West Indies, — they died!"

"Now high, blow low!"

I suffered six weeks under excruciating to be bumbled all the while. For I was "the wind," but I saw "it" round the compass, and found, by would, it still blew down my chimney, came to "Cures." First, there came the top—new chimney-pots, and making the thing worse. Then the stoves grates reset, and flues changed purpose. Then we came to the in four days I was in a decline. Doors and windows open, and out of the rheumatism. And in windows, blowers, registers, and caution in putting on coals, and ment of pots—down the chimney very fast,—poof! poof! — I prayed Heaven that "I might commit murder on changed" and, at length, after I could command at the by turns, and paying "no dozens, who did nothing but I sent for a respectable opinion beforehand, and he

"radical," and not to be remedied by the house down!

twelvemonth's rent, and wished only God might live through his lease. I was told, that he had himself been imposed on at the house, from the first fire ever had been a scandal to the neighbourhood—sole volumes would not suffice to enure the whole of wretchedness—and smoky at the very least of them!—which drove me to change my plan of life; the number of tenants that I lived in; and the inconvenience or lesser, attending each. In one instance, tenants quarrelled with the servants of the house. In another, "the house's" servants quarrelled with mine. A housekeeper refused to stay, because "the house was damp." There, my footman begged, I might be myself, as there were "rats in his room," and somebody fell over a pail of water on "my stairs;" and "my maid" declared "the other maid" had put it there. I was bought; and I was assured that mine was the first scratch. On the whole, the disadvantage manifold, and always ending to my disadvantage for the lady of the mansion would never could get the gentleman to be satisfied, and so concluded the controversy by saying (on my own stairs,)—that seeing one clear advantage gained by the ground-possessor, viz. the house squabbled, was obliged to vacate, and where he was, I resolved, once for all, to lay tables upon mankind at large, and to be a "lord," and a "housekeeper," in my own person.

My goose hath laid an egg.—Sir, the house needs repair.—The cook sweareth, the house is on fire.—John Thomas is in the street, and every thing stays on your arrival."

advise any single gentleman hastily to quit his house, but he is in distress. Bachelors are not to be trusted; footmen are ambitious, and quarrel with their masters. What does either party

gain by the change? "We know," the wise man has said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shewn at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land tax, servant's-tax! Poor's-rate, sewers'-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining watchmen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the "dues" to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for "an offering." There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited "the honour" of my "subscription and support." One scoundrel came to inform me that I was drawn for the militia; and offered to "get me off," on payment of a sum of money. Another rascal insisted that I was "chosen constable;" and actually brought the insignia of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read (in writing) from all the people who chose to be in distress—personal beggars, who pene-

trated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken, and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street-door was lost, and "nobody" had "had it." Then my cook stopped up the kitchen "sink;" and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbour's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And, at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks, —postmen, beadies, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship was at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets!—and fought which should have "my bounty." Rival patrols disputed whether I did or did not lie within their "beat." At one time there was a doubt as to which, of two parishes, I belonged to; and I fully expected that (to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallowchandlers, grocers, fishmongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And "Host! Now by my life I scorn the name!"

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I protest, and "perfumed," to what I had to go through in the "letting off" of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assailed me, on every fine day—three-fourths of them, to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all (except a few that

were swindlers) finding something wrong with the arrangements! *Gil Blas'* mule, which but faults, never had half so many faults. Carlton Palace, if it were to be "let" would be objected to by a tailor. On my rooms "too small;" another thought "too large;" a third wished that they were "a tier;" a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, "the neighbourhood was quite respectable;" another, "If I had any children;" and, then, would bind myself not to have any daughter. Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, would only "for friends." Ten thousand would give me the particulars, and would "call again." At last there came a lady who gave the price for my "house-keeping;" she was a widow, she said, from Somersetshire—If I was an "officer's," I had suspected her; but, in an hour, I let her in; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me!

Every reader who has bowels, will sympathize with my situation.

Nolo conjugari!

I exclaimed in agony; but what could I do? The ingenuity of woman! She seduced me, and was hopeless—morning, noon, and night, she was a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was a cat to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—how good as to catch it? I fell sick, but I was to get well again; for she sent five shillings to ask if I was better; besides pouring out *blanc-mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberries, and fruits fresh from the country, and made by her own hand. And at last, she assisted all the constant borrowing of books, the interchange of newspapers, and the exchange of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, the opinions of hackney coachmen, and the recommendation of the barber to the poodle dog;—at last—(I had made all wrinkled stair carpets, stray pe-

and dropped upon the ground! Mrs. E——
cried, and fell down at my very door—

Women in the house were bribed—there
of them in the way! My footman, my
maid—was sent off that minute for a doc-
tor not married; for so much, let Provi-
dence!

Animus metulans horret.

through the affair! But, about six months
ago, Mrs. F—— with my house, and
in it, and determined never again—as a
protection against female cupidity—to
a pair of small clothes that I could
my own.

Ultimum Supplicium.

Station compelled me to shelter myself in
lodgings, where the most of accommo-
dation (after all, I believe is to be
had sad work, as you may imagine, to
at first. Once I ventured to inhabit
as no board in the case) with a surgeon.
between the patients and the resurrection
"night bell" was intolerable, and he or-
watchman too, I found, to pull it pri-
or seven times a-week, in order to im-
neighbourhood with an opinion of his prac-
a one place I was driven away by a
man, who gave concerts opposite to me; and,
after two days abiding, I found that a
man confined on the second floor! Two
off, because my hostesses made love to
because parrots were kept in the streets.
a cock (who would crow all night)
in a yard at the back of me; and
which I had staid two months (and
have remained till now) because a
years old—there is to me no earthly

intolerable as a boy of eight years
from school "to pass the holidays."

I don't care who knows it—of taking
me; and bought two raspberry tarts,
this is, as I met him on the stairs,

where he was, up and down, all day. As it is
I have sent an order to Seven Dials, to have an
"early delivery" of all the "Dying Speeches" for
the next ten years. I did this, in order that I may
know when he is hanged—a fact I wish particularly
to ascertain, because his father and I had an alter-
cation about it.

Experience, however, gives lights; and a "fur-
nished lodging" is the best arrangement among the
bad. I had seven transitions last month, but that
was owing to accidents; a man who chooses well
may commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed,
as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days
where I am; and I don't, up to this moment, see
clearly what point I shall go away upon. The mis-
tress of the house entertains a pet monkey—failing
all issue of her own; and I have got a new footman,
who, I understand, plays upon the fiddle. The
matter, I suspect, will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the monkey.
He broke loose the other day. I saw him escape
over the next garden wall, and drop down by the
side of a middle-aged gentleman, who was setting
polyanthuses! The respectable man, as was pru-
dent, took refuge in a summer-house; and then he
pulled up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to get
in at the summer-house window! I think that—

Ell!—Why, what the deuce is all this?—Why,
the room is full of smoke!—Why, what the devil
—Thomas [*I ring the bell violently*] Thomas!—[*I*
call my new footman.]—Tho-o-mas!—Why, some
rascal has set the house on fire.

Enter THOMAS.

Indeed no, your honour—indeed—no—it's only
the chimney

The chimney! you dog!—get away this moment
and put it out—Stay!—Thomas!—The villain's
gone!—Come back, I say,—what chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.

Only the kitchen chimney! you rascal, how did
you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle, your ho-
nour; and Mary, housemaid, hung the rosin in the fire

His fiddle!—The wretch, I knew it would happen.
—Where's the landlord, sirrah?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir?

Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You scoundrel, you'll be hanged, to a certainty!
—There's a statute for you, caitiff! there is.—Come, sir,—come—strip, and go up the chimney directly.—Strip! or I'll kill you with the toasting fork, and bury your body in the dust-hole.

[Enter the cat with a tail as thick as my arm, galloping round the room.]

Zounds and death, what's to be done?—My life's not insured!—I must get out of the house. [Rattling, of wheels, and cries of "Fire!" in the street.] Oh, the devil! here comes the parish engine, and as many thieves with it as might serve six parishes!—Shut the doors, below, I say. [Calling down stairs.] Don't let 'em in.—Thomas!—the house will be gutted from top to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally servant of mine!—Thomas! [Calling in all directions.]—I—I must save myself.

[Scene changes to the kitchen. The housemaid is hysterics under the dresser.]

Pooh! what a smell of sulphur!—Thomas!—Thomas!—Thomas! I remember it was on a Friday I hired him!—Thomas!—[I find him in the jacket.]—Take a wet blanket, you rascal, and get through the garret window. Crawl up the tiles, you wretch, and smother the chimney-pot!

Madam!—[The landlady clings round my neck.]—Madam!—for Heaven's sake!—There is no danger, I assure you.—[She clings tighter.]—Or, if there is, we had better embrace after it's over.—You'll "die by me?"—No, no; not for the world.—Throw some pails of water on the grate, for Heaven's sake!—Damn the monkey! how he gets between one's legs! Thomas! Thomas!—[The tumult increases.] Thomas!

Thomas.—[Down the chimney.]—Sir!

One more peep [I run up stairs] from the window.
—Hark, how they knock without!—Rat-tat-tat!

As I live, here are a dozen engines and four thousand fools!—I must be—[He enters.]—I must escape.—Th pulchre you—but not yet.—Shew me Thomas.—There is none, sir.—I've got out myself.

No back-door!

[Enter the Cook, with the monkey on knocking continues.]

Cook. Oh laws, sir! We shall all sir!—Oh laws! where is your old barrell'd gun?

My gun?—up stairs. What d'y gun?

Cook. Oh laws, sir! if it was to be chimbley, it would surely put it out.

She's right. Run, Thomas! At bed. Away with you. Mind—it's care what you are about.

There they go!—They have found are down stairs.—Why, zounds! the the gun!—Take it from her!—He—Thomas!—She's going to fire it, a she's sitting down in the grate!—her body half way up the chimney! Death! the woman's a fool.—Bang! heard.] Ah! there she goes backward! Here comes the soot in cart-loads, Thomas! you rascal!—She's killed! she's up and running.—Don't let her.—Margery! Pshaw! What's her name running towards the street door!—A she's all on fire, and as black as a stop her, I say.—Ah! she gets in Thomas!—Margery!—Every body! be burned to death! [Shouts without water.] Ha!—[I run to the window] The engines are playing upon her!!

That infernal footman! he is a thought it would be the monkey!

Enter Thomas.

Come in, you sneaking scoundrel, burnt?

O, sir,—she's only singed.
 you Beelzebub's bastard!—Curse the
 p. him—he's gone off with my gold
 e compassion, hear a man of five-and-
 ! I can't stay here!—where am I to go
 hould think—Thomas!—I must get in-
 coach!—If you should think—Call me
 sch, sirrah—and ask the man what he
 (d'ye hear) by the week.—If you
 that there is any chance of my doing
 ough—I shouldn't like to be above the
 understand most of their houses run
 by return would oblige. As I have no
 nt, except my hackney coach that I've
 it say exactly in what place of suffer-
 r will find me; but, by addressing to
 me in Rathbone Place, it will some-
 r come to the hands of

Your very humble servant,
 WRINKLETON FIDGET.

THE WIG-BLOCK.

as lately brought before a justice, on a
 ing stolen a wig-block. In his defence,
 to the magistrate, that he had no occa-
 one, as his worship himself knew that
 upped with wig-blocks."

SIXES AND SEVENS.

lar to observe that the name on the door
 is ———."

Morning Chronicle.

which has often been advanced and
 the learned, that the world grows worse
 bet; arguments have been advanced,
 written, in support of Horace's opinion.

*Disparem per aris tulit
 Mor nequiores, mor datus
 Progeniem citioris.*

sure of this idea rest their sentence upon
 mds; they mention the frequency of
 m, the increase of the poor-rate, the

licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et
 noir*. There is, however, one circumstance corro-
 borative of their judgment, to which we think the
 public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called.
 We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all
 descriptions are growing ashamed of their own
 names. We remember that when we were dragged
 in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were
 accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness and
 disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat
 brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed.
 Now the case is altered! the tradesmen have re-
 moved their signs; it is equally true that the gen-
 tlemen have removed their names. The simple nu-
 merical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned
 upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill replaces that
 more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense,
 held up great names for our emulation, and made the
 streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples
 for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned
 by this departure from ancient observances. How is
 the visitor from the country to discover the patron
 of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mis-
 tress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned
 edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the un-
 satisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In
 some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and
 he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage,
 like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of
 the stars.

Mr. Nichol Loaming, has written a long and elo-
 quent dissertation upon this symptom of degener-
 acy; and certainly, if the advice "*experto crede*"
 be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to
 induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of
 their residences, some more convincing enunciation
 of their name and calling, than it is at present the
 fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to town with letters of introduc-
 tion to several friends of his family, whom it was his
 duty and wish to discover. But his first adventure
 so dispirited him, that, after having spent two m

ings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited for some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsomer than he had expected to find it; and on the table were the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Edinburgh Review*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell? The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir W. Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir W. Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger, with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company,—had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquette,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment—"

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl

of sixteen or seventeen. Upon perceiving the gentleman he was rather embarrassed; and "hop said any thing which could give the least," replied the stranger, by an account of the foibles of any one else can be; and of this convince you. Sir William Knowell—Sir—*Sir*—you have stepped by mistake—Before you leave it, allow me to introduce you to my friend Lady Morley—who is rather unwilling to say the truth under confinement. Lady Morley, a professed coquette, was last week with a half-pay Officer (a very low bow) "to Sir William Morley, a gambler by habit, and a drunkard who is at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment!"

PROVIDENCE

The late Lord Holland was once with Dr. Campbell on their melancholy journey, lamenting the inconveniences to health subjected mankind, when the door opened, and a contractor, florid and full of health, came in on his looks. "Yes," he said, "I have been very good to me, for I have overcome my moment's sickness in my life." This no means softened the asperity of his countenance. The contractor said good-bye and took his leave. "There is no more to be said now," said the angry peer, "You see what Providence has done for me in the care of that scoundrel's health, in minding what becomes of your my ringworm."

WRITTEN ON A

By a Gentleman who borrowed a field's diamond pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of
See two dull lines by Stan-
dard

AT A COUNTRY BALL.

the snites—
Gala Nights
haply sees
testinies—
indeed dreaming
and seeming
icious eye
proachingly,
riend is tied
his side,
law or rule,
boarding-school;
earnedly
mistry,
definition
recision,
a bid by chance,
or France,
lever dunce,
three at once.
s by the ounce
frill and flounce,
s, that stick, like burrs,
or characters;
and the weather,
and Faunia's feather
Edmund hears
and open ears,
out as much
ce in Dutch;
a high,
makes no reply,
on as deaf a stock
esian rock.

of his love,
mistress to prove,
in of the wars,
side of Mars.
of conquer'd towns,
saps and frowns;

The man of fight is wondering now
That Girls won't speak when Dandies bow;
And Ellen finds, with much surprise,
That Beaux will speak when Belles scapise.
"Ma'am," says the Captain, "I protest
I come to ye a stranger guest,
Fresh from the distant dangerous land,
Where men are blinded by the sand,
Where undiscover'd things are hid
In owl-frequented pyramid,
And mummies with their silent looks
Appear like memorandum-books,
Giving a hint of death, for fear
We men should be too happy here.
But if upon my native land
Fair ones as still as mummies stand,
By Jove—I had as lieve be there!"
(The lady looks—"I wish you were.")
"I fear I'm very dull to-night"—
(The lady looks—"You're very right.")
"But if one smile—one cheering ray"—
(The Lady looks another way.)
"Alas! from some more happy man—"
(The Lady stoops and bites her fan,)
"Flattery, perhaps, is not a crime,"
(The Lady dances out of time,)
"Perhaps e'en now, within your heart,
Crush! you wish us leagues apart,
And banish me from Beauty's presence!"
The Lady bows in acquiescence,
With steady brow, and studied face,
As if she thought, in such a case,
A contradiction to her Beau
Neither polite—nor a-propos

Poor Reuben! o'er his infant head
Her choicest bounties Nature shed:
She gave him talent, humour, sense,
A decent face, and competence,
And then to mar the beauteous plan,
She bade him be—an absent man.
Ever offending, ever fretting,
Ever explaining, and forgetting,

He blunders on from day to day,
And drives his dearest friend away.
Do farces meet with that conclusion?
He's ready with "congratulation."
Are friends in office not quite pure?
He owns "he likes a surrey."
Was Major ——— in foreign strife
Not over prodigal of life? —
He talks about "the reward's grave;
And "who so base as be a slave?"
Is some fair cousin made a wife
In the fall autumn of her life?
He's sure to shock the youthful bride
With "forty years, come Whitsontide."

FEMALE VANITY

George III. was asked one day by Lord North, when he had seen the old Duchess of Bedford, who was well known to use an uncommon quantity of paint, to which his majesty replied—"He had not seen her face, nor had any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years past."

HUMOURS OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

It was a Village Wake, or Fair, one of Nature's holidays, where she throws aside jerkia and spade to indulge in uncurbed festivity, or rather, where all the inhabitants of a village meet annually to fow, drink, play, make love, and break heads. Such was the scene I now entered upon, though not quite unex-pectedly, as I had gained some notice of it before hand by several noisy groups of peasants hastening past me to this attracting point of no that is pre-eminent, beautiful, or interesting in the country circle. For this is theemporium of village fashion, the Hyde Park of the raimée, where the farmer doffs his leather buskins and nail-studded boots for decent worsted hose, sex off by shoes ornamented with the most gaudy buckles that he can afford to gaze at his forefathers. The huge blue coat, the faithful companion of his labour through all weathers, is reserved this one day for verdant green, or russet brown. In addition to this, the

rarely-used red waistcoat rises across his muscular chest, leaving at the neck to permit the neck seen, which has good blame with the utmost care. He is not than his neighbours, who all cottages on this anxiously expect their best habilliments. The spectacle was a fine verdant landscape towards a wood was not long in finding an end. I did not recall the old melody tumultuous rabble of stonemasons. I found, to my sorrow late for donkey-racing, and such at present, the most conspicuous some youths breaking each other English courage, and certain pitting between heaven and earth, the very pleasant height. were as ambitious to soar as I and, I am afraid, as liable to those who were tired of their not wanting, from the new-made inviting place; amongst the some few decorated in splendour the rustic gallant might purchase garters for his fair admirer. might be observed amongst the cap for contributions to the by whom shrunk from it as if it were within its shattered entrance. A made the skies re-echo as they died names of the grandees, gave hole to their visitors. It pleased to retire with great satisfaction the mighty potentates of and reduced from their thrones. Alas! poor crowned heads, who time plays with you! what a exterminate rapidly shown bayonet, who have your High like so many baboons in their

in the sports of the Fair, I beheld, beneath of some gigantic oaks, a band of those that might remind us of the patri-
 . Too old to engage in more robust-ex-
 e contented elders reclined there to view
 of their sons; and, as they applauded
 the present generation, waxed strong in
 mer times; previously clearing their
 a jug of the best village ale. At some
 on these a circle of aged dames were
 at a polished deal table to indulge in a
 best green tea. Like their lords and mas-
 sers arrayed in their best gowns and bod-
 ed lain in the neatly-composed drawer
 many a day, and were now drawn forth
 ustling splendor and profusion of puck-
 were some healthy fat-looking souls
 some good joke till the tears came in their
 a few steadier matrons turned one eye
 ble, and, with the other, watched the
 heir daughters, who seized this opportu-
 with their lovers. Cupid, indeed, must
 d his quiver; for the various love-pre-
 borne off in triumph, must have had a
 set on hearts hitherto impregnable. At
 my eye was caught by some smoke that
 over the tops of the trees in another part
 , and throwing a dusky line over the sur-
 face; and, on a more curious inspection,
 a group of gypsies stationed there, like
 cities of the forest, to utter their oracles
 ive oak. These wanderers, equally with
 , had come to take advantage of the Fair,
 aling out pottery-ware and fortunes by
 They were bargaining pots and pans,
 damsels and marrying others, in quick
 and, urged by my innate spirit of curio-
 sity, I rushed to take a nearer view of them.
 sat two sibyls hanging over the fumes of
 their evening's repast, and feeding
 from time to time with sticks they had
 wood. Near them were playing two

or three bareheaded and barefooted urchins, that had
 perhaps known a better fate and better living. But
 the most conspicuous figures were two black-eyed
 lasses, with red cloaks flung over their shoulders,
 while their sun-burnt, though impressive and hand-
 some features, were partly shrouded by a capacious
 hood and bonnet. They were apparently the pro-
 phetesses of the party, and doubtless no unpleasing
 ones to their rustic customers. At this moment one
 of them, stretching out her long uncovered arm, was
 accurately inspecting the hand of an antiquated
 maiden, and promising her connubial felicity and a
 numerous offspring. It was amusing enough to see
 the one, who might be nearly called a dame, chuck-
 ling at this promise, and secretly admiring her own
 obsolete charms, and already captivating the hearts
 of youth in her imagination; while the other as-
 sumed a pretended appearance of mystic gravity, as
 her laughing eye betrayed her inward ridicule of the
 object standing before her. Her sister prophetess
 was unrolling the page of his destiny to a half-witted
 countryman, who seemed fearful of trusting his hand
 within that of the gipsy, thinking perhaps she
 might carry him to the Devil in a high wind. His
 doubting idiotic look was powerfully contrasted by
 the half-scornful fiery glance of the maiden, who
 seemed to regard him much in the same manner as a
 hawk eyes a trembling pigeon ere he pounces on it.
 Doubtless he considered her oracles infallible; but
 whether he returned to his farm-yard with a giggle
 of gladness, or a presentiment of approaching death,
 I stayed not to unravel, but I suspect the black-
 browed damsel was inclined to play some severe joke
 upon him. The other members of the gipsy settle-
 ment bore nothing very remarkable in their appear-
 ance; there were two or three men engaged in sell-
 ing knives, &c., whose countenances seemed to have
 manfully endured and opposed every extremity of
 weather, and might perhaps, to a better physiognom-
 ist than myself, have borne a sinister cast of ex-
 pression, indicative of a mind capable of foraging
 in the neighbouring hen-roosts. But leaving them

the prophetess, and a fattered old man, apparently the ruler of the tribe, to their profitable avocations, I once more returned to the Fair itself. Here there were decisive marks of the approach of even, and of the finishing of this grand gala. The swings, relaxing in their rapid motion, moved heavily and slowly to and fro, like the pendulum of a huge family clock, that may be seen in the corner of some fragrant kitchen, gleaming in all its rich japannery, and, with one mighty well-known tick, informing the ruddy-faced perspiring scullion, that the potatoes have boiled enough. The lately stentorian voices of the showmen died away in their throats, with a gurgling murmur resembling the sound of distant waters. The venerable patriarchs were rising one by one, with slow gravity, from their verdant seats, and with one last look at the empty jug, each buttoned up his capacious flowing doublet, raised with a shrug the waistband of his breeches, shouldered his club stick, the trusty supporter of his steps, and wended on his way homeward. The tea-pot of the merry dames, drained to its lees, stood idly on the table, the cups and saucers ceased to rattle, and silence was reigning over that festive board, that had lately resounded with the laugh of pleasure and delight, as some well-fraught tale was ended, or some acute observation burst forth with a wink and a nod from the lips of the company. The bustling matrons themselves were reclining on the still stout arms of their spouses, or dragging away their giggling daughters, who on every possible opportunity turned their heads to catch one last glance of, or blow a kiss to, their affianced lovers. There might be seen too, some with an air of merriment, others with an expression which strove to be genteelly melancholy, wandering back to their humble cots, with thoughts divided between the hardship of to-morrow's ploughing, and the enumeration of how many pigs, how many fowls, and how much stock, they must possess, ere they can hope to have *their ardent passion* rewarded, and their liberty sub-
the bonds of Hymen. The cudgels lay
the grass; their owners had retired to
the broken head which they had given

or received. The birds were silent in the woods, the sheep-bells tinkled no more in the plain, and I was left alone unregarded in the shade of the forest-trees, that waved a tremulous murmur, as if admonishing a guest by loitering I should disturb the repose of Mab and her fairy train

NEW PICKPOCKET.

A gentleman, who saw Wilkes's coachmen, the horses being taken off, told him he had lost his handkerchief in the coach, "possibly," said his lordship, "I fancy your coach horses has picked your pocket."

POVERTY A VIRTUE.

A gentleman maintaining that poverty was a virtue. "That," said his friend, "is like a virtue of necessity."

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Chorus of Devils.

"All's lost! All's lost!
 Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per
 Not a line in hand,
 The Press at a stand!
 And we're coming so close to the
 That the Number will never be out to
 I'm certain and sure,
 Though he looks so demure,
 Mr. ——— a deuce of a cool
 For, day after day,
 He blarneys away,
 And feeds up our hopes,
 With his figures and tropes;
 Promises making,
 And promises breaking,
 As if he delighted to fool one.
 Sulphur and nitre! all's lost, all's lost
 Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per

First Composer.

"Oh! dear! what can the matter be
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be!

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

What can the matter be
 Is so late with his pen!
 Or go on! why, he gets worse and worse!
 To send me a budget of Verse,
 Set of Prose, which he calls 'The Old
 Man';
 "—he'll be chous'd us again!"

Second Composer.

C——, Sir, you see,
 I a drowsy head;
 Mr. B——
 Or instead?
 Quick, so wondrous quick,
 Always very thick,
 — nibs his pen;
 I expect to dine,
 I write but half a line
 — writes ten."

Chorus.

, we needn't make a fuss,
 Now be bother'd thus,
 Number's nought to us,
 Is out or not;
 End of all this noise,
 Hold our tongues, my Boys
 About the Pot!"

Editor, booted and spurred, with a long
 umble; Devils stare and put down the
 see.)

EDITOR.

Isn't you do?
 Here,
 Making of beer,
 Or Number's so late,
 Or hurry so great,
 Moments of leisure so few?"

First Composer.

Mr. C——, I vow and profess
 Not then a Turk or a Jew
 You must give a line to the Press,
 And give the Devil his due."

Chorus.

(CROWDING RETURN.)

"And where are all the papers, Sir
 You promis'd you would send,
 For how can any Printer stilt
 When his copy's at an end?"

(Devils speak alternately, the Editor looking
 miserable.)

"And where's 'The Bachelor?'—and where
 Good Mr. Sterling's 'Thoughts on Prayer?'
 "And 'Barton's Verses on the Stocks?' —
 "And 'Lorrell's Prose on Weathercocks?'
 "And where is 'Martin on the Martyrs?'
 "And 'The Mistake?'—and 'Changing Q
 ters?'
 " 'Those Sonnets?' and 'The Welcome Guest?'
 " 'On Calumny?' 'On Interest?'
 "How all your vast professions fall
 You speak us soft and fair;
 But when we ask, 'Where are they all?'
 And Echo answers—'Where.' "

Editor.

"Abused and maltreated in this sort of fashion,
 By his Majesty's crown I shall be in a passion:
 Shall I work till my head
 Has a marvellous ache?
 Shall I dine on dry bread
 When I sigh for a steak?
 Shall I sport 'midnight tapers?'
 And fly from Quadrille! Oh!
 Betimes at my papers,
 And late on my pillow?
 Shall I write till my eyes
 Grow drowsy, and blink,
 To be harassed with lies,
 And bespatter'd with ink?
 Ay! this is the way!
 If a man is of use,
 He has for his pay
 Little else but abuse!

Why! I've been writing like a Turk,
So, pray ye, set your types to work,
Here's copy in my sack!—
Nay, nay,—paws off, good Master Gruff!
I find Blue Devils quite enough,
And may be spared the Black!"

Chorus.

"Hurra!—Hurra!—

The Number is sure to be out to its day.
Mr. Peregrine C—— is come out of the west,
Through all the wide country his pens are the best;
And he's brought a fresh stock of his puffing and
puns,
To be laugh'd at by all but the Vandals and Huns;
Let us laugh and hurra! put our heart in our voice—
With our Long Primer, Small Pica, Mignon, Bour-
geois!

Hurra!—Hurra!

The Number is sure to be out to its day!"

BEAU TIBBS.

Our pursuer now came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony, and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Charles," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery; on my soul to be sure an intimacy with the great man's appearance, and a course of

venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise as much as you do; but there are a damned honest fellows among them; and not quarrel with one half, because the breeding. If they were all such as my late one of the most good-natured creatures squeezed a lemon, I should myself be a number of their admirers. I was yesterday at the duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, gold to silver I can tell where you were last night.' 'Poaching, my lord,' says I; 'but missed already; for I staid at home, and girls poach for me. That's my way; I woman as some animals do their prey' and swoop they fall into my mouth."

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," companion with looks of infinite pity, "thy fortune is as much improved as your own in such company." "Improved?" replied "you shall know,—but let it go no further secret—five hundred a year to begin, my lord's word of honour for it.—His lordship dined in his own chariot yesterday, and tête-à-tête dinner in the country; when of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, I, "you told us but this moment of your yesterday in town!" "Did I say so?" replied "To be sure if I said so it was so.—Dine, egad, now I do remember I did dine in the country too: for you must boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll pleasant affair about that: we were a set us to dine at lady Grogram's, an affected let it go no farther; a secret. Well, hold a thousand guineas, and say done. But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature half-a-crown for a minute or two, till—But hark'ee, ask me for it the next meet, or it may be twenty to one but pay you."

My little bean yesterday overlooked me

public walks, and clapping me on the
 head me with an air of the most perfect
 His dress was the same as usual, except
 more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier
 on a pair of temple spectacles, and his
 hair.

and that marked his character, however,
 to appear; he bowed to several well
 me, who, by their manner of returning
 out, appeared perfect strangers. At in-
 saw out a pocket-book, seeming to take
 out before all the company with much
 and assiduity. In this manner he led me
 length of the whole mall, fretting at his
 and fancying myself laughed at, as well
 every spectator.

we were got to the end of our procession,
 he cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I
 see Park so thin in my life before; there's
 at all to-day. Not a single face to be
 in company!" interrupted I peevishly;
 why where there is such a crowd! Why,
 too much. What are the thousands
 seen laughing at us, but company!"
 hear," returned he, with the utmost good
 you seem immensely chagrined; but,
 on the world laughs at me, I laugh at
 and so we are even. My lord Trip, Bill

Cæolian, and I sometimes make a
 ing ridiculous; and so we say and do a
 sign for the joke's sake. But I see you
 and if you are for a fine grave senti-
 ment, you shall dine with my wife to-
 morrow; I'll introduce you to Mrs.
 of as elegant qualifications as any in
 was bred, but that's between ourselves,
 inspection of the countess of Shoreditch.
 body of voice! But no more of that,
 now a song. You shall see my little
 niece Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet
 one, I design her for my lord Drumstick's
 but that's infriendship, let it go no far-
 her years old, and yet she walks a

minuet, and plays on the gular, immensely already.
 I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in
 every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll
 make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself,
 and I intend to learn that language purposely to in-
 struct her, but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took
 me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed
 through many dark alleys and winding ways; for,
 from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to
 have a particular aversion to every frequented street;
 at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal look-
 ing house in the outskirts of the town, where he in-
 formed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed over to
 lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an
 old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to
 shew me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted
 in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative,
 "Then," says he, "I shall shew you one of the most
 charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships
 sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round,
 tip top, quite high. My lord Swamp would give
 ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I
 sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep
 my prospects at home, that my friends may come to
 see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs
 would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he
 was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down
 the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice,
 with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded "Wha's
 there?" My conductor answered, that it was he.
 But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again re-
 peated the demand; to which he answered louder
 than before, and now the door was opened by an
 old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his home
 with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman,
 asked her where her lady was. "Good troth," re-
 plied she, in the northern dialect, "she's washing your
 two shirts at the next door, because they have taken a
 oath against lending out the tub any longer."

"two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the mist mean?" "I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other, "she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because"—"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he. "Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high-life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once ypanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing. "What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grosse?" There's the true keeping in it, it is my own face, and, though there is no likeness, a counters offered me a hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife, at last, made her appearance, at once a platter and a coquet, much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dress, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "the lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor, pok," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, how he loves me; but I don't say that, for I don't

given orders for dinner; you need no preparations neither, there are but the thing elegant and little will do, a bottle, or a—" "Or what do you think of a nice pretty bit of ox cheek, dressed with a little of my own very thing," replies he; "it will eat smart bottled beer; but be sure to sauce his grace was so fond of immense loads of meat, that is counted extremely disgusting to those who are acquainted with high-life."

By this time my curiosity began my appetite to increase; the company at first make us smile, but at last rendering us melancholy. I therefore recollect a prior engagement, and, as my respect to the house by giving a piece of money at the door, I took Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I ready at least in less than two hours.

ON TWO BAD WRITERS COMPLAINTS OF EACH OTHER.

Carthy, you say writes well—why you pawn your word for him—who so, two poor knaves, who find their way to cheat the world become each other.

LOVE AMONG THE LAW.

Mrs. Culpepper's "uncle the fallen in love" He felt a slight vertigo square, of which he took little notice the home circuit, but improved with the widow Jackson in a lap-frog before he was well cured, the countess, and a molasses cordu was Mr. Sergeant Nettleside had arrived fifty nine, heart whole, his testament therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culpepper as a valuable property of her and her were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper.

lands; Hence the broker had hit at the old miser in the bow-window of his they were eyeing "the journal" in the hot of crossing Cornhill to receive his. Hence may be derived the annual sarbot swallowed by "my uncle the in Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's approbation of the preacher at the Temple and hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's heated jest about "Brother Van and Mr." As far as appearances went, Plutus is nearing point Culpepper: Nicholas Esq. Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regulated in the Court of Common Pleas from a hasty dinner swallowed at five at the table him to return to Chambers at half-past six, rejoinders, demurrers, cases, motions occupied him till ten. All this from the arrangement with the bar-maid seemed to ensure a walk through this in a state of single blessedness. "I bet he will cut up well," said Culpepper to "I have my eye upon a charming Clapham Road: when your uncle the tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan!" Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as soon said some forty years ago, and even observation was far from new, "What are you man!" Legacy-hunting, like hunting sport, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and sit for dead men's shoes, now and then church-yard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant grew fat and kicked: he took a house in the square, and he launched an olive-coloured four-grey horses. There is an office in the good matches are duly registered and knightway under the letter N. appears in the entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Sergeant-at-law, stock-square, Bachelor, aged 59. Equipage, olive-green chariot and four horses, talents, morals,—blank!" "I of old maidens and widows

that feed upon the lean pictures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Abbed-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude, to be set in the crown of Hyman, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the fiddlers which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnest of future golden rings.

The poet Gay makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chaunt in duet?

A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing?

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and indeed necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

Cease then, fair one, cease to shun me,
Here let all our difference cease;
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

Accordingly it may be observed that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the ultima Thule of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims, "Where is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to go upon some power benedict. Two only kept the

Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in bed and place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety when she is never out of Mr. Nethercole's house, and jangles that old harpichord of his with her 'Love among the Roses,' till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson, on the very same day, to another particular friend at the Bazaar in Soho square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's going on in Tavistock-square; she actually takes her work there. I caught her in the act of screwing her pin-cushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethercole's mahogany table—what right has she to net him porse?" The contest of work-table versus harpichord now grew warm; betting even. Miss Jennings threw in a crimson porse and the odds were in her favour. The widow Jackson sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson porse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half-a-dozen mullin cravats, marked A. N. surrounded with a couple of red hearts. This was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpichord a number of the Irish Melodies, and started off at seven with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza, and I am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time Love, tired of his atomatic station "among the rose," of all places in the world began to take up his abode among the dusty Law Books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethercole's chambers. Certain anatomy writers had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black curls and white wigs of the legal authors, who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octave, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the advances of Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery, and mixed themselves with the detestable company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his *Art of Love* in his pocket, presumed to

stride of Mr. Justice Blackstone indolently against Bacon's *Abolition*. One industrious Ones Jacob crid quitted together from the room who had taken post between Sergeant was in love! Still, no man, that "youth and an excellent novelist had a right, would be content to struggle with the idea of the merchant which I am alone.

The hour of court had now expired. Nethercole had a good deal to say to Miss Jennings, and with confidence of nothing particular till he and in it at a distance. He had to go tonight with a friend to a dinner at King's Poor. Margaret was little to be equal to. No one ever had the same green coat, drawn horses, than the widow Jackson. Green, packed her portmanteau, and had the driver across, Charing cross. There was the Marlborough coach; but at twelve at noon, and between the afternoon was quietly disposed at the Star inn, with one eye on the source, and the other upon the street. The pretext for this step was the alleged that her beloved brother had, a mere stop off, and the eager desire to hear the Sergeant's evening which followed that of the Sergeant happened not to be to attend, and, what is more, to be above the affection of people. He proposed a walk in the country, and they met a few faces in the churchyard, and the afternoon, which were called the women, and the night, the on the evening, and the evening, with a smile.

[these sleeping recipients stood invitingly after talk from the bottom: "Speluncanum a Trojana." Ah! those pyramidal hoppers widow's brother from Town Mall; upon the Grand Jury: his sister's repudiation to him as his own: "he'd call him he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethermole Jackson were joined together in unity.

Mr. Jackson, now Mrs. Nethermole, was a woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to "bury" her good word. It was her advice should write to his niece, Mrs. Culpepper, acquaint her with what had happened. But drawn up a letter for his signature, he tendered several satisfactory apologies, namely, that we are commanded to multiply: that it is not good for a man to but chiefly that he had met with a woman of every qualification to make the wife happy. "Why, no, my dear," answered

Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a phrase of the fact) it has been my rule, whenever I had done a wrong or a foolish thing (the lady frowned), never to own it: never judgment to go by default, and thus escape, but boldly to plead a justification, manuscript note of a case in point, in which I had done. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented by assemblies, carrying my pumps in my sack Peters (he is now at Bombay) and sat thither, as usual, on a moonshining night and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney following morning was returned non est without giving us notice of set off; the coach was therefore engaged to hold our baggage in custody, and then safely deposit at post in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we our first cup of Bouchong, when the post stopped at the door. Here was a knock was for striking out the breakfast,

up with the two other inside passengers; finish the matter: take an

order for half an hour's time; and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice of set off, entering the vehicle with a by-damne sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders, that if there was any impertinence in their Bill, we would strike it out without a reference to the Master. The scheme took, and before we reached St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage; if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances; leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said that lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward?" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable. a nasty fellow, he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is no better than she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding."—"Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about Brother Van and Brother Hear."—"Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may possibly be no issue of the marriage." Mrs. Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace, in the Regent's-Park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the Registrar-office above-mentioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethermole's, whom, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Sergeant Nethermole was on the wane,

My sister,

Popped through the key-hole with us light,

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of

library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Epinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak and, as for Gies Incol, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were resituated to their upper shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.

ON JOHN DENNIS

Should *D*—s print, how once you robb'd your brother,

Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mother,

Say, what revenge on *D*—s can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you cannot draw.
Uncag'd thus let the satirist's monster rage,
Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age

ALL NUMBERS

When Stephen Kemble was manager at New-castle, and the house was rather thin, no less a personage arrived in the town than prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play, prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation, he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" next entered a man with his face blacked, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum—the prince with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly monumental, heaving up the skin in token of triumph—last came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of the following

he made into rolls, as large as a pig's trotter, and devoured them in a pig's manner. Having completed his dinner, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "ha ha!" and made his exit. Next in the middle of the market place appeared a prince of Annamaboo, with his sword, and quills, in the clinch. "What," said Kemble, "are you a pretty Jewish trick upon us in this manner?" Much with an arch look replied, "I vash no prince, I vash acting kings, princes, emperors to-night, and to-morrow I vash humpugs, you all vash humpugs."

SARON OF MAN

Man is born unto trouble as the spider to the web,
Job, chap. v. verse 7

I shall divide the discourse under, the three following heads: firstly, his progress into the world; secondly, his progress in the world; third and lastly, his progress out of the world.

And first, man's ingress into the world—secondly, his progress in the world and ease, thirdly and lastly, his progress out of the world—no body knows what we do well here, what we do ill. I can tell you no more, if I please.

NOSE AND EYE

ON THE REPORT OF AN ADVICE
TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF

Between Nose and Eyes a strange

The Spectacles set them onhap

The point in dispute was as all

To which the said spectacles of

So Tongue was the lawyer, and

With a great deal of skill,

learning.

While chief Baron Ear, eat to be

THE GROOMING PHILOSOPHER.

"I am told it will quickly appear,"
 your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 that his lordship's spectacles always in fact,
 made to perfection time out of mind.

By the Spectacles up to the court—
 which observes they are made with a
 hole.

The ridge of the Nose is; in short,
 do sit close to it, just like a middle.

At your lordship's moment suppose,
 do that has happened, and may be again;
 legs or countenance had not a Nose,
 would or who could wear Spectacles then?

It appears—and my argument shows,
 showing the court will never condemn,
 spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 Nose was as plainly intended for them.

By his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
 and again in behalf of the Eyes;
 are his arguments few people know,
 but did not think they were equally wise.

His decree, with a grave solemn tone,
 and clear, without one if or but,
 never the Nose put his Spectacles on,
 light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut!

COWPER.

THE OLD SOLDIER

I am in Shropshire, my father was a la-
 died when I was five years old; so I
 the parish. As he had been a wan-
 a man, the parishioners were not able to
 parish I belonged, or where I was born,
 me to another parish, and that parish
 a third. I thought in my heart, they
 me about so long, that they would not
 in any parish at all; but, at last, how-
 me. I had some disposition to be
 resolved, at least, to know my
 of the workhouse put me to
 I was able to handle a mallet;
 my day kind of life for five years.

I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my
 meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true,
 I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear,
 as they said, I should run away; but what of that?
 I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard
 before the door, and that was enough for me. I was
 then bound out to a farmer, where I was up half
 early and late, but I ate and drank well, and liked
 my business well enough, till he died, when I was
 obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to
 go and seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked
 when I could get employment, and starved when I
 could get none: when happening one day to go
 through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied
 a hare crossing the path just before me; and I be-
 lieve the devil put it in my head to fling my stick
 at it:—Well, what will you have out of it? I killed
 the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when
 the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher
 and a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give
 an account of myself. I fell upon my knees,
 begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a
 full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed,
 and generation; but, though I gave a very good
 account, the justice would not believe a syllable I
 had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found
 guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to New-
 gate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in jail;
 but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a
 place as ever I was in all my life. I had my belly
 full to eat and drink, and did not work at all. This
 kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was
 taken out of prison, after five months, put on board
 a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the
 plantations. We had but an indifferent passage,
 for, being all confined in the hold, more than a
 hundred of our people died for want of sweet air,
 and those that remained were sickly enough. God
 knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the
 planters, and I was bound for seven years more.
 As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

igned to work, among the negroes; and I
t my time, as in duty bound to do.

my time was expired, I worked my pas-
se, and glad I was to see Old England again,
I loved my country. I was afraid, how-
at I should be indicted for a vagabond once
o did not much care to go down into the
, but kept about town, and did little jobs
could get them.

as very happy in this manner for some time,
s evening, coming home from work, two men
ed me down, and then desired me to stand.
belonged to a press-gang; I was carried be-
the justice, and, as I could give no account of
elf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board
an of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter;
in this post of a gentleman, I served two cam-
paigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and
Mentenoy, and received but one wound, through the
east here; but the doctor of our regiment soon
made me well again.

When the peace came on I was discharged; and,
I could not work, because my wound was some-
times troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East
India company's service. I here fought the French
six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if
could read or write, our captain would have made
me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to
receive any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got
leave to return home again with forty pounds in my
pocket. This was at the beginning of the present
war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have
the pleasure of spending my money; but the govern-
ment wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor
before ever I could set foot on shore.

The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate
fellow; he swore he knew that I understood my
business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely
to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-
business, and he beat me, without considering what
was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds,
that was some comfort to me under every beat-
and the money I might have had to this day

but that our ship was taken by the
lost all.

Our crew was carried into Bre-
them died, because they were not
jail; but, for my part, it was noth-
was seasoned. One night, as I was
bed of boards, with a warm blanket
always loved to lie well, I was a
boatswain, who had a dark lantern
'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you
French sentry's brains?' 'I don't
striving to keep myself awake,' I
'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I
business.' So up I got and tied up
was all the clothes I had, about
went with him to fight the French
French, because they are slaves, I
shoes.

Though we had no arms, one of
to beat five French at any time;
to the door, where both the sentry
and rushing upon them, seized the
moment, and knocked them down.
of us ran together to the quay, the
boat we met, got out of the harbor.
We had not been here three days
taken up by the Dorset privateer
so many good hands; and we
chance. However, we had no
expected. In three days we found
four privateer, of forty guns
twenty-three; so to it we went
arm. The fight lasted for three
believe we should have taken
we but had some more men
fortunately, we lost all our
get the victory.

I was once more in the
I believe it would have been
been brought back to Bre-
we were retaken by the
to tell you, that, in that
in two places; I lost the

But O how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew;
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom dry,
Soldier the only fluid he could see w'
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And curs'd the kettle's bottom o'er and o'er.

"Come, come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend,
more ale,

All trades, you know, must live—
Let's drink—May tra it with none of us ne'er fail.
The job to Tom then give,

And for the ale he drinks, our ad of nattle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."

The landlord yields, but opens 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade that taxes at his expence.
Tom undertakes the job, to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the evening's close.

Souls so congenial, had friends Tom and Dick,
They might be fairly call'd leather and brother;
Thought Tom, "to serve my friend I know a trick,
And one good turn deserves another."

Out now to sily staps,
But not a word he said;
The plot was in his head,
And off he in a jiffy trips.
Swift to a neighbouring church, his way he takes;
Nor, in the dark,
Misses a mark.

But every pane of glass he quickly breaks.

Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy
At getting so much excellent employ!

Return'd, re. beckoning, draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face.

And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case—

"Dick! I may give you joy, you're a made man,
I've done your business most complete, my friend
Toss off! the devil catch me if he can,
Each window in the church you've got to mend;

Ingratitude's worst curse on
If for your sake I have not

Tom, will surprise me
We deeply sigh—
Then drops a word
And altho' powers of ill
While horror in his
And the agony that
Whose sympathetic in soul
Share with the heart
Dick's of known sin
And two such phizzes ne'er

At length friend Dick he
And soon the mystery explains
"You have ordered my
And I as well as you
For, let me not be least
Tom. Tom! I am a rick
Zounds! zounds! was free
You did not know with Tom
Your wish to serve me, but
I always mend those windows

THE NOVEL

King Charles II. was re-
sponsible in naval architecture
ham, to view a ship, just
asked Kildgrew, "if he
make an excellent ship,
stantly replied, "he also
would have done better at

TRUE

True wit is like the
Ding from Gilead
Which bears two v
Toe that will
Gonna, like that
With the same
Appears at once
And sparkles with

surprise into rage.
 These ways of getting into debt; first, a face; so then: "You, Mr. Lastering, me six yards of that paduasoy, dammed; e, don't think I ever intend to pay you money." At this, the mercer laughs off the paduasoy, and sends it home; too late, surprised to find the gentleman telling but truth, and kept his word. A method of running into debt is called which is getting goods made up in such a way that for every other purchaser, and when refuses to give them upon credit, and to leave them upon his hands. A third and best method is called, "Basing money." The gentleman first buys some yarn for it in ready money; he comes away with nothing but bank bills, and buys, once, a sixpenny tweezer case; the bill is to be changed, so he promises to return the day after, and pays for what he has. This promise he is punctual, and this is eight or ten times, till his face is well as he has got, at last, the character of a good By this means he gets credit for some-thing, and then never pays for it.

GARRICK'S AVARICE.
 Garrick rallied Garrick on his avarice. Garrick him one day, and was surprised to find himself placed upon the bureau. "Is this as a compliment to me?" said Garrick. "I replied Foote. "And can you trust your cash and your bank-notes?" "Yes," said Foote, "for you are without hands."

CLERICAL PREFERENCE.
 A daily inquiry after the health of an old Doctor, during his indisposition, no more sedulously punctual than the bishop with the invalid seemed to think, that by these shows of anxious kindness might be this solicitude. One morning he ordered to be shown into his room, and said to him: "Be so good to present my

compliments to my Lord Bishop, and tell him that I am better, much better; but that the Bishop or W——, has got a new throat arising from a bad cold, & that will do."

**KING'S BENCH PRACTICE.—CHAP. 10th.
 OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.**

Deponent. Now, call Taylor's bail.—*1st Bail.* I shall now proceed to justify.
Hewit. Where's Taylor's bail?
1st Bail. I can't get in.
Hewit. Make way.
Lord Mansfield. For Heaven's sake begin.
Hewit. But where's the other?
2d Bail. Here I stand.
Mingay. I must except to both,—command Silence;—and if your Lordships crave it, Austen shall read our affidavit.
Austen. Will Priddle, late of Fleet-street, gent. Makes oath and saith, That late he went To Duke's-place, as he was directed By notice, and he there expected To find both bail—but none could tell Where the first bail lived.—
Mingay. Very well.
Austen. And this deponent further says, That asking what the second was, He found he'd bankrupt been, and yet Had ne'er obtain'd certificate. When to his house deponent went, He full four stories high was sent, And found a lodging almost bare; No furniture but half a chair, A table, bedstead, broken fiddle, And a bureau, (signed) William Priddle. Sworn at my chambers, Francis Buller, Mingay. No affidavit can be fuller. Well, friend, you've heard this affidavit; What do you say?
2d Bail. Sir, by your leave, it is all a lie.
Mingay. Sir, have a care What is your trade?
2d Bail. A scavenger.

Mingay And pray, Sir, were you never found a Bankrupt?

2d Bail. I'm worth a thousand pound.

Mingay. A thousand pound, friend? Boldly said! In what consisting?

2d Bail. Stock in trade.

Mingay. And pray, friend, tell me, do you know What sum you're bail for?

2d Bail. Truly no.

Mingay. My Lords, you hear,—no oaths have check'd him.

I hope your Lordships will—

Willes.

Reject him.

Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where you dwell.

1st Bail. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell

These ten years.

Mingay. Half a guinea dead. (*aside*)

My Lords, if you've the notice read,

It says *Duke's-place*. So I desire

A little further time I'enquire.

Baldwin. Why, Mr. Mingay, all this vapour.

Willes. Take till to-morrow.

Lord Mansfield. Call the Paper.

JOHN BAYNEA.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A lady, in whose favor Sir Thomas More had made a decree in Chancery against a nobleman, having, as a token of her gratitude, presented him with a pair of gloves, and in them forty pounds in angels, as a new year's gift, More took the gloves, but pouring out the money, and returning it, said with a smile, "Since it would be contrary to good manners to refuse a new year's gift from a lady, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the money, I utterly refuse it."

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, a few days since, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Two-pence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny; if that does satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had got to

pay? "A penny," said strap. "I'll give you a baubee," said Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye may put on my beard again."

TRANSLATION BLUNDERS.

Do Presnel translated Pope's *Essay on Man*; upon this verse,

Then, looking up, from size to size, explor'd
One great first father, and that first about-
unluckily mistook the term of great first father made it great grandfather! Voltaire misread words of Shakespeare, "Not a mouse is still
"not a mouse trots!"

PIGGS SHAVING.

A sturdy beggar, entered a French town's eve of Corpus Christi, besought him to shave his beard for God's sake.—"Willingly," replied the barber: "here, boy," says he, "whip off this beard gratis, in honour of the festival," crying to his apprentices, to another: "Hack that chin there!" The patient made strange way when seeing a water spaniel come in, mangled in a miserable manner, for having plundered the dog. "Poor dog," says he, "I see by your air that you have been shaved for God's sake."

MURRAY AND THE BISHOP.

The publisher of the *Quarterly Review* once received a letter, dated Chelsea, signed "Winton," proposing to him to publish a "Pitt," which he had written in several volumes. He scornfully put it into his pocket, and in a conversation mentioned it as a good joke to some literary friends at dinner, that some fellow of the name of Winton had actually been wasting his time on such a project, and now had the modesty to propose to him to publish it. "Winton," exclaimed a Wykehamist, "did he date?" "Oh! from Chelsea," said the publisher. The other suspecting an error of identity desired to see the letter, and on its being produced it was discovered to be from the Bishop of Winchester written at the Palace at Chelsea. The publisher overwhelmed with chagrin, flew to Chelsea, and made many excuses for neglect, and was put into possession of the MS. of a work which soon ran through large and profitable editions.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

SIMPLICITY.

man giving evidence at court; was asked
el if he was born in *Wedlock*? "No,
d the man, "I was born in *Devenshire*!"

MARRIAGE OF A MISS BROWN TO A MR. FLINT.

ought within your breast,
passions once did rest,
ad good I deem'd your heart,
take th' unhappy's part;
or others' woes you felt,
tale of misery melt,
t been within your power,
distress your bounty shower;
what sudden news I hear!
angely chang'd, I greatly fear)
all your goodness past
can turn to *Flint* at last
e news should e'en prove true,
from evil may ensue;
tion should increase
y hours domestic peace,
many years are past,
erhaps strike out at last,
y moment in the dark)
as *both*, a BRILLIANT SPARK.

WELSH GENTILITY.

as I. was on the road near Chester, he
och numbers of the Welsh, who came
ty to see him, that the weather being
roads dusty, he was nearly suffocated.
letely at a loss in which manner to rid
n civility; at last one of his attendants,
ad out of the coach, said, "It is his
asure that those who are the best gen-
ide forwards."—Away scampered the
ut one solitary man was left behind.
' says the king to him, "you are not a
m?" "O yes, and please your ma-
is good a shentleman as the rest; but
me,) God help hur, is not so good."

LYING.

I do confess in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?
Nay, look not thus with brow reproofing,
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true;
If half we swear to think or do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion!
The world would be in strange confusion.

If ladies' eyes were every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies
To learn her lore from ladies' eyes.
Oh no; believe me! lovely girl,
When nature turns your *teeth* to *pearl*,
Your *neck* to *snow*, your *eyes* to *fire*,
Your *yellow locks* to *golden wire*,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me—
Or I for you: as night and morn
We've swearing kiss'd and kissing sworn.
And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, he's wholly yours.
But oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

MOORI

VAN TROMP.

The Dutch admiral Van Tromp, who was a li
heavy man, was once challenged by a thin ac
French officer. "We are not upon equal terms v
rapiers, said Van Tromp, but call upon me to-mor
morning, and we will adjust the affair better. W
the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch adm
bestriding a barrel of gunpowder: "There is
enough for you, said Van Tromp, at the other

the barrel; sit down, there is a match, and as you were the challenger give fire. The Frenchman was thunderstruck at this terrible mode of settling—but the Dutch admiral told him he would fight no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

ON THE LETTER D.

'Twas in Heaven pronounced, it was mutter'd in Hell,

And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder

'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Tis allotted to man with his earliest breath,
It assails as his birth, it attends him to death.
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And tho' anaspiring, with trons it is crown'd.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal hour.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
But woe to the wretch, who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, but tho' deaf to the ear
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

BYRON.

DICKS AND CHICKENS.

When Rowland Hill was erecting his chapel in Blackfriars Road, many of his congregation resorted to a Baptist's meeting-house in that neighbourhood thus the divine did not like—and one day when a number of his flock, who were passing to the house of ablation, stopped to look at the bricklayer employed in the building, some of the workmen, by asking them for money to do so, drove them away—but as they were going, Rowland cried to the carpenters, "Come on, get on, get on, if you trifle in this way, all my

chickens will be turned into steel-bones ready to receive them.

THE OXONIAN.—A CHAIRMAN.

A young Oxonian got ordered to be like many others, who are sent to school Who, taken from their country schools And dread of going to school

Are put apprentices to Mr. T. And learn—to make themselves wiser But to my tale—this sort of education Would cost his leisure hours to a man. When unobserved, take copies of the The luscious produce of the purple vine And get his cranum in a profit's race Or get the plainer hardier, scratching & Moreover he was fond of cards & of dice In latter days too prevalent a vice Could swear and run in debt and wear Some luckless tradesman would be glad To have the consequences of a bill, which now was growing rather He'd kick his breech, or pack the cart And knock him down, a dozen per cent—This to be sure now, was not very rare But shows that easiness some men are These pretty tricks, the reform may tell Could not be long concealed

From dame Jospe's son's penetrating eye But to the President were soon revealed In vain did he his happiness bewail In vain for pride did the youth sigh (Which oft had been obtained by law

Then dropt a precious tear, Nor prayers nor tears will now avail— He's sworn on'd to appear High on his chair the renowned father In all the dignity of pride and fat High on his chair, a wretched creature The youth would have been able to have seen Decider of his good or evil fate—

Whilst thus his words throughout the "Young man— As life is but a span,

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

It ought to be our constant care
 Whilst we are suffer'd to remain on earth,
 To tread in virtue's paths, and thus prepare
 Our souls to meet a future birth.
 In with sorrow I'm oblig'd to say
 Your conduct the reverse of this does prove :
 That through the various scenes of vice you rove ;
 'Tis 'stead of minding Homer you are sporting.
 'Tis rash youth, no more his bosom sting,
 If you'd wish your father's life to save,
 From your conduct, or you'll surely bring
 His old grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."
 "Nay, here smiling, rose, and rising cried—
 'Cause my interrupting your discourse,
 Is certainly too well applied :
 I beg permission to remark,
 I am not afraid of what you mention,
 But observe our hopeful spark,
 Thank you for your good intention :
 If I continue thus to sting
 His bosom, I shall surely bring
 My hairs to the grave, with sorrow big—
 Fare, reverend Sir, withhold your fears—
 My father, for these thirty years,
 Is a wro!"

MATRIMONIAL CREED.

Will be married, before all things it is
 That he hold the conjugal faith in this
 Are two rational beings created, both
 One superior to the other, and the
 Our rule over the superior ; which faith,
 We do keep whole and undivided, with
 Shall be scolded everlastingly.
 Superior to the woman, and the woman
 Man, yet both are equal, and the
 Commanded to obey the man, and
 To obey the woman ; and yet there
 Is but one obedient.

For there is one dominion not
 and another dominion real of the
 are not two dominions, but one d
 For, like as we are compell'd
 verity to acknowledge, that wives
 selves to their husbands, and be st
 all things ; so are we forbidden by
 to say, that they should be at all in
 wills, or pay any regard to their con
 The man was not created for the
 woman for the man ; yet the man ab
 of the woman, and the woman the ty
 so that in all things, as is aforesaid, th
 the superior to the inferior is to be bel
 He, therefore, that will be marrie
 think of the woman and the man.
 Furthermore, it is necessary to subm
 munity, that he also believe rightly the w
 the wife.

For the right faith is, that we believe a
 that the wife is fallible and infallible ;
 Perfectly fallible, and perfectly infallib
 erring soul, and an unerring mind, substant
 ble as touching her human nature, and infall
 touching her female sex.

Who, although she be fallible, and infall
 she is not two, but one woman : who subtra
 lawful marriage, to acquire unlawful dominio
 promised religiously to obey, that she might
 injustice and folly.
 This is the conjugal faith ; which, except a
 believe faithfully, he cannot enter the state of m
 munity.

THE MONK AND THE JEW ; OR, CATHOLIC CONVE

To make new converts truly bless'd,
 A Recipe—*Probatum est.*
 Stern winter, clad in frost and snow,
 Had now forbade the streams to flow ;
 And skating peasants swiftly glide,
 Like swallows, o'er the slipp'ry tide ;
 When Mordecai, upon whose face
 The synagogue you plain

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

tane, with smiles deceitful, bore
 a curs'd hole, but late skinn'd o'er;
 wn plumps the Jew; but, in a trice,
 ng he caught the friendly ice,
 grasp'd; he yell'd, a hideous cry:
 friendly help, alas! was nigh;
 e a poor monk—who quickly ran,
 snatch from death the drowning man.
 when the holy father saw
 mb of the Mosaic law,
 outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
 or Heaven's sake, help?" exclaims the Jew.
 urn Christian first!" the father cries.
 m froze to death," the Jew replies.
 roze!" quoth the monk; "too soon you'll
 know,
 re's fire enough for Jews below.
 ource your unbelieving crew,
 I help is near."—"I do, I do!"
 amn all your brethren, great and small."
 'ith all my heart—O, damn 'em all!
 v help me out."—"There's one thing more:
 ite this cross, and Christ adore."
 here, there! I Christ adore!"—"Tis well;
 is arm'd, defiance bid to Hell.
 I yet another thing remains,
 guard against eternal pains:
 you our Papal Father hold
 iv'n's vicar, and believe all told
 holy church?"—"I do, by G—d!
 : moment more, I'm food for cod!
 ig, drag me out; I freeze, I die!"
 our peace, my friend, is made on high.
 I absolution here I give;
 nt Peter will your soul receive.
 sh'd clean from sin, and duly shriv'n,
 w converts always go to heav'n.
 hour, for death, so fit as this:
 as, thus, I launch you into bliss."
 said—the father, in a trice,
 i convert launch'd beneath the ice.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

If you see a man and woman, with
 occasion, often finding fault, and correcting
 in company, you may be sure they are in
 wife.—If you see a lady and gentleman in
 coach in profound silence, the one looking
 window, and the other at the opposite
 pared they mean no harm to each other
 husband and wife.—If you see a lady
 let fall a glove or a handkerchief, and a
 that is next to her tell her of it, that she
 pick it up, set them down for husband
 If you see a man and woman walk in a
 twenty yards distance, in a direct line, a
 striding over a stile and still going on, s
 ure, you may swear they are husband a
 you see a lady whose beauty attracts th
 every person present, except one man, at
 to her in a rough manner, and does not
 affected by her charms, depend upon it
 band and wife.

AN ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAISE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize;
 Who never wanted a good word
 From those who spoke her praise.
 The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor
 Who left a pledge behind.
 She strove the neighbourhood to please
 With manners wond'rous winning
 And never follow'd wicked ways,
 Unless when she was sinning.
 At church in silks and satins new,
 With hoops of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew,
 But when she shut her eyes.
 Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has followed her
 When she has walk'd before.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

wealth and fiery fled,
 str-on cut short all,
 found, when she was dead,
 disorder mortal.
 it, in sorrow sore,
 street well may say,
 : liv'd a twelvemonth more,
 at died to-day. **GOLDSMITH.**

ELLA AND HER DOCTOR.

a being extremely ill, her physician
 you are certainly near the bottom of
 shall endeavour to get you up again."
 Doctor, I am afraid I shall be out of
 get to the top again."

ON A BANKRUPT, LATELY TURNED PREACHER.

y credtors perplex'd.
 d tradesmen's angry din;
 preaches from the text,
 nger, and *I took him in.*"

THE MIRACLE.

r, being at a quaker's meeting, heard
 was holl'ing forth speak with great
 not the ill consequence of giving the
 ion, and in refore advised that, when
 a tale not consistent with truth or
 : hearer should only cry "Twang!"
 t irritate people to passion like the lie.
 digressed into the story of the miracle
 being fed with five loaves of bread,
 l them that they were not such loaves
 ow-a-days, but were as big as moun-
 the far uttered with a loud voice—
 What," says the quaker, "dost thou
 nd."—"No," says Jack, "but I am
 ig the ovens were that baked them."

STRONGING.

home, said Harry Skinner;
 n dine not out, you get no dinner,

CONTRADICTION.

A young clergyman having buried three wives,
 lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky.
 "Madam," replied he, "I knew they could not
 without contradiction, so I let them all have their
 own way."

ON FINDING A PAIR OF SHOES ON A LADY'S BED.

Well may suspicion shake his head!
 Well may Cicinda's spouse be jealous!
 When the dear wanton takes to bed
 Her very shoes, because they're fellows!

NATHANAL SERMON.

When Whitfield preached before the assembly
 New York, he had the following bold apostrophe
 his sermon—"Well, my boys, we have a clear
 and are making fine headway over a smooth sea,
 fore a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land.
 But what means this sudden lowering of the heaven
 and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western
 horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder?
 Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is
 storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How
 waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air
 dark! The air is dark! The tempest rages! The
 masts are gone! The ship is on her beam end!
 What next?" The unsuspecting tars, suddenly aroused
 and exclaimed, *Take to the long boat.*

THE POOR POET TO HIS CAT.

Tabby, methinks thou much resembl'st me,
 In musing posture, as beside the fire
 Thou sitt'st. And now pray let me question thee,
 What sorrows or what whims thy breast inspire?
 Hast thou a kitten, querulous for food;
 Or dwells thy thought upon some absent rover,
 Who spends the night, (O base ingratitude!)
 Regardless of thy charms, with some new lover?
 Or does the nibbling of that hungry mouse,
 Behind the wainscot, draw thy deep attention,
 And art thou planning, guardian of the house,
 Sage methods for the prowler's apprehension?
 Whate'er thy grievances, they're but ideal,
 Whilst mine, alas! are palpable and real.

ADVANTAGES OF VOLINESS.

In the reign of Lewis XIV. a gentleman, who had suffered by the law's delay, was promised speedy justice by a nobleman, who brought the gentleman to Versailles, to present him to his majesty. The request being granted by the king, his majesty asked the peer what connection he had with the man whose interest he had so warmly espoused. "Not any," replied he; "in fact so far from it, that I never saw him in my life till the other day." "What?" replied the king, "had you never seen him before? How, then, could you be under that obligation to him which you talk of?" "O, sire," exclaimed the nobleman, "has it your majesty perceived that, till he was brought forward, I was supposed to have been the ugliest man in your dominions? The exception he has enabled me to make is surely a very great obligation."

THE DOCTOR AND CAPTAIN, A TALE FROM BATH.

In Bladud's city, place of vast renown,
Where, in the season, wealthy cits from town
Escort their wives and pretty daughters,
To make a dash,
To cut a splash,

To dance, to play at cards, and drink the waters—
A strife arose 'twixt men of high condition,
Captain *this*, and *that* a grave physician.
One morn, the hero of the *scarlet coat*,
Upon the doctor's gate, with pencil, wrote

"Scoundrel!" in letters clear and plain

The doctor saw amaz'd he stood,
He long'd to let the captain blood;
And waxing wroth, he grasp'd his gold-topp'd cane,
Then sallied forth, and, after various doings,
At length he found the noble captain's lodgings;
There, in politeness to be conquer'd, scorning,
To bid the servant, with an arch regard,
Give to your master doctor Pestle's card,
For at my gate he left his NAME this morning."

ETYMOLOGY AND LAW.

Shortly after Lord Eldon, the Scotch judge, assumed
seat on the bench as a judge, a gentleman re-

marked to him, that his title would be very
confounded with that of the Lord Eldon. On
this observation Lord Eldon answered, "The
difference between his Lordship and me is all in
the name."

A DREAM.

With bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jenny peep'd her pillow,
She dreamt of lovers, thick as hopt,
Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains
And goblins kept their station,
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she
To spare the male creation

Before her row the hawk, the bean,
The squire, the captain tipsy,
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart,
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—of magic charms prevail
And fancy play'd her farce on;
That, soft reclin'd in elbow chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but O, rash muse! forbear
Nor virgin's dream pursue;
Yet blest above the poils is he,
Who proves such visions true.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Margate advertisement, by an ass and
donkeys are alternately employed by ladies
glers.

Asses here to be let, for all purposes
To bear *asses* by day, and *asses* by

MONGREL TONGUE.

There liv'd, as some report, in days of
At least some fifty years ago, or more,

wight, on ~~some~~ yclep'd Tom King;
 was clever ~~the~~ joke;
 the arts to tease and ~~smoke~~;
 it strokes of humour quite ~~the~~ sitting.
 which this King was known,
 effective wit unrivall'd shone:
 it, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
 his stories and bon-mots to hear;
 disappointment e'er could fear,
 it flow'd in such a copious flood.
 it was a high delight;
 would hunt for day and night,
 to prodence on the sport might frown:
 east mischief sprung to view,
 hedge and ditch away he flew;
 it game till he had run it down.
 here, rambling with a friend,
 it Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 it spot the Seven Dials light:
 all around, and clear the coast;
 it usual, doing on his post,
 a lamp display'd a twinkling light.
 place there liv'd the num'rous clans
 adding, foreign artizans,
 hat time by name of Refugees:
 execution, from their home
 inoffensive race to roam;
 they lighted like a swarm of bees.
 so friends were saunt'ring through the

food for humour soon to meet;
 window near, a light they view,
 a dim and melancholy ray,
 dialogue to some merry play;
 the gloomy dome our hero drew.
 then he gave a thund'ring knock—
 they suppose near two o'clock.
 says King, "if Thomson lodges here."
 some t'other, "who the devil's he?"
 King replies; "but want to see
 if animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came—
 One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
 An old strip'd woollen nightcap grac'd his head,
 A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread—
 Scarce half awake, he hear'd a yawning note,
 Tho' thus untimely row'd, he courteous smil'd,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 "Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
 I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait:
 Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"
 "Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
 As by your house, I chanc'd to-night to go—
 But really I disturb'd your sleep, I fear!
 I say, I thought that you, perhaps, could tell,
 Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
 If there's a Mr. Thomson lodges here!"
 The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break;
 Then, with unalter'd courtesy he spake—
 "No, Sare; no Monsieur Tousseon lodges here."
 Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rd's home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
 But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest:
 So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
 Again he made a visit to the place,
 To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.
 He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
 No footstep seem'd approaching to the door:
 Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound,
 King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
 Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
 And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.
 At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
 Wond'ring what fear again disturb'd his sleep,
 The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
 Thus drawing out, to heighten the surprise,
 While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes—
 "Is there—a Mr. Thomson lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—
 "Vy Sarc, I'm sure I tell you, Sarc, last night!"
 And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere—
 "No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know;
 No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so;
 Indeed, Sarc, dere no Monsieur Tonson here!"
 Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes;
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
 The rogue next night pursu'd his old career:
 'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh;
 And then he utter'd in a piteous cry—
 "Sarc, 'pon my soul no Monsieur Tonson here!"
 Our sportive wight his usual visit paid;
 And, the next night, came forth a prattling maid,
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster!
 Anxious she strove his errand to inquire,
 He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 He should not stir till he had seen her master.
 The damsel then began in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day;
 King told her, she must fetch her master down;
 A chaise was ready—he was leaving town;
 But first had much of deep concern to say.
 Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay:
 At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears;
 But, scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When King attacks him in the usual way.
 The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And straight in rage began his cry to rear—
 "Sarc, vat de devil make you treat me so?
 Sarc, I inform you, Sarc, tree nights ago:
 Got dam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here!"
 True as the night King went and heard a strife
 Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,
 Which should descend to chase the fiend away:
 At length to join their forces they agree;
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood.
 The name of Thomson rais'd the storm as I
 He deem'd it, then, the safest plan to fly,
 With—"Well, I'll call when you're engaged"
 In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night, to plague the Frenchman
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wight
 They throw out water, for the watch they
 But King, expecting, still escapes from all.
 Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his bust to
 It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
 On some fair prospect, sought the crater'd
 Six long'ring years were, there, his tedious
 At length, content, amid his ripening store,
 He took a gun on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.
 To London with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night as former freaks arise,
 He cannot stroll, the well-known lane
 "Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth,"
 "My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is de
 Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his
 With rapid strokes he makes the mansion
 And while he, eager, eyes the opening door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling
 Why e'en our Frenchman! Strange perhaps
 He took his old abode that very day:—
 Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel
 Without one thought of the relentless foe!
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago.
 Just in his former trim he now appears:
 The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the
 With ruddiness, as before, he creeping came
 And King's detested voice astonish'd him
 As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewildered with affright;
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full
 Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain
 "Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come ag
 Away he ran; and ne'er was heard of

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

of taxes for the ward of Chester in the
man, whose income is derivable from
requested a friend to furnish him with a
sal. The latter recommended him to
Marmion, "Charge, Chester,

PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

iners, for no good,
ed to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
to dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

les had these sad rogues to travel,
ing in their shoes much worse than

toes, so gentle to amuse,
d order'd peas into their shoes.

mous in old Popish times
souls that stunk with crimes,
postolic salt,
h parsons for its powers exalt,
souls of sinners sweet,
tchen salt keeps meat.

et off on the same day,
shoes, to go and pray,
ifferent was their speed, I wot:
nners gallop'd on,
Hlet from a gun,
limp'd as if he had been shot.

Virgin, soon *peccavi* cry'd—
al whitewash'd all so clever:
gain he nimbly hied,
ith saints above to live for ever.

ck, however, let me say,
rother rogue about half way:
he out-stretch'd bum and bending knees,
souls and bodies of the peas:
his cheeks and brow in sweat,
with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewash'd, pilgrim
broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Od's curse it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,

Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go,
For d—me if I ha'nt lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain:
How 'tis that you are not in pain;

What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes!
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
As merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn ye!"
"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas." P. PINDAR

A CHOICE.

An Irishman was once brought up before a magis-
trate, charged with marrying six wives. The magis-
trate asked him how he could be so hardened a
villain? Please your Worship, (says Paddy) *I was*
trying to get a good one.

A COOL RETORT.

Henderson the actor was seldom known to be in
a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating
with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper,
threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson
took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and cool
said, "That, Sir, was a digression; now for the
argument."

FRANK HAMAN.

Frank Haman, once a brother of the brush,
Had talents much distinguish'd in his day;
But for his art he hardly car'd a rush.
If some odd grief stumbled in his way

This wag was deem'd by all the social tribe
 A jovial, easy, careless, pleasant fellow,
 Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
 And sometimes in his cups a little mellow.
 He, being tempted by a pleasant day,
 After a long contention with the gout,
 A foe that oft besieg'd him, sallied out,
 To breathe fresh air, and wile an hour away.
 It chanc'd as he was strolling, void of care,
 A drunken porter pass'd him with a hare.
 The hare was o'er his shoulder slung,
 Dangling behind, in piteous plight,
 And as he crept in zig-zag style,
 Making the most of every mile,
 From side to side poor pussy swung,
 As if each moment taking flight.
 A dog, who saw the man's condition,
 A lean and hungry politician,
 On the look-out, was lurking close behind;
 A sly and subtle chap,
 Of most sagacious smell,
 Like politicians of a higher kind,
 Ready to snap
 At any thing that fell.
 The porter stagger'd on, the dog kept near,
 Watching the lucky minute for a bite,
 Now made a spring, and then drew back with fear,
 While Haman follow'd, titt'ring at the sight.
 Great was the contrast 'twixt the man and dog;
 The one a negligent and stupid lout,
 That seem'd to know not what he was about;
 The other keen, observant, all agog.
 Nor need it wonderment excite, I ween,
 That Haman clus'd the tram to mark the scene.
 Thro' many a street our tipsy porter reels,
 Then stops—as if to solemn thoughts inclin'd—
 The watchful dog was ready at his heels,
 And Haman hobbled on not far behind.
 Then rolling on again, the man survey'd
 One of those happy mansions, where
 A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
 To all the thirsty sons of care.

The sight of this refreshing place,
 The scent that hails him from the door,
 Arrest at once his rambling pace—
 As they had often done before.

His host, with accents that were wood'ron
 Invites him in, a jolly crew to join;
 The man the gen'rous courtesy deem'd,
 Merely, perhaps, for want of thirst—or so

Straight on a bench without, he stretched at
 Regardless of the passing throng,
 And soon his weary eyelids close,
 While Somnus soothes him to repose.
 The hare now prostrate at his back,
 This was the time to get a snack,
 The dog, unable longer to refrain,
 Gaz'd at the hare,
 Who caus'd his care,
 Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and
 bit again.

At length, when he had clear'd away the
 The sated spoiler finish'd on the breast.

Then having made a hearty meal,
 He carelessly turn'd on his heel,
 Nor thought of asking "What's to pay
 But scamper'd at his ease away;
 Perhaps to find some four-foot fair,
 And tell the story of the hare.

And here some sage, with moral spleen, may
 "Thus Haman should have driv'n the dog
 Th' effects of vice the blameless should not
 And folks that are not drunkards lose the
 All this we grant is very true—
 But in this giddy world how few
 To virtue's heights sublimely move,
 Relinquishing the things they love.
 Not so unfashionably good,
 Our waggish painter laughing stood,
 In hopes more sport to find
 Dispos'd to keep in view his game,
 And with th' ambitious Thane exclaim,
 "The greatest is behind."

v, whate'er the plan
fond pursuits of man,
may the course attend,
adful of the end.

f mirth a lucky store,
led in his way,
after more,
id, or seem'd to say:—
people fret and scold,
ony wreck behold;
nken rogue will stare,
as what ~~was~~ the hare.

ust needs be droll,
see the whole."
future pleasure,
o wait the sleeper's leisure.

porter's slumbers o'er
ott'ring as before;
ny body, kind,
of his load behind.
uses turn'd his eye,
ey's end was nigh,
per in his hand,
ade a stand.

near with eager mien,
losing of the scene,
ight a furious din,
ady for a grin.
but mention one thing more,
ll he must have lik'd the whim,
ter hit at last the door,
nd the hare was sent to *him*.

IS OF CONSCIENCE.

so much averse to the Athana-
never would read it. The arch-
informed of his recusancy sent
ask him the reason. "I do not
priest. "But your metropolitan
ndeacon. "It may be so," re
and he can well afford it. He

believes at the rate of *seven thousand* a year, and I
only at that of *fifty*."

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A man, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle,
Enters the field against the foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are;
But meet, just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knock
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suffering patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed.
Or give a glister.

Of occupations, these were *quantum suff.*,
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanc'd things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't,
His fame full six miles round the country ran:
In short, in reputation he was *solus*;
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter);
Read works of fancy, it is said;
And cultivated the Belles Lettres.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who have a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

s lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't,
 his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.
 opportunity he e'er let pass
 of writing the directions on his labels,
 in dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables;
 rather like the lines in Hudibras.
 Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason;
 'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime;
 when patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.
 He had a patient lying at death's door,
 some three miles from the town, it might be four,
 to whom one evening Bolus sent an article
 In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
 And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote verse;
 Which one would think was clear enough,
 And terse:

"When taken,
 To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
 And to the patient's house he goes
 Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
 It was indeed a very sorry hack;
 But that's of course,

For what's expected from a horse,
 With an apothecary upon his back?
 Bolus arriv'd and gave a loudish tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
 Are giv'n by gentlemen who teach to dance,
 By fiddlers and by opera singers:
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster;
 A fearful look'd and grim,

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said:
 John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
 "He took the draught!" John gave a nod.
 "Well, how?—what then? speak out you do
 "Why then," says John, "we shook him on
 "Shook him! how!" Bolus stammered out:
 "We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man,—a shake v
 "No, Sir, and so we gave him two."
 "Two shakes!—odds curse!"

"I would make the patient worse."
 "It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried
 "Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir,
 died."

HORSE AND ASS.

A jocky lord met his old college to
 horse fair. "Ah! doctor," exclaim
 "what brings you here among these li
 Do you think you can distinguish a
 ass?"—"My lord," replied the tutor
 ceived you among these horses."

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE RA

A fellow in a market town,
 Most musical cried razors up and do
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pen
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As ev'ry man would buy, with cas

A country bumpkin the great of
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck b
 With cheerfulness the eighteen
 And proudly to himself in whi
 "This rascal stole the razors I s
 No matter if the fellow be a k
 Provided that the razors shav
 It certainly will be a monstrous
 So home the clown with his
 Smiling, in heart and soul co
 and quickly soap'd himself to



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

349

'd from a dish or tub,
with grinning pain, to grub,
uttering farze :
!—then the rest he try'd—
—“Ah !” Hodge sigh'd,
a-pence within my purse.”
beard, and bring the graces,
and winc'd, and stamp'd, and
danc'd, blasphem'd, and made

razor's body o'er and o'er.
d of opposition stuff,
would not lose it's ruff,
at the steel and suds.
n stretch'd his angry jaws,
vengeance, with clenched claws,
at sold the goods.
confounded dog—
hog !”
fellow—found him—and begun,
Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
mselves out of their lives
n hour have I been grubbing,
whiskers here a scrubbing,
oyster-knives.
you're a knave,
that can't shave.”
razor man, “I'm not a knave.
you have bought,
ever thought
ive.”

I shave ?” quoth Hodge, with
yes,
sch unlike an Indian yell,
made for then, you dog ?” he cries.
the fellow, with a smile—“to

P. PINDAR.

— AND FOOLS.

ugh dining with a friend, the
the servant to take away the

dish containing the *fowls*, which she pronounced
FOOLS. “I presume, madam, you mean *fowls*,”
said Mr. R. very pompously :—“Very well, be it so,”
said the lady, “take away the *fowls*, but let the *fools*
remain !”

GARRULITY OF WOMEN.

Some philosophers maintain that speech is the
criterion of reason. Parrots and other birds speak ;
are they then rational ? Women we know are rational,
but *would they be less so if they spoke less ?*

MY LANDLADY'S NOSE.

O'er the evils of life 'tis a folly to fret,
Despondence and grief never lessen'd them yet ;
Then a fig for the world—let it come as it goes,
I'll sing to the praise of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape, and position ;
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose,
Success to the bulk of my landlady's nose !

To jeweller's shops let your ladies repair,
For trinkets and nicknacks to give them an air ;
Here living carbuncles, a score of them glows
On the big massy sides of my landlady's nose.

Old Patrick M'Dougherty, when on the fuddle,
Pulls out a segar, and looks up to her noddle ;
For Dougherty swears, when he swigs a good dose,
By Marjory's firebrand, my landlady's nose.

Ye wishy-wash butter-milk drinkers so cold,
Come here, and the virtues of brandy behold ;
Here's red burning Etna—a mountain of snows
Would roar down in streams from my landlady's nose.

But, Gods ! when this trunk with an uplifted arm,
She grasps in the dish-clout to blow an alarm,
Horns, trumpets, and conchs, are but screaming of
crows.

To the loud-thund'ring twang of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose unto me is a treasure,
A care-killing nostrum—a fountain of pleasure ;
If I want for a laugh to discard all my woes,
I only look up to my landlady's nose.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

One of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England, was speaking to Mary, queen of Scots, of the wisdom of his sovereign, queen Elizabeth. Mary stopped him short by saying, "Pray, Sir, don't talk to me of the wisdom of a woman; I think I know my own sex pretty well, and can assure you, that the wisest of us all is only a little less a fool than the others."

THE ROYAL LIBRARIAN.

George III., shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. He stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Hang it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

PROLOGUE, FOR A COMPANY OF COMEDIANS, WHO PERFORMED AT WINCHESTER OVER A BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles;
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The actor swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans, to mutton chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark;
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While magic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellow to the roar the stagg'ring ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones;
Sweat and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,

And form a tragi-comedy around.

With weeping lovers dying calves complain;
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio's blood must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the worthless Jew.

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of beef, of mutton—starve!

But would ye to our house in crowds repeat,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near;
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor hungry queens for cutlets long in vain.

WASH

SPEAKING IN TIME.

A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he said Francis," he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "majesty would hang him five minutes before."

A LONG TEXT.

A clergyman was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading the text he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

THE JEW BEGINNING THE WORLD AGAIN.

Two criminals, a Christian and a Jew,
Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
Were on a platform once expos'd to view;
Or come, as some folks call it, to the gallows.
Or, as of late a quainter phrase prevails,
To weigh their weight upon the city scales.
In dreadful form, the constables and shrieves
The priest, and ordinary, and crowd attend
Till fix'd the noose, and all had taken
When the poor trembling knave

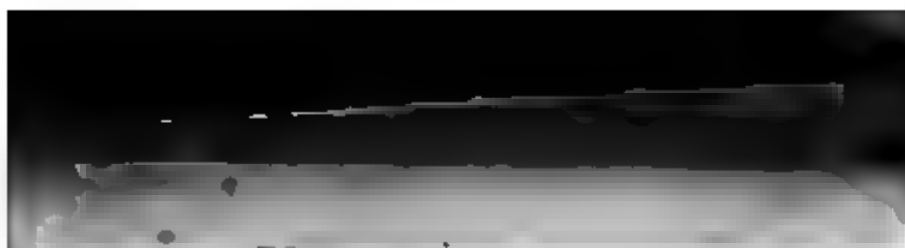
THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

state,
his fate,
not close sticking,
at the place,
acking,
secular grace,
devotion,
ing motion.
ud,
went?
the crowd,)
stian bent,
e,
man's clothes."
UT
y, "that fashionable
Why rout formerly
d when the soldiers
ord, they were said
ome propriety too,"
ne meetings whole
of house and home."
N.
ed as a witness by
atedly asked by the
n the verge of the
."—"And pray, sir,
p your residence in
hope," replied the
ly impertinence of
De.
eat,
oting grouse,
ouse.
glue,
law;
d! whoo! whoo!"
Caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion!—for 'tis said,
When'er the snow came leath'ring down
Four barbed steeds, from the Bull's-head,
Carried thy master up to town.
Weep, Hoppergollop!—Lords may moan,
Who stake, in London, their estate
On two small rattling bits of bone,
On *little figure*, or on *great*.
Swift whirl the wheels—He's gone—A rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
Sweet beauteous blossom!—'twas the one
A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the moor, thy charms demand;
Fels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.
Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd save only she;—
She by herself had been—if one
Had not been left, for company.
'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil;
Cabbage he sow'd, and, when it grew,
He always cut it off, to boil.
Oft would he cry, "Delve, delve the hole!
And prune the tree, trim the root!
And stick the wig upon the pole,
To scare the sparrows from the fruit."
A small, mute favourite, by day
Follow'd his step, where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.
Ah, man! the brute creation see!
Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in ev'ry bob-tail cur.
Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
While Bob-tail in his face would lope,
And mark his master troll the song—
"Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, there

For thus he sung; while Cupid smil'd—
 Pleas'd that the gard'ner own'd his dart,
 Which prun'd his passions running wild,
 And grafted true-love on his heart.
 Maid of the moor! his love return!
 True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame:
 When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds, burn,
 A cook may surely feed the flame.
 Ah! not averse from love was she,
 Though pure as heaven's own snowy flake;
 Both lov'd: and though a gard'ner he,
 He knew not what it was to *rake*.
 Cold blows the blast—the night's obscure;
 The manson's crazy wainscots crack;
 No star appear'd,—and all the moor,
 Like ev'ry other moor,—was black.
 Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat:
 Much did she fear, and much admire
 What Thomas Gard'ner could be at.
 List'ning, her hand supports her chin;
 But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:
 He comes not, from the garden, in;
 Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.
 They cannot come, sweet maid, to thee;
 Flesh, both of cur and ~~man~~, is grass!
 And what's impossible can't be;
 And never, never comes to pass!
 She paces through the hall antique,
 To call her Thomas from his toil;
 Ope's the huge door; the hinges creak—
 Because—the hinges wanted oil.
 Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
 She "Thomas!" cried, with many a sob;
 And thrice on Bob-tail did she call,
 Exclaiming sweetly "Bob! Bob! Bob!"
*Vain maid! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,
 In answers can but ill succeed;
 And dogs that hear when they are dead,
 Are very cunning dogs indeed!*

Back through the hall she bent her way;
 All, all was solitude around!
 The candle shed a feeble ray,
 Though a large mould of four to th' ~~poor~~
 Full closely to the fire she drew;
 Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;
 When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
 And in her apron burnt a hole!
 Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd
 A certain sign that fate will frown;
 The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd,
 A certain sign it was not down.
 More strong and strong her terrors rose:
 Her shadow did the maid appal;
 She trembled at her lovely nose,
 It look'd so long against the wall.
 Up to her chamber damp and cold,
 She climb'd lord Hoppergallop's stair:
 Three stories high—long, dull, and old,
 As great lords' stories often are.
 All nature now appear'd to pause;
 And "o'er one half the world seem'd d
 No "curtain'd sleep" had she—becaus
 She had no curtains to her bed.
 List'ning she lay,—with iron din
 The clock struck ~~twelve~~; the door ~~was~~
 When Thomas grimly glided in,
 With little Bob-tail by his side.
 Tall, like the poplar, was his size;
 Green, green his waistcoat was, as ~~his~~
 Red, red as beet-root were his eyes;
 Pale, pale, as turnips were his cheeks!
 Soon as the spectre she espied,
 The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
 "What would my Thomas?" he reply'd
 "Oh! Molly Dumpling! I am dead!"
 "All in the flower of youth I fell,
 Cut off with health's full blossom;
 I was not ill—but in a well
 I tumbled backwards, and was d



a deep thy love doth lie ;
I dog his fate doth share ;
—this is not he and I ;
Here, —for we are there.

oul water-fleas are we ;
moor, attend us now I
hand—we come for thee !”
end-car said, “ bow, wow !”

in her cold, cold grave,
sheet a maiden likes ;
er thou shalt have ;
there are in Holland dykes.”

roach ; the maid did shrink ;
h the night's foul air they spin ;
to the green well's brink,
souse, they plump'd her in.

; so true the youth,
is day, their story tell :
proverb rose, that *Truth*
often of a will.

COLMAN.

LY TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

wn tired of his shop-board, took a bold
seat to the pulpit, and soon acquired
Elated with the success, he at-
tention of Dean Swift to the true
g admitted to the dean, he thus an-
nounce : “ I am come,” said he, “ by
d, to open your eyes, to enlighten your
o teach you the proper application of
ou have so long abused.” “ Indeed,
,” replied the dean, who knew the
inclined to believe that you are com-
leaven, as you come so critically to
plexed state of my mind at this very
tailor already exulted in the cer-
m. “ You are well acquainted, no
ed Swift, “ with that passage in the
d the Revelation of St. John, where
mighty angel coming down from hea-
show on his head, a book open in his
right foot on the sea, and his
earth. I am quite at a loss how to

calculate the extent of such a stride ; but I know it
immediately lies in the line of your trade to tell me,
how many yards of cloth would make a pair of
breeches for that angel.”

COFFER AND BRASS.

Counsellor Dunning thinking to embarrass a wit-
ness having a Bardolphian nose, began with, “ Now
you, Mr. with the copper nose, now you are sworn,
what have you to say ?” —“ Why, by the oath I have
sworn,” replied he, “ I would not exchange my cop-
per nose for your brazen face.”

CROSS READINGS IN VERSE.

*Every line in this piece is taken from standard poeti-
cal writers, and each read separately makes good
sense ; the humour lies in the combination.*

The flow'ry May now from her green lap throws—
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd
chair—

With Scythians expert in darts and bows—
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind—

The weary world lies sunk in soft repose—

And shuts the gates of mercy on mankind—

And sometimes gallops o'er a courtier's nose.

The sun himself with gloomy clouds oppress—

Renounces four legs, and starts up on two—

'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest—

Who stays on shore, and toys with Sall and See.

Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay—

Transform'd to combs the speckled and the white—

Long as the night to her whose love's away—

On spacious wings with sundry colours dight.

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies—

Satan himself will toll the parish bell—

Where in a box the whole creation lies—

By much too wise to walk into a well.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day—

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg—

Where rougher climes a nobler race display—

A dedication is—a wooden leg.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies—
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away—
 With wailing gait, and voice like London cries—
 Not stops for one bad cork his butler's pay.
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen—
 For to under stars small beer and weak discourse—
 And hark the vengeance of the laws on gin—
 To prove, like Hamias, a man's no horse.
 But now the clouds in airy tumult fly—
 Their track will be no whiter than before—
 While England lives, their fame can never die—
 For still new harlequins remain in store.
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew—
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone—
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew—
 And boldly fought to save the British throne.
 To' applause of ast'ning senates to command—
 Let me extol a cat on oysters fed—
 His wig all powder, and all stuff his band—
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed.
 Now Night in vestments rob'd of deepest dye—
 With new-born Day had gladden'd mortal sight—
 To whom Lixxes with a pleasing eye—
 With head advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight.
 Ah! think, thou favour'd of the powers divine—
 On the forefinger of an alderman—
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine—
 And pierce aloft in air the soaring swan.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!—
 Arm'd with a pudding that might please a dean—
 Scours wild along disdaining all controul—
 And murders fops by whom she ne'er was seen.
 So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane—
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul—
 Those stars that grace the wide celestial plain—
 For very want can never build a wall.

ALL AT ONCE.

A Greek and a Venetian held a dispute on the advantages of their respective countries, during which

the Greek did not fail to which his country had answered the Venetian, which accounts for your

THE SLEEPER.

A wit at Cambridge, ordered to preach at St. Michael and the heads of the had observed the growing and took in a piece of cannot be watch one hour concluded with his text, for sat near the pulpit, of the task of the whole university—of another, that he of Cantebury, who sent defend himself against the when he gave so extraordinary wit, that the preach before king James condescended, and said *James the First* and the the first king of England, at first the king was so but in the end was so weak that he made him a duke. After this advancement, down to Cambridge to be vice-chancellor, and to which he accordingly did the verse of his former to *your rest*. Concluding apology to the vice-chancellor said before (which gave watch one hour) I say no rest, and so left the university.

EPILOGUE.

A very indifferent poet what he deemed the chief poem, inquired "Which approved?" "Those who replied the other."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

GINGO.

well as most men in Europe,
most men in Europe do not
as well as most men in

AGED LAM.

in sorrow o'er,
ring to thee;
tows no more,
we not see.

STOCKS.

i a country town, observed
cks. "My friend," said he,
was to sell out." "I should
sout," he replied drily, "but
is too low."

FROLIC.

Justice Holt presided in the
poor decrepit old creature
charged as a criminal, on
he law ought to be visited
the charges were opened.
ed his Lordship "Witch-
!"—"She has a power-
—The spell was handed
small ball of variously-
with threads of as many
wound and unfolded,
f parchment, on which
a now nearly illegible
spell?"—The prose-
judge, after looking
cuts, addressed him-
Prisoner, now came
man, my Lord, gave
ue."—"How long
—"And did it cure
a."—"I am glad
moments, and then
Gentlemen of the
e companions, as
woman's dwell-
njoying ourselves

found we had no means to disch
I had recourse to a stratagem.
of an ague, I pretended I had a
wrote the classic line you see on
ment, and was discharged of the
the gratitude of the poor woman
supposed benefit."

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER

Here lies a lawyer,—one whose n
(Like that of all the lawyer-kind)
Resembled, though so grave and st
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly,—
Which for the mousing deeds transi
In holes and corners, is well fitted
But which in sunshine, grows contra
As if 'twould,—rather not admit
As if in short, a man would quite
Throw time away who tried to let
Decent portion of God's light
On lawyer's mind or pussy's retina.
Hence when he took to politics,
As a refreshing change of evil,
Unfit with grand affairs to mix,
His little mis prius tricks,
Like imps at ho-peep, play'd the dev
And proved that when a small law wit
Of statesmanship attempts the trial,
'Tis like a player on the kit,
Put all at once to a bass viol.
Nay, even when honest, (which he cou
Be, now and then,) still quibbling d
He served his country as he would
A client thief at the Old Bailey.
But,—do him justice,—short and rare
His wish through honest paths to roa
Born with a taste for the unfair,
Where falsehood call'd he still was ther
And when least honest most at home
Thus shuffling, bullying, lying, creeping
He work'd his way up near the thron
And long before he took the keeping
Of the king's conscience, lost his ow

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

MUNCHATSEN OUTDONE.

Several gentlemen, of ingenious invention, or extraordinary credulity, having amused a company by a success to detail of wondrous events, a ship-master observed, "Gentlemen, these narratives which you have given me do not seem strange and extraordinary, but I can tell you of an instance which occurred to myself not less true, and still more extraordinary. Last year, coming home from the West Indies, and being on the banks of New York, my people looked in vain for a shark. He was such a creature as they were never before seen. I ran down into the night break the top and escape. I ran down into the cabin and felt him. I always keep loaded. As the shark got his head to the surface of the water, I leveled a pistol to fire at him, but just as I was going to pull the trigger, in a twinkling, the pistol dropped from my hand, and he was in the same moment, the shark, my hand, and he was in the same spot on the water. Well, when being near the same spot on my last homeward voyage, the crew again looked at the shark, which was now a creature, they were fortunate enough to get on board, and as a matter of fact, which you know, rather, as the most powerful part of the fish, they were up to the belly. I was surprised to hear what appeared like the report of a pistol, but, judging by the sound, when I found that this was the idea, the shark looked at my finger, and that my pistol had fallen into its mouth, and, as you say, he was a creature of its stomach, but it had there remained, and, till the operation of cutting it up had, properly as the fact of the chopper and the fish, made the piece off!"

A CAUTIOUS HINT.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day, in a large company, "Madam, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion Death has forgotten us. I should as well be dead as you," replied the lady, "by the way, I should remind him of us."

IMPROVISED, OR SPRING AN ANSWER.

I met a friend the other day
Whose coat was rather old,
When told, no wonder,
His pocket was empty.

A friend, whose name I don't know,
Rose and chin were red as
his teeth, and were very
near together, and he
and the world were
other very much
replied the gentleman
passed between them.

A beggar in Dublin, having
ing an old young lady, I
replied, "I am a poor
the old man said, "A
told me, I wish God had made
as you are."

A Father in a French town
Had asked his son,
Sir John,
Did I ever
I had asked him
And I had asked him
Yes, I had asked him
I had asked him
I had asked him

Two men of faith
narrow way
followed
I had asked him
I had asked him
I had asked him
I had asked him
I had asked him

THE ELDER BROTHER.

London noise, and London follies,
 Covent-garden blooms in smoky glory;
 Tea, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
 And comedians, fam'd in story!

A spot (upon a sadder plan)
 A regular, and staid, young man:
 In early hours, and quiet, love;
 Titled, Mr. Isaac Shove.

Yet rich in expectations,
 Body seem'd likely to supplant—
 Religious bore of all relations,
 Ating, stiff-rump'd, maiden aunt;
 Miss Lucretia Cloghorthy,
 With Isaac up, and own'd to forty!

Maiden's will relied securely;
 He ne'er would wed, to mar his riches;
 If she say, of man, demurely—
 "The filthy things in breeches!"

Up two pair of stairs;
 Poor lodged Dr. Crow;
 A torturer of hairs,
 And display of wigs, below,
 Brutus, to the parson's frizzle—
 'Twas his name; 'twas Twizzle.

As must know,
 Crow
 Of music, nor divinity;
 Ric; but, the fact is,
 Scina's turnpike practise;
 Ids—reducing ladies' shapes,
 Or'd themselves from "leading

tion of virginity.
 nement of brick,
 Its, one mile from Hyde Park
 re planted round it thick;
 vlorner!
 olks might scout it,
 ists, who fell sick,
 world to know about it.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
 Pro tempore—full tender of her fame!
 Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town—
 "Business, forsooth, to Yorkshire call'd her down—
 Too weighty to be settled by attorney!"
 And, in a month or six weeks' time came back:
 When ev'ry body cried—"Good lack!
 How monstrous thin you've grown, upon your jou-
 ney!"

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of scandal
 Would blow his private trade to tatters,
 Dreaded to give the smallest handle
 To those who dabble in their neighbours' matters
 Therefore he wisely held it good,
 To hide his practice from the neighbourhood—
 And not appear there as a resident,
 But merely one who casually went

To see the ladies in the large brick-house—
 To lounge and chat—not minding time a souce—
 Like one to whom all business was quite foreign:
 And thus, he visited his female sick;
 Who lay as thick,
 Within his tenement of brick,
 As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent Garden all the while:
 And, if they sent in haste for his assistance,
 He soon was with them—'twas no mighty distance—
 From the town's end, it was but bare a mile.

Now, Isaac Shove,
 Living above

This Dr. Crow,
 And knowing barber Twizzle liv'd below,
 Thought it might be as well—

Hearing so many knocks, single and double—
 To buy, at his own cost, a street door bell,
 And save confusion in the house, and trouble!
 Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
 Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
 To ring for him at once, and not to knock for Crow, or
 Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel,
 The want of it was rather urgent!

For he had often thought it a disgrace,
To hear, while sitting in his room above,
Twizzle's shrill maid, in the first landing place,
Screaming—"A man below wants Mister Shove!"

The bell was bought: the wire was made to steal
Round the dark staircase, like a tortur'd eel,
Twisting and twining.

The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post grac'd:
And, just beneath, a brazen plate was plac'd,
Lacquer'd, and shining—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
And furthermore, which you might read right well,
Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half past ten, precisely, to a second,
Shove, every night, his supper ended;
And sipp'd his glass of negus till he reckon'd,
By his stop-watch, exactly one more quarter:
Then, as exactly, he untied one garter;
A token 'twas, that he for bed intended.

Yet, having still a quarter good before him,
He leisurely undress'd before the fire:
Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
To be as naked as his mother bore him—

Bating his shirt, and nightcap on his head.
Then as the watchman bawl'd eleven,
He had one foot in bed;
More certainly than cuckolds go to heav'n.

Alas! what pity 'tis, that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity!
But there are swilling wights in London town,
Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—alias, Swine;
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasure thus outrun—
Dozing with head-aches till the afternoon—
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney—Toby Tossplot hight—
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:

And being *Bacchi* plann'd—fall of wit
Altho' he had a tolerable notion,
At aiming at progressive motion,
'Twas not direct—'twas serpentine.
He work'd, with sinuities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming
Not straight, like Corkscrew's post
Prong—
A fork!

At length with near four bottles in his
He saw the moon shining on Shore's
When reading—"Please to ring the bell"
And being civil, beyond measure—
"Ring it!" says Toby—"very well!
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk—that almost jerk'd it down
He waited full two minutes, no one came
He waited full two minutes more;
Says Toby—"If he's deaf, I'm not to blame
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright
Who, quick as lightning popping
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed—
Pale as a parsnip—bolt upright.
At length, he wisely, to himself did
Calming his fears—

"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and
When peal the second rattled in his

Shove jump'd into the middle of the bed
And trembling, at each breath of cold
He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the door
While Toby was performing peal
Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant,
And saw he was a strapper—stoned
Then put this question—"Pray, Sir,
Says Toby—"I want nothing, Sir."
"Want nothing, Sir?—you're pull'd!"
As if you'd jerk it off the wire!
Quoth Toby—gravely making him stare
"I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"Maiden?"—"Yes, yours:—I hope I've done it well!"
 "Time for bed, Sir!—I was hast'ning to it; you write up—'Please to ring the bell.'"
 "Now politeness makes me stop and do it."
 "Now waxing wroth apace,
 "I'd the street door in Toby's face,
 "With all his might
 "And Toby as he shut it, swore
 "Was a dirty son of—something more
 "Than delicacy suffers me to write—
 "Up the knocker, gave a knock,
 "And lo! it might have rais'd the dead;
 "Declares his house sustain'd a shock,
 "To shake his lodgers out of bed.
 "Age thus vented in the rap,
 "Returning home to take his nap,
 "Now high time to let you know,
 "The obstetric Dr. Crow
 "In the beginning of this matter,
 "Toby's tintinnabulatory clatter—
 "That the bell belong'd to Shove,
 "In his bed, but did not move:
 "He did apostrophize—
 "Sounding to Heil,
 "Love and his bell,
 "Wouldn't let him close his eyes.
 "Heard a thund'ring knock, says he—
 "Ninety a messenger for me!
 "Ill in the brick house, no doubt!"
 "d, harrying on his dressing gown—
 "adies, out of town,
 "convenient times for crying out!"
 "ark, now reach'd the staircase head,
 "ark, was coming up to bed.
 "ation of ideas flocking
 "in pinceranium of Crow—
 "by the hasty knocking,
 "ed by a foot he heard below—
 "r folks are apt to do,
 "the dark, and in confusion;
 "is hypothesis he drew
 "ion:

Concluding Shove to be the person sent,
 With an express from the Brist Teneament;
 Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hair,
 Had civilly let in and sent up stairs.
 As Shove came up, tho' he had long time kept
 His character for patience very laudably—
 He couldn't help, at ev'ry step he stepp'd,
 Grunting and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly!
 For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
 Not only were considerably hurt;
 But his corporeal also—
 Having no other clothing than a shirt;
 A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and airy;
 It being then a frost in January.
 When Shove was deep down stairs the Doctor heard,
 —Being much nearer the stair top
 Just here and there a random word,
 Of the soliloquy that Shove let drop.
 But shortly by progression brought
 To contact nearer,
 The doctor, consequently, heard him clearer;
 And then the sag-end of this sentence caught
 Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd;
 "D—n Twizzle's house! and d—n the ball;
 And d—n the fool who rang it!—Well,
 From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd."
 "What, quickly be deliver'd?" echoes Crow:
 "Who is it!—Come; be sharp—reply, reply!
 Who wants to be deliver'd? let me know!"
 Recovering his surprise, Shove answer'd—"I!"
 "You be deliver'd," says the Doctor—"Blood!"
 Hearing a man's gruff voice—"You lout, you lob!
 You be deliver'd!—Come, that's very good;"
 Says Shove—"I will, so help me Bob!"
 "Fellow!" cried Crow, "you're drunk with filthy
 beer:
 A drunkard, fellow, is a brute's next neighbour!
 But Miss Clogharty's time was very near.
 And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour."
 "Zounds!" bellows Shove—with rage, and wooden
 wild!
 "Why then my maiden aunt is big with child!"

before the *spallpeens* and the *cooghorns* eat up the pratees and butter-milk, my jewel.

"Where's your manners? Make your bow. Oh, you will be a Clargy one of these days!"

MATRIMONY.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"

The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,

"Is home so dull and dreary?"

"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;

But man and wife are *one* you know;

And when *alone* I'm weary."

LACONIC CHARGE.

A short time before the death of Judge Foster, he went the Oxford Circuit in one of the hottest summers ever remembered, when his charge to the Grand Jury was to this effect:—"Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot, I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty:—practise it."

ROYAL MIRTH.

In the time of Edward II. a hearty laugh cost the king four crowns. We find in the Antiquarian Repository, the following item in one of the king's accounts: "Item. When the king was at Walmer, to Morris, the clerk of the kitchen, who when the king was hunting did ride before the king, and often fell down from his horse, whereat the king laughed greatly, 20s.!"

PAT AND THE COOK MAID.

I little thought that I should be

One day so fond a lover,

But Nanny spread her nets for me,

I'm taken like a plover.

For flesh and blood, and good blue veins,

There's none like Nanny Brawny.

She leads me with a rope of grains,

As int'rest leads young Sawney.

She treats me worse than fish or fowl,

She roasts and then she hates me,

I'm grown as stupid as an owl,

Its long I'm told that wastes me.

My heart is like an Irish stew,

My brain like batter pudding;

My veins are neither black nor blue,

And not a drop of blood in.

No wonder if you stare my dear,

I'm sure you wouldn't wonder,

Her mouth it runs from ear to ear,

With voice as soft as thunder.

I melt like butter at her look,

And if its kind I'm crazy,

She mention'd once the *parson's* book

I told her I was lazy.

My heart with transport 'gins to jump

When she begins to gammon,

A rib it bent at every thump,

It leap'd up like a salmon.

And yet so tender by the by,

That when she cuts an onion,

You'll see the tear start in her eye,

Like granny reading Bunyan,

But what avails it now to whine,

And crying eyes to jelly,

The clock has struck, it's time to din

Love will not fill the belly.

A LINE OF THE LAW.

A gentleman who was quitting the Court Bench, found some difficulty in pressing! and coming too closely in contact with a barrister, the latter exclaimed, "Do don't tear one to pieces." "No, sir," said the gentleman, "that is your business, not mine."

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

When Mrs. Baddeley was once confined in a lock-up-house, she sung so sweetly to herself out of her cage; but her keeper in fatal effects of the siren's voice, and on himself. Being asked by a fellow prisoner at King's Bench, "what business he had here," replied he, "I had no business came here for pleasure."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

SCRAMS AND JUMPING.

Handel was once the proprietor of the Opera-house, London, and at the time presided at the harp in the orchestra. His embellishments were so enterprising that the attention of the audience was constantly diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocalists. A pompous Italian singer was once so much in preference to his own singing, that he said if ever Handel played him a similar trick, he would jump down upon his instrument, and put a stop to the interruption. Upon which Handel thus said to him:—"Oh! oh! you will jump, will you? Be so kind, and let me do might vendump, and I will advertise it in de bills, and it will get you more money by your jumping than by your singing."

SCRAPERS.

Once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining his back" under his window, sent him out with a request that he would play elsewhere. A scraper at the door was sufficient.

CONSTANTIA PHILIPS.

Early part of Mr. Muilman's life, he began with Constantia Philips; and, finding her as a mistress, resolved to marry her as a wife. They married, but she had been married about three months before Mr. Muilman, and she was heartily tired of him; so, if you will believe me, I will put you in mind of her marriage. He eagerly embraced her, and gave her his bond for perpetual fidelity; on which she produced a previous marriage to a pastry-cook, in Lane, Covent Garden. This obliged Mr. Muilman to refuse to pay her, as she found there was a flaw in the contract; and she put it out of her power to compel

him. She therefore told him, unless he entered into a new and legal engagement, she would not be bound to which would still render her marriage with him perfectly valid. He laughed at her; but she persisted in her promise, by bringing a certificate, and putting it in a register, by which it appeared that she was married to another woman, who was then a Lane pastry-cook, previous to his marriage with her. This disconcerted the merchant; who, however, was able to get rid of her importunities, by giving her a considerable sum, on condition of her going to Jamaica, where she settled as keeper of a coffee-house and died soon after.

NEW USE OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

A gentleman was one day telling a lady of this having broken into a church, and stolen the communion-plate and the ten commandments—"I suppose," added the informant, "that they may be able to sell the plate, but can you divine for what purpose they could take the commandments?"—"To break them, to be sure," replied she, "and break them."

THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

Two friends, who had not seen each other a long while, met one morning quite by chance. "How do you do?" said one. "Why, not very well," replied the other; "I have been married since I saw you."—"Well done, that is good news, however."—"Not so very good, for my wife was a most woful scold."—"That was bad."—"Not so bad neither, she brought me two thousand pounds."—"That was consolation though."—"Not entirely, for I speculated in sheep, which all died of the rot."—"That was very unfortunate!"—"Not so very unfortunate, for I made as much by their skins as I should have done by their flesh."—"Then you were as lucky as if it had not happened."—"Not quite; for my house was one night burnt, and every note of the money consumed."—"What a most woful misfortune!"—"Not so woful as you may imagine, for my wife and I were burnt together."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ORTHOGRAPHY AND PUNCTUATION.

A husband of a pious woman having occasion to voyage, his wife sent a written request to the curate of the parish; but instead of spelling and writing it properly, viz. "A person having gone to sea, desires the prayers of the congregation," he spelled and pointed it as follows: "A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." The parson read it accordingly.

SWISS JUSTICE.

A French traveller lodged at a very humble inn, in a little town near Lausanne, and made only a paltry meal; but when the moment arrived for payment, his host demanded twelve francs. "Twelve francs!" exclaimed the traveller.—"Is there no justice in this country?"—"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, c'est de la justice," replied the innkeeper, with Swiss solemnity. "*Eh! bien, je cours chez le magistrat.*" The traveller set out for the commune, where he was obliged to wait a considerable time. At length he was introduced into the hall, but imagine his surprise, when he found his landlord was to be his judge! "You have some complaint to make, Sir, I believe?" said the *laubergiste* magistrate. "Yes, Sir."—"Well, Sir, what have you to say?"—"Eh! *parbleu!* you know best—take your bill and judge yourself."—"You are right said the burgomaster—" *Je condamne l'aubergiste à ne recevoir que six francs; et font que chacun fasse son état dans ce monde.*"

ACQUAINTANCE LIBERALITY.

A courtier having asked Augustus for a salary to a place he held, said it was not for the value of the thing, but for the sake of seeming to have deserved it at his hands. "Well," replied Augustus, "tell every body that you receive one, and I will not deny it."

MONK OUTWITTED.

A monk having introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, of considerable wealth, who was at the time in a state approaching to insensibility, said to him in an urgent tone, "My Lord, will you

make a grant of the priory to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk, turning round to the son, who was in the room, said, "You see, Sir, my Lord, he assents to my request." The son immediately claimed, with great gravity, "Father, I blessed will that I should *rich* *ten* *monks* *die*." The same nod was given as before. The youth said, "You see it is my father's will; sure;" and with a few lusty kicks, he sent him headlong.

LEGAL ADVICE.

"Sir" said a baronet to an attorney who was knocking at his door, "will you tell me if this is a shilling piece?" The lawyer pronounced it good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with gravity, "If you'll send your lad to return the four-pence."

SPENCER'S BARRY QUEN.

When Spencer had finished the *Fort* he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, patron of the poets of those days. Being sent up to the earl, he read it, and then ordered the servant to give him ten pounds. Reading further, he cried, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Receding still, he said, "Give him more." But at length he lost all patience. "Go turn that fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

As the king was passing in the gardens near Potsdam, he observed a large scar over his face—Finding the man, Frederic addressed him by saying, "In what alshouse did you get that?" The soldier smartly replied, "Your Majesty paid the reckoning."

SLANDER.

A gentleman of a malevolent disposition, having died it was said

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

367

that he had poisoned himself,
served, " Surely, he must have
been "

UNITED CHAMBER.

from a young Gentleman in the
his Brother in London.

e's, to promises true,
, my dear brother to you ;
of our worthy relation,
a pleasant vacation ;
neighbours, good living, good

goods—female beauty, divine !
is (don't envy me, pray)
splish'd, enchanting, and gay ;
attractions which they are

ars o'er the rest,
and from heroics, to tell
ture which lately befall.
old mansion, I found
sembled around,
spied (so said our host)
agu'd with—what think you ?—

quizzing ; but all our fair cousins
that spirits by dozens
terrible chamber to come,
to sleep in the room.
ear, and frankly declar'd
, though the devil appear'd
ly extoll'd, as you'll think,
eauty, pray how could I shrink ?
r with good spirits my heart,
all evil spirits apart.
ber was air'd for my birth,
'd gaily with music and mirth.
parted—and I, nothing daunted,
so mysteriously haunted ;
re, with each comfort akin,
without, as good wine warm'd

So I stept into bed, and (I speak without boast)
Felt no apprehension of little Miss Ghost ;
For I must inform you (as gossips had talk'd)
'Twas a lady whose sprite so appallingly walk'd.
Well, nothing appear'd, and my eyes 'gan to
close—

It struck three, just as I was beginning to doze,
When I fancied I heard the door gently uncloze.
I started upright, and (conceive my affright)
I saw gliding in a tall female in white !
I own I felt queerish, and shiver'd ;—but hear—
I shiver'd with cold—zounds ! it could not be fear !
The figure was clothed in a robe all beruffled,
Her features were hidden, her face was so muffled ;
She stalk'd to my bed, and the curtain undrew,
Then lay herself down—as I live, it is true ;
But, though a kind girl is my greatest delight,
I had no inclination to lie with a sprite ;
So I mov'd farther off, till I lay on the post,
And left my warm bed to this comical ghost.
While I cower'd, in a tremor, the bed-clothes be-
neath,

I fancied I heard my strange bedfellow breathe !
I listen'd—the breathing I heard as before—
And louder it grew—till 'twas almost a snore
Thinks I, " For a phantom, 'tis funny enough—
It sure must be made of corporeal stuff ;"
So I softly extended my hand to the form,
And, touching it, found it substantial and warm !
And by her respiring so loudly and deep,
I judg'd 'twas some lady who walk'd in her sleep.
Thought I, " To so lovely a ghost I could cling,
When I felt on her delicate finger a ring ;
I rais'd her soft hand, and remov'd it with care,
For says I to myself, " This will tell who you are.
That instant my bedfellow threw off the clothes,
And, tho' fast asleep, started up on her toes ;
Then backwards and forwards she glided about,
And, as she came in, she at last glided out !
I laugh'd at the spectre that made all this riot,
And, after a yawn or two, rested in quiet.
This curious event so disturb'd my repose,
'Twas late in the morning before I arose :

When I enter'd the breakfast-room, smiling and hearty.

Assembled I found the whole family party:
Their inquiries at once were directed to me,
With, "How did you rest, Sir?" and, "what did you see?"

Said I, "Ere I speak of this wonderful thing,
I must learn who it is owns this emerald ring."
None claim'd the bright bauble, till Emily said,
"Good Heav'n! 'tis my ring!—and where was it mislaid?"

"Mislaid," said I, laughing, "where *Miss lay herself*;
For you are the ghost, my fair cousin, yourself;
And, strange as it seems, know, good people, I said,
Last night cousin Emily slept in my bed."

"You're joking," cried one, "'Tis too bad," cried another,

While Emily tried her confusion to smother.

"'Tis true," I exclaim'd, "and the truth must prevail,"

Then frankly related my whimsical tale.

All laugh'd, and declar'd I the secret must keep,

When a lady commits a *faux-pas* in her sleep;

While I thought all their mirth a confounded intrusion,
For I saw lovely Emily sink in confusion.

At length our good uncle observ'd, with a smile,

"*Faux-pas* in the sleep are *faux-pas* without guile;

And, since she has taken the place of a wife,

Suppose, my dear nephew, you take her for life.

With her ten thousand pounds you may prudently wed,

And you must take care, boy, to keep her in bed."

I lik'd, the proposal—to Emily turn'd,

Whose cheek with the pure blush of modesty burn'd

And ask'd, as a sign of consent, for a kiss:

Her lips falter'd *no*, but her eyes implied *yes*.

'Twas settled; fair Emily's mine, with her pelf,

And, henceforth, I'll keep the sweet ghost to myself.

The *somnambulist* shall not so favour ANOTHER,

So vows, my dear Tom,

Your affectionate brother.

SWEARING AND DRIVING.

A bishop being at his seat in the country where the

roads were uncommonly bad, went to a person of quality in the neighbour coach was overturned in a slough, and were unable to extricate the carriage from any house, and the weather bad freely told his master he believed they all night, "for," said he, "while ye sent, I cannot make the horses move at this strange reason, his lordship de plain himself: "It is," said he, "I not swear in your presence: and, if I never get clear." The bishop finding be done if the servant was not hum "Well, then, sweat a little, but as coachman made use of his permission used to such a kind of dialect, soon liberty.

THREE BLACK CROWS

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the One took the other briskly by the bar "Hark-ye," said he, "'tis an odd story About the crows!"—"I don't know" Reply'd his friend—"No! I am sure Where I come from it is the common But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed And that it happened, they are all agreed Not to detain you from a thing so strict A gentleman, that lives not far from This week, in short, as all the alley I Taking a puke, has thrown up three "Impossible!"—"Nay, but 'tis real I have it from good hands, and so much "From whose, I pray?"—So having Straight to inquire his curious comrade "Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair "Yes, Sir, I did; and if 'tis worth your Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me, But, by the by, 'twas two black crows Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an evil Whip to the third the virtuoso went. "Sir,"—and so forth—"Why yes: Tho' in regard to number, not exact;

black crows, 'twas only *one*,
 if you may depend upon ;
 himself told me the case—" *find him ?*"—" Why, in such a place."
 and having found him out,
 d as to resolve a doubt"—
 informant he referr'd,
 now if *true* what he had heard :
 throw up a black crow ?"—" *Not I*"—
 w people propagate a lie !
 ve been thrown up, *three, two, and*

all comes at last to *none* !
 thing of a crow at all ?"
 —perhaps I might ; now I recall
 "—" And, pray, Sir, what was't ?"—
 rrid sick, and, at the last,
 and told my neighbour so,
 was—as *black*, Sir, as a crow."

GREENS OF INEBRIETY.

in owl, as drunk as a sow, as drunk
 drunk as the devil, as drunk as a
 : the principal comparisons of drunk-
 : explanation is as follows : a man is
 owl, when he cannot see ; he is as
 ar, when he is very impudent ; he is
 devil, when he is inclined to mischief ;
 a lord, when he is every thing that

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

ard, in Sussex, is the following epi-

ie two children dear,
 uried at Portsea, the other here.
 qualled by another in France : The
 ll provincial town having died on a
 tal, where he was buried, his admi-
 a monument to him in his parish
 ch was engraved, "*Ci-git Monsieur*
enterré à Paris." *Here lies Monsieur*
buried at Paris !

VOLTAIRE AND HIS BOOKSELLER.

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, as Mr. Cramer, a bookseller at Geneva, was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences, Voltaire cried out aloud—" Cramer, you lived like a prince in the four preceding acts, but in the fifth you die like a bookseller." A medical gentleman present, could not help interfering ; with, " Why, Mons. de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be at the expense of dresses, and the fatigue of getting up such long parts, if you thus upbraid them ? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands ; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, that, as far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity as he lived." Voltaire, who detested advice or information, made this cool answer ; " Prithee, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them in your own way ; but let me kill mine as I please."

AN UNLUCKY CONFESSION

A physician, who lived in London, attended a lady, who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. " Oh, Madam !" replied the doctor, " I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*" " Doctor," replied the lady, " you are too good a shot for me," and dispensed with his further attendance.

EXTEMPORE

On a gentleman with very thin legs.

Sir, that you're brave you need not swear,
 The reason why I will disclose ;
 A coward heart would take more care,
 Than trust itself to legs like those.

EPITAPH ON A WOMAN WHO NEVER HAD CHILDREN.

Here lies the body of barren Peg,
 Who had no issue, but one in her leg ;
 But while she was living, she was so cunning,
 That when one stood still, the other was running.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

CHARACTERS BY SAMUEL BUTLER,
Author of Hudibras.

A PLAY-WRITER

Our times is like a Fanatic, that has no wit in any easy things, and yet attempts the hardest of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is vain to come off better than he deserves, and finds of his own latitude to applaud him, which he would never expect any other way; and is as sure to have no reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming rooks, that never stick
To play for hundreds upon tick;
'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;
And, if they win a hundred pound,
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit; and fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish follies pass with applause, like Oliver Cromwell's oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this he makes no conscience of stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favourably patched together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son that has no certain father. *He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions; for rhyme is like lace, that serves*

excellently well to hide the piecing and mending of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the tale, and makes the less serve by the many implications commonly requires to make away for it; for poets are endowed with abilities to bring a matter to account. This he finds to be good husbandry of a kind of necessary thrift; for they that have a little ought to make as much of it as they can. A prologue, which is commonly none of his, is always better than his play; like a piece of cloth that's fine in the beginning, and coarse afterwards, though it has but one topic, and that's the same that is used by malefactors when they are to be executed, except against as many of the jury as they can.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A NEWSMONGER

A newsmonger is a retailer of rumour, that sells upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. News is a commodity, that will not keep: for if it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing, whether true or false is all one to him; for novelty being of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie. As a slight suit will last as well as a better, as long as fashion holds, a lie serves as well as the truth, once come up. He is little concerned whether the news be good or bad, for that does not make it news; and if there be any difference, he chooses the bad best, because it is said to come sooner. He would willingly bear his share in any mischief, to have the pleasure of hearing and telling of it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give a full account of Rowland Pepin, if need be. He tells news, as men do money, with a flourish, for he assures them it comes from the best. The whole business of his life is like a pedlar's, to fetch and carry news; and when he is clapt on the back, and fed for nothing, he does not take to it altogether like a pedlar, for pleasure; but when he lights on a good parcel of news, he knows where to dine, and quarter himself upon it, and eats it out; and by this means, by retrieving the first news to try the rest, he keeps meat in season; and, like the crows, ransacks all seas and lands to prey.

atives from all parts within the
r, as the English and Dutch. By
ly is provided for, and nothing lies
but his back, which takes other
in itself by west and stray silver
hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets

CHARACTER OF A TAILOR.

with the curse; and is younger
histles, and death; for if Adam had
never sat cross-legged. Sin and
for as sin first brought him into
by cheating and contributing to
works to sin, and the old trade is
een both. Our Saviour wore his
rather than he would have any
him; and Elias, when he went to
antle behind, because it had been
gers. The Jews in all great cala-
to rend their garments, only to
fied him and all his works. All
ire cloaths, but scorn and despise
m, as princes approve of treason,
He sits cross-legged to show that
Turk, and calls himself Merchant-
ther account, but only as he de-
omet, who was a merchant's pren-
youth. And his constant custom
es of his legs a stool to sit upon,
so stiff in the hams, that he walks
circumcised, to distinguish him-
an. He lives much more by his
rks; for he gains more by trusting
ne that pays him at long running,
orks for upon an even account for
never cuts his coat according to
ays the more he is allowed the less
ent: and he believes he has reason
n to take double pains in contriv-
both what he steals, and what he
vantage, which costs him twice as
at which he gets nothing by. He

never cuts a man's cloaths but he cuts his purse into
the bargain; and when he makes a pocket, takes
handsel of it, and picks it first himself. He calls
stealing *damning*, by a figure in rhetoric called the
effect for the efficient; and the place where he lodges
all his thieveries *hell*, to put him in mind of his lat-
ter end: and what he steals by retail the broker
takes off his hands by wholesale. He keeps his wife
in taffety to save charges; for when her petticoats
are worn out, they serve him to line vests with, as
well as if they were new; and when he is unfur-
nished of these, old sattin and taffety-men supply
him for ends of gold and silver. He gets more by
the trimming and garniture of cloaths than all the
rest; for he can swallow ribands like a juggler, and
put whole pieces more in his bill than ever he made
use of, and stretch lace, as a shoe-maker does leather,
with his teeth, when he sets it on. The mercers are
in fee with him to revive old rotten stuffs by giving
them new fantastic names; and he brings them into
the mode by swearing they are new come up: in
consideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap
and sell dear: for he is loath to undervalue his con-
science, and put it off at a mean rate, as long as he
sees his neighbours can make more of theirs—He
scorns that.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A DEGENERATE NOBLE.

A degenerate noble, or one that is proud of his birth,
is like a turnip; there is nothing good of him but
that which is under-ground; or rhubarb, a con-
temptible shrub, that springs from a noble root. He
has no more title to the worth and virtue of his an-
cestors, than the worms that were engendered in
their dead bodies; and yet he believes he has enough
to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of
that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the
antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the
better the farther off it is in time, as well as desert,
from that of his predecessors. He believes the honour
that was left him, as well as the estate, is sufficient
to support his quality, without troubling himself to
purchase any more of his own; and he meddles a
little with the management of the one as the other.

but trusts both to the government of his servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it. like the fellow that sold his ass, but would not part with the shadow of it, or Apicius, that sold his house, and kept only the balcony, to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskilfulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough to itself. He is like a fanatic, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that his privilege to act all manner of wickedness, or the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone; and his is but the ghost and shadow of it, that haunts the house with horror and inquiet, where once it lived. His nobility is truly descended from the glory of his forefathers, and may be rightly said to fall to him, for it will never rise again to the height it was in them by his means, and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor, and as those that are born to estates neglect industry, and have no business but to spend, so he being born to honour, believes he is no farther concerned, than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done, that there is no line of the original in him, but the sin only.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A HUFFING COURTIER.

A huffing courtier has no value himself, but from the place he stands in. All his happiness consists in the opinion he believes others have of it. This is his faith, but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffer much tribulation for it he continues obstinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a butterfly in a garden, and while he is pruning

his peruke, takes occasion to comb and the symmetry of his breeches. He is the furniture of the room, and serves for a moving piece of arras. His business is to be seen, and he performs it with industry, placing himself always in the best and most wonderful posture, and is wonderfully polite, and cautious withal. His occupation is to show himself if they could but wait themselves. He is the labour, and do his work as he can. His immunity from varlets is his privilege, were a lost man without it. His coat is a tailor's livery, which he gives him, and he never pays for them. He never discovers the lining of his coat, that he may not suspect any want of integrity or flaw in his skin outwards. His tailor is his creditor of nothing, and though he lives he is perpetually committing injustice. His soul dwells in the outside of his hollow tree, and if you do but peel it he deceases immediately. His care is the wearing of his cloaths, and, like a tree, his bark is better than his body. His big is rather a tumour, than greatness. He is an idol, that has just so much value as those that believe in him, but none makes his ignorance pass for erudition. He has just so much of politics, as our university have Latin. He is as handsomely his superiors, but repays himself as over those that are below him, and with scorn despises those that can neither hurt him nor be hurt. He adores those that may do him good, and he knows they never will, and does not hurt him if they could. He is a church, and he believes as that church believes, and down every thing as he finds it. It is a great comfort to him to think that those that know him may perhaps take him for a great thought, but he looks bigger, and forgets his acquaintance, and that he will sometimes know you and

ing but want of money or credit puts him in that he is mortal; but then he trusts Providence somebody will trust him; and in expectation of ropes for a better life, and that his debts will rise up in judgment against him. To get in to labour in his vocation, but to pay is to for- protection; for what's that worth to one that nothing? His employment being only to wear cloaths, the whole account of his life and actions ended in shopkeepers' books, that are his faithfulographers to their own posterity; and he be- loses so much reputation, as he pays off his that no man wears his cloaths in fashion for them, for nothing is farther from the He believes that he that runs in debt is be- with those that trust him, and only those are behind. His brains are turned giddy, like he walks on the top of a house; and that is the it is so troublesome to him to look downwards. a kind of spectrum, and his cloaths are the shape to appear and walk in; and when he puts them vanishes. He runs as busily out of one room other, as a great practiser does in Westminster- one court to another. When he accosts a he puts both ends of his microcosm in motion, king legs at one end, and combining his pe- the other. His garniture is the sauce to uths, and he walks in his port-cannons like at stalks in long grass. Every motion of him unity of vanities, all is vanity, quoth the tr. He rides himself like a well-managed reins-in his neck, and walks *terra terra*. He his elbows backward, as if he were pinioned loused-up fowl, and moves as stiff as if he was the spit. His legs are stuck in his great vo- breeches, like the whistles in a bagpipe; abundant breeches, in which his nether parts clothed, but pecked up. His hat has been the assumption of the fashion, and is now al- to nothing; if it do not recover quickly, it so little for a head of garlick. He wears the toes of his shoes, to justify his pre- the goat, or such other malady, that for

the time being is most in fashion or request. When he salutes a friend, he pulls of his hat as women do their vizor-masks. His ribands are of the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself, but what it borrows from reflection. He is as tender of his cloaths as a coward is of his flesh, and as loath to have them disordered. His bravery is all his happiness; and, like Atlas, he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster, or an Indian creature, that is good for nothing in the world but to be seen. He puts himself up into a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again for the ladies to play upon; who, when they have done with him, let down his treble string, till they are in the humour again. His cook and valet de chambre conspire to dress dinner and him so punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As peacocks and ostriches have the gaudiest and finest feathers, yet cannot fly; so all his bravery is to flutter only. The beggars call him 'My Lord,' and he takes them at their words, and pays them for it. If you praise him he is so true and faithful to the mode, that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him when you have him.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CHEAT.

A cheat is a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his. Fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be integrity and truth. He spins nets, like a spider, out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater sort of cheats, being allowed by authority, have lost their names, (as judges, when they are called to the bench, are no more stiled lawyers) and left the title to the meaner only, and the unallowed. The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highwayman, that does the same things by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes

deliver their understandings first, and after their purges. Oaths and lies are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living by the drudgery of his conscience. He endeavours to cheat the devil by mortgaging his soul so many times over and over to him, forgetting that he has damnations, as priests have absolutions, of all prices. He is a kind of a just judgment, sent into this world to punish the confidence and curiosity of ignorance, that out of a natural inclination to it or will tempt its own punishment, and help to abuse itself. He can put on as many shapes as the devil that set him on work, is one to catch fishes in a sly understanding, and will take a trout in his own element, till he has him in his clutches, and after in his dish, or the market. He runs down none but those which he is certain are *fera natura*, more natural animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no less with the cooperating assistance of the cheese, who commonly meets the purpose that way, and where nothing is done, for all the craft is now in the catching, (as the proverb says) and the net is laid at rest in being caught. He is one that, *without fraud, covin and further delay, he is dead of none effect, otherwise does stand and remain in full power, force, and virtue.* He trusts the credulous with what hopes, &c. please at a very easy rate, up to their own service, and he has drawn them far enough in, and then takes them pay for all at once. The first thing he gets from them is a good opinion, and afterwards as long as he pleases, for after he has drawn him from his guards he deals with him like a surgeon, and ties his arm before he loses his blood.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A BANKRUPT

A bankrupt is made by breaking, as a bird is hatched by breaking the shell, for he gains more by giving over his trade than ever he did by dealing in it. He drives a trade, as Oliver Cromwell did a coach, till it broke in pieces. He is very tender and careful in preserving his credit, and keeps it as methodically as a race-horse is dieted, that in the end he may run away with it: for he observes a punctual curiosity in performing

his word, until he has improved his credit as far as it can go and then he has rather thrown away the net, as a fisher who has his beast as fat as it can grow, casts it. When he has brought his wrong to be disposed of all his materials, he says powder-traitor, and gets out of the way. He shows up all those that trusted him as a glib, there is no matter or relief of him for some months, and then he is somehow at digest, and all hopes of recovering any thing of body, or goods or reputation, and then proposition appears like the first of penitence the clouds, with condonation more than thieves are wont to demand of stolen goods. He shoots like a flock of geese at once, and starts when he comes nearer as possibly he can without being by any one, or giving the least notice of his design, until it is too late to prevent he flies from them, as they should be from him. His way is so cunningly that he roams in a man, like a lion, he then will never arise at will enough, it is for a great surprise, and as it is mainly better mounted than the rest, it easily makes his escape and flies, and there is no possibility of recovery.

TOURNAI'S CHARACTER OF A BANKRUPT
A bankrupt is like a tooth-drawer, that teeth in constant pain, by pulling out men. He is an ill moral philosopher, and a bad practitioner. He holds what he can get, tight or wrong, and his heart is always at variance like rogues in the street to pick a quarrel. They never were but, like Hector, much of. His conscience never stings when the devil holds a candle to stretch it so thin that it is transparent, engineer of treachery, fraud, and perjury, knows how to manage matters of

he gains by the advantage of his tramping. He is very skillful in all the mechanics of the mathematical magic of imposture; and thus the expectations of the most credulous, to his admiration and undoing. He is an excellent liar, and will suck down a laden fool, and turn into what form he pleases. He is like a pond, that lives by rapine, and will sometimes on one of his own kind, and devour a man as big as himself; he will swallow a fool a deal bigger than himself; and if he can but hold without his jaws, will carry the rest of the world at his mouth, until by degrees he has devoured all. He has a hundred tricks to slip out of the pillory without leaving his ears. As for the gallows, he never ventures to climb upon the high rope, for fear of break-neck. He seldom commits any villainy, but always and always the law bears him out in what he does. He always robs under the name of law, and picks pockets with tricks in law. By his means the law makes more known laws, and, like the sons of court, protects against itself. He gets within the law and out of it. His hardest labour is to wriggle himself out of it, which if he can but compass, his business is done. For fraud and treachery follow as easily as a needle. He grows rich by the ruin of others. He grows in the streets in a great sickness. He shelters himself under the covert of the law, a thief in a hemp plot, and makes that seed which was intended for his destruction.

THE CHARACTER OF A STATE CONVERT.

A convert is a thrifty penitent, that never left his principles until it left him. He has always appeared to his principles to the very last; for as he argued against the crown for no other reason than his own advantages, so he afterwards faced the world, and declared for it for the very same consideration, when there was no more to be made of it. He was thoroughly convinced, and renounced it as of his heart. He espoused the good cause of a woman that had money in her

purse, and styled herself an honest woman, but when all was spent and gone, turned out of doors to shift for herself, and declared herself to be no lazier than she should be. He was very much unsatisfied in his conscience with the government of the church, as long as presbytery bore the bag, and had money to receive for betraying Christ; but as soon as those saints were gulled and cheated of all, and the covenant began to be no better than a piggery ceremony, his eyes were presently opened, and all his scruples vanished in a moment. He did his endeavour to keep out the king as long as he could possibly; but when there was no hope left to prevail any longer, he made a virtue of necessity, and appeared among the foremost of those that were most earnest to bring him in; and like Lipinus's dog,* resolved to have his share in that which he was able to defend no longer. What he gained by serving against the king, he laid out to purchase profitable employments in his service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing, and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has so much of a saint left as to deny himself, when he cannot have his will, and denounce against self-seeking, until he is sure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only man in the world that brought in the king, which is in one sense very true, for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in. He endures his preferment patiently, (though he esteems it no better than a relapse) merely for the profit he receives by it, and prevails with himself to be satisfied with that and the hopes of seeing better times, and then resolves to appear himself again, and let the world see he is no changeling; and therefore he rejoices in his heart at any miscarriages of state-affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the utter-

* The story of Lipinus's Dog, who had been taught to carry meat in a basket, is thus related by Sir Kenneth Digby.—“Other less dogs watching, as he trotted along, part of what hung out of his basket, which he carried in his mouth, he all it down to every ear of them; whilst, in the mean time, the others fed at liberty and at ease upon the meat that lay thus unguarded; till he, coming back to it, drove them away, and himself made an end of eating it up.”

most, partly to vindicate his own former actions, and partly in hope to see the times come about again to him as he did to them.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A REBEL.

A rebel is a voluntary bandit, a civil renegade, that renounces his obedience to his prince, to raise himself upon the public ruin. He is of great antiquity, perhaps before the creation, at least a Præadamite; for Lucifer was the first of his family, and from him he derives himself in an indirect line. He finds fault with the government, that he may get it the easier into his own hands, as men use to undervalue what they have a desire to purchase. He is a botcher of politics, and a state-tinker, that makes flaws in the government only to mend them again. He goes for a public-spirited man, and his pretences are for the public good, that is, for the good of his own public spirit. He pretends to be a great lover of his country, as if it had given him love-powder; but it is merely out of natural affection to himself. He has a great itch to be handling of authority, though he cut his fingers with it; and is resolved to raise himself, though it be but upon the gallows. He is all for peace and truth, but not without lying and fighting. He plays a game with the hangman for the cloaths on his back; and when he throws out, he strips him to the skin. He dies in hempen sheets, and his body is hanged, like his ancestor Mahomet's, in the air. He might have lived longer, if the destinies had not spun his thread of life too strong. He is sure never to come to an untimely end, for by the course of law his glass was out long before. He calls rebellion and treason laying out of himself for the public, but being found to be false unlawful coin, he was seized upon, and cut in pieces, and hanged for falsifying himself. His espousing of quarrels proves as fatal to his country, as the Persian wedding did to France. He is like a bell, that was made on purpose to be hanged. He is a diseased part of the body-politic, to which all the bad humours gather. He picks straws out of the government like a madman, and starts at them when he has done. He endeavours to raise himself, like a boy's kite, by being pulled

against the wind. After all his endeavours and signs, he is at last promoted to the gallows, and is performed with a cavalcade suitable to his dignity, and after much ceremony, he is installed by the man, with the general applause of all men, and singing, like a swan.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A TRANSLATOR.

A translator dyes an author, like an old silk a new colour, but can never give it the lustre the first tincture; as silks that are twice dyed their glosses, and never receive a fair colour. It is a small factor, that imports books of the good one language into another, but it seldom tells count, for the commodity is perishable, the finer it is, the worse it endures transport. The most delicate of Indian fruits are by so brought over. Nevertheless he seldom tells purpose, which is to please himself and get world notice that he understands one language than it was aware of; and that done, he is a saving return. He is a Trochman, that lies between learned writers and gentle readers, and both how he pleases; for he commonly misleads one, and misinforms the other. If he does not perfectly understand the full meaning of his well as he did himself, he is but a copier, and fore never comes near the mastery of the original, and his labours are like dishes of meat that become insipid, and lose the pleasure they had at first. He differs from an author as much as from a musician, that plays other man's tunes, but is not able to make any of his own. His studies tend to the ruin of the intellectualists, for by making those books common and understood but by few in the original, he endeavours to make the rabble as wise as himself without pains, and prevents others from studying to understand that which they may have without them.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PROUD MAN.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that is both over like a porridge-pot. He set out his

swell and seem bigger than he is. He is with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He uses himself sympathetic love-powder, that leads him to dotage, and has transformed him into a mistress. He is his own gallant, and addresses to his own dear person. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living within but himself, yet he believes as the Jews, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and esteems himself not only above his merit, but all men; he is both Damon and Pythias to his own soul, and values his crown above his soul. He is devoted to no man but himself, and that with distance to all others, whom he esteems not worth to approach him. He believes whatsoever he does is a value in being his; as a horse in a stable will bear a greater price than in a market. He is so proud, that he is as hard on himself as with others; for he does not forget who he is, and knows himself civilly; therefore he treats himself civilly, with ceremony and compliment, but without privacy. He strives to look bigger than well as others; and is no better than his pride and flatterer. A little flood will make a torrent swell above its banks, and rage, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep river glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, proud man, swells with a little frail prospect, big and loud, and overflows his bounds, and sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. He is as glorious and haughty, as if he stood upon men's shoulders, or tumbled heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head is proportion to his body, and his foundation is in his upper-stories. We can naturally know of ourselves, unless we look down on each us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less materials are, the more room they take

up, and make him swell the bigger; as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN OBSTINATE MAN.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like the devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His skull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief; and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of Heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart.

had the same power over him against the Christian, as the old Roman has against the modern reformation. The weaker vessel he is, the better and more zealous member he always proves of his church; for religion, like wine, is not so apt to leak in a leathern boraccio as a great cask, and is better preserved in a small bottle stopped with a light cork, than a vessel of greater capacity, where the spirits being more and stronger, are the more apt to fret. He allows of all holy cheats, and is content to be deluded in a true, orthodox, and infallible way. He believes the pope to be infallible, because he has deceived all the world, but was never deceived himself; which was grown so notorious, that nothing less than an article of faith in the church could make a plaster big enough for the sore. His faith is too big for his charity, and too unwieldy to work miracles; but is able to believe more than all the saints in Heaven ever made. He worships saints in effigy, as Dutchmen hang absent malefactors; and has so weak a memory, that he is apt to forget his patrons unless their pictures prevent him. He loves to see what he prays to, that he may not mistake one saint for another; and his beads and crucifix are the tools of his devotion, without which he can do nothing. Nothing staggers his faith of the pope's infallibility so much, as that he did not make

boy of the sectaries; and talks more than he puts it under a bushel, for nobody knows himself. His religion is but the coldness of his zeal of a contrary temper to the sectaries, yet produces the same effects; as a candle in a wind, they say, burns as well as a fire. He delights, like a salamander, to be in persecution. He works out his salvation by fear, but confidence, and trembling prayer, is but a kind of winter-religion; it is as uncertain as the hatching of an egg, no man can tell from whence it comes, or how much of the light within him, but he is content to appear, unless he means that he is content to believe he takes up the cross in his own name for mankind. He delights in persecution, and has no ambition but to go to Heaven, which he calls a fiery chariot; that is, a wooden cart. You may perceive he has a cold in his head by the flat twang in his nose, and he is so afraid to take to keep his hat on, lest his head should have any, should take cold at it. He believes his doctrine to be heavenly, because it is full of fire with the *motus trepidationis*. All the Turks overrunning of Christendom has heard they count fools and madmen.

sch, or rather chapel, is built upon a flat sand, superior or inferior in it, and not upon a high is never found without great inequalities. In fact, he most resembles the reprobate, said to be condemned to weeping and gnashing of teeth. There was a botcher of their church who changed his trade and turned preacher, because it is superstitious to sit cross-legged. His defect is but a kind of spiritual palsy, that proceeds from a lamper in the brain, where the nerves are. They abhor the church of England, but exactly with those primitive fathers of their sect heretofore gave answers at the devil's bidding which they observed the very same ceremony of weeping and gaping now practised by our enthusiasts at their exorcisms, rather than of devotion. He sucks in the air like a pair of bellows, and blows his inward light with it, till he is as full as a pair of bellows. The ignorance of their whole party makes it appear however their zeal may be, it is not according to the word.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A RANTER.

He is a fanatic Hector, that has found out, by a ray of new light, how to transform all the angels of light; for he believes all religion is looseness, and that sin and vice are the strength of man. He puts off the old man, but puts on again upon the new one, and makes his duty to serve to preserve his Christian virtues from decay; for if he should use his piety and devotion, they would hold out but a little while. He thinks that iniquity and vice should be thrown away as there may be good use of them; for a wickedly gotten may be disposed to be as good as why should not wickedness itself as well? He is himself shot-free against all the attempts of the world, and the flesh; and therefore does not attack them in their own quarters, but strikes them at their own weapons. For as he may freely venture to do and suffer any hurt to themselves, which would not hurt him; so a saint, that is strong

in grace, may boldly engage himself in those great sins and iniquities that would easily damn a weak brother, and yet come off never the worse. He believes deeds of darkness to be only those sins that are committed in private, not those that are acted openly and owned. He is but an hypocrite turned the wrong side outward: for, as the one wears his vices within, and the other without, so when they are counter-changed, the ranter becomes an hypocrite, and the hypocrite an able ranter. His church is the devil's chapel; for it agrees exactly both in doctrine and discipline with the best reformed bawdy-houses. He is a monster produced by the madness of this latter age; but if it had been his fate to have been whelped in old Rome, he had passed for a prodigy, and been received among raining of stones and the speaking of bulls, and would have put a stop to all public affairs until he had been expiated. Nero clothed Christians in the skins of wild beasts, but he wraps wild beasts in the skins of Christians.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN ANABAPTIST.

An anabaptist is a water-saint, that, like a crocodile, sees clearly in the water, but dully on land. He only lives in two elements, like a goose, but two worlds at once; this, and one of the next. He is contrary to a fisher of men; for, instead of pulling them out of the water, he dips them in it. He keeps souls in minority, and will not admit them to inherit the kingdom of Heaven till they come to an age fit to be trusted with their own belief. He defies magistracy and ministry as the horns of antichrist; but would fain get them both into his own hands. His babes of grace are all pagan, and he breeds them up as they do young trees in a nursery; lets them grow up, and then transplants them into the new soil of his own church. He lets them run wild as they do young colts on a common, until they are old enough to be taken up and backed, and then he breaks and paces them with his own church-walkings. He is a lander of souls; and tries them, as men do witches, by water. He dips them all under water, but their hands, which he holds them up by—those do still continue pagan; and that is the reason why they make no conscience

of their works, when they can get power in their hands, but act the most barbarous inhumanities in the world. His dipping makes him more obstinate and stiff in his opinions, like a piece of hot iron, that grows hard by being quenched in cold water. He does not like the use of water in his baptism, as it falls from Heaven in drops, but as it runs out of the bowels of the earth, or stands putrefying in a dirty pond. He chooses the coldest time in the year to be dipped in, to show the heat of his zeal, and this renders him the more obstinate. Law and government are great grievances to him, and he believes men may live very well without them, if they would be ruled by him, and then he would have nothing of authority but his own revelation. He is a saint-errant, for he calls his religion walking, which he opposes to the pope's sitting, as the more orthodox and infallible. His church is a kind of round table without upper end, or lower end, for they observe no order, nor admit of degrees. It is like the serpent ampitaberna, that has a head at either end of it. For such is their spiritual envy and ambition, that they can endure no superior, but high and low are tied together like long and short sticks in a faggot.

He had a notion to dispose of his religion how he pleased, and so suffered a recovery, that cut it off from his right hand, and settled it to such uses as he pleased. He broaches false doctrines out of his tub, he sees visions when he is fast asleep, and dreams dreams when he is broad awake. They stick to one another, like leaves of brass in the oven of persecution. He canonizes himself a saint in his own lifetime as Demetrius made himself a god, and enters his name in the rubric of his church by virtue of a pick lock, which he has invented, and believes will serve his turn, as well as St. Peter's keys. He finds out sloughs and ditches, that are aptest for launching of an ana-baptist for he does not christen, but tann in his vessel. He believes, because obedience is better than sacrifice, the less of it will serve. He uses Scripture in the same manner as false witnesses do, who never lay their hands on it but to give testimony against the truth.

DOCTOR'S CHARACTER OF A

A popish priest is one that tells that the devil did in Paradise woman. He despises all other and values himself upon his anti-er-dwile to the soul, and is always next world. Christ made St. Peter but he believes it better to be a so becomes a woman's apostle, and guine himself, which he does that is, a lay habit, but whether or a step-mother, is a great question that he had rather have one man's fold, than two out of his church as fanatics do, yet does keep his flock always in hurdle his pleasure, and though they scabby with hypocrisy, the three and orthodox. He rats the confession and penance, but always he pulls from the sore, to himself a proselyte, but he converts him turns his pockets into the bag, and his purse prove never gets within a family, but it, and gives as a loan to the a will not tolerate the scolding or a blow of the tanning of the *quadrangle*. He is very cautious of any man by way of converse. He is not very well a quantifier. He weighs his goose before he turns over a liver. He fights with weapons, and strives to get frauds and lies these he counts. He makes his prayers (the poem) a kind of manufacture, rather than weight and, while serving them, forgets their sense sets them up as men do their fear he should be misreckoned, ther he plays fair or not. He Lockyer's pills, with direction

is but a copyholder of the Catholic church, as by custom. He believes the pope's chain d to the gates of heaven, like king Harry's vy gallery.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CLOWN.

is a Centaur, man and beast, a crab en- an apple. He was neither made by art or ut in spite of both, by evil custom. His conversation with beasts has rendered him sm; and he is, among men, but a naturalized le appears by his language, genius and be- be an alien to mankind, a foreigner to and of so opposite a genius, that it is easier Spaniard a Frenchman, than to reduce him . He disdains every man that he does not only respects him who has done him hurt, it. He is like Nebuchadnezzar after he had nth at grass; but will never return to be a as he did, if he might; for he despises all f lives but his own, unless it be his horse's, he is but valet-de-chambre. He never self humane or kind in any thing, but jumps to his cow, or makes a match for his all things else he is surly and rugged; and ore to be pleased himself, which makes him that do him any good. He is a stoic to all rt fear, envy, and malice; and hates to do though it cost him nothing. He abhors a , because he is most unlike himself; and , much at his manner of living, as if he d him. He murmurs at him as the saints is wicked, as if he kept his right from e makes his clownery a sect, and damns all ut of his church. He manures the earth inghill, but lets himself lie fallow, for no int will do good upon him. Cain was the family; and he does his endeavour not to de- from the original churlishness of his ancestor. fetched from the plough to be made ot half his pride and insolence; nor me, that was made consul. All the that are given to men are borrowed

from him, as Villain, Deboyse, Peasant, &c. He wears his cloaths like a hide, and shifts them no oftener than a beast does his hair. He is a beast that Gesner never thought of.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A JUSTICE OF PEACE.

A justice of the peace has a patent for his wit, and under- stands by commission, in which his wife and his clerk are of the quorum. He is judge of the peace, but has nothing to do with it until it is broken; and then his business is to patch it up again. His occupation is to keep the peace, but he makes it keep him; and lives upon the scraps of it, as those he commits do on the common basket. The constable is his factor, and the gaoler the keeper of his warehouse; and rogues, bawds, and thieves, his goods. He calls taking of pigs and capons taking of bail; and they pass with him for substantial housekeepers. Of these he takes security that the delinquent shall answer it before the sessions, that is, before the court sits next, otherwise forfeiture of recognizance is sure to rise up in judgment. He binds men over, as highwaymen do, to untie their purses, and then leaves them to unbind themselves again; or rather as surgeons do, to let their purses blood. He makes his commission a patent, that no man shall set up any sin without licence from him. He knows no virtue, but that of his commission; for all his business is with vice, in which he is so expert, that he can commit one sin instead of another, as bribery for bawdery, and perjury for breach of the peace. He uses great care and moderation in punishing those who offend regularly, by their calling, as residentiary bawds, and incumbent pimps, that pay parish-duties — shopkeepers that use constant false weights and measures, these he rather prunes, that they may grow the better, than disables; but is very severe to hawkers and interlopers, that com- mit iniquity on the bye. He interprets the statutes, as fanatics do the Scripture, by his own spirit; and is most expert in the cases of light-bread, highways, and getting of bastards. His whole authority is like a welsh-hook; for his warrant is a puller to ber, and his mittimus a thrust-her from her. He examines lewd circumstances with singular attention, and files

and if none of these happen, his forerunner, and his hazard never the less; he divides the overplus between himself and his colleagues, who were engaged to pay the parish, had run away, or hanged. He over-reckons the parish in his taverns do him, and keeps the odd if, instead of giving it to the drawers. He bell-ropes like the ass in the emblem, the broken glass windows into whole of sack; and before his year is out, if good a fellow, as the drinking bishop, a whole pulpit-full. If the church ill to decay in his time, it proves a decoy; for he is lord of the manor, and does like what he pleases of it, but has his ad on the walls among texts of Scripture buckets, with the year of his office, that of the unjust, as well as the just, may be so transitory a thing may. He interprets, as Catholics do the Scripture, not the sense and meaning of the words, but the practice of his predecessors; who have been observed to swear what others say what they please themselves.

THE CHARACTER OF A HERALD.

He calls himself a king because he has a crown, a sword, and quarter arms; for assumption over the distributive justice of titles as far as words extend, he gives himself a title that way, as other magistrates do where they have authority, and would do as far as they can. It is true, he can make knights of himself, but as many squires as he pleases, and adopt them into his family they have a mind. His dominions are all sorts of cattle, fish, and fowl, and all manufactures, besides whole fields of gold which he magnificently bestows upon his vassals as cheap as lands in Jamaica. The language is barbarous, as being but a dialect of French, or the Egyptian, though of a kind in the propriety affecting brevity, does verbosity. *His business is like that*

of all the schools, to make plain things hard with perplexed methods and insignificant terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes arms, not for use, but ornament only; and yet makes the basest things in the world weapons of worshipful bearings. He is wiser than the fellow that sold his ass, but kept the shadow for his own use; for he sells only the shadow, (that is the picture) and keeps the ass himself. He makes pedigrees as apothecaries do medicines, when they put in one ingredient for another that they have not by them: by this means he often makes incestuous matches, and causes the son to marry the mother. His chief province is at funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the *tristitia irritamenta*; and like a gentleman-sewer to the worms, serves up the feast with all punctual formality. He is a kind of a necromancer; and can raise the dead out of their graves, to make them marry and beget those they never heard of in their life-time. His coat is like the king of Spain's dominions, all skirts, and hangs as loose about him; and his neck is the waist, like the picture of Nobody with his breeches fastened to his collar. He will sell the head or the single joint of a beast or fowl as dear as the whole body, like a pig's head in Bartholomew-Fair, and after put off the rest to his customers at the same rate. His arms being utterly out of use in war, since guns came up, have been translated to dishes and cups, as the ancients used their precious stones, according to the poet—*Gemmas ad pocula transfert a gladiis*, &c.—and since are like to decay every day more and more; for since he gave citizens coats of arms, gentlemen have made bold to take their letters of mark by way of reprisal. The hangman has a receipt to mar all his work in a moment; for by nailing the wrong end of a scutcheon upwards upon a gibbet, all the honour and gentility extinguishes of itself, like a candle that is held with the flame downwards. Other arms are made for the spilling of blood; but his only purify and cleanse it, like scurvy-grass; for a small dose taken by his prescription will refine that which is as base and gross as bull's blood, (which the Athenians used to pour withal) to any degree of purity.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Philosopher seats himself as spectator and critic on the theatre of the world, and gives sentence on the language, and action of whatever he sees represented, according to his own fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the scene, but so soon as he discovers nothing more than his own mistakes. When his profession was in credit in the world, and money was to be gotten by it, he divided itself into multitudes of sects, that maintained themselves and their opinions by fierce and hot contests with one another, but since the trade decayed and would not turn to account, they all fell of themselves, and now the world is so overborne by their controversies, that three reformed sects joined in one, like Epicuro-Gassendo-Charrtoniana, will not serve to maintain one pedant. He makes his hypotheses himself, as a tailor does a doublet, without measure, no matter whether they fit nature, he can make nature fit them, and whether they are too strait or wide, pinch or stuff out the body accordingly. He judges of the works of nature just as the rabble do of state-affairs, they see things done, and every man according to his capacity guesses at the reasons of them, but knowing nothing of the arcana or secret movements of either, they seldom or never are in the right, however they please themselves, and some others, with their fancies, and the farther they are off from truth, the more confident they are they are near it, as those that are out of their way believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their journey's end when they are furthest of all from it. Hereofore his beard was the badge of his profession, and the length of that in all his polemics was ever accounted the length of his weapon, but when trade fell, that fell too. In Lucius's time they were commonly called beard-wearers, for all the strength of their wits lay in their beards, as Sampson's did in his locks, but since the world began to see the vanity of that hair-brained cheat, they left it off, to save their credit.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN EPIGRAMMATIST.

He is a poet of small wares, whose

muse is short-winded, and quickly flies like a goose, that is no sooner but down again. He was original authors that used to write upon whence his works being collected pass in the world, like small money deal in small matters. His wit is that is nothing while it is in, and soon as it is out.

He is a kind of vagabond with of his way, for nothing is bred him, that proposes none at all running banquet, that have more of a sort, for he deals in not parcels, like a tailor's broker.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF

A jealous man is unsettled in doubts, whether he should talk for worse. He knows not what fears his wife does, and that he is at a heat his horns grow uneasy and painful to his brain watch, no opportunities to the manner. He fancies his body of his wife, and desires Cardan and Gusman, to keep circumstances of his own brains perpetually to try the find out how the callus is. He breeds horns as children pain and uneasiness. He said to be is sick at the his wife breeds. Her and, by an odd kind his forehead, like a tobacco at one end breaks at the

WHOLE

A physician in a meeting ago, being in haste to his duties, was asked by should do with the other, "I claimed the other."

in directions," said the surgeon, "I ward, and purged all the *left*"—the other, "then to-day *purge* all *lees* all the *left*,"—and then leapt

LACONICS.

enough religion to make us hate, but ke us love, one another.

sible to expect that mankind will en they will not so much as take

er advice be among the last things s are to be found in the moon; that, have been there.

s to have grown an infant with age, cles to nurse it, as it had in its in-

ure are balanced by an equal degree ; it is like spending this year part of venue.

to prove that the common relations ectres are generally false, may be opinion held, that spirits are never n one person at a time; that is to ppen to above one person in a com- sed with any high degree of spleen

hink, that in the day of judgment all allowance given to the wise for orals, and to the ignorant for their cause both are without excuse. This stages equal of ignorance and know- ie scruples in the wise, and some ant, will perhaps be forgiven upon mptation to each.

to observe how free the present age s on the next: "Future ages shall is shall be famous to all posterity:" me and thoughts will be taken up ngs, as ours are now.

is us, that in cold countries beasts : horns, but in hot they have very is might bear a pleasant application.

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly—that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those *marcs* mentioned by Xenophon; who, while their manes were on, (that is, while they were in their beauty,) would never admit the embraces of an ass.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirties those most whom he loves best.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony, as men do to a woman of pleasure.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again."

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of *ideas*, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

interrupted him with warmth—"Now, Sir," said he, "don't you be content? you say you were not on the jury, and yet I have paid you, as though you had—go about your business!" The jurymen took at his word, and departed, marvelling at the force of the penalties inflicted on Exchequer Jurors.

DR. RADCLIFFE AND THE PAVIER.

A pavier to whom this physician was indebted, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting into his chariot, and demanded the payment of his bill. "What, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you expect to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it up with earth to hide your bad work!"—"Doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad pavement that the earth hides!"—"You dog," said the doctor, "you are a wit; you must be poor, come in," and he paid him his demand.

CURE FOR THE QUINCY.

Dr. Radcliffe was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quincy; the doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external, would be of any service, upon which he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty pudding, and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the doctor was about it, he took his man aside, and told him what he was to do. In a short time the pudding was brought up in great order, and set on the table, in full view of the patient. "Come," said he, "you love hasty pudding, eat some with me, for I believe you can't eat without pudding." Both began with their spoons, but the doctor going twice to his master's once, the patient took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed some of the hot pudding in his face. John retorted, and threw another at his master. This the doctor took in a passion, and, quitting his spoon, rising up by handfuls, and threw it at the patient's head. He hit him again in the same manner, who had a full view of the skirmish, and at the fancy, that he burst into a fit of

laughter, which broke the quincy, and cured him for which the doctor and his man were well rewarded.

WINE AND PHYSIC.

A gentleman, who was affected with a consumption in his eyes, waited on his physician for advice. The doctor desired him to leave off drinking wine. In a few weeks, the gentleman experienced the effect of the prescription, and thought he could do less than call on the doctor to return him thanks. He was not a little surprised to find him in a tavern, very merry over a bottle of wine with a friend, notwithstanding his eyes were affected with the disease he had just removed. "Well," said the gentleman, "I see you doctors don't follow your own prescriptions." The son of *Æsculapius* knew instantly what he meant, and made this observation: "If you love your eyes better than wine, don't drink it; but as I love wine better than my eyes, I do drink it."

CHEAP CURSES.

The Puritans were more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing; for when an Irishman fined twelpence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? They said sixpence, he threw down sixpence, and cursed the whole committee.

THE ELDEST SON, OR THE FISHERMAN PUZZLED.

How Pat Molley stared, when he heard that his eldest son was married,

Who'd been ten years a widow, had married another. By turns he ran frantic, then again melancholy: And often repeated his mother's base folly.

A friend chanc'd to call, very friendly to chat, And to soothe, if he possibly could, his friend Pat. "Oh!" says Pat, "what a monster my mother I have to prove,

Very near fifty-three, and so dying in love!"

"Never mind," says his friend, "never heed it now, honey,

When they are both dead you'll get plenty of woe."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"Estate is all yours, boy, as sure as a gun, it can't go away from the only dear son." "Yes," says Pat, "that is right, but I'm thinking that she, she's married, may have a son older than me."

REASONS FOR SYMPATHY.

Why do men sooner give to poor people than to scholars? The reason is, because they think they may sooner come to be poor, than to be scholars.

THREE ROYAL QUESTIONS.

King Henry the Eighth having a month's mind to the abbot of Glastonbury's estate (who was one of the richest abbots in England) sent for him to his court, and told him, that unless he could resolve him three questions, he should not escape with his life. The abbot, willing to get out of his clutches, promised his best endeavours. The king's questions were these: First, *Of what compass the world was about?* Secondly, *How deep the sea was?* And, thirdly, *What the king thought?* The abbot desired some few days' respite, which being granted, he returned home, but with intent never to see the king again, for he thought the questions impossible to be resolved. His grief coming at last to the ears of his cook, he undertook, upon forfeiture of his life, to resolve these riddles, and to free his master from danger. The abbot willingly consented. The cook put on the abbot's clothes, and at the time appointed went to the court, and being like the abbot, was taken by all the courtiers to be the same man. When he came before the king, he thus resolved his three questions. First, *Of what compass the world was about?* He said, "It was but twenty four hours journey, and if a man went as fast as I am, he might easily go it in that space." The second, *How deep the sea was?* He answered, "Only a stone's cast, for throw a stone into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom." To the third, "which I conceive," said he, "your majesty thinks the most difficult to resolve, but indeed it is the easiest that is, *What your highness thinks?* I

answer, That you think me to be far at Glastonbury, when as indeed I am but Jack.

A SIMPLE NERVE.

In the court of King's Bench, a Lincoln, was called to prove a hand. Having looked at the paper some time, Mr. Erskine exclaimed, "Well, your belief? Don't let the devil be your witness, with great composure, he said, "I did not observe, Sir, that over me, and as for the hand-writing judgment of it."

MR. SERGEANT BETTESWORTH AND THE FOLLOWING LINES ON SERGEANT SWIFT.

The following lines on Sergeant Swift inserted in one of his poems, violent resentment on the part of the poet. — "So at the bar the booby Bettesworth, Though half a crown o'er pays his fee, Who knows a law, nor tells a lie, Calls Singleton his brother in law." The poem was sent to Bettesworth, he was surrounded with his friends, party. He read it, then, with violence—took out his penknife, and swore, "With this I'll cut off his ears." He then went and desired the doctor might cut off his ears, and asking the doctor to enter, and asking the doctor to enter, "Sir," said he, "I am Sergeant Bettesworth, pray, Sir, what regiment, pray, Sir?" "Dean, we know you, you are a lawyer, well enough, I am one of his law, and I am come to demand this poem, producing it, on me?" "Sir," said Swift, "man, I had the honour of being your great legal character, pray, who, knowing my propensity, when I lampooned a knave, Conformably to that advice the author."

ODE TO AN OLD WIG.

Not *patriot wig*! that title rare!
 I'd wig—but wig of human hair,
 Adress beneath thy lowly shed;
 A neglected, time no doubt has been,
 By flowing honours fair were seen,
 And powder'd on some first-rate head.
 But hue and tatter'd caul, I ween,
 A change, and better days have seen,
 Thy bard in varied strains shall sing;
 His daring muse on fire,
 Sings her *chequer'd* verse inspire,
 Her high on sympathetic wing.
 Her bosom owns thy humble worth,
 Her tender ladyship breaks forth:
 Her locks belong'd to thee,
 Perhaps they wanton'd free,
 Gay, and debonnaire,
 In the neck so fair;
 When in Twit'nam's bowers,
 He forth his magic powers,
 And fairies heard the sound,
 In obsequious hover'd round,
 Kissing o'er the glade,
 Upon the charming maid.
 If not the muse suppose!
 As triple curls arose,
 A lock without compare
 From its kindred hair;
 A moment after giv'n,
 (Of *politesse*) to heav'n;
 As licens'd poets say,
 Thus all the milky way,
 Led by a stream of light,
 Like each star-light night.
 And through time to a *scratch*,
 A gradual succession of years;
 You hast kept out the cold,
 Kept us! from majesty's ears
 Which *Judge Butler* once own'd,
 As in *Walcot's* blithe song,
 Thy identical self,
 Might'st to great *Thurlow* belong.

Or if into times more remote,

The muse has permission to ken,
 Who knows but thou once grac'd the head
 Of *Solomon*, wisest of men.

Perhaps, but my thread is worn out,

Again to Parnassus I fly,
 The reader perhaps may be led,
 And to tell you the truth, so am I.

So here's a pretty exit of the muse!

Like unto *Butler's* bear and fiddle,
 Begins, 'tis true, but breaks in twain
 Ere she has reach'd the middle.

Then hear, O rev'rend covering for the head,

Be mine the task to end the ode alone,
 And waft prophetic thy future fame
 To distant climes unknown.

"Though torn to pieces by the barber dire,

Still shall some chosen locks remain,
 Worthy some nymph in chaste *Diana's* train,

Who daily brings her clean attire;

And hands the virgin to her spangled gig.

These locks shall never pass away,

But like the phoenix burst upon the day,
 And rise regenerate in an OLD MAID'S WIG!"

LACONIC GRACE.

Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature. Charles I. and the archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when it was agreed that Archer, the king's jester, should say grace for them, which he did as follows: "Great praise be given to God, but little *laud* to the devil."

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

The advanced guard of the French army did not reach the plains of Waterloo till the seventeenth of June, at six in the evening, a delay occasioned by unfortunate occurrences on the road, otherwise the forces would have been on the spot by three o'clock in the afternoon. This circumstance greatly disconcerted the emperor Napoleon, who, pointing to the sun, exclaimed, "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of *Joahua*, to be able to retard thy march for two hours."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

MEDITATION ON A BROOMSTICK

This single stick, which you now behold, ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew flourishing in a forest, it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs! But, now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered handle of twigs to its sapless trunk, it is now at best but the reverse of what it was—a tree turned upside down—the branches on the earth, and the root in the air! It is now lashed by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself! At length, worn to the stump in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire! When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, "Mortal man is a broomstick!" Nature sends him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of a reasoning vegetable, but the axe of intemperance has lopped off the green boughs, and left him a withered trunk. He then flies to art, and puts on a perwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural burden of hairs all covered with powder, and then never grows on his head! But now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those lichen spots it never bore, and all covered with dirt, through the sweeping of the honest lady chambermaid, who she is apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defects! But a broomstick, perhaps, you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head, and, pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal perpetually mounted on his rational faculties, his head where his heels should be, groveling on the earth, and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, as well as remover of grievances, till, worn to the stump, like his brother broom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to burn themselves by.

SWIFT.

GALLER CRAY.

Oh! Why dost thou shiver and shake,
Galler Cray,
And why dost thy name look so late?
"I tell thee, the weather is late,
'Tis I'm the weather, very old,
And my downy hair is very old,
Well-a-day.
Then hue thy varied doubt at me,
Galler Cray,
And warm thy old heart with a pipe,
"Nay, but I read I've done,
And my money's all gone,
Then say how may that come to pass,
Well-a-day."
He away to the house on the broom,
Galler Cray,
And knock at the pally priest's door,
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But never says a word to the poor,
Well-a-day."
The lawyer lives under the hall,
Galler Cray,
Warmly sent both in law and
"He will fasten his heels,
And will threaten the stool,
Should he evermore find me so,
Well-a-day."
The squire has fat bees and
Galler Cray,
And the season will well amend
"His fat bees and his
And his merry new year
Are all for the flush and the
Well-a-day."
My keg is but low, I confess
Galler Cray,
What then? Will it last?
"The poor man, alone
When he hears the
Of his morsel a morsel will
Well-a-day."

POVERTY DESIRABLE.

Art thou, O man, who wast not born
e luxuries of life.

Art thou who canst eat the simple fare ; whose
reth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and
r bacon and eggs.

waketh thee at morn, and accompanieth
ers of night.

as an alderman, and putteth pounds of turtle
paunch ; thou devourest an apoplexy.
st thou hot sauces ? Thou gulpest rheuma-
gout.

wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's
as it is beneath a gentleman to pray for

not sprats and flounders ; peradventure
flounders might blush to enter the doors
let.

hyself not undone, because thou possessest
han thou oughtest in reason to use.

te are thousands in having never been
of fortune.

sigheth not for venison ; she listeth not her
bot.

eth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time,
reth his radiance to the greasy light of a

P. PINDAR.

GAIN AND GLORY.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a subaltern in the
my, a Russian officer, with much self-suf-
emarked, "That his country fought for
the French for gain." "You are perfectly
t," answered Napoleon, "for every one
at which he does not possess."

BUYING AND SELLING THE DEVIL.

Law Dictionary gives an instance of buy-
ing the devil ; the story is extracted from
ills of the manor of Hatfield, near the isle
re, York, of which the following is a transla-
bert de Roderham appeared against John
er that he had not kept the agreement made

between them : and therefore complains, that on a
certain day and year, at Thorne, there was an agree-
ment between the aforesaid Robert and John, whereby
the said John sold to the said Robert, the *devil*, bound
in a certain bond, for threepence farthing ; and there-
upon, the said John, one farthing, as earnest money ;
by which the property of the said devil rested in the
person of the said Robert, to have livery of the said
devil, on the fourth day next following, at which day
the said Robert came to the forenamed John, and
asked delivery of the said devil, according to the
agreement between them made. But the said John
refused to deliver the said devil, nor has he yet done
it, &c. to the great damage of the said Robert, to the
amount of sixty shillings ; and he has therefore
brought his suite, &c. The said John came, and did
not deny the said agreement ; and because it appeared
to the court that such a suite ought not to subsist
among Christians, the aforesaid parties are therefore
adjourned to the infernal regions, there to hear their
judgment ; and both parties were amerced, &c. by
William de Scargell, Seneschal."

DAVID JONES, OR WINE AND WORSTED.

Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh,
Whose cousin was, the Lord knows who
Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.

David, well stor'd with classic knowledge,
Was sent betimes to Jesus college ;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year ;
And Jones was deem'd another Croesus
Among the commoners of Jesus.
It boots not here to quote tradition,
In proof of David's erudition ;

He could unfold the mystery high,
Of Paulo post and verbs in μ ;
Scan Virgil, and in mathematics
Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.
All Oxford hail'd this youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welshmen cried, "Cot pless us !"~
It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
From Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,

And from his erudite relation,
 Received a written invitation.
 Hugh to the college gate repair'd,
 And ask'd for Jones, the porter star'd.
 "Jones? Sir," quoth he, discriminate,
 "Oh Mr. Joneses, there be eight."
 "Ay, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh,
 Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too,
 "Cot's flesh," cries Morgan, "cease your mockings,
 My David Jones wears worsted stockings."
 Quoth porter, "What it is, heav'n knows,
 For shill the right wear worsted hose."
 "My Cot," says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine,
 With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."
 "That one word, 'wine,' is worth a dozen,"
 Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin.
 The wine has stood you, Sir, in more stead
 Than David, or the hose of worsted,
 You'll find your friend at number nine,
 We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

GENTLE'S HIGHWAYMAN.

Boulter, the famous highwayman, one day met a young woman in great distress, who told him that a creditor had entered a house which she pointed out, and threatened to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas. Boulter gave her thirty guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt, and set her husband at liberty, and she ran off loading him with thanks. Boulter, in the mean time, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out, he then attacked him, and took back the thirty guineas, becoming every thing else he had about him.

THE JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

A Jew, about two centuries ago at Lewkeslury, fell into a palsy from a Saturday, which, being the Sabbath, he would not that day be drawn out for fear of breaking it. The earl of Gloucester hearing this news, bade him to be taken out the next day, our Sunday, for that neither the said Sabbath the Christian Sabbath be broken by him, whereupon the poor man lay there all Monday, miserably died. There is a well-known Latin epigram, written in the thirteenth century, on this circumstance.

Tende manus, Solomon.—Ego te de
 Sabbathis nostra colo, de stercore surgo
 Sabbathis nostra quidem, Solomon, co

Thus imitated

CHRISTIAN—What's here?—
 stuck in a palsy?
 Come, cheer up, old lad, catch the
 give ye.

JEW—Away with your infidel rage!
 This day is my sabbath, I will not part

CHRISTIAN—Stay there then. But he
 bath is Sunday,
 So you'll wait in your garden of sweet
 day.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

During the reign of Frederick the Great, a man had acquired great wealth, who dared not attempt it without the king's consent, accordingly he made several applications, on many reasons, the principal of which was the benefit of his health. At length the king gave him the following reply

"Dear Ephraim,

Nothing but death shall part

DIVIDING A DOOR.

An Israelite, who knew the character of Rufus, gave him a large sum of money, to induce him to convert his son to return to him, but his endeavour, but in vain. "Well, father," I have done what I could, but he has refused. It is not my fault though, it is the money between us."

ACCOUNT OF THE TWELVE JEWISH
SPANISH INQUIRY.

The tribe of Judah treacherously sold our Lord, and thirty of them died that year.

The tribe of Benjamin sold our Lord, and therefore the curse of barrenness

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

and no green thing can flourish over

Gad put on the crown of thorns, and of March their bodies are covered with p and painful wounds.

ier buffeted Jesus, and their right hand y a palm shorter than the left. phthali zested with Christ about a herd when they are all born with tusks, like

Manasseh cried out, "His blood be 'on dren," and at every new moon they are bloody sores.

Simeon nailed our Lord to the cross, t of March, four deep and dreadful licted on their hands and feet. n spat on the Saviour, and the wind back their saliva in their faces, so that ally covered with filth.

' Issachar scourged Christ, and on the blood streams forth from their shoul-

' Zebulon cast lots for the garments, re day the roof of their mouth is tor-wounds.

Joseph made the nails for crucifying inted them to increase his sufferings, their hands and feet are covered with ad.

jamin gave vinegar to Jesus, they all palsied, and have their mouths filled eous worms, which, in truth, (adds our use with all Jewish women after the age because it was a woman who entreated eph not to sharpen the nails used for of our Lord."

MERCHANT TAILORS.

hearing a remark made on the hu- Merchant Tailors' motto, "Concordia" replied, "Yes, that is to say, men."

COMFORTABLE

A gentleman about to t Hot Wells, remarked that t the staircase. "It is very tr " but I have had the plac often, that I am tired of dirt, the mischief you ing occu

CARELESS, have a room have it repaired, what, f again in a fortnight."

you is of a t -OUT- I might be

GENUINE MIRACLE.

A sergeant in a regiment of foot, having m the blade of his sword asunder, got for the m a wooden blade, till he could conveniently hav proper one renewed. This coming to the ears o. a commanding officer, he ordered the sergeant to bring to the parade, from the black hole, his brother, private, confined there for drunkenness. The sergea in due obedience, went with a file of men, a brought his brother forward. The colonel the addressed the private in a severe tone, thus—"You are, sirrah, such a drunken scoundrel, and have so long disgraced the corps, that I am determined you shall at once have your head struck off, and your own brother shall be your executioner; kneel Sir, and you sergeant, do your duty!" The sergeant entreated the there might not be imposed on him an office so shock ing to his feelings; but all in vain, the commande was inexorable. The sergeant then fell upon his knees and exclaimed, "Pray, Heaven, hear my prayers, and, rather than I should be the slaughterer of my brother, may the blade of my sword be turned to wood! My prayers are heard," cried he, drawing his sword, "my prayers are heard" to the no small entertainment of the commanding officer.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John, with a sigh, As her voice of a tempest gave warning: "Quite out, sir, indeed," said her maid in reply "For she finished the bottle this morning."

TO A NOTORIOUS AND CRAFTY LIAR.
 Who'er would learn a fact from you
 Must take you by contraries
 What you deny *perhaps* is true,
 But nothing that you *swear* is.

INFANT LOVE.

An old uncle having a very beautiful niece, one day gave her a lecture on the inconsistency of mankind, and particularly cautioned her to beware of her. "Good heavens, Sir," answered she, "what is there to fear from a child?"

THE WIG, CANE, AND HAT.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
 An elderly gentleman sat,
 On the top of his head was his wig,
 And a-top of ~~his~~ wig was his hat.
 The wind it blew high and blew strong,
 As the elderly gentleman sat;
 And bore from his head in a trice,
 And hung in the river his hat.
 The gentleman then took his cane,
 Which lay by his side as he sat,
 And he dropt in the river his wig,
 In attempting to get out his hat.
 His breast it grew cold with despair,
 And full in his eye madness sat,
 So he flung in the river his cane,
 To swim with his wig and his hat.
 Cool reflection at length came across,
 While this elderly gentleman sat,
 So he thought he would follow the stream,
 And look for his cane, wig, and hat.
 His head being thicker than common,
 Overbalanced the rest of his fat,
 And in plunging the son of a woman,
 To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

CLERICAL LEARNING.

Kentish curate being one day at the house of a
 clerical clergyman, who showed him a numerous col-

lection of books, in various languages, whether he understood them all? The curate, in the affirmative, he rejoined, "Surely, then, you must have had your head broken by the fall from the tower of Babel."

ODE TO SAINT PATRICK.

WRITTEN WHILE HALF TIPSY, OVER A
 DINNER.

Tho' *salus* here I pick my bone,
 And drown my shamrock all alone,
 Yet ne'er the worse is that,
 I'll fill and drink to the good
 Both *to* and *for* all a sea of friends,
 To honour thee SAINT PAT,
 And, faith, to thee I'd rather go
 Than any Saint, on Heaven's shore,
 Last ever Pope got tired;
 Because to thee we Irish sinners,
 Who love to sprinkle well our drink,
 Are very deep indebted.
 There's good Dr. SWINN—bad he
 (Instead of water wine from thee)
 For forty days together,
 Then, true y, for a moist set in,
 Six weeks of wet would not have
 Uncomfortable weather.
 But Oh! the liquor, gamin'd well,
 That in my glass this moment red,
 The Red act, so frisky,
 Sweet PAT, if e'er in London
 Thou look'dst at my head to red,
 For Heaven's sake take care, as
 I would not it, a careless way,
 The Devil's lawyer* laid to me,
 Against thee, PAT—
 The worst that PAT can set on
 (The Devil's lawyer he, God bless)
 Would be to call thee "PAT."

* A person, called the Devil's advocate, the canonization of saints to blacken the character of the church for that honour.

call thee what they will,
I'll love thy worship still,
When my race is over,
Thy crown my bed of sleep,
Dew the shamrocks steep,
Say round me, while they weep,
Lies a PAT, *in clover*!"

THE COMEDIAN.

As once engaged for a few nights
In the north of England. It hap-
pened that he went down in (and in
company with) an old gentleman and himself)
on a road by a single highwayman.
In order to save his own money,
he wept; but Shuter resolved to be
accordingly, when the highwayman
and commanded Shuter to deliver
up, for he was a dead man—"Mo-
ve, with an idiotic shrug, and a
possibly vacant—"Oh! Lud, Sir,
with any; for nuncle here always
does and all, your honour!" Upon
the man gave him a few curses for
molested the old gentleman with a
face to awaken him, and robbed
him of what he had in his pocket; while
he lost a single farthing, pursued
with great satisfaction and merriment,
his fellow-traveller

RICAL CURIOSITY.

Addressing his parishioners, among the
a woman of more confidence than
had her who died for her. "Pray,
let me alone with your taunts!"
This was no matter of taunting;
the same question again. "Sir," re-
sponded an honest housekeeper these
days it does not become a man of
me at this rate."—"What do'st
thou think the parson; "I do not mock
who died for you?" "Then," cried
I have the truth, in plain English, I

was once so handsome, that as many would have
died for me as for any of your daughters, depend
upon it."

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY ON SEEING THE EMBALMED BODY
OF DUKE HUMPHREY:

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,
Embalm the *dead*,—on senseless clay
Rich wine and spices waste;
Like sturgeon, or like brawn shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie.
Which I can never taste!

Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
And spoil the Egyptian trade.
Than Gloster's duke more happy I,
Embalm'd alive old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre,
when any of his soldiers were brought before him for
heinous offences, to say to them "By God, brother,
you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a suf-
ficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being dis-
covered in his camp, was addressed in this language;
and next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch
to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the
Marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of import-
ance to communicate. The Marshal, being made
acquainted with this request, exclaimed, "It is the
way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution,
they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve
themselves for a few moments: however, bring the
dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked
him what he had to say? "Why, my lord," said the
culprit, "when first I had the honour of your con-
versation, you was obliging enough to say, that either
you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know,
whether it is your pleasure to be so; because if you
wou't, I must, that's all." The Marshal was so
pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered
him to be released.

BORN ALE.

tion to drink ale at Oxford, established an alehouse near the door of his door, "Ale sold by the pound as good as his jokes, the house is full in great numbers, and beyond the college hours. This complaint to the vice-chancellor took away his licence, by one university. Boniface was summoned when he came into the vice-chancellor's hall, and began spitting about the matter. The chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by his worship, said he, "I must clear myself." The vice-chancellor that he actually weighed his words in manner, he therefore said to him, "You sell your ale by the pound; it doesn't please your worship," replied he, "do you then?" said the chancellor, "I thank you, Sir," replied the vice-chancellor, "The chancellor laughed and said, 'rascal, I will say no more to you parted, and crossing the quadrangle who said the information; the vice-chancellor wants to speak with him. 'Here, sir,' said the chancellor, 'Who?' said the chancellor, 'you sent me for a rascal, and a greater that I know of.'"

THE VIRTUES.

ity and truth,
ies are never still,
h are fled from earth,
enum nil.

FANIONSHIP.

ght told a friend that he intended to be spent at his funeral, but to ask him, if the money was returning? "Going, to be sure when you return I shan't be

THE LOST KEY.

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," said he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly, "if you have, it will serve to open your chest."

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

BAD AND WORSE.

Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to a friend. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the arbitrator proceeded to give judgment in the following manner—"As for you, Sir, (addressing himself to the first) you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life."—"Ah," said the other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, Sir," said the arbitrator, "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, that as for you, you cannot sing at all."

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
Stood, while the bishop bless'd the poor,—
The mitred prelate lift'd high
His voice—"Take off your hat"—"Not I—
Your blessing's little worth," he said,
"If through the hat 'twont reach the head."

IRISH MEASUREMENT.

A gentleman in Ireland having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said the gentleman, "shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit?" To which the steward replied, "Have the pit made large enough to hold all."

SEPTEMBER, OR, THE CITY
SPORTSMAN.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

September, at five in the morn,
Quite cloudy, the prospect forlorn,
My bed, and without the least strife,
The arms of another—my wife,
To Sonnus her snoring to yield,
With brown Bess in the sports of the field,
Her musquet I clean'd over night,
To his glory look'd scarcely so bright;
Sportsmanlike too, added chicken a d' ham,
As I hied to the closet, and why should I not,
By way of a cooler, I like something hot?
I ne'er yet could manage my two guns to birk,
A wedlock's rum bands I soon join'd rum and
milk.

When my dogs round me whistled, I think these were
all,
Nimble and Bouncer, little Gypsy and Ball.
With such four fam'd dogs, but for what I can't
tell,

I expected no less than to beat off the bell,
I expected ea h jolly good sportsman to beat,
And to furnish my friends with a delicate treat,
But poor borrow'd Bounce was as blind as a bat,
And knew not a hare from a tortoise-shell cat,
And Gypsy, the terrier, her mistress's boast,
Stood staunch as a pointer, at nothing but fowl.
There was Nimble, the Greyhound, not given to
man.

Dishk'd staying out, so then nimble ran home.
As Ball, I was certain, would make the birds rise;
My piece pointed direct to the skies;
I was a bird, though I cannot tell what,
To make a bird, though I cannot tell what,
To make a bird, though I cannot tell what,
To make a bird, though I cannot tell what.

A third time I prim'd, and I lost
When close in the hedge a loud
I listen'd, and listen'd, then he
Methought 'twas a blackbird,
The dogs they all snuff'd sure
Some scent that attracts, and
Straight I level'd my piece
Resolv'd what that ran, he
The trigger I pull'd, and
But when open again, he
'Tis true, 'twas a blackbird,
'Twas the Bird of a Jew
'Twas Moses the pedlar
Had crept into the he
New a little collected
And assail'd my two
I tendered him sixpence
As sixpence a sing
He thought for his
To give him another
But suppose, Mr
I've but one text
"Is it bad?"
"Eesh, 'ish he
Having settled
Such rare
fowl

'Twas a
The more
Then with
Prim'd
Before
That I
For I
That
Now
I've
Be

LATE PLAY.

was a very small man, having a
counsel, who was a very stout
ran high on both sides, called
; however, objected. "For,"
little, that I might fire at you a
sitting; whereas the chance is,
he first fire."—"Upon my con-
curred Curran. "But to con-
h to take any advantage, you
on your body, and all hits out
r nothing!"

OLD COQUETTE.

hat frighten me away,
not brother's hair is gray!

THE SAME.

fond girl, in truth,
hy age, but at thy youth.

THE SAME.

spite of Celia's rage,
I've learnt to reverence age.

A SENSIBILITY.

was pilloried for a libel, a little
on, he hired a chairman to hold
head during the painful cere-
vice the doctor rewarded him
day the chairman called upon
suspecting his drift, said, "My
ant, I thought I paid you yes-
ly!" "To be sure, now," said
I for the trouble; but, please
the disgrace!"

I AND THE FRIAR.

n the Italian.

y coated friar one day
as expiring he lay,
as I was frighten'd to see
ng to seize upon thee "
ruly?"—"Too truly, alas!"—
pe?"—"Under that of an ass."
e sinner, "I am not afraid,
ed by your own shade."

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The late lord Erskine was one evening taken sud-
denly ill at lady Payne's, on her expressing a hope
that his indisposition might not be serious, he an-
swered her in the following impromptu —

" 'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*."

LORD WHARTON'S GRACE.

When the whimsical lord Wharton was a stripling,
and once came from school to the house of his fa-
ther, who was a formal Presbyterian, and extremely
deaf, the old nobleman invited the neighbouring gen-
try and their families to partake of an entertainment,
on the anniversary of his birth. On dinner being
served up, the young gentleman was ordered to say
grace; when turning up the whites of his eyes, and
assuming a puritanical countenance, he poured forth
the following filial ejaculation:—

"I pray God to shorten
The days of lord Wharton,
And set up his son in his place;
He'll drink and he'll w—e,
And ten thousand things more,
With a grave and fanatical face."

HINT FROM THE PULPIT.

Butler, duke of Ormond, was by queen Anne ap-
pointed lord lieutenant of Ireland; in going over to take
possession of his government he was driven by stress
of weather upon the isle of Ila, and was obliged to re-
main there some time, at the house of the minister,
whose living brought him in about 22*l.* per annum.
He made the minister, whose name was Joseph, a
present on his going away, and promised to do some-
thing more for him. Joseph waited with impatience
at the not hearing further; at last he went over to
Dublin, and got leave to preach in the cathedral,
where he knew the duke would be. His text was:
*But the chief Butler remembered not Joseph, but
forgot him.* The duke was struck with the words,
and recollecting his old host, sent for him to dine with
him, and gave him a living of 400*l.* per annum.

THE DRINKING PHILOSOPHER.

PUNNING RUM MAN.

As old John Magee, late the landlord at the
 Sun,
 Er had an *ail* unless when all his *ale* was done :
 As was on his sign, tho' what sign his *sun* was
 on,
 As of the zodiac could ever hit upon.
 He said it was *Aquarius*, so *queerious* he'd get ;
 He declar'd no *soda-back* should ever share his
whet ;
 Burnith'd *sun* was *sol-o*, soul-heart'ning was his
 cheer,
 I quaffing of good *potter* long kept him from his
bier ;
 Draughtsman he'd no equal, his *drawings* were
 so good,
 And many a noble *draught* has he taken from the
wood,—
 Rare *spirited* productions, with tasty views near
Cork ;
 And then he had a *score* or two *rum* characters in
chalk.
 Above the mantle *taille* his *tally* it was nail'd,
 And tho' he'd lost one *eye-sight*, his *hop-ticks* never
 fail'd.
 Good ale and cider *cold here*, oft made the soldier
 halt,
 And sailor Jack, his *sail* aback, would hoist aboard
 his malt ;
 Most *cordially* he'd pour out a *tordial* for the fair,
 Whose *peeper* meant to ogle the *pepper-mint* so
 rare.
 While buxom Jen would toss off the juniper so gay,
 And swear it was both sweet and nice as any *shrub*
 in May.
 At last John took to drinking, and drank till drunk
 with drink,
 His *stuffing* he would *stuff* in till *stuff* began to
 shrink ;
 Tho' mistress shook her hand high, he suck'd the
sugar-candy,
 And his brand-eye by tipping of the

His servants always *stuffy* ; his *frills* !
 And staggering round his *bar* till
 breath'd their last ;
 And when he *stated* all *about* his
 away ;
 Nor reap'd he fruit from any *seed* he
 And tho' he drank the *bitters*, his
 cream'd,
 He put the more *perfect* as *time* the
 ceas'd.
 The storm, alas ! was *brewing*, the
 till :
 And Mrs. Fig, for '*bacca*', to back his
 bill.
 Distillers *still'd* his spirits, but could
 He told the *baillif* he would try a
 find,
 But fumbling round the *top-room*,
 on the head,
 So here he lies quite flat and *stale*,
 he's dead.

CLASSIC TRANSLATION

A hedge schoolmaster in Ireland,
 classics at five shillings per quarter,
 hovel by the road-side, one day
 to translate, with *true idiom*, the
 "*Obstupui, steteruntque comae* et
 when he Englished it thus, *Obstui*
steteruntque comae, my hair stood
 of a fighting pig, et *verba* *fructu*
 devil a word I could get out.

WAKING A TRAV

An Irish gentleman travelling
 London and Liverpool, was
 the coachman, on his request
 another driver, to solicit a
 easy matter to make Pat understand
 object ; at length, however,
 his pocket, and handed it
 tions for the interruption, till
 waked me, fellow, I'd have

JOE'S WIFE.

history tells us plain,
ble portions back again,
is plaguy wife—~~the~~ true,
tient man, have ~~done~~ with two?

EXTRAORDINARY.

named Moore, who had settled as
nonger in Dublin, was fascinated
of his Hibernian acquaintance,
with them all the cheap hospitali-
ties, and whiskey punch. Having
abitation, and given a *housewarm-*
company, the cheerful jug went
in motion, occasionally replenished
a jar of ten gallons dimension,
favourite urn on similar occasions,
when tipsy, he never failed to
encomiums. A wag in the room,
ving that his host was far gone
his favourite hobby-horse, the
the praises of this extraordinary
there were but *two* of them came
ships; that he had sold the fel-
lowe five years before for twenty
he noble Lord would cheerfully
for this, if he knew where to find
aid Moore, "you are *flogging the*
only cost me a guinea and a half,
for *ten*." Shiel, mustering all his
My dear Moore, you don't know
; it is the true *Whang Tong mal-*
I'd lay you any wager that the
I can find would not be able to
n strokes of your largest kitchen
aid Moore, "that I will do it my-
strokes." "Done with you," said
of *porter* that you don't." The
I, Moore called for the large
stripping off his coat dealt with
culean blow upon the jar, which
thousand pieces.
ving a muscle of his countenance,

gravely acknowledged that Mr. Moore had certainly
won the wager, and threw down his shilling to ~~put~~
the bet, observing, "that this was the first time in his
life he ever saw such a jar broken in the same man-
ner." Moore stood for some time astounded by the
effects of this rash stroke upon his favourite *tailor*,
but recovering a little, and perceiving the ~~loss~~ by
which he had been deluded, fury kindled in his eye,
and he was looking out anxiously for some favourable
spot on the head of the hoaxer, whereon to bestow
the next stroke of his poker; but the insidious fellow,
seeing the storm rising, thought fit to decamp, laugh-
ing in his sleeve at the success of his mischievous
joke.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a hell, but dispute of the place;
But if hell may by logical rules be defined,
On this place of the damned, I'll give you my mind.
Wherever the damned do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is hell to be found;
Damned critics, damned blockheads, damned fools
and damned knaves,
Damned senators bribed, damned prostitute slaves;
Damned lawyers and judges damned lords and damn-
ed squires,
Damned spies and informers, damned friends and
damned liars;
Damned villains corrupted in every station,
Damned time-serving priests all over the nation
And into the bargain I'll readily give ye
Damned ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy

PARTY SPIRIT.

A lady who enthusiastically adored Wilkes and
liberty, was disputing with a gentleman upon the va-
rious accomplishments of her idol. "You will allow
he has wit," said she.—"Certainly."—"And he is a
fine scholar?"—"Undoubtedly."—"And he is in-
trepid?"—"Yes."—"A patriot, too!"—"Some
think him so."—"And surely he is very handsome?"
—"Handsome! why, my dear madam, he squints most
abominably."—"Squints! I allow it; but not a bit
more than a man of genius ought to squint."

THE TUREEN.

Dear money, thou art always floating!
 Whether in buying china, or in voting,
 Thou art still extracted from the miser's sob,
 In speculation or in job!
 Some whim is always driving thee abroad,
 Thou'rt spent by folly, or disgorg'd by fraud—
 In vain thou'rt hoarded—passion gives thee vent,
 And out thou'lt come, fancy's cent. per cent.!

The farmer tracks thee for a Southdown tup,
 The virtuoso for a rusty coin,
 (Which if he cannot purchase, he'll purloin.)
 While Busto gives thee for a china cup!
 This Busto had amass'd a vast deposit
 Of China treasure in his closet;
 Plates, saucers, cream ewers, *every kind of ware*,
 On which he could infix his eager claws,
 And to display his riches, ask'd a few
 Select and titled friends, his stores to view,
 At a rich dinner gorgeously display'd,
 Fead of their praise, but of their awkwardness afraid.

The butler, when the treat was nearly dress'd,
 Preferred to Busto's ear the cook's request,
 To know in which of his tureens he chose
 The turtle soup (so savoury) to dispose—
 "Here, take the key," said Busto, "on the floor
 Under the window, and behind the door,
 You'll find it with its lid encased in straw;
 But be most cautious, for it has a flaw."
 The butler's over care perhaps perplex'd him,
 For in his hurry he took what was next him,
 Not a tureen, but something that, for shame,
 The name of *China* he is not to name—
 And right in view, and at the table's head,
 The *expressive vase* was full in view display'd.
 Of course to Busto's happy lot it fell,
 To usher in a fashionable belle—
 But what a sight his palpitating eye assails!
 His colour changes, and his courage fails—
 An universal titter spreads around—
 The ladies cast their eyes upon the ground,
 Anxious to peep, and yet to look afraid,
 They call the friendly fan-sticks to their aid,

And through the crevices securely view
 The precious Nankin's genuine white
 And wish, while laughing at poor Busto
 They had the treasure in another piece.
 Such a misfortune one would say,
 Might cure poor Busto of his folly;
 But no less strange than melancholy,
 I do declare that, undismayed,
 Twelve pounds ten shillings Busto paid
 For two crack'd tea pots, the next

PROPHECIES.

An old Irish haymaker, with his
 Innocent looking young woman, were
 Bailey on a capital indictment for a
 bery in the house of an old gentleman
 where the daughter was servant. He
 peared to be perfectly innocent in the
 the father's guilt was clearly proved
 tor. When the evidence for the
 closed, the Judge asked him the
 what he had to say in his defence
 sowl," answered the fellow, "there has
 said upon the business already, and
 say any more. I'm willing to drop
 gether, and if you're satisfied, I am
 say, man," repeated the Baron, "if you
 to say in your defence, now is your
 my sowl then," answered the prisoner
speak, I have only to say that my
 you." The Jury convicted him, and
 tion was, "What's the prisoner's
 says the fellow, "what call have
 age?" "The Court must know," said
 "how old you are." "Oh, by my
 believe I'm pretty near as old as
 spoke prophetically, for he was ban-

FORESTALLING.

A gentleman endeavouring to
 Wandsworth at a review of light
 there were already three horses
 then," exclaimed his companion, "we
 are completely forestalled."

COMFORTS COMPLETED.

sailor in Dublin crossing the Coal, with a gallon measure of foaming his shipmates on board, passed through the heavens, not much more sober than in the pride of his heart addressed to you your whiskey, you Irish lubbers, of good English beer, *it is meat, drink* tapping the vessel with his hand. One affronted at this challenge, instantly down into a large slough of water, *and meat, drink, and clothes before, and lodging for you into the bargain*, the fellow was proceeding to follow up by kicking the fallen Briton, when an angel interfered with "*Blow and ovals*, you did give him *washing and lodging*, want *mangling* into the bargain."

EPIGRAPH ON AN INFANT.

tone lies our dear child who's gone
into eternity;
hope that us shall go to he,
e'er come back to we.

MODESTY FOR MONEY.

An adventurer one day stepped into a the Strand, seated himself in a box, of fare, and ordered a sole and a wild anner, with as much *sang froid* as if he crammed with Bank notes. When served, he call for a pint of Madeira, couple of tarts, he demolished with tolerance and when the cloth was removed, he filberts and a bottle of port, which, despatched, he desired the waiter to at the bar. The waiter told his master, by good-natured Welchman, and who addity of this order from a perfect to remonstrate with the gentleman, how he could think of ordering such *unlaving* money to pay for it. "Odds

blood, my good friend," answered the Hibernian, "isn't it all the same thing, whether I pay you, now or another time. Sure won't I be a customer of the house. I only *changed my breeches* this morning, and forgot my purse, and you would'nt have a *gentleman* balk his appetite and go without his dinner because he happened to have no cash about him."—"Why, Sir," answered the host, "I should never judge a gentleman his dinner, look you, if he had no money; but I think in such a case, something less expensive than sole, roast fowl, and raspberry tart, might answer your purpose; and I can't think that a pint of Madeira, a bottle of port, and filberts were quite indispensable." "Poh! poh!" replied the other, "d—n it, I heard you were a generous fellow, and sure you would'nt have a gentleman finish his dinner in a shabby way without a glass of wine and a little fruit."

THE RAPID FORTUNE.

Says Dick to Hal, "Your thrifty sire, in trade For your dear sake a rapid fortune made,
You drank, wench'd, gambled, mortgag'd house and land,
And from the turf to jail drove four in hand."
"Have done," cries Hal, "nor with your gammon stup me,
My fortune was so rapid, it outrun me."

THE IRISHMAN'S BLANKET.

An Irishman who was sent on board of ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they; "they are ten thousand strong every night." This so terrified Pat, that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downwards he was naked and cold. "That there purser is a terrible rogue," said he, "he serves out blankets that don't fit a man; they are too long at top, and too short at bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top, and sewed on the bottom and the devil a bit longer it is."

THE DYING FATHER.

A dying father had two sons ;
 And, if I recollect their names,
 The one was George, the other James.
 James was a clever lad, and George a dunce.
 The father saw his end approaching fast,
 He order'd James straight to appear,
 And, as his sorrowing son drew near,
 Upon him threw a wistful look he cast,—
 "My son," he said, "I'm much concern'd for thee,
 For thou want'st neither wit nor sense,
 And these when I am call'd from hence,
 Will ~~lose~~ your land'race that advantage be—
 Well, well—to make amends—ere, take this key.—
 With the opening closet thou wilt find
 A roomy chest, which now contains
 The lot of all my hard-earn'd guns
 This I now buy for thee alone design'd,
 James started back—look'd pale and wan—
 "Forbid it Heavens ! should I alone receive
 The fortune which you now must leave,
 How would poor brother George come on !"
 "George !" said the father, "better far than you :
 Of him I uniformly said,
 I had no cause to be afraid :
 For his stupidity would bring him through.

A TRIFLING DIFFERENCE.

A very old lady of quality having intrigued with a gentleman of family, who was not so rich in wealth as she was, she bequeath'd to him the bulk of her estate at her death, her niece who was the next heir, commenced an action for the recovery of the fortune, which was given against her. On quelling the court she addressed the fortunate possessor of the estate in this manner : "Well, sir, it must be confessed, you got the estate very cheaply." "Mamma," replied the gentleman, "you know the price at which I had it, and you may if you please give a purchase of it upon the same terms." "With all my heart, sir," answered the lady briskly, "if you will give the sign manual."

SURRENDER.

When poor Maria first began
 To sell her youthful charms to man,
 Her lovely bosom then was man's
 The tempting symbol of her trade,
 But since each virtuous lady de-
 With modest ease displays the same
 Maria, e'er her trade dunn'd,
 Must shut up shop, or change her

SIR THOMAS BROWN'S REVEREND

Sir Thomas Brown once observed
 that he had *toasted* a lady for twelve
 had little hopes of ever making her.

RETRIBUTION.

Francis the first, being engaged at
 abbe de Beaulieu, the latter struck a
 lence which came in contact with the
 monarch, who, feeling the smart, said
 I give you to all the levels in the
 plied the one, "give your majesty to
 who are just as good companions."

TO A CRITIC.

You say that "in scribbling on figures
 No comment with truth can be rife,
 For while I cut you, should the quest
 I must own that I cut but a cipher."

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

The *maréchal* Grammont having
 sacked a fortress, the garrison of
 surrendered, a capitulation it being the
 the signing of which the *gouverneur*
 said, "Marechal I will be content
 not been bereft of a bullet to use
 not have surrendered." "That I
 waiting in camp out," replied the
 tell you that had I had any more
 not have acceded to the terms of cap-

REVAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

saved ten pounds from my rector, one half year's salary—obliged to before my admittance to the doctor; admitted, was never once asked to wash myself, though I had walked out, the doctor hinted he could have for fifteen pounds a year.

I nine pounds to seven different people buy the second-hand pair of black me as a great bargain by cabbage, ife wanting a petticoat above all r Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to

My wife bought a petticoat for her two daughters; but unluckily, dropped half a guinea through a had never before perceived) in her ed all our cash in the world to half-hid my poor woman for being af-rtune, and tenderly advised her to dness of God.

ceived a note from the ale-house at , informing me that a gentleman) me on pressing business; went, an unfortunate member of a stroll-layers, who was pledged for seven-in a struggle what to do. The baker, aid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled giving any credit in future; and he butcher, sent us word that he l, that the rector intended to take ld do the parish duty at an inferior re, though he would do any thing to me to deal with Peter P'aunch, at the town. Mortifying reflections y opinion a want of humanity is a id the stranger's reckoning out of pocket, and gave him the remain-to prosecute his journey.

y scanty dinner, and pretended t, by avoiding to eat, I might be enough for my poor wife and

children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mamma. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more right sense, is even amiable for its in-dication; and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on

Sunday—I preached at four different parish-churches and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry; no more than two-pence half-penny in the house. But see the goodness of God! The strolling player, whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as hu-mane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service: I had not been an hour at home, when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

EPISCOPAL BARGAINS.

The prince de Conti, speaking of the possession of rich benefices, remarked, "That the Lord was very ill served for his money."

PRIOR THE POET.

A lady requested Matthew Prior to give her a sedate rhyming couplet on the female sex. "That, madam, is utterly impossible," returned the poet, "for in women there is neither rhyme nor reason."

A MISS-PIT.

On the death of a good performer, belonging to Drury-lane theatre, a very indifferent one (who had often been his substitute in a case of illness) said, "Well, I am sorry for his loss, poor fellow! but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good: I shall jump into his shoes."—"You may," observed another, "but I'll be d—d if they'll fit you."

FRANKLIN'S WAY TO WEALTH, OR POOR RICHARD'S
MAXIMS.

CONTROVERSIAL READER.

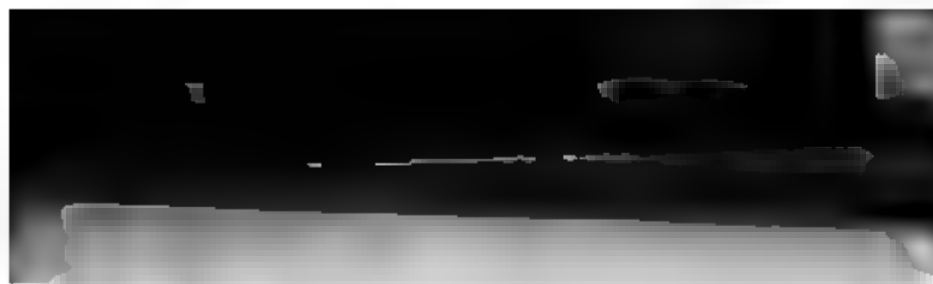
I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks—"Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied—"If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short, for, A word to the wise is enough, as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathered round him, while he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them. But we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. God helps them that help themselves, as poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright, as poor Richard says. But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! Forget it not. That the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as poor Richard

says, the greatest prodigality, and tells us, Lost time is never found again. We call time enough a waste, when we are then up and so doing, and we do so by diligence we shall do more. Sloth makes all things difficult, but hard, He that riseth late, must not sorely overtake his business, as business travels so slowly, that poor lum. Drive thy business, let not and Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a healthy, wealthy, and wise man.

"So what a number of things may be done! We may make it a rule to ourselves. Industry need not give us lives up, hope will do fast, without pains, then help, to lands, or, if I have, they are that hath a trade, hath an estate, call on, hath an office of poor Richard says, but the, worked at, and the estate, neither the estate nor the office of our taxes. If we are industrious, starve, for, At the working man's in, but dares not enter. Nor will constable enter, for industry pays span increaseth them. What there no treasure, nor has any rich legacy, diligence is the mother and God gives all things to the deep, while sluggards sleep, a day to sell and to keep. Work while for you know not how near you to-morrow. One to-day is worth poor Richard says, and, farther, till to-morrow which you can do a servant, would you not be a master should catch you after your own master, be ashamed to catch there is so much to be done for your country, and your king, without mittens, remember this



shoes, as poor Richard says. It is true, such to be done, and perhaps you are weak-but stick to it steadily, and you will see etc; for Constant dropping wears away and by diligence and patience the mouse gnaws the cable; and Little strokes fell great

John I hear some of you say, 'Must a man seek no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, Richard says: Employ thy time well, if not to gain leisure; and since thou art not idle, throw not away an hour. Leisure doing something useful; this leisure thou wilt obtain, but the lazy man never; of leisure and a life of laziness are two things, without labour, would live by their hands, but they break for want of stock; industry gives comfort, plenty, and respect. Men, and they will follow you. The dilator has a large shift, and now I have a cow, every body bids me a good-morrow. In our industry we must likewise be steady, diligent, and oversee our own affairs with care, and not trust too much to others; for Richard says—

As saw an oft-removed tree,
An oft-removed family,
Prove so well as those that settled be.
Gain, Three removes are as bad as a fire;
Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep
again. If you would have your business
of not, send. And again,
That by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

W, The eye of a master will do more work
in hands; and, again, Want of care does
more than want of knowledge; and,
to oversee workmen, is to leave them your

Trusting too much to others' care is the
way; for, in the affairs of this world, men
are not by faith, but by the want of it: but a
care is profitable; for, If you would have
an event, and one that you like, serve your-
self right may breed great mischief; for

want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe
the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider
was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy;
all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention
to one's own business; but to these we must add
frugality. If we would make our industry more cer-
tainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how
to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life at the
grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat
kitchen makes a lean will; and—

Many estates are spent in the getting.
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.
If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as
of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich,
because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you
will not then have so much cause to complain of hard
times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great.
And, farther, What maintains one vice, would bring
up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a
little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little
more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little enter-
tainment now and then, can be no great matter; but
remember, Mucy a little makes a mickle. Beware
of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great
ship, as poor Richard says; and, again, Who dainties
love shall beggars prove; and moreover, Fools make
feasts, and wise men eat them.

"Here you are all got together to this sale of fine-
rics and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but, if
you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of
you. You expect they will be sold cheap; and per-
haps they may, for less than they cost; but if you
have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you.
Remember what poor Richard says. Buy what thou
hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy
necessaries. And again, At a great pennyworth
pause a while. He means, that perhaps the cheap-
ness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain,
by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more

harm than good. For in another place he says, Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Again, It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance, and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families, Saks and satins, scarlet and velvets put out the kitchen-fire, as poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life, they can scarcely be called the conveniences, and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravaganzas, the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it plainly appears, that a plebeian on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as poor Ike has says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of, they think, it is day, and will never be night, that a tub to be spent out of so much is not worth minding, but Always taking out of the vital tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom as poor Richard says, and then, When the well is dry, they know the worth of water. But that they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, as poor Richard says, and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says—

Find pride of dress is sure a very curse;

Ere fancy you consult consult your purse.

“And again Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more so. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece, but poor Jack says, It is easy to compass the first desire, that to satisfy all that follow it—and it is as truly so for the poor as for the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Great ships large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished. Richard says, Pride that breeds contempt, pride has attained with poverty, and suppers with necessity, what use is this pride of appearance, much is risked, so much is sacrificed, more health, no ease, pain, a malady in the person, it creates enmity, tune.

“But what madness must be to these superfluities! We are offered a sale, six months credit, and that draws some of us to attend, to spite the ready money, and hope to get it. But, ah! what what you to debt you have to another power. If you cannot pay at the time you to see your creditors, you will be a speak to him you will make poor excuses, and, by degrees, come to be and sink into base, downcast living vice is lying, the best is nothing. Richard says, and, to the saddle upon debt's back, who can a man ought not to be ashamed to speak to any man living. But poverty a man of an spirit and virtue, empty bag to stand upright. What of that prince, or that government, an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman, on pain of imprisonment. Would you not say that you were to dress as you please, and that would be a breach of your privileges, and ment tyrannical? And yet you are self under that tyranny, when you redress? Your creditor has authority to deprive you of your liberty, to gaul for debt or by selling you for should not be able to pay him. What your lack, as you may, perhaps, the most but, as poor Richard says, better memories than debtors, creditous soul, great observers of men



A NEW, & IMPROVED, SYSTEM OF...

1827

you would before you are aware, and the people before you are prepared to satisfy in their debt in good, the term, which not so long, will, as it happens, appear exact: Time will seem to have added wings as well as his shoulders. Those have a who owe money to be paid at Easter. At shape, you may think yourselves in (striv-ness, and that you can bear a little be without injury; but—
go and wait now while you may, sitting sun lasts a whole day!

be temporary and uncertain, but ever, but, expense is constant and certain; and go build two chimneys then to keep one in or Richard says: no, rather go to bed sup- in rise in debt.

you can, and what you get hold; time that will turn all your lead into gold. you have got the philosopher's stone, sure longer complaint of bad times, or the diffi-ying taxes.

doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: B, do not depend too much upon your own and frugality, and prudence, though excel-ly for they may all be blasted, without the Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing ed be not uncharitable to those that at me do want it, but comfort and help them. Job suffered, and was afterwards prosper-

ow, to conclude, Experience keeps a dear funds will learn in no other, (as poor Ri-ly) and scarcely in that; for it is true, We advice, but we cannot give conduct: how- mber this, They that will not be counselled, helped; and farther, that, If you will not go, she will surely rap your knuckles, as the saying is.

old gentleman ended his harangue. The at, and approved the doctrine—and quitted the contrary, just as if it had been; for the auction opened, and proceeded vigorously.

12

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ENGLISHMAN AND AN IRLISHMAN.

Englishman. Hullo, hullo!

Irishman. I don't know any one of that name;

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Irish. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's comfortable.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Irish. Yes, sir, the fair of Mellinger and Bellingham is next week.

Eng. I see—How are your beds?

Irish. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountains?

Irish. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Irish. Yes, sir, all kinds from Irish white wine (but-ter milk) to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Irish. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Irish. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Irish. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope your not a shark.

Irish. No, sir, indeed, I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soles?

Irish. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Pshaw! have you any plaice?

Irish. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Irish. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see, myself.

Irish. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

JAMES J. AND DR. BUCHANAN.

When Dr. Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of James, his royal pupil, he answered—He thought he did a great deal to make one thing of him.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

A SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT.

A SLENDID ENTERTAINMENT.

He having been invited to dine with the late
of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following ac-
count of this entertainment. As to splendour, as far
went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard
laden; and if a man could have swallowed a silver
dish's shop, there was enough to satisfy him, but
to all the rest—his mutton was white, his veal
red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not
long enough. to sum up all, every thing was
except his ice; and every thing sour except his
negar.

MOLIERE'S GRAVE.

Just died, the arch

MOLIERE'S GRAVE.

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him, but, finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked, how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached? This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied, about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better of your scruples, therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND ZAREMBA.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND ZAREMBA.
General Zarembo had a very long Polish name; the king of Prussia had heard of it, and one day said to him, "Pray, Zarembo, what is your name?" The general told him the whole of it. "Heavens!" said the king, "the devil himself has not such a name!"—"Why should he?" replied Zarembo, "he is no relation to me, if he is to your majesty."

THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACVILLE

THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACREVILLE

His lordship was one day entering his house in Pall Mall, when he observed a basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, "They are ours," my lord, "from our country house."—"Very well," rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked

PHILOSOPHER.
 what coach it was. "Ours," said
 "And are the children in it ours too?"
 ship, laughing. "Must certainly, my
 John, with the utmost gravity, and
 to lift them out.
 AFFECTION.

ILLIAD. AFFECTION.

The late Mr. Philip Thurness, late Audley, being in want of money, applied for assistance. This being desired, he hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite to his house, and put up a board, on which was in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the cheapest manner, by Philip Thurness of lord Audley." His lordship took the board was removed.

AN USTIMIFY DEMAND.

A provincial actress was performing
lady Ann, in King Richard the Third
livering the following passage —
"When shall I have rest
mother"

she was answered by her washer-
pit, who exclaimed, "Never, till
three shillings and twopence."

MR. FIVE AND DR. FIVE

The first time that Mr. Pitt was after his election as member for the sophs were naturally gaping for the gift. D. Paley, who preached the minister, chose this appropriate text here that hath two barley loaves fishes, but what are these among

THE FIRST

One Sunday, when Mr. Ogilvie, who was in the middle of his week, who kept an alehouse in the parish, neighbour jugged her, in order to get her to the church, and then, when she was there, and the minister was at the altar, he said to her, "What a fine day it is!" "Yes, it is," she replied, "but I don't think it will be a fine day for me." "Why not?" he asked. "Because I am a poor creature, and I don't think I am fit to be in the church."

VISIONS IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

ing in a country church in Germany, *the Sacrifice of Isaac*, is represented with a blunderbuss in his hand, ready to fire, and an angel, suddenly coming down from heaven, pouring a certain water on the pan. In the picture at Windsor, by Antonio Verrio, he represented himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and the surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, and Christ healing the sick.

of Toledo once painted the story of the Men of the East coming to worship at the Altar of the Kings; where he represented them as three Arabian kings; two of them were white, and one of them black; but, when he drew the latter part of the picture, he made three black feet for the negro king, and three white feet for the two white kings.

monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in the Abbey, he is represented rising out of a full-bottomed wig well powdered and

at Bruges is a picture of the Marriage of Saint Catherine of Sienna, by the patron of the church. The Virgin Mary, their hands, and King David playing the harp at the wedding.

er has represented an angel, in a chariot, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise.

li painted a picture of the Circumcision of Christ, and drew the high priest, with spectacles on his nose.

e painted by F. Chello della Puera, the Virgin Mary is placed on a velvet sofa, playing with a paroquet, and about to help herself to an engraved coffee-pot.

picture painted by Peter of Cortona, the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban, (French Museum,) the painter has represented the bell-ringer rising over the trees.

placed Benedictine fathers and monks among his paintings from the Old Tes-

In the illuminations of a manuscript Bible at Paris, under the Psalms, are two persons playing at cards; and under Job and the Prophets are coats of arms and a windmill.

Poussin, in his picture of the Deluge, has painted boats, not then invented.

EPITAPH ON COOKE, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

Pause, thoughtful stranger: pass not heedless by,
Where COOKE awaits the tribute of a sigh.
Here sunk in death those powers the world admired,
By nature given, not by art acquired.
In various parts his matchless talents shone,
The one he failed in was, alas! his own.

BURIED ALIVE.

A lady once told St. Foix, that in her will she had ordered her body to be opened after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

AN ENTERTAINING JOURNEY.

Dodd the comedian was very fond of a long story.—Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath: and, at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no farther than *the Devises*!—The company then rose to separate; when Dodd, who could not bear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried, "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it entertaining!"

POSTHUMOUS GRIEF.

Philips, in his Pastorals, makes shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths: "Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own."

PRUDENT PORTRAIT.

A married intriguing lady insisting on having her lover's portrait, he remonstrated on the absurdity, alleging it would amount to the proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

CROSSING PROVERBS.

Prov. The more the merrier.

Cross. Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. He that runs fastest gets most ground.

C. Not so; for then footmen would get more ground than their masters.

P. He runs far that never turns.

C. Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.

P. No man can call again yesterday.

C. Yes; he may call till his heart ache, but it will never come.

P. He that goes softly goes safely.

C. Not among thieves.

P. Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.

C. Yes, lack of meat.

P. Nothing is hard to a willing mind.

C. Yes, to get money.

P. None so blind as they that will not see.

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. There is no creature so like a man as an ape.

C. Yes, a woman.

P. Nothing but is good for something.

C. Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. Every thing hath an end.

C. Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. Money is a great comfort.

C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. The world is a long journey.

C. Not so; the sun goes it every day.

P. It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

C. Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P. A friend is best found in adversity.

C. Not so; for then there's none to be found.

P. The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.

C. No, the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

P. Virtue is a jewel of great price.

C. Not so; for then the poor could not come by it.

PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Menage gives us the following specimen *badauderie* (cockneyism.) A gentleman not swim, one day in bathing got out and would have been drowned, had no mers been at hand to save him. On protestated that he would never venture again, till he had learned to swim.

LADY HARDWICK AND HER MAJESTY.

A bailiff having been ordered by lady procure a sow of the breed and size as described to him, came one day into the when full of great company, proclaiming of joy he could not suppress, "I have ston fair, my lady, and got a sow as ladyship's size."

RIDDLES.

*Q. In words unnumber'd I abound,
In me mankind do take delight;
In me much learning still is found,
Yet I can neither read nor write.*

Answer. It is a book printed or written.

*Q. With learning daily I am conversant
And scan the wisdom of the wisest;
With force I pierce the strongest argument
Yet know no more than it had never.*

A. It is a worm that eats through a learned library.

*Q. Full rich am I, yet care not who
Doth take away from me my wealth
Be it by fraud, I will not see,
Nor prosecute, although by stealth.*

A. It is a coffer wherein great riches are hid.

*Q. Tho' I am pierced a thousand times
Yet in me not a hole is made;
I notice give when Phoebus climbs
To drowsy mortals in their bed.*

A. It is a window penetrated by the sun.

*Q. I'm dragg'd along thro' dirt and mire
O'er cragg'd stones and hills about;
And yet I neither faint nor tire,
But rather weary those that do't.*

A. It is a coach drawn about by horses.

the Temple church so much like *Henn*
are married, or in marriage given.
 In the Temple was founded in the reign
 L., upon the model of that of the holy
 Jerusalem, and is *extra-parochial*.

BROTHER FEELING.

ick, being at the seat of lord Fielding,
 hat nobleman, to see a puppet-show; and
 offering a shilling at the door for his ad-
 h, no," cried the man, "pass on, *brother*
 never take money from *one another*!"

YOUR WORSHIP.

giving business with a magistrate, who
 sooner, gave much offence, by neglecting
 —his *worship*; on which he committed
 for contempt. When the man obtained
 e he constantly attended *his worship's*
 ng for almost every lot: "threepence,
ip; sixpence, *your worship*;" which
 scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's
 t he was glad to give the man ten guineas
 and his sales any more.

SURNAMES.

ere surnam'd from their shape or estate,
 may from history worm it,) *as*
was the Bulky and Henry the Great,
land and Peter the Hermit.
 hen the door-plates of misters and dames
 each so constantly varies
 ner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames
 n by the rule of contraries.

ough provok'd, never doubles his fist,
 s in his grate has no fuel,
 r won't catch me at hazard or whist,
 wif was wing'd in a duel.
 a dunce, *Mr. King* is a whig,
 is uncommonly sprightly.
Mr. Little broke down in a gig
 King sat *Mr. Golightly*.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
 And meek *Mr. Lion* met fierce *Mr. Lamb*,
 Tweak'd his nose in the lobby of Drury,
 At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
 (A conduct well worthy of Nero,)
 Over poor *Mr. Lightfoot*, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heavyside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose *Mr. Love*,
 Found nothing but sorrow await her:
 She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
 That fondest of mates, *Mr. Hayter*.
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
 Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
 Old *Mr. Younghusband's* the starchest.

Mr. Child in a passion knocks down *Mr. Rock*,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,
Miss Poole us'd to dance, but she stands like a stock,
 Ever since she became *Mrs. Rivers*.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
 He moves as though cords had entwin'd him;
Mr. Metcalf ran off upon meeting a cow,
 With pale *Mr. Turnbull* behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flow'r from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journies on foot,
Mr. Foot all his journies on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
 Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won;
 Large *Mr. Le Fever's* the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.
Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year,
 By showing his leg to an heiress.
 Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite
 clear,
 Surnames ever go by contraries.

AMENDS HONOURABLE.

Many years since, the bench of Middlesex justices refused a licence to a publican who put up Mr. Wilkes for his sign: he told them, so far from being a friend to Wilkes, that he had hang him up in effigy; but if he had given offence, he was ready to pull down Wilkes, and hang up the whole bench of Middlesex justices instead.

JOURNAL OF AN INDOLENT MAN.

Thursday, eleven at eight, went to bed: ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be busy all next day.

Friday morning. Waked a quarter before six; fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Mahomet, as it was too late to begin serious business.

Ten. Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having left the east, and engaged by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk. Found a station by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—made a station and a half by way of address to it—visited the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—found him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—met the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John, whom I sent to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean time, part of Thomson's Seasons, which I had with me—From one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up Mahomet to put me in good humour—find out the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law—give him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine, sup and sit till eleven hearing my nephew read, and conversing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.

Saturday. Some company arrived to be filled up to-morrow—for that and the two succeeding days,

there was no farther entry in the waked at seven, but the wind threatening to continue me all day—Ten, breakfasted and read the dall and growsy—Eleven, lay down on a short ride to clear my head.

UNCERTAIN RELAT.

An Irishman being asked your sister got a son or a daughter?—Faith, I do not yet know whether an aunt."

DAGGER MARR AND

A performer, named Marr, who was called Dagger-Marr, from the crucifixure as were allotted him, made his first appearance, with much of disapprobation from the audience, and had not performed that night, till he had said to him "I say, little fellow, if there was to be a murder, you had as much right to have a hand else."

SOLDIER'S LETTER

An epistle from one George Guards. It is headed, "To the Coldstream Regiment of Foot-lattice in the Pitcher row, near

From the Camp before, &c.

"Comrades,

"I received yours, and am glad you and wife are in good health. We are all well. Our battalion suffered more than the action. But we can't be complaining. Stevenson had his face beaten, and was killed dead before we were. We had above two hundred of our men wounded. We lost ten sergeants, Jennings, Castles, Reach, and son Smith. The rest are all well. We have received a very bad shot in the arm in hopes, and, please God,

a field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. well; but I can give you no account of in the hospital before I came into the set pretend to give you an account of swing you have a better in the prints. service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and son, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my acquaintance in general who do ask after to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the ill news. Her husband was gathering together to send to his wife, and put it. I have seven shillings and threepence, take care to send her. Wishing your delivery, and both of you all happiness, sure friend and comrade,

"JOHN HALL.

but an indifferent breakfast; but the ver had such a dinner in their lives. love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. to John Brown and his wife. I sent 3 shillings and sixpence to drink with Cook's; but I have heard nothing from by Mr. Edgar.

Hartwell desires to be remembered to es you to inquire of Edgar, what is be- ife Peg; and when you write, to send letter what trade she drives.

here very bad weather, which I doubt erance to the siege; but I am in hopes asters of the town in a little time, and we shall go to garrison."

MR WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

Gimcrack, being in sound health of great weakness of body, do by this my testament bestow my worldly goods and inner following:

o my dear wife,
of butterflies,
set of shells,
skeleton,
scentica.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,
As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,

Three crocodile's eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries, with her mother's consent,

The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my

English weeds pasted on royal paper,

With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Doctor Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's tail and

Whale's fin,

to him and his issue-male; and in default of such issue in the said Doctor Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since

A horned scarabæus,

The skin of a rattlesnake, and,

The mummy of an Egyptian King,

I make no farther provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: As also all my mon- sters both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

the executor of this my last will and testament, leg, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacy within the space of six months after my decease. I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me heretofore made.

CALAMITIES OF AN AUTHOR.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, once complained of the misplaced generosity of his times. Here, said he, have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessing even of the smallest share of fiddling merit, who has, perhaps, learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed! Prithce young man, your friend to him, are you ignorant, that, in so large a world as this is, it is better to be an amusing than an instructive member of society? Can you leap up, and make your feet four times before you come to the ground? No, Sir. Can you pump for a man of quality? No, Sir. Can you stand upon two horses at full speed? No, Sir. Can you swallow a pen-knife? I can do all of these tricks. Why, then, cried I, there is no prudent means of subsistence left, but to apprise the world, that you speedily intend to eat up your own bread by subscription.

LORD HOWE.

When the fleet commanded by Earl Howe was so stationed off the coast of France, and previous to his victory over the French, the inhabitants used to play upon his name, saying:

Lord *Howe* he went out!

Lord *Howe* he came in!

After the victory, the following toast was much in vogue.

the French know *Howe* to be master of the seas.

A NATURAL ACTOR.

Mr. Miller, the comedian, had a strong predilection for venial characters. Mrs. Achmet, late of Covent Garden theatre, being engaged to play a few nights at *Newbury*, selected Juliet for her first part; and by Mr. Miller put his own name up for Romeo. He entered the scene, with true tragic solemnity, he

drew his white pocket handkerchief from his bosom (as he thought,) which he flourished with great effect for some seconds, till, swearing for the truth of what he professed, his eyes caught the coloured silk pocket-handkerchief in his hand, and he finished the passage thus:

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear! That this is too bad, by G—!—Play Romeo with an angel, and take out a stuffy pocket-handkerchief!—Oh! fy! for shame, go to school and learn propriety."

STAGE COACH FARCE.

Mr. Watson (proprietor of the *Chickadee*) was once acting in a farce called *The Stage Coach*, and the whole of the entertainment was to be in the audience loudly testified their disappointment. Towards the conclusion, an Irish gentleman, who had not been much pleased with his performance, inquired of Mr. Watson, then on the boards, whether the *Stage Coach* was likely to have a run? "Depend upon it," continued he, "if it is so, I shall beg leave to be an outside passenger!"

SAGACIOUS DOG.

Mr. Sheridan was once on a visit to Lord of Bedford, at Woburn, when preparations were being made to take the field against the partridge on the 1st of September. A learned barrister of the party, endeavouring to improve his skill by firing at a mark which he could never hit, and, in excuse for his want of success, complained of his dog, which was well trained, and who, at every moment he was in the line of his piece, always jumped up against the trigger. "although," said he, "I thought he was as sagacious an animal as ever lived." "Sagacious!" said Mr. Sheridan, "and he has proved it, by conceiving he could be any where so safe from you as by flying at the mark you aim at."

GHOSTS, OR THE QUESTION SOLVED.

That ghosts now and then on this globe were, Dick denied with his tongue, but confessed by his conduct. And passing a church-yard one evening, as he was walking, He met, and thus queried, a guardian of the tomb.

see a ghost in your witchings, I pray !
all house—and the things in your

the watchmen—"and good reason

back when you get them to die :
y go, they are not so to blame,
his world of vexation to fret 'em.
been his uncivil to name,
honour, the devil won't let 'em."

MYSTERY OF SINGLE GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.

ry, the presumptive bastard of an
was born in Scotland. Turning out
d of quick parts, he was put out ap-
kingdom, to the business of King-craft,
Berwards wrote a treatise, and called
;) to this he served part of his time
remainder in England as a turnover :

in succeeded him; but, ambitiously
much business, proved unfortunate,
> to his son : he made large additions
work, by interweaving it with priest-

second was for some time kept out of
ne Oliver Cromwell, who took the
her's head; and who, although not
proved a most subtle, industrious,
man. Cromwell dying, this Charles
d shop; but carried on business very
ring, as it is said to bad company,
icted to lewd women, revelling with
, and stage-players : he dying—
second, his brother, an apprentice,
, but breaking his oath with his
sited his indenture, ran away, and
for life; and though his son and his
endeavour'd to follow the business
re turned out but mere Pretenders.
off by one—

Chesham, who married before he
married; and though some authors

say he did not wait for an invitation, yet as he had
given some good-will, he took the stock at a fair ap-
praisement, and set up on the old premises, where
he and his wife got a comfortable livelihood: they
dying—

Anne, his wife's sister, came in by her own right,
and carried on business with great reputation, while
she employed honest and experienced journeymen;
but, turning them away, her credit sank extremely
towards the latter end of her time, through the blun-
ders and mismanagement of one Harley, her foreman,
and some others. She dying without issue, in that
case the business, which was much extended by
William the Dutchman, was left to the present
family, the first of whom was—

George, and whom we shall call the first; who
was succeeded by his son—

George the Second; who, with his father, were
very good sort of men, though both were much
blamed for neglecting their business, by gadding to a
dirty farth called Hanover; his namesake and grand-
son—

George the Third began with a fair prospect; but,
being over-ruled and misguided by a favourite servant,
lost great part of the business.

A PRUDENT WIFE.

The late Mrs. Williams (an actress, and wife to a
performer) being at Birmingham, one summer, with
her husband, they advertised, for their benefit, "*a
favourite song, with accompaniments on the French
horns, by Mr. Williams.*"—On the night no horns
came, and Mrs. Williams ran about the theatre, de-
claring she was ruined: the musicians had disap-
pointed her, and he could not sing his song without
horns.—"Never mind," said a musician present,
"that cannot be any drawback—you have taken
care that he shall never be without horns!"

GEORGE COLMAN.

Mr. Colman the younger inquired, one very sultry
evening, if the performers' orders went; and, being
answered in the negative, he exclaimed: "Why, it
is so hot that flesh and blood can't bear it, and
surely, the bones ought to go!"

THE WATCHMAN'S MISTAKE.

One frosty night, a few weeks since, not more,
 Charley, instead of six, trudg'd home at four
 'Twas piercing cold and would be death to stay—
 He to his hovel, therefore, bent his way.
 Arriv'd—to bed he trudg'd without a light,
 Not dreaming matters there were aught but right,
 His coat, his waistcoat, and his breeches too
 With little care upon the bed he threw,
 And stepping in, with sort of shivering moan,
 He starts his rib, poor soul, not quite alone.
 "Bless me," exclaim'd the wanton, "is it you?
 Come just in time to save your faithful Sue:
 Q, why some brandy pritheee do procure,
 My pain's too great for mortal to endure."
 In haste his scatter'd garments are replac'd,
 And Charley to the gin shop may be trac'd.
 The brandy he receives, dabs up a shilling—
 For he to serve his rib was always willing.
 "This piece I cannot change," his hostess cried,
 "Not change it," the astonished scout replied;
 "I put a shilling on the counter threw,
 And ask no charge for that and brandy too."
 "A sovereign, Charles, or my poor eyes deceive me,
 You from your breeches pocket drew, and gave me."
 So it starts with wonder, first the fact denies—
 Then smiles, and with his fob conveys the prize.
 Now posts, as he sa, pos't, a second bob,
 Which he extracted from the selfsame fob.
 "Another sovereign!" Ma'am with haste exclaims,
 And Charley start'd as tho bereft of brains.
 Recover'd, he surveys with anxious care,
 The garments which contain'd the precious ware,
 And found them of the finest kerseymere!
 The pockets too with care he fumbles o'er.
 And of these pretty pictures found a score;
 "Zounds!" he exclaim'd, "'tis strange to me,
 That I, who only once a week a sovereign see,
 Should all at once become possessed
 (And be, besides, so finely dress'd)
 Of all this money, which my fob contains,
 Why, Madam, 'tis enough to rack one's brains."

Still Charley shrewdly guess'd how
 And hasten'd home to adjust the bust
 And change for ceremony, the kerseymere
 The corde oya, however, now were gone
 And his trail on with him who'd put the
 Time, she conceiv'd Scout's anger might
 'Twere present death to meet his too
 HOW TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION BY
 OTHER.

A celebrated professor thinking to
 fortunate pupil, one day put him the
 tion "Pray, sir, can you tell me how
 may live without brains?" To which
 ing up in the face of the interrogator,
 unexpectedly replied, "How old may
 professor?"

ECONOMY IN BUSINESS.

Missrs. Bowden and Masters, two
 meeting one night in their travels, the
 over the bottle turned on the extensive bu-
 on by their respective houses. Bowden
 prove the superiority of his own, even
 extraordinary instances, and finally
 climax with saying, "that the business
 was so extensive that in their career
 cost them 150*l* yearly in the article of
 Masters replied, "Why, Bowden, I
 that as a proof of your superiority to
 "I do."

"Poo, poo, man!" said Masters,
 that sum yearly in our house in that
 omitting only the dots to the *l*, and the
l's.

SHAVING A LONG BEARD.

Judge Jefferies taking a dislike to
 had a long beard, told him, "that if
 was as large as his beard, he had a
 To which the witness replied "My
 measure consciences by beards, you know."

THREE CIPHERS OF HIS

Pirulo, the French watchman, and
 possesses but three things, his meal, his
 wealth. There are exposed contained

his soul to that of divines; his body to that of physicians; and his wealth to that of

RICHELIEU'S AMBITION.

When the Great saw the tomb of cardinal in Sarbonne, he exclaimed, "Illustrious if alive I would give you one half of, if you would teach me to rule the other." A man who was present observed, "Your majesty do wrong, for if the cardinal had the one would not be able to keep the other long."

LIMITS OF PAPAL JURISDICTION.

Cervini complained to Leo the Tenth that Angelo had painted him in hell in his picture of Judgment. "If the painter," said the pope, "had put your eminence in purgatory I could have taken you thence, but as he has placed you in hell regions, my power does not extend so far."

THE CHIVALROUS BISHOP.

Cœur de Lion having taken a fighting bishop, the pope claimed him as one of his men. The king jocosely sent the pope the bloody armour of the bishop, saying, "Lo, found, now know thou if it be thy son's."

RESTLESS GOVERNMENT.

Suleiman, emperor of Morocco, spent his whole life in making plans to keep the minds of his subjects. "If a parcel of rats," said he once to his ambassador, "are permitted to remain in the country they'll eat it—but if you keep shaking it, they die."

CRITERION OF AGE.

Grammont who lived to a very advanced age scrupulously avoided making it known. While at dinner with Louis XIV. and the Duke of Soulis, who was also very aged, the king enquired of the divine whether he knew the age of Grammont. "I am eighty-four," said the bishop, "and when the count and I were together at college, he was precisely

four months older than me." "What say you to that count?" exclaimed the king, "after such a testimony you can no longer conceal the fact." "Sire," replied the count, "the bishop is deceived; for neither he nor myself ever studied at all."

THE DOUBLE DEFEAT.

A certain general who was beaten both in France and Germany, having returned to his mansion on the cessation of hostilities, some arch wag had painted a banner over his door, with this motto:

Farewell fame, and farewell pride,
I've been beat on either side.

FIRE AND WATER.

On an officer who fled from the field of battle and was drowned in crossing a river.

Here lies the man who fearing slaughter
Fled from fire, to die in water.

THE MAIDEN WIFE.

Margaret of Austria was affianced to the eldest son of the king of Spain, who dying, she was then betrothed by proxy to his second son, and being in a vessel bound to Spain, to consummate the marriage ceremony, a storm arose and the vessel was on the point of sinking, when this princess, who was gifted with a most magnanimous spirit, very far from being struck with fear at the imminent danger she was in, wrote the following couplet:

Ci-gît la gentille demoiselle
Qu'a deux maris et encore est pucelle.

Here lies the lady who was not afraid
To wed two husbands, and yet died a maid.

ACTING BY NOTE.

Mr. Bransley (a comedian, some years since, on Drury-lane boards) could never vary in the least from the text of the author; and, if any other person on the stage with him fell into that error, Bransley generally produced some whimsical effect, by adhering too closely to the original words. He was playing one night, and this question being put to him—

"Are you this young lady's father?"
He had to say—"I am."

The person who had to put the interrogatory varied the words, but strictly preserved the sense. He said,

"Is this young lady your daughter?"

To which Bransley very pompously replied, "I am!"

CHARACTERS OF A DRINKING CLUB.—BY A MEMBER.

You must know then that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country, and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first, but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

Sir Lunbely Gizzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was better-hand in the world, but being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he ran out considerably. He has got off house-keeping, and is now upon a retreating scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living, and though he is a man of few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly, he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that—he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late, for he has his full dose by eleven.

Colonel Culverin is a brave though but a lieutenant-colonel you and me have had a great deal to do with, and is now commanded by us when he came first into the army, in India, Minorca, and Gibraltar, and has been in all the late battles in which our regiment been ordered there. He is a fine fellow, but a little too jealous of his rank, and is in a passion, but that is all, and is sorry for it. I fear he is due to his drinking your Champagne. He got that old habit abroad.

Sir George Fum is well known, keeps the very best company, and is one of the best-bred men alive. He seems to have no will to drink as little or as much as he likes, but that is the matter of what. He has been a lawyer formerly, and loves to hear of the law. He is our newsmonger, for he goes to the privy chamber, he goes to the treasury, and consequently knows pretty well what is going on there. Poor gentleman! I don't see him long, for he seems far gone, though the doctors say it is not so.

Will Sitfast is the best natural philosopher, and an excellent companion, though but he is no thinker, and sits at the club. He is a very good fellow, and has a very pretty Latin voice. I don't know how, for a paralytic stroke has seized on his mouth, so that he can only speak his wine elegantly. He speaks bravely, and never stammers.

Dr. Carbuncle is an honest, well-affected to the government, and a very good fellow. He is the life of our club, and has the least restraint upon his tongue. He is a scholar and a really polite man. I know he has been always in the habit of drinking, and has a very inflamed nose, and smells of it. He is thought a hard drinker by

But I must do him the justice to say, that I was not disquieted with liquor in my life. It is a very large man, and can hold a great deal before the defect will him plumply in a vessel of election.

VERNON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CLUB.

He presented me to the company, in what was the most obliging manner; but which, I felt me a little out of countenance. "Give gentlemen," said he, "to present to you and, the ingenious author of the World." The author instantly excited the attention of the company, and drew all their eyes upon me: who are not apt to write themselves, have curiosity to see a live author. The gentlemen looked me in common, with those gestures that welcome, and I, on my part, respectfully bowed at those things which stand instead of them, one should say, and perhaps do full

Another being hot, the gentlemen were re- themselves before dinner, with what they cool tankard, in which they successively When I came to my turn, I thought I recently decline drinking the gentlemen's which I had aggregated; but how was I when upon the first taste I discovered that and refreshing draught was composed of not mountain wine, lowered indeed with the lemon and water, but then heightened a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, and ginger? Dinner, which had been called than once with some impatience, was at up, upon the colonel's threatening per- the master and all the waiters of the house, stayed two minutes longer.—We sat down company, and we were so soon sat down, -ly, except myself, drank every body's made a tumultuous kind of noise. I surprise, that the common quantity of into glasses of an immense size and surprise caused when I saw the that took them, and for which I

supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not prevent the nose of doctor Car- buncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A flapping battery to hit the mark, must be pointed something above or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead or your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of Port spilt for want of it. Sir Tanbelly almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, touching or other, applauded this elegant piece of railery. But alas, things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tanbelly, who had bespoke it; and at the same time Lord Pashie took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they drank the day before; it had no siltiness, went rough off the tongue, and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with Democrito, or some of those black wines. This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it curiously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tanbelly reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and in this threatening him with the migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away; and attested hea- ven and earth that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Marguete. "Chateau devil!" said the colonel with warmth, "it is your d—d rough Chateau wine." With which

who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank down. "Is that is all," interrupted the doctor, "let us e'en drink it up then. Or, if that won't do, since we cannot have the true Port wine, let us take up for once with the vine sap-wood. What say you, gentlemen, to good honest Port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves Port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your Portugal wines in general, &c. &c. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred Port to lighter wines? To which he answered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature, and Port is in a manner another's milk to me, for it is what my Alma Mater suckles all her numerous progeny with." I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the malicious insinuations of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I bursted my surprise at this to Sir Tanbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way, "Why, what can we do?" "Not drink it," replied I, "since it is not good." "But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?" rejoined the baronet. "One cannot go home at five o'clock." "That depends a great deal upon us," said I. "It may be so, to a certain degree," said the doctor. "But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?" "Why, doctor," said I, "as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquors, I do not want to raise them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the Burgundy and Champagne, swearing that the former was rosy, and the latter sour the fruit, and not without some suspicion of sugar and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he took, in a bumper of it, Confusion to the town of

Bristol and the bottle set. "It was done," said, "that gentlemen could have no end of Burgundies and Champagnes for the sake of the revenue, the manufacture of a new sort of stuff." Sir George then was adding, that it was scandalous, and the company agreed that the new parliament should repeal so absurd an act the very next session if they did not, they hoped they would be sure," said the colonel. "What a story they made about the repeal of the act, if nobody cared one farthing. — But by the way, I think, every body has been therefore had we not better have the cloth away, and the wine set upon the table?" The company gave an unanimous Assent. When doing, I asked my friend, with a secret whether no part of the dinner was to be again, when the wine should be set upon. He seemed surprised at my question, and I was angry. To which I answered, I asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he also answered, no. "Then pray, repeat not as well eat without being dry, as not being dry?" — My friend was so taken with this, that he attempted no reply, but with as much astonishment at his words as my great ancestor Adam in the Garden of Eden.

The cloth was now taken away, and glasses, and dishes, &c., put upon the table. Will Stast, who I found was a great master, took the lead of course, in the conversation to his guess. He began the evening bumper, which circulated in the room without some nice examinations of the wine to day-light. The bottle standing he called upon by the chairman, who, though a water-drinker, he hoped I took that health in wine. I begged to be told him that I never drank less wine than all, though no one of his subjects was heartily than I did. That butler is

be that there could be the least relation between I drank, and the king's state of health till I was convinced that impairing health would improve his majesty's, I was preserve the use of my faculties and my employ both in his service, if he should ever need for them. I had foreseen the consequence of this refusal; and though my friend had for my principles, I easily discovered an aversion in the countenances of the company; heard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble, "he is a very odd dog."

AN AUTHOR'S NEW SUIT.

who was on very good terms with a very poor and shabby, being in a room where he heard a gentleman repeat a line from some of his writings, exclaimed: "You see, he quotes me!"—"Yes," said the minister, "and if he was to waist-coat you would not be the worse for it."

A DRAMATIC MURDER.

gentleman, named Mahon, an amateur of the stage, once took it into his head to play the part of O'Flaherty, in the comedy of *The West*. He acted like any thing; and, at the conclusion of the play, was convinced he could never be any other than a pitiful figure upon the stage. The same night, he supped at a tavern with his friends; where they stayed late, and got into their way home, one of the company was taken into custody of the patrol, on a charge of protesting he had seen him commit the murder of Mahon. Mahon was confined for the night, and a justice next morning.—The magistrate asked of the gentleman, who had given evidence on whom Mr. Mahon had committed the murder, of which he stood accused—whom he had murdered?—"A very worthy gentleman, named O'Flaherty," replied the other; "and I would wish less mercy than you would a justice, sixteen to the litter."

MR. FOX AND JACK ROBINSON.

The late Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister as *manager of the House of Commons*; here there was a general cry of "*Name him! name him!*"—"No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easily as say *Jack Robinson*." John Robinson was really his name.

CURRENCY.

A drunken fellow carried his wife's bible to pawn for a quartern of gin to the alehouse, but the landlord refused to take it. "What the devil!" said the fellow, "will neither my word nor the word of God pass current with you?"

SIR GEORGE ROOK.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, served as a captain of marines upon their first establishment; and being quartered on the coast of Essex, where the ague made havoc among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harassed with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman, who in the fulness of his heart sent the captain word, "That if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury him and his whole company for nothing."

DEAN SWIFT'S INVENTORY

Of household goods, upon his lending his house to the Bishop of Meath, till his palace was rebuilt.

An oaken broken elbow chair,
A caudle cup without an ear,
A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead,
A box of deal without a lid,

A pair of tongs beat out of joint,
 A back-sword poker without point,
 A pot that's crack'd across, around,
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock without a key,
 A wig with hanging quite grown grey,
 A curtain worn to half a stripe,
 A pair of bellows without pipe,
 A dish which might good meat afford once,
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance,
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water ;
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
 And thus his *household goods* you have all.
 These to your lordship as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend,
 They'll serve your lordship for a shift,
 Why not—as well as Dr. Swift.

A GOOD FELLOW.

The secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "*a definition of a good fellow*," applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when he received the following :—

Mr. *Golightly*.—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend.

Mr. *Le Blanc*.—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs ; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. *G. Montgomery*.—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray.

Sir *T. Wentworth*.—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox dinners, and drinks the queen's health, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a borough-
 uger

Mr. *M. Sterling*.—A good fellow is a good wife, a good labour, a good citizen, a good relation ; in short, a good man.

Mr. *M'Farlane*.—A good fellow is a bonnie John Hielandman.

Mr. *O'Connor*.—A good fellow is one who is loud and swears louder ; cares little about his head and less about his neckcloth ; loves whisky, patronises bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

Mr. *Misgrave*.—A good fellow is prime-fellow and bang-up.

Mr. *Burton*. A good fellow is one who says " what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Ourselves.

Mr. *Rowley*. A good fellow likes turtle and punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with sir Robert, when he can't get venison at my lord's.

Mr. *Lozell*. A good fellow is something different from the preceding.

Mr. *Oakley*. A good fellow is something quite different from the preceding,—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

THE LAST DEBT.

" Oh let me die in peace " *Eumenides* cry'd
 To a hard creditor at his bed side.
 " How ! die ! " roar'd *Gripos*, " thus you
 evade !

No, no, sir ; you shan't die till I am paid."

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.

Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's chaplains, paid his addresses to lady Fanny, Protector's youngest daughter. Oliver was told of it by a spy ; who followed the matter so closely, he pursued Jerry to the lady's chamber, and immediately to the Protector with this news. A rage hastened thither himself, and finding he found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady, in a fury he asked what was the meaning of the picture before his daughter. White said, please your highness, I have a long time to be young gentlewoman there, my lady's will cannot prevail ; I was therefore humbly p

made for me." The Protector turning woman cried, "What's the meaning y? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. do you? He is my friend, and I expect at him as such." My lady's woman, who more, with a very low courtesy, replied, she intends me that honour; I shall not m." "Say, you se, my lass?" cried call Godwyn; this business shall be r, before I go out of the room." Mr. as too far to retreat; the parson came, my lady's woman were married in the is Protector.

HOUSE ON FIRE.

sitting in his study at work, when one urs came running to tell him that the is house must be on fire, as it smoked "Oh!" answered the man, "be so good rife, for I do not concern myself at all e-keeping."

FRUIT BASKET.

rying a cradle was stopped by an old hus accosted: "So, sir, you have got fruits of matrimony." "Softly, old , "you mistake, this is merely the fruit

MR WILSON, WHO WAS DROWNED.

in the ocean drown'd,
less, hapless creature!
n his lifeless trunk was found,
become *salt-Peter*.

FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

in one day seeing a sow and a litter of
for some time admiring them, till he
quity of popping one under his coat,
with it. This he attempted, but was
batter, who overtook and seized him
his possession. He was taken to Bow-
by committed. When the trial came
of the theft being clearly proved,

he was found guilty, and asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed? "Me Lor, I vil trouble you attendez two tres verd vat I sal say. I French gentleman, I no understand vat you call de tief dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me Lor; I never tief a pig my life time." "Why, it was found upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I was take him vid his own consent." "How do you mean?" "Vy, ven I was see de mamma pig, and his childrens, I was very much in love vid dem; and dis little pig, I look his face, I say, you pretty little fellow, will you come live vid me for one month? He says, a week! a week! So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

WATER DRINKING.

A citizen's lady being once asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, because her physician had put her upon a *regiment*, which was to drink water. Then, madam, said a gentleman present, I presume you belong to the *Cold-stream*.

GEORGE III. AND LORD BATEMAN.

In March, 1781, lord Bateman waited upon the King, and with a very low bow, begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag hounds *turned out*. I cannot exactly answer that, replied the King, but I can inform you, that your lordship was *turned out* about two hours ago. The marquis Caermarthen succeeded him.

THE PROGRESS OF PUPPYISM.

Rough as his native clods, to town
Young Bruin came, a country clown;
His hair, that still defy'd the comb,
Stood like the bristles of a broom:
His coat, of cut, behind, before,
The same as that his father wore,
Was honest drab of Yorkshire growth
With brazen buttons, and so forth;
The cuffs, pull'd lower down, betray'd
How worldly beauty blooms to fade;
His buckskin short, and eke too strait,
His toes turn'd in, a slouching gait;

With hobnails fortified his feet,
He struck a light along the street.
Now, station'd at a Lodge's door,
The natty prig succeeds the boor,
Like sp'rit in a cask of beer,
The dappings of a tail appear,
His locks with many a fiery twirl,
Assume a kind of stubborn curl
He cleans his teeth, collects a grin,
While frequent soap manures his chin;
To angle neatly strains his feet;
And geometric trips the street,
Lest stockings white receive a smear,
And none but worsted else to wear:
Now, so it is at his evening shop,
He figures at a half-crown top,
The ladies leering—well they may—
To see him wriggle it away.

For sure the little hearts must warm
At so much youth, with such a form.
"What sturdy legs and tight hose!—O lack!
And what a lovely breadth of back!"

Now vegetates a nobler tail,
Of substance like his father's stall,
White flakes of powder crown his waist,
Break the man of growing taste.
Like a black balloon or emperor's eye,
With narrow skirts, and collar high,
A letter like a full-faced moon,
Surrounds the coat of Yorkshire brown;
And now he struts among the belles,
At Derby and Derby or Bagnat Wells.
In coats perhaps to hide the dirt,
And justify a coat or shirt.
Or, as some Cynic birds suppose,
With stockings torn, and want of shoes,
But no such reasons I adduce,
Th' equestrian is a dress of use,
Where folk may see, or think they see,
Me and my horse, my horse and me!
His hat, abridg'd from cock'd to round,
With velvet band, and velvet bound,
Shall live, that fashion on the wane,
To be, perhaps, a square again,

With golden girdle and cane
Tho' but 'ereby, and bending
And now the hands of a watch
To breathe a little's desire
The play-house has lecturers
A half-price waiter in the
He dawns, by proxy, over his
At Jupp's or Henrywood's
A piece at which he never
Or haws the song he never
And sto to widdany knaves
Presuming on the face of
Till all his peace reduced to
His throat bare dress to do
A drape to those, and those
The prod gal returns to trace
Abjures the vanities of life,
And makes some round gut

JOHN KEMBLE'S QUEST

When it was understood that Sir
afterwards Lord Lonsdale was to be
perage, as a reward for offering to
ment with a seventy-four gun
equipped, at his own expense, a
Kemble, "Dear me, sir, what a
this seems altogether, I wonder who
give for supplying a ship; was it
Mr. Kemble?" "Why, madam," re-
"I should think he will be called to

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

The business of woman, dear Chloë,
And by love every fault on her true
sets.

"Oh! for love we're all ready," you
Nor would I rob the gentle fond
Unless in the sentiment his God has
And dips in the autumnal temper
"Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis aathing,
Caprice, yes it is, and even
True passion inevitably leads to the
And grateful esteem, buds its pleasure

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

See you should stop—but your whimsical air,
 romantic ideas to passion arrear,
 your mind, by your visions and jealousy worried,
 upon less ecstatic, but kinder are hurried.
 In heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
 take care your heart don't get into your head."

MORACE WALPOLE.

THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

A gentleman who was quartered in a country town,
 frequented to a hall, was observed to sit sullen
 there for some hours. One of the ladies pre-
 sent, anxious of rousing him from his reverie,
 began with, "Pray, sir, are you not fond of
 dancing?" "I am very fond of dancing, madam,"
 he replied. "Then why not ask some of the
 ladies who are disengaged to be your partner, and
 dance?" "Why, madam, to be frank with you,
 I see one handsome woman in the room."—"Ah,"
 she said, "and where?" "At the door," said the lady, and with a
 smile left him, and joined her companions.
 He then asked her what had been her conversation with
 him. "It was too good to be repeated in
 rhyme," she said; "lend me a pencil, and I will try
 to put the outline in rhyme."
 "You rashly vow and swear,
 To dance with none that are not fair,
 And we women should dispense
 Rewards to none but men of sense?"
 "I will, madam, pray what then?"
 "You, sir, you'd never dance again."

A COPPER CONSCIENCE.

On examining a witness of the name
 of Halfpenny, I see you're
 for that reason you shall be nailed to
 "Halfpenny is sterling," exclaimed
 counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's
 his own conscience, only copper."

REMARKS ON ROBBERY.

The Count de Soissons was at play, he
 saw that hung before him, a man
 whom he resolved to observe

attentively. Soon after he felt him cut off
 amond buckle of his hat: he said not a word,
 pretending to want something, he turned to
 sharper, and begged him to hold his card
 count procured the sharpest knife he could get
 he hid under his cloak, and entered the room
 sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the
 but the count begged him to continue. In a few
 minutes after he came softly behind him, seized
 his ears, and cut it off; when holding it out to
 he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I
 restore your ear."

AN INSCRIPTION ON INSCRIPTIONS.

The following lines were written on seeing a
 page of rhymes that had been scribbled with a
 diamond on the window of an inn.

Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,
 And to such arrant nonsense sign your names,
 The diamond quit, with me the pencil take,
 So shall your shame but short duration make:
 For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,
 With red right-hand, and with a dishcloth wet;
 Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
 Who 'twas that wrote so ill—and too'd so well.

RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were going
 to be hanged both together at Tyburn, the first for an
 exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble
 robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet,
 and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-
 sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman
 was praying with fervour, the gay robber was atten-
 tive; and the other approached near to his fellow-
 sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with
 a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him
 at some distance. But, forgetting this angry warn-
 ing, he presumed still to come nearer; when the
 highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep far-
 ther off, can't you?" "Sir," replied the sweep,
 "won't keep off; I have as much right to be here
 as you."

NEAR BOTH SIDES, OR CANDID SKETCHES OF
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

Writers.

Homer, a great poet and a blind beggar.
Demosthenes, a man of amazing eloquence and
cowardice.

Sappho, an elegant poetess and harlot.

Aesop, a philosopher and lump of deformity.

Herodotus, a headstrong historian and great liar.

Aristotle, the prodigy of philosophy, who wrote
without understanding of himself.

Virgil, a beautiful poet and abominable flatterer.

Horace, an excellent lyric and satiric poet, who in-
dulged in all the vices he satirized.

Cicero, a philosopher and turncoat.

Generals.

Alexander, a great conqueror and drunkard.

Julius Caesar, a hero and hard-pated whore-
monger.

Duke of Vendome, a hero and a sluggard.

Marlborough, a great general, fop, and miser.

English Writers.

Shakspeare, first of poets and a deer-stealer.

Otway, a man of genius and egregious fool.

Johnson, a philosopher and a brate.

Porson, a wonderful scholar and blackguard.

SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF A CRITIC.

A true critic is a sort of a mechanic set up with a
stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a
tailor, and indeed there is much analogy between the
utensils and abilities of both: thus the tailor's bell is
the type of a critic's common place book, and his wat-
er and learning held forth by the goose: and it requires
at least as many of the one to the making up of one
scholar, as of the other to the composition of a man.
Also the value of both is equal and their weapons
near of a size. Some accounts says, that the writings
of critics are the mirrors of learning, by which we
are to understand literally, that a writer should in-
spect into the books of the critics, and correct his in-

vention there as on a mirror. He
considers that the mirror of the
brave and fine mirror, may
principal qualifications of a
consequently always candid
and must be for ever the
emblem of duration, and
finished, will cast reflections
without any assistance of
The true critic may be
swarming about the noblest
carried merely by instinct, as
or a wasp to the target of
true critic to let in the per-
at a feast, whose thoughts
set upon what guests thing
is apt to snarl most when the

STROUD, WINCHESTER.

By a Tourist.

The people of Stroud
Talk long, and talk low
And bend in a crowd
Tradition, the old women
While Pavy by his
'Midst the cabbage
Gives a whet to the
And smiles on their son
This place, I believe
Where the public
Is dirty, bare, long, for
And the bellows that
With their persons
In two months and soon

Rochester's a town
Of apocryphal renown
Full of tinkers and
And slopemen in
And magistrates who
Coquet's without
Old maids past the
And Venus' gay nymph

leans without beds,
d men without heads,
ch poor Britannia is undone;
tortionate bills,
ti-venery pills,
rt manufactured in London.
rest Dick Watts* of yore,
eir good name to restore,
! (such enormities scorning)
ch travelling wight,
warm couch for the night,
rpence in cash in the morning.

! Chatham's a place,
at's the nation's disgrace,
he club and the fist prove the law, sir;
d presumption is seen
direct the marine,
ows not a spike from a hawser.
re the dolts show with pride,
w the men of war ride,
ance's proud first-rates can shiver,
d a fortified hill
the Frenchmen to kill,
d on the banks of the river!

in a town, and such men,
: shall ne'er see again,
smuggling's a laudable function;
some high windy day,
y the de'il fly away
e whole of the dirty conjunction.

THE COCKNEY TRAVELLERS.

those cattle salesmen who attend Smith-
on a Monday, and jog on a sorry beast
five village a hundred or a hundred

ter is a house appropriated for the reception of
lers, over the door of which is the following

Richard Watts, Esq.
by his will, dated 22d August, 1579,
founded this charity,
for six poor travellers,
who, not being rogues or proctors,
may receive gratis for one night,
lodging, entertainment,
and fourpence each.

and ten miles from London in a single day, was one Tuesday morning, early, jolting through Holloway, on his weekly route, towards Rutland, he was overtaken by a couple of spruce cocknies, well mounted, and the following dialogue took place: "Well, farmer, and how far do you expect to get to night?" "Why, God willing," said the farmer, "I hope to sup with my wife at Great Dolby, near Melton Mowbray."—"And how far do you call that, farmer?"—"Some folks call it a hundred and twelve miles, but as I make short cuts, I shall find it little more than a hundred."—"And how often do you change horses?" bursting into a vehement laugh. "Oh, as to the matter of that," said the farmer, "I never ride but one horse, and I never know him fail me."—"Well, but, farmer, if that animal enables you to sup a hundred and ten miles from London, ours will carry us with ease to Northampton." "Why," said the farmer, "it may be so, gentlemen, provided you can hold in, and go *slow enough*."—One of them now exclaimed to the other, "The farmer is quizzing us, let us get on Jack," and accordingly spurring their horses, they went full speed up Highgate Hill. Presently the farmer, on passing one of the inns at Highgate, saw the horses of his fellow-travellers fastened at the door, while the gentlemen were refreshing themselves inside. On his approaching Barnet, the cocknies, on a full trot, overtook him."—"Holloa," said one to the other, "here is the d—d farmer got before us;" and then accosting him, asked him, "Whether he thought they should get to Northampton that night?" "Why, it may be so," said he, "provided you can hold in, and go *slow enough*," which provoking a fresh burst of laughter, they proceeded full speed up Barnet Hill, through Barnet. The farmer saw nothing further of them till he reached St. Alban's, where he was saluted from the window of an inn by a torrent of oaths for passing them again. About Dunstable they again overtook him, and the same interchange of sentiments took place, as at Barnet; and after laughing at the farmer's notion of stopping at Great Dolby, they proceeded in their career. At Dunstable, the farmer stopped to beat his horse, as

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

433

POPE'S LAST ILLNESS.

Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Mead, who mutually charged each other with the death of the patient by improper means. Pope at length silenced them by saying—
 "I only learn by your discourse that dangerous way; therefore, all I now ask is, leaving epigram may be added, after my next edition of the Dunciad, by way of

rejoice, forgive all censures past,
 lest dance has kill'd your foe at last."

IS OF SETTLE, THE CONTEMPORARY AND RIVAL OF DRYDEN.

our noses, readers, all and some,
 turn of midnight work to come,
 reason tavern rolling home.
 globe, and liquor'd every chink,
 great, he sails behind his link;
 is bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 ask that is not fool is rogue:
 a mass of soul corrupted matter,
 evils had spew'd to make the batter.
 had given him courage to blaspheme,
 but; but God before cursed him:
 could have reason, none has more,
 his paunch so rich and him so poor.
 he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
 of old to pamper up a Jew;
 old he on quail and pheasant swell,
 'tripe and carrion could rebel?
 Heaven made him poor, with reverence
 sing,
 in a poet of God's making;
 laid her hand on his thick skull,
 prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;
 to and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 talk; do any thing but write:
 making make, like thoughtless men;
 talk—but for the pen!
 simple arsenic in thy drink,
 again live, avoiding pen and ink."

I see, I see 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
 'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
 Why should thy metre good king David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy face,
 Thou, whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ersteps thy talent in thy very trade:
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so very coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
 A double noose then on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason, and for writing dull:
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
 Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
 Thy praises had been satire at the best;
 But thou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes
 But of king David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom:
 And for my foes, may this their blessing be
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Dean Swift knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after her death.) "I'll tell you, sir," said she, "if you'll help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated his question,—"Where do I think of going to?" said she, "where the best liquor is, to be sure!"

CHARACTER OF THE CELEBRATED DUCK OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first rank of these did Zumi stand ,
 A man so cautious, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
 Still in opinion, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by warts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, nodder, statesman, and balloon
 Tied all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,
 Bless'd madman ! who could every hour employ
 In something new to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both to show his judgment in extremes,
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert :
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
 By foraging parties, but could ne'er be chief,
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

DRYDEN.

NEATOLITAN PLAY.

The argument of one runs as follows : An Englishman appears, dressed precisely as a quaker, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, and with a very peevish air, says, he will take that pistol and shoot himself, " for (says he) the politics go wrong at home now, and I hate the ministerial party, so England does not please me. I tried France, but the people there laugh'd so about nothing, and sung so much out of tune, I could not bear France. So I went over to Ireland, those Irish dogs are so covetous and hard-hearted, that they think of nothing but their money. I could not endure a place where one heard no sound in the whole country but fings croaking, and ducks chinking. Maladetta ! So I went to Spain, where I narrowly escaped a sun-stroke, for

the sake of seeing those folks how they do condense to cold air, and must do it with a sound Latin. So I went to Naples therefore, but never saw one a chase. It is too easily run who like something in prospect, and a country, one can get no far here after a wild poe, yes, yes, I mean the world is so very dull I am tired of preparing matters for the operation. A woman lurs into an apartment, a woman, and then fades away, laid by his pistol, brings the lady head part of her story, were for a More confusion follows, a gentleman with rage at a treacherous lady, a false mistress, the Englishman is to shoot himself, " No, no, republican, I will shoot them through, but want of money hinders me. That, however, is now instantly necessary, as Dr. C., who enters, and punishes the rogue who has settled the marriage and rescued friends, and himself somewhat, to time, and conceals the price he has altered his intentions, and will shoot himself, whole life may be rendered pleasant to him who in service of his fellow-creatures these words, that such are the Englishman.

THE DAINTY CASE.

A criminal at Uposta about not just the saddle before they. A chief wine being brought, he blew off the froth. Being asked answered, " Brother to give no aver."

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire said that every voice on the thirtieth of January, the first of the French revolution, with a cry

OF LOTHARIO.

to the present day
 ears, have mark'd him gray,
 his wasteful hand,
 and hastes each ebbing sand,
 sick he drew his birth,
 of real worth,
 at no price,
 to vice,
 ness, and sought for shame
 good men seek for fame.
 (but the least defence)
 cenity was sense;
 decency submit;
 r, and where whim was wit;
 license had the merit
 as spirit;
 ere ever held the worst,
 ce, always first,
 ckle down at taw,
 ride a straw,
 dull brother peers,
 porter's ears,
 a midnight cell,
 an's oracle;
 union, rogue and whore
 riccup out—encore;
 bo slumbers there
 ur, gives up his chair;
 ay th' affrighted moon,
 ough the streets at noon;
 m her usual way,
 blank each day;
 eather 'gainst another,
 as with his brother;
 e the northern wind,
 to ride behind;
 ers, and to lay them
 g not to pay them;
 hich Nature gives,
 hough March* yet lives.

CHURCHILL.

his Hbertinism.

2

NICHOLAS WOOD, THE KENTISH GLUTTON.

The following circumstances relative to this eccentric fellow are extracted from an old pamphlet, entitled "*Nicholas Wood; the great eater, or the admirable teeth and stomach exploits of Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in the county of Kent.*" He is the only tugg-mutton, or mutton-monger, betwixt Dover and Dunbar: for hee hath eaten a whole sheepe of sixteen shillings price, raw, at one meal: pardon me, I think he left the skin, the wool, the horns, and the bones: but why talke I of a sheepe, when it is apparently knowne, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carkas with all manner of meates. All men will confesse that a hogge will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowle, root, or herb; and this same noble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hogge all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit-sucker; and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. What say you to a lease or flecke of brawne, new killed, to be of weight eight pounds, and to be eaten hot out of the boare's belly, raw? Was it not a glorious dish? and presently after, instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drinke all this while; for indeed he is no drunkard, hee ablores that swinish vice: alehouses nor tapsters cannot nick this *nick* with froth; curtoll cannes, tragicall black potts, and double-dealing bombasted jugges, could never cheat him, for one pinte of beere, or ale, is enough to wash downe a hogge, or water a sheepe with him. Two loynes of mutton, and one loyne of veal, were but as three sprats for him: once at *Sir Warrapam Saint Leger's* house, and at *Sir William Sydleye's*, he shewed himself so valiant of teeth and stomache, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to have turned bankrupt and breake: but the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anoynted his paunche with greace and butter, to make it stretch and hold, and afterwards being layed in bed, hee slept eight hours, and fasted all the while: which, when the king understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain bedrid with eating.

Pompey the Great, Alexander the Great, Trauberg the Great, Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, for conquering kingdoms and killing of men, and surely eating is not a greater sin than rapine, theft, manslaughter, and murder; therefore this noble Catalan doth well deserve the title of Great: wherefore I will stile him *Nicholas the Great* (eater) and as these forenamed Greats have overthrowne and wasted countrys and hosts of men, with the helpe of their soldiers and followers, so hat Nick the Great (in his own person, without the helpe or aide of any man, overcome, conquered, and delivered in one weeke, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient army in a day, for hee hath at one meate made an assault upon seven doren of good rabbits, at the Lord Wotton's, in Kent, which in the total is four score, which number would have sufficed a hundred three score and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

Bell, the famous idol of the Babylonians, was a mere imposture, a juggling toy, and a cheating bauble in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly* the high and mighty Duke *Alt-pawntch* was but a fiction to him, Milo, the Crotonian, could hardly be his equal, and *Woolner of Windsor* was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lambe, and three score eggs, have been but an easy collation, and three well-larded pudding pyes he hath at one time put to soyle, e.g. teen yards of black puddings (London measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his *rousetub*. A duck, rawe, with gats, feathers and all, except the bill and the long feathers of his wings, hath swam in his whelpoole, or pond of his mawe, and he told me that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing meat, and there was no tacking in them, for he hath tried it at ~~one~~ times. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him, at a place called *Lennam* for the said Dale had laid a wager that he would fill *Wool's* belly with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and the gentleman that laid the contrary did wager, that as soon as Noble Nick had eaten out Dale's two shillings, that he should presently enter combat with a worthy knight, called *Sir Loyne of Beefe*, and overthrow him, in conclusion,

Dale bought six of the powerful fume, robbed him of his gently took away from his perierman, setting a nap at the endbare eyrally bee e, and unexpected

Tas mynoble conquer, and even of But there are good Nicholas, that have and yet themselves mistake. We need Great Alexander was boundless, and ridge it, for all the fish from the deep pond fordest ditch, except for fowle of eagle, from the table either a coope or himself, a stall for for a hogge, a park storch uo for fruit wot's batter milk, perpytial motion, or tal y I has feet are the tremendous the beasts of the of the sea and the agree to of nature or grounds them to they never toll at a hogge, and a due from the sin of nic since he never trod meat in, nor doth he vermin. He takes up all salt with in and he never stant

Once in my pre having for he said the of postage, with

him to an inn, and after some salutations, I
him if he could eat any thing ! He gave me
positively that if he had known that any gentle-
man, having invited him, he would have spared
him at home (and with that he told me, as
what he had eaten,) yet nevertheless (to
encourage) he would show me some small eat-
ings, as he had one half or corner in the garden-
house, into which he would stow and
bring that the house would afford, at his
own cost. Whereupon I summoned my butler
to make upon the table, and two stately
chairs, with my hat and my boots, at which
my personal appearance with a low cere-
monious inquisitive what lack ye ! I presently
saw a bold giant upon her, con-
sidering all the viands in the house should be
on the table. She said she was but slenderly
of room, goodman Ward was there, but
had or could do, we should presently have.
As was displayed, the salt advanced, six
penny loaves were mounted two stories high
upstairs, three oxen's head pyes, walled
in, and well victualled within, were pre-
sented behind of the scalds, one pound of
beef (being all fat and no bones) was in a
dish, as this mighty preparation, one good dish
of white as alabaster or the snow upon the
mountain, and in the rear came up an un-
broken pink household loaf, all which pro-
piously, in the space of an hour, utterly
brought to nothing by the mass and
the dexterity of our unmatchable grand
father. He courageously passed the pike, and
about, but the house yielded no more,
yet arms unsatisfied, and myself dis-
satisfied, thrifty, and saving my money

man of his being now grown in years,
he should fail him publicly,
in the mire, it might be a dis-
grace for ever, and especially in Kent,
long been famous, he would be loth to
be thought so he was, he said that he

could make a shift to digest a fat wether in two
hours, provided that it were modestly boiled ; for he
bath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter
of mutton, bones and all, at Ashford, in the county
aforesaid ; yet is he very quick and nimble in his
feeding, and will ridle more eating work away in
two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the
parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his
great stomach) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience
in putting up smoke ; moreover, he is thrifty or frugal,
for when he can get no better meat, he will eat
one liver, or a mass of warm ale-grains from a brew-
house. He is provident and studious where to get
more provision after all is spent, and yet he is bound-
less or prodigal in spending all he hath at once : he
is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould
and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his
appetite will not wait and attend the powdering ; his
curtains is manifest, for he had rather have one far-
well than twenty Godbyses of all things he holds
fasting to be a most superstitious branch of popery ;
he is a main enemy to Ember weeks he hates Lent
worse than a butcher or a puritan, and the name of
Good Friday affrights him like a bull-beggar a long
grace before meat strikes him into a quotidian upon ;
in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell
with us all the year, or that every day were meta-
morphosed into Shrove Tuesday. In brief, he is a
magazine, a storehouse, a receptacle, a bourse or ex-
change, a babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is swarthy, blackish hair, hawk nosed ; (like a
parrot or Roman,) he is wattle-jawed, and his eyes
are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of
his entrails, to note what customed or uncustomed
goods he took in ; whilst his belly (like a main-sail
in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and
wruths) flat to the mast of his empty carcass, till
the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives
it into the full sea of satisfaction :

Like as a river to the ocean bounds,
Or as a garden to all Britain's grounds,
Or like a candle to a flaming knot,
Or as a single ape unto the whole troop,

So short am I of what Nick Wood hath done,
That, having ended, I have scarce begun,
For I have written but a taste in this,
To show the readers where and what he is.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sterne's maid servant asked her master leave to go to a public execution. Soon after she set off, she returned all in tears. On her master's asking why she cried, she answered, "Because she had lost her labour, for before she reached the gallows, the man was reprieved."

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

A rector having a horse to dispose of, in order to set him off, turned jockey and mounted him, on which the dealer shook his head and said, "Sir, I advise you, if you want to take us in, to mount into the pulpit—do not mount on horseback."

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Break blows the blast,—your hat has got a hole in't.

So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'knives and
Scissars to grind O!'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?

Or the attorney?

"Was it the 'squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or rogish lawyer, made you lose your title

Alas in a lawsuit?

"Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?"

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story?"

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have
Only last night a-dribbling at the O.
This poor old hat and breeches, as
I see

"Constables came up for to take me
Custody, they took me before the
Justice Oldmixon put me in the pot

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"I should be glad to drink your tea
A pot of beer, if you will give me
But for my part, I never love to be
With

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sapience! I will see if
Wretch! whom to sense of wrong
vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, dregs
Spent

THE FINE ARTS.

A sculptor bearing a cobble
mud on the foot of one of his
man's objections to reasonable things
returned him his thanks. The
consequence to himself from that
gan to disapprove of the form
"Hold, my friend," cried the
criticisms should never go above

NELL GWYN.

The celebrated Nell Gwyn was
ford in her carriage at the time
were much exasperated against
of Portsmouth, one of the
was mistaken for the latter, and
by the people, upon which Nell
the coach window and exclaiming
folks, you labour under a mis-
tutant w—e."

STEWART AND DR. STOKELY.

stately one day, by appointment, visitation, when the servant told him he was not permitted to disturb him was near dinner-time, the visitor sat him. Dinner was brought in—a silver cover. An hour passed, and did not appear. The doctor ate the soup up the empty dish, bade them dress themselves. Before that was ready, the doctor said: he apologized for his delay, and said he must leave to take my short rest. He at your service; I am fatigued by this, he lifted up the cover, and then, turned about to Stokely with a smile, says he, "what we studious people had dined."

JAMES THE FIRST.

James presented upon the accession of James, was one from the ancient town of King his majesty might reign as long, and stars endured. "Faith mon," the person who presented it, "if I reign by candle-light." A monarch went to Salisbury, one of the wrens of those days climbed up the spire of the cathedral, and at the top erected in honour of his majesty; who, for a reward, gave him a patent, never of his subjects, except the afore-said wren, was prohibited from being for ever.

THE BUSY INDOLENT.

There was a man of parts,
In the politer arts,
Not read, with humour writ,
Who pass'd for a wit;
More than his meat,
'd knaves could toil and cheat,
Themselves by being great.
The suppliant bow'd,
For their votes the crowd;

Nor riches nor refinement sought,
Did what he pleased, spoke what he thought;
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw,
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travell'd with great care
The tour of Europe—in his chair;
Was loath to part without his lord,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honest idle rake,
Nor quite asleep nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building castles in the air;
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increased as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude,
Who that day, walking of their rounds
Had disagreed about their bounds;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.
Vollies of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and "Thou'rt an oaf!"
Is bandied round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous Jack consents to be:
Though for himself he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bow'd with awkward reverence down.

In his great chair his worship sat,
A grave and able magistrate
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And suppliant tongues with pain obey'd,
In a short speech he first computes
The vast expense of law disputes,
And everlasting chancery suits,
With zeal and warmth he rallied then
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesmen,
And recommended in the close
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence
Perused records, heard evidence;
Observed, replied, hit every blot,
Unravell'd every Gordian knot,
With great activity and parts
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
And without fees or time mispent
By strength of ale and argument,
Despatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow sat,
And with surprise heard the debate,
Astonish'd, could not but admire
His strange dexterity and fire,
His wise discernment and good sense,
His quickness, ease and eloquence:
"Lord!" said he, "I can't but chide;
What useful talents do you hide!
In half an hour you have done more
Than Puzzle can in half a score,
With all the practice of the courts,
His cases, precedents, reports."

Jack with a smile replied, "'Tis true,
This may seem odd, my friend, to you:
But give me not more than my due.
No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
But hastens to decide the cause,
Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
Will struggle to be free again
So lazy men and indolent,
With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
Exert their utmost powers and skill,
Work hard; for what? why, to sit still.

They toil, they sweat, they
For even sloth prompts to it
Therefore, my friend, I free
All this address I now have
Is mere impatience, and no
To lounge and loiter as before
Life is a span, the world is
Here, sirrah, the other nipp

THE COUNTRY

An Irish dratometer being employed, the sufferer, as is usual in a "Strike higher." The drum obliges the poor fellow, and as he the man still continuing to roar or bellow your bellowing!" cried *Plaining of you, strike where on*

THE COUNTRY

A cobbler there was, and he lived
Which serv'd him for parlour, bed
No coin in his pocket, no care in
No ambition had he, nor did he

Derry down, down, down
Contented he work'd, and though
If at night he could purchase a
How he'd laugh then, and what a
sweet!

Saying just to a hair I have made
Derry down, down, &c.

But love the distiller of high and
That shoots at the point it is well
He shot the poor cobbler quite through
I wish he had hit some more good

Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer
Where a buxom young damsel
Her eyes shone so bright when she
That she shot the poor cobbler through

Derry down, down, &c.
He sang her love-songs as he sat
But she was as hard as a Jew on

like, she would flounce and would flier,
 nor cobbler quite into despair;
 down, down, &c.

well that he had in the world,
 say with himself was resolv'd;
 through his body instead of his soul,
 died, and the bell it did toll:
 down, down, &c.

will, I advise as a friend,
 warning by this cobbler's end:
 out of love, for we find by what's

as all to an end at the last:
 down, down, down, derry down.

JOHN BULL.

His appearance, is a plain, downright,
 down, with much less of poetry about
 se. There is little of romance in his
 deal of strong natural feeling. He
 more than in wit; is jolly, rather
 scholy, rather than morose; can
 o a sudden tear, or surprised into a
 he loathes sentiment, and has no
 santry. He is a boon companion,
 to have his humour, and to talk
 and he will stand by a friend in a
 and purse, however soundly he may

ject, to tell the truth, he has a pro-
 ewhat too ready. He is a busy-
 , who thinks not merely for himself
 for all the country round, and is
 isposed to be every body's cham-
 innually volunteering his services to
 our's affairs, and takes it in great
 ige in any matter of consequence
 is advice; though he seldom en-
 endly office of the kind without
 g into a squabble with all parties,
 bitterly at their ingratitude. He
 ons in his youth in the noble science
 having accomplished himself in the
 and his weapons, and become a per-
 ing and cudgel play, he has had a

troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot bear of
 a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours,
 but he begins, incontinently, to fumble with the head
 of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or
 honour does not require that he should meddle in their
 broils. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride
 and policy so completely over the whole country,
 that no event can take place, without infringing some
 of his finely spun rights and dignities. Couched in
 his little domain, with his filaments stretching forth
 in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-
 bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a
 whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze
 blow, without startling his repose, and causing him
 to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad;
 of puffing out a long purse; flinging his money
 bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, and
 cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gen-
 tlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of
 these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with vio-
 lent qualms of economy; stop short at the most tri-
 vial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined,
 and brought upon the parish; and in such moods,
 will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without
 violent altercation. He is, indeed, the most punctual
 and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing
 his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite re-
 luctance; paying to the uttermost farthing; but
 accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a
 bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper.
 His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object
 being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant;
 for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of
 port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach
 a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on
 the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expen-
 sive; not so much from any great outward parade,
 as from the great consumption of solid beef and pud-
 ding, the vast number of followers he feeds and
 clothes, and his singular disposition to pay hugely
 for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent

master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peevish or grossly vex him before his face, they may achieve him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage, and his house dogs sleep peacefully about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

John, with all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, is a sterling hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own, all plain, homely and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his good sense. His quarrelsome-ness of his even-temper, his credulity of his open-heartedness, his vanity of his pride, and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the ramifications of a liberal character. He is like his own oak—rough withered, but sound and solid within, whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber, and whose branches make a fearful groaning and creaking in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Is that duck or perch?
Said Alderman Larch,
I take 't for a roach.
Said Alderman Peering.
This jack's very good.
Said Alderman Wood,
But its bones are 't a man slay,
Said Alderman Ansley,
I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Hexgate,
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp,
The roach dries its pith,
Said Aldermen Smith.

Don't cut so far down,

Said Alderman Brown
But nearer the fin.

Said Alderman Glyn.

I've tank'd, tank man,

Said Alderman Wadding.

And I too, tanking.

Said Alderman Atkins.

They've cramp'd this cod.

Said Alderman Scholop.

'Tis bairn'd at the ridge.

Said Alderman Bridges.

Was I caught in a trap?

Said Alderman Mayne.

'Twas bit by two me.

Said Alderman Ven-

ables. Yes, in a box.

Said Alderman Cox.

They care not how far 't

Said Alderman Corns.

From air-sept, and from

Said Alderman Thomp.

Pick'd neatly in straw.

Said Alderman Shaw.

In we got from Cruster.

Said Alderman Hunter.

This ket-bop is sour.

Said Alderman Flower.

Then steep it in claret.

Said Alderman Groat.

ANTICIPATION.

A poor cavalier corporal being wrote it is letter to his wife this to suffer, thinking it would be executed on.

"DEAR WIFE,

"Hoping you are in good health present writing, this is to let you day between the hours of six was hanged, drawn, and quartered penitently, and every body should. Remember me kindly to children.

"Yours

DEFINITION OF A HEAD.

to speak in the gardener's style, is a mere *crescence*, growing out from between the like a wen, it is supposed to be a mere ext to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow to take snuff with, or have your hair on.

these heads are manufactured in wood, *rot-board*, which is a hint to show there only be *black-heads*, but also *paper-skulls*.

we acquaint us that, upon any fright or spirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood slowly back to the *heart*: hence it is compare the human constitution, and the constitution, together; they supposing the the *court* end of the town, and the *heart* y; for people in the country seem to things to heart, and people at court only ish to be at the head of things.

ke a mighty bustle about the twenty-four ow many changes they can ring, and how umes they have composed; yet, let us look many millions of mankind, and see if any are alike. Nature never designed several h we see, it is the odd exercise they give as belonging to their visages occasions such

for example; we meet in the streets with ople talking to themselves, and seem much ith such self-conversation; some people we ng at every thing, and wondering with a of praise; some laughing, some crying. ng and laughing are contrary effects, the least of features occasions the difference, it is the muscles to laugh, and *down* to cry.

ighter is much mistaken, no person being f laughing, who is incapable of thinking. people, suddenly break aloud into violent h, ha, ha! and then, without any grada- at once into downright stupidity.

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

II. commanded at the battle of Dettingen, away with him into the French his majesty alighted, and charged

the enemy on foot; "*for*," said the king, "tho' my horse runs away with me, I am sure my legs will not."

SAVING ONE'S BACON.

Mr. C., partner of Miss Bacon at the York Assembly, sat down after the dance in the Love-corner, so called at the rooms, when one of the dancers asked C. why he saved himself, and did not stand up; he answered, "he did not want to save himself, but to save his Bacon."

ON MISS LITTLE.

[Addressed to Miss Little, who was very short in stature, on her marriage.]

When any thing abounds we find
That nobody will have it,
But when there's *little* of the kind,
One and all we crave it.
If wives are evils, as 'tis known,
And wofully confess'd,
The man who's wise will surely own
A *little* one is best.
The God of love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou, too, art *little*, fair as light,
And all that's sweet—in *short*!
O, happy girl! all think thee so,
So thinks the poet's song—
"Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that *little long*."

ACCOMMODATION.

The following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered much from nightly depredators:—"Those persons, who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they would steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present; and as it may be some little inconvenience to get over the palings, the gate is left open for their accommodation.

(Signed) S. SWIFT."

CHASTITY.

An English lady asked the mother abbess of a convent at Paris, if the nuns kept the vow of chastity. "Yes," said the abbess, "I can venture to affirm it. For if it be a crime to cuckold an earthly husband, how much more a heavenly one."

EXTEMPORAL ORACE BY BEN JOHNSON, BEFORE KING JAMES.

Our King and Queen, the Lord God bless,
The Palgrave, and the Lady Besse,
And God bless every living thing
That lives and breathes and loves the King.
God bless the council of estate,
And Buckingham the fortunate,
God bless them all, and keep them safe,
And God bless me, and God bless Ralph.

The king was mightily inquisitive to know who this Ralph was. Ben told him "It was the drawer at the Swanne tavern at Charing-cross, who drew him good Camarie." We dread lest it should excite the cupidity of our Laureate, when we add that, "For this drollery, his majestic gave him a hundred pounds!"

SINKING AND SWEARING.

Two Jesuits, on their passage to America, were desired by the master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; he told them that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent, and quiet, he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay-brother went to the hatches, to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying, all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel.—"The Lord be praised for it," replied the other, "then we are safe."

WORSE AND WORSE.

Two penitents, in a procession at Lisbon on Ash-Wednesday, were comparing notes about their sins. One said, "he had lain with his mother." "Ay!" said the other, "but that's a mere peccadillo to my sins; for I laid with my grand-mother."

MODERN LONDON.

Prepare for death, if here at night you ride
And sign your will before you slip from home
Some fiery sop, with new commission sent,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet e'en these herons, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wit
Their prudent insults to the poor confute,
As far they mark the gambler's bright appeal
And shun the shining tram and golden coach.

In vain, these dangers pass'd, your door you
And hope the balmy blessings of repose
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the fasten'd door,
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means* support the state
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spin
To rig another convoy for the king.†

A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint adorn'd
Held high the steady scale, but stealth'd the
No spies were paid, no special juries known
Bless'd age! but ah! how different from ours.

EARLY RISING.

A man had two sons; one rose early,
Other slept soundly. The early riser found
Which the father carried to the sluggard
"Ye!" said he, "if you had been up as I
was, you would have found this purse." The
answered the son, "but if the owner
in bed, as I am, he had not lost it."

* A technical term in politics.

† The nation was then deeply
ruined by George the Second's

SONNET.

black eyes my heart was won :
a wretch was so undone

By two black eyes!
with my suit I came ;
a, regardless of her prize,
proper to reward my flame

By two black eyes.

A CONTRAST.

Some general calling one morning on
a pole, found his servant shaving him.
In conversation, Sir Robert said mildly,
it me ;" and continued the former sub-
ject. Presently he said again, " John, you
as mildly as before : and soon after he
to say it again ; when the general
a rage, said, swearing a great oath,
his fist at the servant, " If Sir Robert
cannot ; and if you cut him once more,
I'll lay you down."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A gentleman having attempted many ways
to acquire the affections of a lady of great
wealth was resolved to try what could be done
by music, and therefore entertained her
under her window at midnight ; but
his servants to drive him away by throw-
ing him : " Oh, my friend," said one of his
servants, " your music is as powerful as that of
the organ ; it draws the very stones about you."

DECENCY AND DANGER.

A gentleman next door to a gentleman's house,
half an hour before he could prevail on his
wife to go into a room, into which she had locked her-
self, she came forth, greatly alarmed, in
her nightgown and petticoat, and one long ruffle on
her head. " Bless my soul !" cried her husband,
" you have been, and knew the next
moment, that the fire !" " I can't help it, my dear,"
said she, " our own was in flames ; I only stopped
to get my dress."

AN OVERSIGHT.

A lady of fashion once declaimed to a lady of qua-
lity, in public company, against second marriages :
the lady whom she addressed had been twice married ;
and she had recently been married to her own second
husband. When reminded of this she exclaimed,
" Bless me ! my dear, I had quite forgotten it."

FAT FOLKS.

Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakespeare, have
carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will
go. Falstaff is humorously called *Wool-Sack*, *Bad
Presser*, and *Hill of Flesh* ; Harry, a *Starveling*, an
Eel's-skin, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*.

FAT AND LEAN CLUBS.

In a considerable market town, there was a club of
fat men, that did not come together (as you may well
suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness
and wit, but to keep one another in countenance ;
the room where the club met was something of the
largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of
moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding
doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could
make his entrance through the first, he was looked
upon as not qualified, but if he stuck in the passage
and could not force his way through it, the folding
doors were immediately thrown open for his reception,
and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that
this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons,
weighed above three tons. In opposition to this so-
ciety, there sprung up another, composed of scarecrows
and skeletons ; who being very meagre and envious,
did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky
brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous
principles ; till at length they worked them out of the
favour of the people, and consequently out of the ma-
gistracy. Those factions tore the corporation to
pieces for several years, till at length they came to
this accommodation ; that the two bailiffs of the town
should be annually chosen out of the two clubs, by
which means the principal magistrates are at this day
coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

SECRETARY.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

Count Grammont, who had attached, if not himself to Miss Hamilton, abruptly went off and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addressed him. "My dear friend, I believe you have seen a circumstance that should take place before you return to France." To which Grammont replied, "My dear friend, what a memory I have! I forgot that I was to marry your sister, but I instantly accompany you back to London, and by that forgetfulness."

A DISGUISE.

A remarkably dirty man, when of his friend's and how he should dress himself for a masquerade, received the following answer. "Only just wash your hands and face, put on a clean shirt, and I'll be hanged if any one will know you."

LEGISLATIVE EXPOSTIATION TO AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

Thou whose visionary bids unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream,
Whose goose, hot rising through the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream!
Why dost imaginary needles wound?
Why dost thou shears cut short my fleeting joys?
Oh! why, emerging from a hell profound,
The ghost of dirts and patches awful rise?
Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head;
The liberal hangings of that breast unfold
Be made, far brighter than thy button, spread;
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold.
Though doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meager ruin of moderate date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mantle of the muse.
Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why, all on every power in sore dismay?
Thy warmest oraisons, alas! are late.
Why dost thou not know a poet pay?

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal cry,
Vain thy devotions from that altar shrines,
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly,
Can sorrow fill this empty breast of mine!
Ah me! so long with dire consumption paid,
When shall that purse be count'd from mine?
Full as the sail that holds the sailing wind,
Mysterious ministers of misery, I see
Fond men! while pausing on that ghastly
That tells thee what thou art in tedious
O'er the capacious ledger lose thy care,
Nor of unsettled debt is again aware.
There lords and dukes and mighty peers
Nor on the canvas thou art ever seen,
Why starts the big drop in their eyes?
One honest gentleman back to thee
A common garment such as thou art
Dull sons of clay, the ready price of
Thou mad at, and lo! it faded be
But in my cabinet thou shalt ever be
Time ne'er shall rip our common thread
Of cloth, from lady's room and page
Nor shall I ever haunt thy softer dress
E'en when I dress thee in a new
Let sage philosophy thy soul adorn
With strength heroic every t' be
Not better broadcloth braves the air,
And constant patience is delight
Be patient then, and wise, nor meddle
Beneath despondency's tawny
The reckoning day may come when
A joyful day, though miracles are

SHORT COMMENTS.

A gentleman being at St. Mary's on a fast day, observed to another very few of the members of the assembly. "Is that to be wondered at?" "Why I thought you understood the proclamation better, observe you enjoy short commons every where."

A BOTTLE CONSUMER.

gentleman, sojourning at a drinking hotel, noted at the smallness of the bottles, the high price of wine. One evening, with a friend in the coffee-room, the serenade in, when the gentleman after told him, he and his friend had laid a bet he must decide, by telling him what was bred to. Mine host, after some hesitation, answered, that he was bred "Then," said the gentleman, "I have d that you was bred a packer." "A said the host swelling like a turkey—could induce you, sir, to think I was a packer?" "Why, sir," said the other, "I sh your wine measures, for I thought no useful packer could put a quart of wine aile."

A DAY TOO LATE.

he was so absent as to call and visit a funeral he had attended. He was much late, but recollecting himself, said "It is for I was there."

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.

reading a tragedy to a friend who was on he had gone through three acts, asked him, "Why really," replied the proctor, "it is so full of distress, that I do not see how itly brighten it in the following ones; and surely it will grow flat." "O!" said the man alone for that, I intend in the very at my hero into the spiritual court."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

ring borrowed money of an acquaintance, a sum, making it payable on a Saint's day not mentioned in the calendar, by he thought to render the bill invalid the lender, but the business being brought in the case being heard, the judge de-termining should be refunded on the day

MORALITY WITHIN.

Let Alexander's disappointed soul
Sigh for another world's increased control;
Ill-weaved Ambition has no charm for me,
Nor, sordid Avarice, am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country house on Windermere—
A beautiful wife, and sensible as I am,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton—no! I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish—
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Three guineas for my dinner every day.

What though shrewd Erskine at the bar we view,
As famed as Crassus and as wealthy too;

I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To jump like Ireland, and like Helmer box,
To act as Garrick did—or any how
Unlike our heroes of the buskin now;
To range, like Garberin, through fields of air,
To win, like V——a, England's richest fair—
I only ask these blessings to enjoy,
And every varied talent well employ;
Thy life, Methusalem! or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.

MORALITY.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET

During the time of Mr. Garrick's performance in Goodman's-fields, the stage rose so much from the lamps to the back scenery, that it was very difficult for a performer to walk properly on it, and unfortunately it was then the custom to introduce their ghosts in a complete suit, not of gilt leather, but of real armour. The dress for this august personage was one night, in honour of Mr. Garrick's Hamlet, borrowed from the Tower, and was consequently rather too ponderous for the ghost of the royal Dane. The moment, therefore, he was put up at the trap door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down the stage to the lamps, which catching the feathers of the helmet, the ghost seemed in danger of being consumed by mortal fires, till a gentleman, rushing from the

"Help! help! the lamps have caught the cask of your spirits, and by G— if the iron hoops fly, the house will be in a blaze." The attendants ran on the stage, carried off the ghost, and laid him in a water tub.

THE MIRACLE.

An old mass priest in the reign of Henry VIII. after the Bible was translated, was reading the narrative of the five loaves and two fishes; when he came to the verse that reckons the number of the guests, he paused a little, and at last said they were about *five hundred*. The clerk whispered in his ear that it was *five thousand*. "Hold your tongue, sirrah," said the priest, "we shall never persuade the people it was five thousand."

FINDING FAULT.

A celebrated preacher having remarked in a sermon that every thing made by God was perfect. "What think you of me?" said a deformed man in a pew beneath, who arose from his seat and pointed at his own back. "Think of you," reiterated the preacher, "why that you are the most perfect hunchback my eyes ever beheld."

TAKING COUNSEL'S OPINION.

A pickpocket having been practising his trade in a court of justice, was taken in the fact, and it was deemed the best way to try him without further delay. The fellow demanded counsel, when a gentleman of the bar was allowed him, with whom he retired to a chamber adjoining the court, in order to consult him. The window of the room not being many feet from the ground, the delinquent said, "I think, sir, the most expedient way for me to extricate myself would be to jump out of that window." "Faith it is mine too," said the counsellor, who immediately suffered the fellow to escape. On returning into the court he was asked concerning the prisoner.—"He has escaped," replied the counsel or. "And why did you suffer it without giving the alarm?" reiterated the judge. "For the best of all reasons," replied the other. "I was deputed his adviser, and as we both agreed in opinion, he took his measures accordingly."

LAW.

Law is a crooked lying thief
The source of every evil
Alfred to plunder and to sin
And first born of the devil.

It has no heart, nor is it true
No yearnings of compassion
But grips—as vultures—a tear
For tearing a cut of flesh.
It plunders forests and the land
On bowels of the needy;
But robs with smiles the poor
Wild poverty its greedy
It has a store which to devour
The gill of all the nation
And then to hell walk on
And offer an oblation.

It is in every ill so wound
It has but one true maid
And truth there's odds if N
Or law itself goes faster.

DEAF AND DEAF.

A fellow, carrying a heavy load now and then "Make way," he thus caution a conceited fellow went him, whereby his load was nearly lost. On being taken before a magistrate it was deemed, the porter remained in interrogatory, upon which the magistrate exclaimed, "Why, the fellow is very well this morning." "What quired the justice?" He cried out he could bawl, returned the other. The magistrate, "he gave you to you should have profited by, and it not have been torn."

AMERICAN LAW.

The following notice appeared in "To be sold on the 8th of July, if property of an eminent attorney &c. &c. &c. Note. The clerk said."

THE LAYING OF THE STONE.

THE INSOLVENT.

Ca. having directed a letter,
 , say, if living; if dead, to his
 "Sir, or Gentlemen," and
 ag heard from Mr. Hardinge
 on for settling an enclosed ac-
 he must be dead; and if that
 as was true, requesting it might
 tor; Mr. Hardinge immediately

iphook, what is fear'd by you,
 nstance is true;
 . more afflicting still,
 not pay your bill.
 I am broken-hearted,
 lvent, I departed;
 ours, without a farthing,
 d self, GEORGE HARDINGE."

ge which these lines have cost,
 anking privilege have lost.

CHESTERFIELD.

ed Chesterfield that the French
 ple than the English, he hesi-
 es: the observer continued to
 by adding, "My Lord, the
 mselves." "Nay then," re-
 confession proves the English

CANTER.—A TALK.

of Boglins full is this Duke.

Gavin Douglas.

leave the street,
 neighbors meet,
 aying late,
 is gate;
 it the nappy,
 ge happy.

We thicken on the long dark hills,
 The mosses, waters, shades, and styles,
 That lie between us and our home,
 Where sits our sulky sister-dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth first honest Tam o' Shanter
 As he frae Ayr at night did canter
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been six wiles,
 As ta'en thy air with Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blathering, blustering, drunken bellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou wana sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had stiller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
 Tam had got plantet unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely

And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
 And aye the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rest and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, inad to see a man ane happy,
E'en down'd himsel among the nappy;
As bees bee tane wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm—
Nae man can tether time or tide—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stone,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twail blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep and lang the thunder-bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

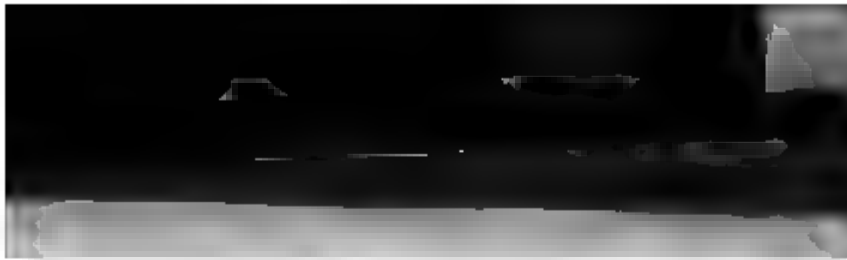
Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogies cat h him unawares,
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where bonies and boulets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the furd,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd,
And past the larks and meikle stae,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mother hang'd her
Before a' the auld ponies all her
The coublin' storm roars thro' the
The lightnings flash from pole to pole
Near and more near the thunders
When, glimmering thro' the groans,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a dream;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glair
And lang, resonant north and doun

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'd face the deil!
The swats are reem'd in Tannah's
Fair play, he car'd na deil a bodill
But Maggie stood right sa' astounded
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the left;
And, Wow! Tam saw an awa' o' g
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
Put life and mither in their bane.

A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie their music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart thro'
Till roof and rafters o' it d d d
Coffins stood round like open pressies
That shaw'd the dead in their last
And by some devilish canton, o' r
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's bones in gable arched
Twa span lang, weel-machin'd
A thiel, new cutted frae a rape
Wi' his last gasp his gable end gap'd
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red
Five scimitars wi' ponderous edges
A garter, which a babe had strung
A knife, a father's throat had made



THE LADY OF THE LAKES.

the son o' the baron,
was yet stuck to the belt;
I horrible and awful,
as to name wad be unlawful;
was glow'd, sturt'd, and curious,
and fan grew fast and furious:
loud and louder blow;
a quick and quicker flow;
I, they set, they cross'd, they checkit,
afin swat and reekit,
her daddies to the work,
at it in her cark!
O Tam! had they been quans
and strapping, in their teens!
instead o' cheesie flannels,
white seventeen hunder linen!
o' mine, my only pair,
we were plush, o' guid blue hair,
gwen them aff my hardies,
k o' the bonnie burdies!
wer'd beldams, auld and droll,
hags wad spean a foal,
a' flinging on a cummock,
idna turn thy stomach,
keen'd what was what fu' brawlie,
as winsome wench and walie,
inlisted in the core,
ken'd on Carrick shore!
beast to dead she shot,
'd many a bonnie boat,
baith meikle corn and bear,
he country-side in fear,
ark, o' Paisley horn,
a lassie she had worn,
o' tho' sorely scanty,
best, and she was vauntie.—
ken'd thy reverend grannie,
he coft for her wee Nannie,
and Scots, ('twas a' her riches,
praced a dance of witches!
try Muse her wing mann coar;
we air beyond her power;
if 'twas lap and lang,
thee she was auld strang.)

And how Tam stand, the sun burn'd'd,
And thought his very sun cirk'd;
Evan Satan glow'd, and saged fu' sin,
And hock'd and blow wi' might and main;
Till first as caper, sync anither,
Tam tist his reason a' thegither;
And went out, "Weel done, Catty-cath!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie sallied,
When out the hellish engines sallied.
As hae him out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering-hounds smell their byke;
As open pussie's mortal fear,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eagles run the market crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross,
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake.
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clauht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:

* It is a well-known fact, that witches or any evil
have no power to follow a poor wight any further than
middle of the next running stream.—It may be wiser
wise to mention to the delighted traveller, that when
in with dogs, whatever danger may be in the going,
there is much more hazard in turning back.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

BURNS.

THE SAINT AND THE DEVIL.

A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman to accompany her a little way, when she led him to a painter's house, and having whispered to the artist, she retired, saying that she would return shortly.—On quitting the chamber the gentleman demanded what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew," replied the painter, "that I am taking that lady's likeness in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and she means you to sit for the tempter."

CAPABILITY BROWN.

Mr. Brown, the celebrated gardener and botanist, surnamed *Capability* Brown, being at a nobleman's seat arranging his pleasure grounds, was met on quitting his lordship's mansion by two rows of fine livery servants. As it was then the custom to make a present to each when a visitor left the mansion, upon this occasion, *Capability* Brown turning round to his lordship produced the following extempore in a whisper.

Of footmen faith you have a score,
They line your passage to the door,
But troth they put me in the dumps
I own, my lord, this alley's good,
Yet I would have it understood,
They had look'd better plac'd in clumps.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

This gentleman writing a letter one evening at a coffee-house, was much embarrassed by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. Garth, however, seemed to take no notice of this till towards the conclusion, when he *amorously* added, by way of a postscript, "I *could* write you more by this post, but there's a

damned tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."—"What do you say?" said the Irishman, "do you think I looked at your letter?" "Sir," said Garth very gravely, "once opened my lips to you."—"Aye, J——s, you have put it down for all that."—"Impossible, sir," said Garth, "as you say I once looked over my letter."

LIES.

A person in prison was asked by a friend what it was for.—"For telling lies," said he. "Telling lies! how is that?" demanded the friend. "Why, telling people I would pay 'em, keeping my word."

IMPROMPTU ON THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN WITH MISS PATTEN.

May the union cemented on Wednesday at N
Be blissful and crown'd with abundance of N
May the *Foot* ever closely adhere to the *Patten*
The *Patten* for ever stick close to the *Foot*!

And tho' pattens are used but in moist dirty N
May their journey through life be unclouded as
May they long fit each other;—and moving N
May only one *sole* (soul) be still cherish'd as

SHORT RECKONING.

"There were a hundred justices," said at the monthly meeting. "A hundred?" said I. "Yes (said he) do you count, and I will say there was justice Balance, put down *two*; Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody; justice you may put down another cipher for his *one*, and *two* ciphers, are one hundred."

A BAD HABIT.

A Frenchman being reprehended for his wife severely once every month, made this never do it but on the morning when I go to *session*." "And why then?" said the other. "I am sure of being reminded of every sin I might forget some were it not for this *one*."

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DOGS.

THE STORY OF A MARRIAGE.

When taking an apartment, said to the landlady you, madam, I never left a lodging lady shed tears." She answered, "I hope not, because you went away without

A QUIET DEATH.

The actor having stabbed himself, in the chamber, turned himself about two or three paces before the fire, to see where he could comfortably down. Two gentlemen in the truck by the eccentricity of his manner, began laughing aloud; on which Whitley cried, "Be quiet, you thieves! can't a die in peace, and be d—d to you!"

XX, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

possessed a favourite spaniel,
rested maid nor man ill:
which we cannot too much say,
godfather the name of Tray.

us of service just,
e race of mortals, sought the dust—
to say, the spaniel died:
as was ordered to be made,
as in the church-yard laid,
a pale remains the master cried:
such his trusty fur-clad friend,
to commemorate his end,
small blue stone, just after burial,
wrote on it this sweet memorial:

Tray's Epitaph.

relics of a friend below,
more sense than half the folks I know;
use, and to no parties prone,
a seat, but calmly gnawed his bone;
functions well in every way—
these, if you can, and copy Tray.

the Huntingtonian band,
scour the land,

And scree on that that country
These locusts, that would eat up all;

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See heaven and all the angels in the skies;
As plain as in the box of showman Swann,
For little master made, or curious miss,
We see with huge delight the king of France
With all his lords and ladies dance.

This curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaimed, with infinite devotion:
"O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings, these, upon my word!
This, truly, is a very pretty thing!

What will become of this most shocking world?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurled!

"Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried,
A dog in Christian ground, indeed, be buried!
And have an epitaph forthwith, so civil.
Egad! old maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead *rusty cats* in holy ground,
And writing verses on each *monstrous devil*."

Against such future casualty providing,
The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the court:
He found him at the spaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, neither singing of a stave;
And thus began to abuse him, not exhort,—

"Son of the devil, what hast thou done?
Nought for the action can atone—

I should not wonder if the Great All-wise
Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
And dashed to earth that wretched head,
Which dared so foul, so base an act devise.

"Bury a dog like Christian folk!—
None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
Our inquisition upon the tale shall hear,
And quickly your fine fleece shall shear;

Why, such a villain can't believe in God."
"Softly, my reverend sir," the squire replied,
"Tray was as good a dog as ever died—"

No education could his morals mend,
And what, perhaps, sir, you may doubt,
Before his lamp of life went out,
He ordered you a legacy, my friend."
"Did he?—poor dog!" the softened priest rejoined.
In accents pitiful and kind.—
What was it I pray? I'm sorry for poor Tray.
Why, truly dogs of such rare merit,
Such real not liness of spirit,
Should not like common dogs be put away.
Well, pray what was it that he gave,
Poor fellow e'er he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, sir, in ye."
"A piece of gold," the gentleman replied.—
"I'm much obliged to Tray," the parson cried;
"he left God's cause, and pocketed the guinea."

CUMBERLAND'S INGRATITUDE.

Mr Cumberland being asked his opinion of
Mr. Sheridan's School for Scandal, said, "I am
astonished that the town can be so duped! I went to
see his comedy, and never laughed once from begin-
ning to end."—This being repeated to Sheridan—
"That's a damned ungrateful of him," cried he, "for
I went to see his *tragedy* the other night, and did
nothing but laugh from beginning to end."

THE PRIZE OF POTATOES. A HUMILIQUIN.

Had, rare potatoes! hot or cold all hail!
O quickly come mine appetite's delight!
Whether in oven's fire, or rare roast'd,
By bake's art del. — as thou'rt e'ne brown'd
While rich of purple gravy lean the pores
Of molty beef improve the luscious fare.
Whether the flame of culinary skill
Have nicely scalp'd thee o'er, and to the rage
Of warlike elements consign thee deep,
Beneath the cope of an exulting lid
I'll hand-durace plang'd. O when with steaks
Of marbled vein, from ramp of stall-fed steer
Disparted rate—she'd in the shallow pan
I view thee kindly strewn'd, how joys my heart!
How flash with eager glance my longing eyes!
Or in the tedious eve, when nipping frost

Reigns potent, 'mid the smould'ring rag
(From subterfuge an store selected, the
Of amplest size robust, of native cast
Yet unheret— and if my hoary board
Perceives, add but few salut'rous grains
Of humble salt, I bless thee, Tray, repeat
But chiefly come at noon, when danger
Wheals from the exultant pot your meal
With happiest art conceal, profusely
And be the mass with butter's presence
To rich constance wrought, nor all
The pepper's pinger! pour't, of stateful
Beneficent! lest my insatiate elixir
Ventose and wat'ry, cause the twinges
Of choic pang abdominal!— And here
Need I relate how when for thee I dig
Thy rival roots and poignant saucers ran
Crown'd with exotic name, my humble
Mock'd with trifling insult, waves the
Of with'ring's fire—a feeble, glowworm
That beams, not burns! Nor term
taste

(Taste and deprav'd by fashion's varying
Alone the shaft, but person, fortune,
Ad, ad, myriads of sea in'd, with waves
And scoff sarcastic. — In the pudding
Let others rail to lacrimas! I reap
The weighty novel for my fav'rite
Give me but this, ye gods! wherein I
Each celebrated shop — *(Huffman's)*
O he of Rich — how — what vapours
Of city saint or city hell adu'd! —
By morals *Huffman* night — where
Multangular — with ratchets, ead, ad
And round, wh. s' nimbly o'er the
Of crystal vase, in jostly pond p'cess
To turn the snow — *Thou, these*
While fond I an edam potatoes share
"Nor cast one longing, lit'ring look"

EPITAPH ON A MRS. DEATH.

Here lies Death's wife; when thou wast
Be not surpris'd should Death himself be

OLIVER'S TWINS.

cal play of "Henry VIII." was
try-lane theatre, and Mr. John
acted Cromwell, in extolling the
me to this passage
witness for him

"learning that he rais'd in you,
ford!"

ood by, cried out, "D—n me! if
d Wolsey was married before!"

THREE INFANTS IN ST. IVES'
CHURCHYARD.

ables no man did ever see,
lighty gave to we;
rised by ager fits,
lies, as dead as nits.

ITY AND GRATITUDE.

e de Namours had charitably
ild. When the child was about
id to her benefactress, "Madame,
grateful for your charity than I
knowledge it better than by tell-
your daughter; but do not be
ay that I am your lawful child,
e daughter."

BRAN'S SHIRT.

college, was called before the
dirty shirt. "I pleaded," said
ar a clean one, and I told their
of poor Lord Avonmore, at that
ton. 'I wish, mother,' said
a shirts.'—'Eleven! Barry, why
, mother, I am of opinion that a
comfortable, ought to have a dozen.'
one, and I made the precedent

PLAIN REASONS.

man one day asked the Duke
; "How happened it that you
—?" "I will tell you, sir,"
only, "I thought I should not

win it, and so I lost it." "But," added he, turning
himself slowly round, "who is the fool that asked me
this question?"

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

As want of candour really is not right,
I own my satire too inclined to bite;
On kings behold it breakfast, dine, and sup—
Now shall she praise, and try to make it up.
Why will the simple world expect wise things,
From lofty folks, particularly kings?

Look on their poverty of education!
Adored and flattered, taught that they are gods,
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to shake the pillars of creation.

They scorn that little useful imp called mind,
Who fits them for the circle of mankind
Pride their companion, and the world their hate;
Immured, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, great kings will condescend
A little with their subjects to unbend!

An instance take:—A king of this great land,
In days of yore, we understand,
Did visit Salisbury's old church so fair:
An Earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide;
Incog. they travelled, shuffling side by side;
And into the cathedral stole the pair.

The verger met them in his silken gown,
And humbly bowed his neck with reverence down,
Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:

Looking the frightened verger through and through,
All with his eye-glass—"Well, sir, who are you?
What, what, sir?—hey, sir?" deigned the king to
say.

"I am the verger here, most mighty king:
In this cathedral I do every thing;
Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean."

"Hey? verger! verger!—you the verger?—hey?"
"Yes, please your glorious majesty, I be."

The verger answered with the mildest mien.
Then turned the king about towards the peer,
And winked, and laughed, then whispered in his ear

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word
knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
lord!"

"With his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
banned the trembling verger o'er again.
He's a poor verger, sire," his lordship cried:
"Sixpence would handsomely requite him."

"Poor verger, verger, hey?" the king replied.
"No, no, then, we won't knight him—no won't
knight him."

"Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
his glass, and skipped it o'er with sounds of praise!
For thus his marvelling majesty did speak:

"Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete;
High—high and lofty too, and clean, and neat
What, verger, what? mop it once a week?"

"An't please your majesty," with marvelling chops,
The verger answered, "we have got no mops

In Salisbury that will reach so high!"
"Not mop, no, no, not mop it!" quoth the king
"No sir, our Salisbury mops do no such thing—
They might as well pretend to scrub the sky."

From Salisbury church to Wilton-house, so grand,
Returned the mighty ruler of the land—
"My lord, you've got fine statues," said the king.
"A few" beneath your royal notice, sir,"

Replied Lord Pembroke—"Stir, my lord, stir, stir;
Let's see them all, all, all, every thing.
"Who's this?—who's this?—who's this fine fellow
here?"

"Sesostris," bowing low, replied the peer.
"Sir Sostis, hey?"—Sir Sostis?—"pon my word!
Knight or a baronet, my lord?"

"One of my making!"—what, my lord, my making?"—
This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!
"Sesostris, sire," so soft, the peer replied,
"A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old."

"Poh, poh!" the instructed monarch snappish cried,
"I need not that—I need not that he told."
"Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow there?"
"The Hercules," replied the shrinking peer.

"Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey?"

"Cleaned stables!—cracked a two The
Killed snakes, great makes, that is
him—
The queen, queen's coming! wrap
him."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

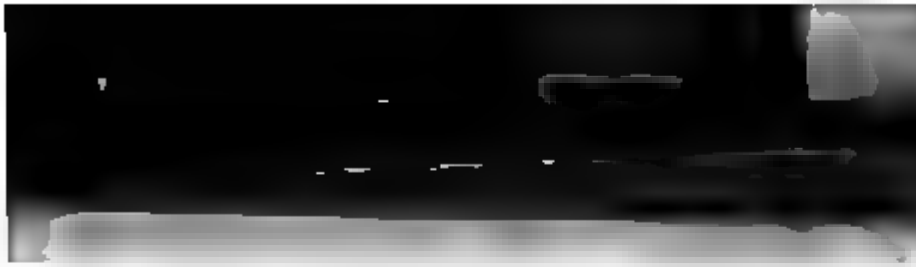
Sir Wisky Whistle is one of
tering, tip-toe tripping animalcule
flutter about fine women like flies
as harmless, and as constant, as
dangle by the side of his lady, his
equipage as glittering as light,
the ladies suffer in it things and
souffles, aize, not as things of
show with, they never say any
but, with an eye glass in their
ladies, as if they were a party of
a visit of inquiry upon some
imagine themselves, however
snare, who can, as it is said,
that every fine woman must
aima.—"Ha! who's that, I
woman, 'pon honour, no
Who is she?" she must be
come-atable, 'pon honour,
stranger than aether and him,
she's a lady of strict virtue,
at her again—ay, ay, she must
for, now I look at her
devilish ungenteel about her

LORD MANK.

Court of Requests.—

This was a case which
was considered of no
to the auditors, in the
no small moment.

Mr. Williams, who
barber, but in more
perruquier, appeared
and obtained a sum



THE "LAUGHING" PHILOSOPHER.

1857

Mr. Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham, calling upon him to attend on a given case why he should not pay a debt of

Williams, who spoke with a sort of lapping passionately addressed the Commissioner: "he said, 'been a hair-dresser, man and my eight years. He had served his time in a where he had the honour of making wigs of the greatest men as ever lived—of all, and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate all, as literate men; and among the latter, took the immortal Dr. Johnson—but of all I had ever set comb to, there was none on so much prided himself as a full state wig and made for Lord Mansfield; it was one best proofs of his genius: it had excited commendation of his master, and the envy of other shopmates, but, above all, it had given, even delighted, the noble and learned Lord. Oh! gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Williams, "you had known what joy I felt when I saw noble Lordship on the bench with that head!" (in an under tone, but rubbing his forehead.) "Upon my say so, I was three days after!"

Commissioner—What has this wig to do with my debt?

Williams—A great deal—that's the very bone of it.

Commissioner—Doubtless; but you must come now, if you can, as soon as possible.

Williams—I will. Well, as I was saying—leave off?—Oh! when I was fuddled.

Commissioner—I hope you have left off that good man.

Williams—Upon my say so, I have, trust. As I was a saying, to make a long story short: of time I left my master in the lap for myself, and did a great stroke of good. I could tell you such a list of customers.

Commissioner—Never mind, we don't want your list—go on.

Mr. Williams—Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-street, Queen-square. Look me! what alterations I have seen in this square, since my time. I remember when I used to go to share with Lord—

Commissioner—For God's sake, do come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—Well, I will. Where was I? Oh! in Boswell-street—(Commissioner, aside: I wish you were there now.)—Well, then, you must know when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul!) died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old master's shop, and he kept it as a pattern for other judge's wigs: and at last who should die but my master himself. Ay, it's what we must all come to.

The Commissioner—Go on, go on man, and come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—for she knew, poor soul! how I loved it—this 'dental wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they're all gone before me.

The Commissioner—Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after them.

Mr. Williams—Dearest me! you put me out. Well, as I was a saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill-luck would have it, that ere Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act with in a play—I think he called it Shycock, or Shylock, for he said he was to play the judge. I long refused, but he over-persuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eye with his white apron) seen it since.

The Commissioner—And so you have summoned him for the price of this wig?

Mr. Williams—You have just hit the nail on the head.

The Commissioner—Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this?

Mr. Lawrence (with great pomposity) — Why, sir, I have a great deal to say.

The Commissioner — Well, then, sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. Lawrence — Not more precious than mine, I presume, sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig, and this admitted, sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited, for, sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

Commissioner — What record?

Mr. Lawrence — The record in Court.

Commissioner — We have no record.

Mr. Lawrence — You have a summons, on which I intend to defend myself — and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a record similar to, and of the essence of a record in the Court above.

Commissioner — Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of Courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular Acts of Parliament.

Mr. Lawrence — Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

Commissioner — I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. Lawrence — Sir, I have cases.

Commissioner — Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. Lawrence — What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

The Commissioner — And pray who is Kitty?

Mr. Lawrence — The most eminent pleader of the present day.

The Commissioner — I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. Lawrence — He is not a woman, sir — he is a man, sir, and a great man sir — and a man, sir —

The Commissioner — Do you mean Mr. Chitty?

Mr. Lawrence — I mean the gentleman you call

Chitty, and most erroneously so — I ought to know that the CA in 1st English R., and Mr. Kitty by an Italian. It is a vulgar error to say *you* and *it* ought to be *it*, and then sound *Katee*.

The Commissioner — I should like to know Chitty's authority for this than you.

Mr. Lawrence (in anger) — Sir, me?

The Commissioner — Sir, I will not make a short issue. Did you borrow that?

Mr. Lawrence — I did.

The Commissioner — Do you dare?

Mr. Lawrence — It is destroyed.

The Commissioner — How destroyed?

Mr. Lawrence — It was burnt by

The Commissioner — Who burnt it?

Mr. Lawrence — I did, in part, the Judge in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. While taking a candle out of the *Merchant of Venice*, the candle caught with difficulty, escaped having any

The plaintiff here uttered an exclamation of suffering, something like *woe* or *groan*.

The Commissioner — Well then, tell you, you are responsible for the wig intrusted to your care, and, with my order and adjudge that you pay a sum of 39s. 11¹/₂d., which is the amount it is worth.

Mr. Williams — Swear! Lord! it was worth a Jew's eye. I will compensate me for its loss.

Commissioner — I cannot order Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence friend Shylock to part with his order for such a sum, or unless he swear that wig is fairly and honestly

A long dispute followed, as to when Mr. Williams ultimately and really, and the parties were grumbling at each other.

A SET-DOWN.

day in company with a young cox-
with some conceited gesticulation,
ent air, said, "I would have you to
I set up for a wit." "Do you,
Dean, "then take my advice, and

IKENESS; OR, MY COUSIN.

kind, and my lady all fair,
d fetters were link'd;
is wanting, and that was an heir,
night not be extinct.
last, and a sweet rosy boy,
he truth we'll record;
ook'd, but to lessen the joy,
is *not like*—*My lord*.
a beauty, the christening came,
'd friends by the dozen:
s, O yes, ev'ry gossip could name,
er ladyship's *cousin*!
moment her cousin came in,
ll pleasing and grace!
id, his nose, and his sweet dimpled

ld easily trace.
iling; the captain smil'd too;
no likeness could see:
ay my lady, affirm'd to be true,
the captain agree.
s, would again view the child:
king wise, heinm'd and haw'd;
eir folly, (by fancy beguil'd,)
s just like—my lord!
s fix'd to go down to the grove,
y, good-humour'd and kind,
ther's age might an hindrance prove,
to leave him behind.
l, all our friends are inclin'd to be

not have more than a dozen."
ind my lord, "let your grandfather

we'll dispense with my cousin."

MISERIES OF AN AMERICAN STAGE-COACH.

"After all," says Madame de Stael, "it is a melancholy pleasure to travel." My dear Corinna, what an expression! "a pleasure to travel!" You might as well have said, "D'abord ce n'est qu'un triste plaisir que de se faire ARRACHER LE DENT!" However pleasant it might be to you to roll in your baronial travelling carriage from Geneva to Paris, to meet the incense of your adoring *beaux esprits*, I can assure your illustrious shade, that the American stage-coach is quite another affair. The very genius of inconvenience seems to have invented them, and to continue his ungracious assistance to arrange their evolutions.

Misery 1st. PACKING.

2. After a sleepless night of anxiety, on the eve of the fatal day, mixed with the interesting reflections—is every thing right in my valise?—Will Mary remember to wake me at four?—where did I "*pack*" my shaving apparatus? &c.—you drop into a perturbed sleep, which in half an hour is broken by the appalling cry—"The stage is come, sir." You wake with aching head and low spirits, and would give every thing in the world, except your already paid passage-money to sleep till nine.

3. Getting into the coach in the dark, treading on the feet of the peevish, sleepy, occupants—you are stuck upon the midst of the narrow, tottering, *middle* seat, with no back to lean against, and two or three trunks already in possession of the place destined for your legs. A sick child is awaked by your entrée, and the mother opens an octave higher than concert pitch, to drown his cries and aid in waking him thoroughly. After keeping you in this state half an hour, the coachman drives on, and you are greeted with the muttered "*d—n*" of your opposite male fellow-passenger, as you pitch against him, and the whining "*dear me! luddy mercy*" of the "*LADIES*," (to use the coachman's hyperbolical compliment to the gingham draped travellers,) on whom in turn you recoil.

4. A breakfast at a poor tavern. Domestic coffee

sweetened with maple sugar, heavy, coarse bread—tough, cold ham. No napkins, no salt-spoons, no egg-cups, no toast, no nothing. You have now a view of your fellow-passengers, who are to bear you company throughout a long summer's day. And first of the "*ladies*,"—the sick child's cross mother—a red, fat, snuff-faced widow, and two old maids with faded silk gowns and gold necklaces. The men ignorant and presuming, wrangling about manufactures and politics, and treating their salivary glands to a profusion of tobacco. You have a fine time to reflect on your folly, in leaving the charming, cheerful breakfast at C—'s, the strong, hot amber of the coffee, the light French rolls, the Vauxhall ham, and, above all, the rosy, laughing girls, blooming and giggling from their morning slumbers, and full of the amusements and sports of the day,— "a longing, lingering look behind."

5. As you are about to mount the mud-flecked coach you look with tardy prudence for your valise. Remember, at this convenient season, you forgot it. You thus endure, like the man in the play, not only disgrace and inconvenience, but positive loss. Forced to open your heavy, large, close packed trunk twenty times a day, for want of the valise as a tender. Your imagination dwelling on it with nervous tenacity. So neat a valise—so convenient—all my dressing articles—the very valise I had abroad—how could I lose my valise? &c. &c.

6. A rough, stony road, wooden springs to the carriage, the horses, as well as the driver, in *apostrophe*, or deep clinging mud, lazy driver and tired horses—long stages of twelve or fifteen miles, with a heavy load.

7. Wishing to make a cross-cut, you are told that, at the next village, you will certainly find horses. Arrive, and while seeking the landlord, let the former stage drive off. Find out that there are no horses in. Perquisition reluctantly and indolently made for you at the Doctor's, Squire L.'s, &c. unsuccessful, it being the landlord's interest to detain you—and hence.

8. A day at a country tavern, no books, amusements, or company. (See Washington Irving's *Stout Gentleman*.) No good wine—no agreeable prospect

—no pleasant scenery—no
The day seems like a little of

"Nothing there is to see"

9. Arrive at your destination corkscrewed up five pairs of dark chamber, with two beds under the artful pretence of a chamber, but retains not—no but every one busy with their new coats and smoothing your mudily travelling frock you for your own servant, and—dressing to go out—and the is precisely at the nod of your quite so handy as an elephant wrinkles—cravats yellow—dances in the reading and whom you have curls at home country to stay a fortnight. dit—see a fine girl in the vankee coat instead of falling *de raison*—find the reverse of prophet in his own country the table d'hôte—quarrel—not—make your dying arms leave them with—bound over friend to be ban—get into the thing worse than before been riotously to gratify, and have turned into a state of querulous discontent home, and learn that in your failed, and your mistress marries

WHAT'S AN E

The first known King

A student at his book so
That wealth he sought
From book to wealth he fled
From wealth to wealth he fled
Now who hath said a few
Since judging best to
In knitting of himself to
Himself he hath under

ISTRATIVE PRRACHING,

reaching a charity-sermon, February arch in the city, during his discourse pocket a newspaper, and read out a paragraph, viz.—On Sunday, the two pomes ran on the Uxbridge a for twenty guineas, and one gained a head; both pomes ridden by their nother paragraph of the like kind, Romsford road, on a Sunday. He for reading part of a newspaper in he believed it was the first instance he sincerely wished that there never a for the like again. He then pointed in of Sabbath breaking.

one of the fanatics of Cromwell's on Psalm cvii. 7.—“He led them t way, that they might go to a city -told his audience that God was forty rael through the wilderness to Ca- s not forty days' march; but that great way about. He then made a cushion, and said that the Israelites ledom cum crankledom.”

a mosque began the history of Noah rom the Koran:—“I have called etting the rest of the verse, repeated ver and over. At length one of his t, “If Noah will not come, call

ROFESSIONAL DUTIES.

oneer, one Samuel Stubbs, r execution with his hammer, y his puffing clamour, nd Magog with their clubs, t Fee-fa-fum of war, avian Thor, mallet, which (see Bryant's fell'd stoutest giants: knock'd down houses, churches, f, oak, and elms and birches,

With greater ease than mad Orlando
Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
Lot by knocking others down;
And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking
Advantage of what brought him grist, he
Might have been as rich as Christie;—
But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,

Sounded along Cheapside its knell,

Our spark was busy in Pall-mall

Shaking his elbow,—

Marking, with paw upon his mazzard

The turns of hazard;

Or rattling in a box the dice,

Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore

To Stubbs; for often in a trice,

Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay

All that his hammer brought him in the day,

And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,

What he had done by day undid at night,

No wonder, therefore, if, like her

He was beset by clamorous brutes

Who crowded round him to prefer

Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest

Bill for many suits—of raiment,

And naturally thought he had the strongest

Claim for payment.

But debts of honour must be paid,

Whate'er becomes of debts of trade;

And so our stylish auctioneer,

From month to month throughout the year,

Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges

Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges,

When in the latter mood one day

He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay,—

“But when?”—“Next month.—You may de
pend on't

My dearest Snipps, before the end on't—

Your face proclaims in every feature,

You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—

You're a kind soul, I know you are Snipps."

'Ay, so you said six months ago,
But see I live worse, I'd have you know
Butter no parsnips.'

Thus said, he bade his lawyer draw
A special writ,
Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs,
That is to say,
In a civic way.

Where business interposes not its rubs;
For where the main chance is in question,
Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
Pylades and Orestes break,
And Alexander cuts Hephestion;
But when our man of law must see his friends,
Tenfold politeness makes amends.

So when he met our Auctioneer,
Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
Writ, and said with friendly leer,
"My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice;
In this affair I hope you see
No censure can attach to me—
Don't entertain a wrong impression;
I'm doing now what must be done
In my profession."—

"And so am I," Stubbs answered with a frown,
So crying "Going—going—gone!"
He knock'd him down!—

POETICAL BALANCE.

An Italian poet presented some verses to the pope, who had not gone far before he met with a line too short in quantity, which he observed. The poet submissively entreated his holiness to read on, and he would probably meet with a line that was a syllable too long, so that that account would be balanced.

THE FROLICSONE DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The following story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, by an old English writer.

"The said Duke, at the marriage to the King of Portugal, at which was solemnized in the day as by reason of unseasonable weather hawk nor hunt, and was no dice, &c. and such other domestic ladies dance, with some of his the evening walk disguised all so fortunate, as he was walking found a country fellow dead on the bulk, he caused his followers to pause, and there stripping him and attiring him after the custom, he and they were all in his excellency, and persuade him great Duke. The poor fellow, at there, was served in state all day he saw them dance, heard music of those court like pleasures, but he was well supplied, and again for his old robes, and so conveyed by they first found him. Now the them so good sport the day before when he returned to himself, at how he looked upon it. In a little admiration, the poor man had seen a vision, constantly he otherwise be persuaded, and so

Now as fame does report, at court,

One that pleases his fancy with
But among all the rest, here is
Which will make you to smile
true jest—

A poor tinker he found lying dead
As secure in a sleep as if laid

The duke said to his men, Well!
Take him home to my palace, we
O'er a horse he was led, and
To the palace, altho' he was dead
Then they stripped off his clothes, and
lost.

And they put him to bed for to

I'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
re him clean holland, this was no great hurt :
f soft down, like a lord of renown,
y him, to sleep the drink out of his crown.
ung when day, then admiring he lay,
he rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

r something late, in his rich bed of state,
knights and squires they on him did wait ;
amberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
to know what apparel he'd wear :

after amarr'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
nd how he to his honour was rais'd.

em'd something mute, yet he chose a rich

traightways put on without longer dispute ;
on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
I'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?
ver did see me so fine in her life.

venient place the right duke his good grace,
his behaviour in every case.

of state on the tinker they wait,
ounding before him ; thought he, this is

our or two, pleasant walks he did view,
anders and squires in scarlet and blue.

r was drest, both for him and his guests ;
d at the table above all the rest,
air or bed lin'd with fine crimson red,
golden canopy over his head

his meat the music play'd sweet,
oicest of singing his joys to complete.
nker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
and sherry, and tent superfine.

honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
so began for to tumble and roll
hair to the floor, where he sleeping did

times drunker than ever before.

the, did ordain, they should strip him

him his old leather garments again :

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they
must,

And they carried him straight where they found him
at first ;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream :
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he
sought

For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloke,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke,
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of
ground,

Thou shalt never, said he, range the countries round,
Crying, old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my dutchess at-
tend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet
bride

Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride ?

Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand :

Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I em-
brace ;

I was never before in so happy a case.

GLOVES AND ARMS.

A very brave soldier had both his arms carried off
in a battle ; his colonel offered him half a crown :
" Undoubtedly, colonel," replied the soldier, " you
think I have only lost a pair of gloves."

THIEF OUTWITTED.

A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which
was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however,
had not only stole it, but fastened the theft upon the
cat ; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of
finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately
put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh

but a pound and a half! This city mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

A CONNOISSEUR

Though born in this kingdom, he has travelled long enough to fall in love with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country, except himself. He pretends to be a great judge of paintings, but only admires those done a great way off, and a great while ago; he cannot bear any thing done by any of his own countrymen, and one day being in an auction room where there was a number of capital pictures, and among the rest an admirable piece of painting of fruits and flowers, the connoisseur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue, and finding it was done by an F. J. S. man, he pulled out his eye-glass, "O Sir," said he, "these English fellows have no more idea of genius than a Dutch skipper has of dancing a cotillon; the dog has spoiled a fine piece of canvas, he's worse than a Haip-alley sign-post doubter: there's no keeping, no perspective, no fore-ground, why there now, the fellow has attempted to paint a fly upon that rose bud, why its no more like a fly than I am like an ass—" But as the connoisseur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away.—His eyes being half closed, this is called the wise man's wink and shows he can see the world with half an eye—he has so wonderful a penetration, so imitable a forecast, he always can see how every thing was to be—after the affair is over.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
And a thousand opprocancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women & other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax

A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who by his uncouth look and gait
Appear'd expressly meant by fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon
So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our way should draw them
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how
York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do with
But on four legs instead of two
"Officer!" cried the legal elf
Piqued at the laugh against him
"Do pray keep silence down below
Now look at me, clown, and answer
Have I not seen you somewhere,
"Yees—very like—I often go to

"Our rustle waggon—quite like
The course, cried with glee in words
"I wish I'd known this good day,
This genius of the clods when I

On circuit was at York residing
Now, farmer, do for once speak thy
Mind, you're on oath—so tell me
Who doubtless think yourself well
Are there as many souls as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no, we've got more
But not so many as when you were

NATIONAL ANTI-PATHY.

An Indian, being condemned to
wards (who had already caused the
millions of men, in their conversion
by a Franciscan friar, to turn Christians
would go to heaven—"Are there
the?" required the heathen
friar, it is tell of them,"—"Nay
Indian,) I prefer going to hell, rather
any more of their company."

ISLINGTON WORTHIES.

Quick, who can scarcely walk,
 ate a decided tawny ;
 is supported by milk and chalk,
 Hogg is too lean to be brawny ;
 's a flourishing Ascon's Rod,
 's a garden-painter,
 of Britain has never trod,
 's Rose than a lily is fainter.
 's an arch has never made,
 ver beaten an anvil ;
 's nought of the floury trade,
 's still will never be stand still ;
 heard in a public house,
 as prim as a quaker ;
 fister Lion, he squeaks like a mouse,
 's Mistress Stiff is a shaker.
 's fair, and Miss Black is red,
 's Blunt is civil ;
 's was never bred,
 's a very "devil."
 all by parrying law,
 's'er wound a reel.
 used nor set a saw,
 withstood a meal.
 's, keeps a house for beer ;
 's a godly fellow,
 's of Cobbett, he will appear
 's bones, though sallow ;
 's has never sown,
 's was ne'er enlisted,
 's surprise, is lusty-grown,
 's Roper's still untwisted.
 's never fledged their wings,
 's lown never travel,
 's Starling ever sings,
 's is as soft as gravel.
 's Jay completely dumb,
 's low Cross good-natured ;
 's lundy without a thumb,
 's a human featured.

Here's Mr. Fox without a tail,
 Thomson, who is no poet,
 Cooper who cannot make a nail,
 And Sell who will not show it.
 Draper has never dealt in cloth,
 Excepting his profession,
 Armstrong has never killed a moth,
 Or Garret kept possession.
 Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, have ne'er
 Been scribes in sacred writ ;
 Water's so dry, he covets beer,
 And Lack entraps with wit ;
 Jolly is sick, Gay is sad,
 Badger's a gentle fellow ;
 Good, like his name, is rarely bad,
 Or Pearman ever mellow.
 I've hosts of others left in store—
 Anon, I'll ring their changes,
 When memory flings their pleasures o'er,
 And fancy round them ranges ;
 For Islington contains such folks
 As love with friends to mingle—
 To please the married with the jokes,
 And marry all the single.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church ; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, "I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells ; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head ; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he did ring the bells.

COOKE THE COMEDIAN AND THE DIRTY BEAN.

After performing one evening at Manchester, Cooke repaired to a small tavern near the theatre, in company with a friend, mirth and good-humour prevailed till twelve o'clock, when his friend perceiving, as he thought, a something lurking in his expressive eye which foretold a storm, he anxiously endeavoured to get him home before it burst forth. The importunity of his friend, instead of having the desired effect, precipitated what he had foreseen, with a haughty, supercilious look, he said, "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! you canting, methodistical thief! Am I, George Frederick Cooke, to be controlled by such a would be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian!"—then pulling off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude, "Come out," said he, "thou prince of deceivers! though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—come out, I say!" With some difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the room, before which stood a figure with his skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of buckism, very deficient in cleanliness and costume, his face was grumpy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which nevertheless was rolled in various folds about his throat, his hair was matted, and turned up under a round greasy hat, with narrow brims, completely placed on one side of his head. Thus equipped, the filthy top straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized. At length he caught the eye of Cooke who in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe, then turning to his friend, he burst into a coarse laugh, and roared out, "*Bean nasty, by Heaven!*" Perhaps intimidated by Cooke's former master, this insensible puppy took little notice. Cooke now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his own coat in imitation of the *bean*, turned his back to the fire. "Warm work in the back settlements, sir," said he, then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whispered, "though loud enough for every one to hear, "Pray, sir, is it soap?" "Soap!" "Yes, sir, soap—they say

it is coming down." "I am glad of it." "Yes, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from appearance." There was a general laugh. The *bean* seemed not to regard, but motioned him, putting his boots with a small salute, with an air of importance, and stepped forward, "I have a '*war kettle*, or a *mutton chop*' you think," said Cooke, "of a roasted *bean* cause," taking up the poker, "I will roast you in a minute." This had a great effect upon the dirty *bean*. He retreated towards Cooke following with the poker. "Against my sight, thy face is dirty, and thy heart is about 'round' I say"—then turning, and returning to his seat, he continued, "I am a man again."

DOMESTIC JARS.

The following curious advertisement of an American paper "Whereas I have through misrepresentation, was notified, as wife, Rhoda, in the papers, now I inform the public, that I have again taken after settling all our domestic brim in a manner, so that every thing, at small clockwork."

"Divore d like screws rest in turn,
Each morning the rivet out
Now whet and rivetted again,
They'll make the old screws run."

CRACK NAIL & FINGER.

A milliner's apprentice being obliged to a duchess, was fearful of committing her deportment. She therefore wrote to her friend as to the manner in which she should behave to this great personage who told her to come before the duchess who must cry and so forth. Accordingly as it was being introduced, after a very long time, "For what I am going to receive I am truly thankful." To which the duchess answered!

FER AND THE BARN.

ah gave up the ghost,
ers in the silent tomb
o rule the roast,
oul away to *kingdom come*.
his glimmering eyelids closed,
e composed,
brim, like a hopeful heir,
r's will and dropped the onioned

eful thing,
n handkerchief so white!
from etiquette's soft spring,
pretty sight—
with mutes and undertakers;
vs foam, like ocean's breakers.
lab, in Irish knell,
e and will 'gan yearn;
of half a barn
iah,
once the dismal yell,
ning eyeballs glow with ire.
ithe Cupid's golden dart,
shawk Jealousy's cursed poison,
young squire should start
-weeping eyes on
bour Hezekiah,
ed his arms of prime Miss Dinah.
o'er his frantic face,
idously against the grain,
with a grace,
ly in the ground was lain.
t to his rival,
sure, was wonderful civil)
u a style so warm,
I find part of a barn,
ed thee by my honoured sire—
thy stars will be so kind,
western wind,
a part I make a fire!"

GARRICK'S ACTING.

ld once, said to Mr. Garrick,
an actor every where but upon the

KEEPING A SECRET.

Dr. Paul Hiffernan, an author of no celebrity, but kept in countenance by Garrick, sober or drunk never revealed his residence: he frequented the coffee-houses, and had his letters addressed there, but he ever adroitly evaded letting any one know where he lodged. The wits and wags of the day tried every expedient, but in vain. Mr. Dossie, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, used to spend his evenings at Slaughter's coffee-house, and he had the eccentric, or odd way of insisting upon seeing the last of the company home; and, as Hiffernan was no starter from the bottle, they were frequently the last. The latter, however, had the address to defeat his friend's politeness; for finding that "apologies," and "declining the friendly office," "that he lodged a long way off," &c., all in vain, he then fairly set out towards the city. Dossie persisted till he had got to St. Paul's church-yard: "Pray, doctor, do you live much farther?"—"Oh yes, sir!" says the doctor, "and on that account I told you it would be giving you a great deal of trouble." This revived the other's civility, and on they marched till they reached the Royal Exchange. Here the question was asked again, when the doctor, who found him lagging, and thought he could venture to name *some* place, replied, that "he lived at Bow." This answer decided the contest; Mr. D. confessing he was not able to walk so far, and wishing the doctor a good night, walked back to his lodgings, near Charing Cross, with great composure. And as soon as Mr. Dossie had fairly got the start, Dr. Hiffernan walked home to his own lodgings, in one of the little courts in St. Martin's Lane.

BOWELS OF COMPASSION.

Caroline, queen of George II. died ~~of~~ a mortification in her bowels, and her body was twisted with towels; the usual method practised in that disorder. As she would not be reconciled to her son even on her death-bed, the circumstance gave rise to the following lines:

*Here lies wrapt up in twenty towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels.*

TOBYISM.

Lord Chesterfield, on seeing a lady who was a reputed Jacobite, adorned with orange ribands, at the anniversary ball at Dublin, in memory of King William, thus addressed her extempore:

*Thou little tory, where's the jest
To wear those ribands in thy breast;
When that same breast, betraying, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose.*

FIPPING DUBLESQUED.

The following whimsical account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin, is extracted from an old Irish newspaper—"On Saturday Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking exposed her beautiful, a fascinating, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all fearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel, but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a seat. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of British drama, this comet of the stage, this sun of the firmament of the Muses, this moon of blank verse, this queen and princess of tears, this Demeter of the poisoned bowl, this empress of the pity and jagged chain of Shakespeare, this wall of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspects, this Tethys chore of the curtains and scenes, this Proteus of fire and earthquake, this Katterfelto of wonders, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of delectation. She was more used! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, pansy, sweet-brier, fuchsia blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, carnation, aurora, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she could be injured by her appearance, but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before

the curtain drew up! but, when the scene of parting with her wedding-night was there! the very fiddlers of "Albion," paused to the melting melody like hungry children crying for their mother, and when the bell rang for inter-acts, the tears ran from the balconies such as catapault showers, that they covered the ops, and making a spout of the rain in such torrents on the first fiddle as seeing the overture was in two sharp, the band actually played in one flat, and sighs of the groaning audience, works drawn from the swelling bottles, mistake between the flats and sharps. One hundred and nine ladies started into fits! and ninety-five had strong world will scarcely credit the truth, told that fourteen children, five or six died, and six commandments were drowned in the inundation of tears from the galleries, the ships, and the increase the briny pond in the pit, the feet deep, and the people that were upon the benches, were in that position, ankles in tears! An act of parliament paying any more will certainly pass.

THE CHURCHWARDEN, OR THE TALE.
A TALE.

The phrase "eating a child," is a serious import to many persons, though understood by those versed in the canonical officers. To assist the understanding story, founded on fact, may illustrate.

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern called Churchwardens, overseers, a jolly set

Ordered a dinner, for themselves and a very handsome dinner, of the best

Lo! to a turn the different guests were. Their lips, wide open, every man's loud was the clang of plates, and a Delightful was the sound of claret.

so close and lovingly the bottle :
 'c club, and *jen' sais quoi*,
 ce of honest corks ye know,
 p-blushing from the generous pottle.
 to listen and to see,
 s as busy as a bee—
 tipped like harlequin so light ;
 vine, removal swift of dishes,
 ing all their wishes—
 nan voracious as a kite,
 he trencher-heroes hate
 t keep them from the plate,
 eys on a running horse
 ck-asses that cross the course.
 id reason too ; for mind,
 gs, demandeth *mouth* and *wind* :
 re weakeneth *wind* and *jaws*,
 gormandizing cause. [sung,
 nmed, and swilled, and laughed, and
 , and clapped, and roared, and rung,
 s of tables, chairs, and glasses,
 , in honour of their lasses,
me was toasted all the time—
 lecent—it had been a crime,
 icate and sacred names,
 indeed with whores and flames :
 ere crammed unto the chin,
 ith wine had filled his skin,
 ndlord with a cherub smile :
 one he lowly bowed,
 y—*honoured*—vastly *proud*—
 owed again in *such* a style !
 i liked the dinner and the wine : ”
 nmen answered, “ Very fine
 ner, Larder, to be sure.”—
 dlord, laden deep with bliss,
 s so humble almost kiss
 r.
 d tone—a tone of gravity,
 i full of smiles and suavity,
 ttle, the churchwarden, call—
 arder,” said soft Mister Guttle,
 s and fox-like face so subtle—
 s word or two, that’s all.”

Forth ran th’ obedient landlord with good will,
 Thinking most naturally upon the bill.
 “ Landlord,” quoth Guttle, in a soft sly sound,
 Not to be heard by any in the room,
 Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound,
 “ Do you know any thing of Betty Broom ? ”
 “ Sir ? ” answered Larder, stammering—“ Sir ? what
 str,
 Yes, sir, yes—yes—she lived with Mistress
 Larder ;
 But may I never move, nor never stir,
 If but for *impudence* we did discard her !
 No, *Mister* Guttle—Betty was too brassy—
 We never keep a *servant* that is saucy.”
 “ But, landlord—Betty says she is with child.”
 “ What’s that to me ? ” quoth Larder, looking wild—
 “ I never kissed the hussy in my life,
 Nor hugged her round the waist, nor pinched her
 cheek ;
 Never once put my hand upon her neck—
 Lord, sir, you know that I have got a wife.
 Lord ! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
 I would not touch her with a pair of tongs :
 A little puling chit, as white as paste ;
 I’m sure that never suited with my taste.
 But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*
 I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
 My wife hath got the cursed’st keenest nose,
 Why, zounds, she would have caught me in a
 crack ;
 Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
 Curse her ! she always watched me like a cat.
 Then, as I say, Bet did not hit my taste
 It was impossible to be unchaste :
 Therefore it never can be true, you see—
 And mistress Larder’s *full enough* for me ! ”
 “ Well,” answered Guttle, “ Man, I’ll tell ye what—
 Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting :
 Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,
 There’s good *round* proof enough that you’ve been
tasting.
 And, Larder, you’ve a wife, ’tis very true,
 Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew ;

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

"Betty was not a bad piece of stuff."—
 Well, Mister Guttle, may I drop down dead,
 Ever once I crept to Betty's bed?
 And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."
 Not, Larder, all your swearing will not do,
 Betty swears that she's with child by you.
 Now Betty came and said she'd swear at once—
 And you know best—yet mind, it Betty'll swear,
 And then again! should Mistress Larder hear,
 The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconece.
 Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,
 Not all the devils in hell would hold her. [all—
 Then there's your modest stiff-rumped neighbours
 There'd be a pretty kick up—what a squall!—
 You could not put your nose into a shop—
 There's lofty Mrs. Wick, the chandler's wife,
 And Mrs. Bill, the butcher's imp of strife,
 With Mrs. Hobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
 With fifty others of such old compeers—
 Zounds, what a horset's nest about thy ears!
 From cheerful smiles, and looks, like Sol, so
 bright,
 Poor Larder fell to looks as black as night,
 And now his head he scratched, importing guilt—
 For people who are innocent indeed,
 Never look down, so I lack, and scratch the head;
 But, uppe I with confidence, their noses tilt,
 Replying with an unembarrassed front
 Bold to the charge, and fixed to stand the brunt—
 Truth is a towering dame—divine her air;
 In native bloom she walks the world with state.
 But falsehood is a meretricious fair,
 Painted and neat—and shuffling in her gait,
 Dares not look up with resolution's men,
 But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen,
 For ever haunted by a doubt
 That all the world will find her out.
 Again—there's honesty in eyes,
 That shrinking shew when tongues tell lies—
 With Larder this was verily the case
 Informers were the eyes of Larder's face.
 "Well, ur," said Larder, whispering, hemming,
 he-ing,

"This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say
 Sir, please to accept a note of twenty pence
 Contrive another father may be found.
 And, sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay.
 Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty
 For who, alas! would wait to mark a
 Guttle next morning went and talked to
 When Betty swore the bawling to be

WONDERS OF THE ANTIQUARY
 Writing elephants.—Rhodius Rhodius
 elephants have been sometimes known
 Large tortoises.—Diodorus Siculus
 the tortoises in the Indian sea are so
 people sail in their shells on the sea
 little cock-boats.

A bull changing his colour like
 Macrobius describes a wonderful be
 Hermyns, that the people work
 his colour every hour in the day

A Woman becoming a man.—
 Cicero de Divinatione, that Lilla
 woman, was turned into a man
 marriage.

Large ants.—Rhodius says
 larger than foxes.

Women more modest when
 Pliny tells us, that a dead body
 he a man, in rising, hath his
 heaven, but, if it be a woman,
 face downward.

Some men walk after their
 Asceros de Med. said, that he
 patient who, having his head
 and fro, for a small while in
 It is also written of Dionysius
 his head was statten off, he
 Some say it was a league
 his execution. St. Denys de

Peacock's flesh will never
 monarated by St. Augustin
 resurrection!

like a cart-horse drawing—

dog.—Livy gravely relates, that an ox, when he was killed, cried out—"Rome! take care of

dog.—Pliny, in his 8th book, tells us, that a dog barked when Tarquin was driven from the

rook.—Sextonius says, a rook exclaimed, when they were going to assassinate Brutus, "Estat panta halon."—Well done.

king with a razor.—Livy says, that king Tarquin, the powers of an augur, desired him to be cut in two with a razor as a proof of his power.

gentleman who drank no liquid.—Pliny, in his History, tells of a gentleman, whose name was Cato, at Rome, who, having been prevented from drinking largely, in all his old age forbore it.

man living fifty-seven years of his life in sleep.—Epimenides the gnostic, who, when a man was weary with heat and travel, laid himself down in a certain cave, and there slept fifty-seven years. On awaking, he marvelled (like Nourjahad) at the changes he observed in the world.

dogs' heads and tails, and fountains of gold.—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' heads and tails, and of some whose heads were on the ground.—Ctesias, as cited by Pliny, tells of fountains of liquid gold, and of men in India—true we ought to remember, that Columbus, a Spanish voyager, of undoubted veracity, tells us that these tails were dis-

covered to be fictitious; and we are also assured, that men were found to wear vizards.

Monboddo rejoiced at this testimony, and we are also assured, that men were found to wear vizards.

of gold, the Indian legends say so, and so they are credited as real.

lus, in Africa, had to contend with, and at length killed, such a serpent by stoning him; the serpent's hide was sent to Rome.

A man born laughing.—Pliny says, that Zoroaster laughed the same day wherein he was born; and that the brain of this young philosopher so panted and beat, that it would raise up the hands of those who laid them on his head.

Triton.—Pausanias relates a story of a monstrously large triton, which often came on shore in the meadows of Boeotia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair; the body covered with brown scales; and nose and ears like the human; the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth, like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail, like a dolphin, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra at last contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel, full of wine, on the sea-shore; Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep; in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus: where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

Five hundred thousand wild beasts killed in the Coliseum.—Historians say, that on the first day of the opening of the Coliseum, at Rome, Titus produced five hundred thousand wild beasts, which were all killed in the arena.

WOMANHOOD, IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER.

Right welles of lerned clerkis it is said,
That womanhood for man his use is made;
But naughtie man liketh not one or soe,
But wisheth aye unthriftilie for moe.
And when by holy church to one he's ty'd
Then for his soul he cannot her abyde:
Thus when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
His tayle he waggeth, gladdede therefore y growne;
But if thilke bone unto his tayle you tye,
Pardie, he feareth it, awaie doth fle.

THE TURNCOAT.

Buck, the player at York, being asked how he came to turn his coat twice, replied, smartly, "that one good turn deserved another!"

THE LOST COCKSBEREW.

When Oliver Cromwell and some of his sons were over a bottle, quite free from restraints. The cocksberew by accident fell on a table. And to him it at first the drunk guests were unable. When as Noll got impatient, and went on his knees, A messenger entered, and said, "If you please, The kirk's reputation would wish to be heard."

"Not at present," said Noll, "we are seeking the Lord."

Then observed to his friends, "They are not without merit."

Who seek the means humbly to get at the spirit."

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The walk of a decreased blind beggar, (in a charitable neighbourhood,) with his dog and staff, were actually advertised for sale in the newspapers of 1804.

"A person, in his twenty-sixth year, tired of the dissipation of the great world, is forming a comfortable establishment in one of the least frequented quarters of the city. His domestics are a coachman, cook, three footmen, and a chambermaid. He is in search of a young girl, of good family, to improve this honourable situation. She must be well educated, accomplished, and of an agreeable figure, and will be entertained in the quality of *demoiselle de compagnie* (female companion). She shall receive the utmost attention from the household, and be as well served, in every respect, or better, than if she were its mistress!" — *Paris Papers*.

"Wanted immediately, fifteen hundred or a thousand pounds, by a person not worth a groat, who, having neither house, land, annuities, or public fund, can offer no other security than that of simple bond, bearing simple interest, and engaging the repayment of the sum borrowed in five, six, or seven years, as may be agreed on by the parties. Whoever

this may suit, (for it is hoped it will) by directing a line for A. Z. to the undersigned, will be immediately replied to, or wait necessary." — *St. James's Chronicle*.

Justly published, the trial which is made of that the the Jeffersons had neither the manners, but more impudent (as was said of him by King Charles the first) those worthy old Papists and Mr. Dalrymple's callous, pragmatic, creating sneering, prok eared, crop ears, casuals and scoundrels, as in the be seen. Sold by Michael Farwellers. — *St. James's Chronicle*.

"Wanted a person to take patience is inexhaustible, whose vigilance is unwinking, whose ingenuity is boundless, whose industry is boundless, whose neatness is unparalleled."

NATHANIEL LEE'S

When Nathaniel Lee, the following lines on the walls of Oh! that my lungs could bleed That e'en with bleeding, rich

And grow as many as the leaves
The engender whirlwinds for
Not that a dry dead barren,
To swing a tythe pig in a
Because the great historians
By loosening of their pen,
I grant that common rainbow
Sweet, like to flesh flowers, it
Which made him laugh, to see
For keeping puerilities only
The reason's plain for that
Running a tilt with the sub
Berkeley'd to Basil Grove, and
To fallen gadlocks with Ar

ERICAL SIN.

is discourse on the heinous sins of
rauding one's neighbours, unluckily
al over the pulpit; when a wag re-
had omitted to mention the most
that of *over-reaching*!

E MOTHER LIKE CHILD.

gentleman was one day at a dinner,
se fell on the breeding a good racer,
gh bred race horse on the male side
," said he, "without they have it
side also, I am sure they will be
Ye'll all allow that I have com-
my wife is a great fool, and my
r her."

AILOR BOY AT PRAYERS.

; whom God nor demon scares,
el and pray, who swore his prayers,
nd him pleased and grinning,
lawyer on the shoulder,
was ever bolder,
a novel mode of sinning :
et would be reckoned rare,
at blood game infidels can dare ;
nory brings a fact,
it an English tar would act.
n Sundays, prayers are given ;
ked, sailors think of heaven,
in a storm ;
nd no brandy to get drunk.
a miserable funk,
ey to th' Almighty to reform,
only once, once more,
to clap a foot on shore.
or gentle airs,
sk-days pester heaven with prayers ;
he Jacks a common saying, [ing."
o danger, there's no need of pray-
ing were met
sun-porch and pray,
is willing to forget
the banding out, had stolen away ;

And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawled to take a nap, into a cask.
The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat, sagacious smelt him out
Gave him a clawing to some tune—
This cat's a cousin-german to the knout.
"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cried,
"And save your damned young sinful soul."
He then the moral-mending cat applied,
And turned him like a badger from his hole.
Sulky the boy marched on, and did not mind him,
Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him :
"Flog," cried the boy, "flog—curse me, flog away—
I'll go—but mind—deuce take me if I'll pray."

COMPULSORY TEARS.

A countryman in the north of England had been
so unkind a husband, so severe a father, so rigid a
master, and so bad a neighbour in general, that not
a tear was shed at his funeral. The sexton observed,
that he had officiated in that capacity forty-five years,
and that an instance of the sort had never happened
before, and that it might not disgrace the village, he
seized a little boy and lugged his ears most severely,
which soon produced the desired effect of tears.

THE SECRET.

In a fair lady's heart, once, a secret was lurking,
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out,
The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.
But honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white ;—
Should the captive attempt an elopement to save it,
By giving the lips an admonishing bite.
'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and honour departed,
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel,
When right to its tip, secret suddenly started,
And half, in a whisper, escaped from its cell.
Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,
And they bit very smartly above and beneath,
But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,
And they popt out the secret in spite of the teeth.

EASE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A man very much in debt, being reprimanded by his friends for his disgraceful situation, and the anxiety of a debtor being urged by them in very strong expressions: "Ah! that may be the case," said he, "with a person who *thinks of paying.*"

THE DEVIL'S FAMILIAR ON EARTH.

[The late Professor Porson being once solicited in company to give someocular proof of his abilities, complied by producing the following lines.]

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
The devil is a waking gone,
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on.
And over the hill, and over the dale
He rambles, and over the plain
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long
tail,

As a gentleman switches his cane.
"And pray now, how was the devil dressed?"
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best,
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hock behind, which his tail went through.
He saw a lawyer wrangling a viper
On a dunghill by his own stable,
And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel
He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
Ride by on his avocations,
The devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of death in the Revelations.
He stepped into a rich bookseller's shop,
Said he, "We are both of one college
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge."

He saw school-boys acting prayers at morn,
And naughty plays at night.
And, "Oho, Mr. Dean," he shouted, "I ween
My own good trade goes right."

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

Down the river did glide with wind and

A pig, with vast celerity,
And the devil grinned, for he saw all
How it cut its own throat, and he

Of England's commercial prosperity.
As he pass'd thro' Cold-Bath Fields he
A solitary cell,

And the devil he paused, for it gave him
For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade,
Nimbly, quoth he, do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade
He saw the same turnkey unlitter a
With but little expectation,
Which put him in mind of the long day
On the slave trade abolition.

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind,)
Go up into a certain house,
With majesty behind,
The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very Israel clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."

Sir Nathan grinned, and switch'd his
With joy and admiration,
For he thought of his daughter Victor,
And her darling babe Isaacson.
He saw General Gascoigne's hunting
Which put him into consternation,
So he hied to his lake, for, by a sign,
He thought 'twas a general confusion.

OUT OF PLACE.

When the Beau-monde held their
ed tents upon the leads of the countess,
to a person, who, not approving of
making so great an encroachment upon

* This gentleman had been very facetious
some years of the Professor's personal talents.

IN LONGFELLOW'S INN.

lines are written on a pane of glass at the Welsh. The proprietor's name is

his name is most justly his due, long his bill, which is very long too; ere your horse to the stable is led, is rubbed down, and much longer till

may you sit in a comfortless room, on long dirty, your dinner shall come: told-tale that your host will relate, whilst complaining, how long people

how long ere he see me again, ere I long for Tom Longfellow's inn.

TOM MOOR OF FLEET STREET.

have heard of Tom Moor, the linen-draper of Fleet-street. His father, when he died, left him a good fortune, and a shop of excellent

standing at the door one day, a counsellor came to him with a nest of jackdaws, and says, "Measter, wool he buy a nest to; I don't want any."—"Measter," says he, "I'll sell them all cheap; you shall have a nest for noinpence."—"I don't want any," says Tom Moor, "so go about your busi-

ness was walking away, one of the daws came, and cries, "Mawk, mawk."—"Mawk," says Tom Moor, "the bird knows my name, my countryman, what will you take for him? Whoy, you shall have him for three-pence." Tom Moor bought him, had a cage made, and put him in the shop.

Tom Moor took much notice of the bird, and every day he tapped at the bottom of the cage, and says, "You little fellow, who are you?" and immediately answers, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street."

As the jackdaw learnt these words; and when he was thirsty, would strike his bill against the bars, and turn up the white of his eyes; cock

his head, and cry, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Tom Moor of Fleet-street."

Tom Moor was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money; finding his business neglected in his absence, he had a small hazard-table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it.

The jackdaw had by this time become familiar; his cage was left open, and he hopped into every part of the house, sometimes he got into the dining-room, where the gentlemen were at play; one of them being a constant winner, the other would say, "Damn it how he nicks 'em;" the bird learnt these words also, and adding them to the former, would call, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street; damn it how he nicks 'em."

Tom Moor, from repeated losses and neglect of his business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet; he took his bird with him, and lived on the master's side, supported by his friends in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "What brought you here?" when he used to lift up his hands, and answer, "Bad company, by G—d." The bird learnt this likewise, and at the end of the former words would say, "What brought you here?" and to imitate his master, lift up his pinion, and cry, "Bad company by G—d."

Some of Tom Moor's friends died, others went abroad, and by degrees he was totally deserted, and removed to the common side of the prison; where the gaol-distemper had broken out; he caught it, and in the last stage of life lying on a straw-bed, the poor bird, who had been two days without food or water, came to his feet, and striking his bill on the floor, called out, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Damn it how he nicks 'em, damn it how he nicks 'em. What brought you here? what brought you here? Bad company, by G—, bad company, by G—."

Tom Moor, who had attended to the bird, was struck with his words, and reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! to what a situation am I reduced? My father, when he died, left me a good fortune and

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

established trade, I have spent my fortune, ruined my business, and am now dying in a loathsome goal. I will endeavour to do one piece of good before I die, by setting him at liberty. He made shift to crawl from his straw bed, opened the casement, and out flew the bird. A flight of jackdaws from the Temple was going over the goal, and Tom Moor's bird mixed among them. The gardeners were then laying the plats of the Temple gardens, and as often as they placed them in the day, the jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a gun, and attempted to shoot some of them, but being cunning birds, they always placed one as a watch in the stump of a willow tree which, as soon as the sun was levelled, cried "Mawk, mawk," and away they all flew, so that the men could never shoot one of them.

The gardeners were advised to get a net, and the first night it was spread, they caught fifteen. Tom Moor's bird was among them. One of the men took the net into the garret of an uninhabited house, fastened the door and windows, and turned the bird loose. "Now," says he, "you black rascal, if I do not get you on you," taking hold of the first at hand, he twisted his neck, and throwing him down, cries, "There goes one." Tom Moor's bird, who had hopped upon a beam in one corner of the room unobserved, as the man laid hold of the second, calls out, "Damn a howl he ducks 'em." The man alarmed cries, "Sure I heard a voice! but the house is uninhabited, and the door fast! it could not be imagination." On laying hold of the third, and twisting his neck, Tom Moor's bird again says, "Damn a howl he ducks 'em." The man dropped the bird in his hand, and turning to where the voice came from, seeing the other was with his mouth open calls out, "Who are you?" to which the bird answered, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street, and Moor of Fleet-street."—"The devil you are, and what brought you here?"—"Bad company, by G—."—"Bad company, by G—." The fellow, frightened almost out of his wits, opened the door, and ran down stairs out of the house, followed by all the others, who by this means saved their lives, and gained

THE SICK LADY AND THE SICK

A poor old woman with a distemper brought on by ship sickness, and went to Sangrado with a doctor and, hawking twice a day, she told him in a plain manner her case.

Disease had brought her to a delicate state. Her legs seemed to enquire with a look. Her bowels panted for the sake of her voice seemed to enquire from the Her sicken cries of fear but it was a gasping spirit that had to show the doctor being in a wondrous To still a lady in hysterics that could hardly step to treat pale and so, jumping in his coach he had Howe'er, to keep the dame from from the sharp gripe of grief He told her that she need not And had a whole annuity then came up to him in a day And let him know

If things went better, or in the same, one heart to the cause when the lady's health seemed to improve. But still she seemed a little Sangrado felt her pulse and then asked her if she was better. "Look Sir, for tho' I am at your house in health, in my time house in health, in my time to be a Moor's. Alas! He could not get no, and And so—I took and took And, praise the Lord I do!"

Dryden's translation by a bishop, Lord Chesterfield indeed excellent, but even so, except a bishop.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

the arrival of the great reformer Erasmus in England, it was the wish of several eminent literary men that a meeting between him and Sir Thomas More, the celebrated author of *Utopia*, should be conducted in such a manner that neither party should sustain being in the company of the other. The period alluded to, the hospitality of the Mayor of London was uniformly extended to all attainments in learning rendered them common converse in Latin. How different is the the Latinist in the present day!

Impem mutatur, et nos mutamur in illa.

He therefore agreed that at this seat of the these two distinguished scholars should meet. Upon ensuing, a dispute arose between them upon the contested doctrine of transubstantiation, polemical skill evinced in the controversy mutual astonishment. At length Erasmus, casting a suspicion of the character to whom he addressed, exclaimed, "*Aut Morus es, aut nullus.*" Sir Thomas replied, "*Aut Erasmus es, aut nullus.*" So much was More delighted with the of his illustrious antagonist, that he gave him an invitation to his country seat, at which Erasmus spent considerable time. In the course of the at the Lord Mayor's table, on the subject of transubstantiation, Sir Thomas had urged that the of the living influence to the heretic, in partaking of the sacred elements, was no proof against the transubstantiation, since it was by the faithful only that the body and blood of Christ were verily and indeed received in the Lord's Supper; and that the vessel was itself the great instrument to the of the said elements to the receivers. During his stay at Sir Thomas's residence, he was pressed by the latter to accept of some token of regard and remembrance. Erasmus had in view the subject of his choice on a favourite horse at remembering his sophistry in the debate, instead of acquainting the chancellor that he rode off with the steed the day

of his departure from Sir Thomas's, leaving following note for his host.

*Quod mihi dixisti,
De corpore Christi,
Credo ut edas, et edas;
Sic tibi rescribo,
De tuo palfrido,
Credo ut habeas, habes!*

MR. AND MRS. VITE.

A worthy cit was Vite Sunday,
With wife rode out in von horse chay,
And down the street, as they did trot,
Says Mrs. Vite, I tell you vot,
Dear Villiam Vite 'tis my delight,
Ven our week's bills ve stuck 'em,
That side by side ve thus should ride
To Vindsor, or Vest Vickham.

My loving wife, full vell you know
Ve used to ride to Valthamstow,
But now I thinks its much the best
That ve should ride towards the vest,
If you agree dear wife with me,
And vish to change the scene—
Then, ven the dust excites our thirst,
Ve'll stop at Valtham Green.

Vell then, says Mrs. Vite, says she,
Vat pleases you must sure please me :
But weekly vorkings all must go,
If ve this day go cheerful through ;
For vell I loves the voods and groves,
They raptures put me in ;
For, you know Vite, von Vitsun-night,
You did my poor heart vin !

Then, Mrs. Vite, she took the vip,
And vack'd poor Dobbin on the hip,
Vick made him from a valk go fast,
And reach the long vial'd sign at last ;
So ven they stoppt, 'out vaiter popt,
Vat vould you vish to take ?
Said Vite, with grin, I'll take some gin,
My wife takes vine and cake.

Ven Mrs. Vite had took her vine,
To Vaudsor on they vent to dine,
Ven d nuer come row Vite did talk,
My darling wife ve'll take a walk,
The path is vut by vater side,
So ve vil vank togeter,
Vite they gets tea for you and me,
Ve vil enjoy the veather.

Some vanton Euton boys there vere,
Vien marked for vaggery the pair,
Mrs. Vite cried out, val are you after?
Ven ra they put Vite in the vater;
The vicked vits then left the eits,

And Vite the vaves sunk under;
She vep'd, she law'd, she vail'd, she squall'd,
Vil not ene help I vonder.

Her v mpering vords assistance brought,
And vith a boat took Vite they sought,
Mrs. Vite, with expectat on sig,
Thought Vite was found, but 'twas his vig.
Vite vas not found, for he vas druwn'd,
To stop her grief each bid her,
Alas! she cried, I vas a bride,
But now I is a vidder.

CONSUMMATE EFFICURISM AND COARSE MANNERS OF QUIN.

Quin dining one day with the duchess of Marlborough, her grace, to his great surprise, helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch of venison which stood near her. "Woa!" said Quin, "and does your grace eat no fat?" "Not of venison, sir." "Never, my lady duchess?" "Never, I assure you." Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, "I like to dine with such fools."

JEW'S JOURNAL FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday—No business to be done—de Christians all out trucking holiday—waited at home for Levi he never come—took a walk in de George's fields—put in a minit of Newgate—called dere—supped and smoked a pipe with one of our peopies.

Monday—At 'Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monies—did not like his looks—in

de afternoon called in St. James's home—very bad luck—thought in something dere.

Tuesday—Went to de west end bought some old clothes—took a look for de breeches, thinking I felt in their by mistake—out, gone to end de world but counteracted halfpence to Levi—took him in de same way.

Wednesday—Went to St. James's de devil is in de man—not at all—sent led me about de to order—went to post at de nation—went to post at order in the evening—obliged to sneeze off—lost a key—coat-pocket—dropped in by mistake—Mr. Poshplate, de messenger.

Thursday—On "Chitons" met de white wig—wanted more money—very good services—the wits advertisement to de newspaper—crooked letter dat—always.

Friday—Found a watch a my self in by accident—made me—met my good friend Mr. Smash—he was a bankrupt—arrested by—owed me—went home, and prepared

THE NOCHDALT VILANS, OR RICH TOWN.

The Arch cook at Lambeth, there de To please us at Rochdale,—now The first was plain Woa, with a cap The second was venison Hind. The next that he sent was a very fat A dandy nice fowl in it's way On the cleaver, that man, no cut For a brute is the best job of it We have had a full measure of food. But alas! they have no plates at The parish of Rochdale, now poor For no one can retain Old itty

• "Wray, Hind, Drake, and May" are four successive vicars of Rochdale.

FOR STAYING FROM CHURCH.

and in his way
people say,
and from church and station
agregation,
made the remark,
ask'd his clerk,
se assign
ace divine,
he's not unwell;
infidel!

t Socinianism
aticism,
a us thus away
the flock astray?"
l the clerk—" 'tis worse
greater curse."
Socinianism,
Deism?"
at," replied the clerk,
l is in the dark."
i, it cannot be;"
sir, I agree."
t Atheism sure.
the apostate's cure."
in, Sir, I confess
t to gobs,
nor schism,
-Rheuma—*tism*."

OF A COUNTRY THEATRE.

scenery, an empty exchequer, and
ra, a country manager must still
nd his importance. It would in-
s to bring before you all the mi-
, for, alas! they are numberless!
that we introduce you to Manager
notoriety, collecting a new com-
medians to provincialize, *alias*
his stage of six deal boards, and
on. Behold him at his morning
p with importance and swelling
ing in a high wind!"—"Ahem!

Timothy!—this is my court of Apollo, my morning
nuisance, my—why Timothy, I say!—Oh! here you
come sir, crawling in, like the half-price on a rainy
evening! Well sir, who waits? Any body want-
ing the manager?"

"Oh, yes! lots of them, sir; there's a one-armed
man inquires if you want *another hand*—a wooden-
legged gentleman to play the *Lame, Lover*—a real
Blackamoor for *Othello*, four *Romeos*, one *Harlequin*,
three *Fools*, and a French marquis to come out in
Richard."

"All waiting now, eh Timothy?" "Yes, sir."
"Then tell the one-armed man to take to his heels,
and the wooden-legged gentleman to *hop the twig*,
and skip to another *branch*. *Harlequin* and the
Romeos may keep the *Fools* company; and send me
up the Blackamoor and the French gentleman, one at
a time."

The man of colour having made his *entré*, after
much grinning and gesticulation, thus addressed the
astonished manager—"You massa Jonkoo man?—
keep play-house, show fine tragedy?"

"Massa Jonkoo man!—why—Oh! that's blacky
language for an acting manager, I suppose!—I am,
sir, at your service—you wish to appear in *Othello*,
I understand, and to do you justice, you'll look the
part certainly."—"Iss, massa, blacky all through
through; no come off, when hug! Now me show
how act, massa, Othelly speech to him father-in-law."

"What with that cursed twang, fellow?—Do you
imagine the noble Moor spoke after that fashion?—
however, e'en let's have it." Upon which Chingaree
assumed what might be an elegant attitude among his
native tribes, and thus commenced the famous oration
to the Venetian Senate.

"Most potent sir reverences!

My very good massas! dat I take away

Old buckra man him daughter,

It all true, true, no lie was;

Den she marry, I make her my chumchum,

Dat all I do, cause I do no more was!"

The manager could listen no longer. "Well, sir,
if *Othello* did harangue in that fashion, he might well



MR. CURRAN'S ANNOTATIONS ON SHAKESPEARE.

layhouse as other folks do,
d I saw such a hubbub baboo :
ing, and screeching—but this here my

re story—the short and the long—
the Third that I saw, you must know,
was such a tragical show—
and poor babes—but Richmond no

he died and said nothing at all.
eased, O dear and O lack !
called Othello, like sweepers was

rife that was fair as a rose ;
e morning to blow his black nose,
for a wiper—which she told him was

y this sooty-like general crost,
a pillow, and swore it should fall
nd for a woman she said little at all.
t of Venice I stared with amaze,
bearded Jew a nation sight pays
f flesh—nor could he once rest
mp-steak from another man's breast.
o fine, spurred on by his wife,
ld king with the end of a knife,
told his fate, in a sort of a bawl,
ched like men—he'd say nothing at

saw, the next heir to a crown,
lady with stockings half down ;
a ghost, and he jumped in a grave,
killed, and died, most woundily brave.

Romeo I saw by the moon,
in the morning, and married at noon ;
and—her husband for poison made

rake—they kissed—and said nothing

ON A WIFE.

if wife, without bed or blanket ;
sir will : God be thanked.

MR. CURRAN AND THE PEASANT.

Mr. Curran, in some way or other, generally contrived to throw witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lard—my lard"—vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation—"My lard—my lard,——I can't answer you little gentleman, *he's putting me to rack a doldrum.*"—"A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "O! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description—it's merely a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart."

WHICH ROAD ?

All you that stop this stone to see,
Pray mark my steps and follow me.

Underwritten on the Tombstone.

To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I knew the road you went.

TWO OF A TRADE.

A physician being summoned to a vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, "Sir! I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours!*"

A MERRY MAN.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged years play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

CLARET MATCH.

Mr. Rigby was in Ireland, he was challenging a nobleman to a match at drinking claret, for guineas. Mr. Rigby at first declined it, but the Irishman triumph in his unwillingness to be, he was at last provoked to accept it. Two of claret were introduced, the first dozen went well, but upon entering on the second, the nobleman's tongue began to fauter, and he fell under the Mr. Rigby called up the landlord, had the put to bed, and then finished the remainder of liquor with his host. Next day, meeting his antagonist, his lordship acknowledged he had lost, and was going to pay the twenty guineas. "No, my lord," said Rigby, "it was two to one against you, and you know the odds in liquor always lose, where the bubble is not burst."

THE PETITION OF L.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, "To David Garrick, Esq. the Petition of L. in behalf of herself and sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words, including the letter L: as firm for firm, virtue for virtue, and others; on which occasion Garrick wrote the following epigram.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better,
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for L.

PREVENTIVE OF JEALOUSY.

A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company.
"Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband recommended me to select such a partner as should not be jealous."

KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER

Composed by Mr. Curran, on his installation
Grand Prior of the Order

When Saint Patrick came to this land
And called us the Monks of the West
Good rules he revealed to us
To guide us in what we should do
But first he replied that he found
Was liquor the best of the West
And he swore by the word of a Monk
That fountain should never run dry
My children, be chaste and sober
While sober, be wise and discreet
And humble your bodies with wine
Whene'er you're getting nothing at all
Then be not a glass of the West
Except on a festival, tonight
And this rule to enforce, I ordain
A festival — on the year next

THE RICHMAN'S SECRET

This can be no trick the name
borne — They have the truth
seen to pity the lady, it
have their tail beat — Love me
quoted. I hear how I am
bear myself proudly, if I per
let they say too that she
any sign of affection — I
— I must not seem proud — Happy
their detraction, and can put
They say, the lady is fair —
then witness and a witness
prove it, and now, but for her
it is no addition to her
of her folly, so I will
I may chance have some
wit broken on her, but
against marriage — that
A man loves the most in his
endure in his age: shall

aper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the
of his humour? No: the world must be peo-
When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did
nk I should live till I were married.—Here
Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I
some marks of love in her.

ON THREE WIVES.

Though marriage by most folks
Be reckoned a curse,
Three wives I did marry,
For better or worse.
The first for her person,
The next for her purse—
The third for a warming-pan,
Doctress, and nurse.

METHODIST SERMON.

floor of the world is filthy, the mud of Mam-
its up all your upper-leathers, and we are all
e sad souls. Brethren, the word brethren comes
a tabernacle, because we all breathe therein;
are drowzy I'll rouze you, I'll beat a tatoo
be parchment case of your conscience, and I'll
the Devil like a whirligig among you. Now
ask you a question seriously: Did you ever
y body eat any hasty-pudding? What faces
ake when it scalds their mouths, phoo, phoo,
what faces will you all make when old Nick
you? Now unto a bowl of punch I compare
my; there's the sweet part of it, which is the
moon; then there's the largest part of it, that's
it insipid that comes after, and that's the wa-
lon there's the strong spirits, that's the hus-
g then there's the sour spirit, that's the wife.
don't mind me, no more than a dead horse does
of spectacles, if you did, the sweet words which
I would be like a treacle posset to your palates.
I know how many tailors make a man? Why
How many half a man? Why four journey-
an apprentice. So have ye all been bound
to Madam Faddle, the fashion-maker; ye have
r times out, and now you set up for your-
ly bowels and my small guts groan for you;
on the house-top is caterwauling, so from

the top of my voice will I be bawling,—put—put
some money in the plate, then your abomination
shall be scalded off like bristles from the hog's
back, and ye shall be scalped of them all as easily
as I pull off my periwig.

ENGLISH SIR-LOIN.

The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King
Charles the Second, who dining upon a loin of beef,
and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name
of the joint. On being told, he said, "For its merit
then I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called
Sir-Loin."

In a ballad of "The new Sir John Barleycorn,"
this circumstance is thus mentioned:

"Our Second Charles of same facète,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleas'd, o'er the meat,
Arise, thou fam'd Sir-Loin."

In another ballad, "The Gates of Calais," it is
thus noticed:

"Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft-times decreed,
The theme of English ballad;
On thee our kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then, how much doth thy taste exceed.
Soup maigre, frogs, and salad!"

MAN IN LOVE.

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have
learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a
male-content: to relish a lovesong, like a robin-red-
breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence
to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A,B,C; to
weep, like a young wench that had buried her gran-
dam; to fast, like one that takes diet;* to watch, like
one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar
at Hallowmas.† You were wont, when you laughed
to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one
of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after
dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of mo-
ney: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress
that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you
master.

* Under a regimen.

† Allhallowmas.

Id carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was sly, though with a sorrowful heart to own. After his departure, the squire saw, when dressed, to be brought to his was done accordingly. On Thomas's red himself tricked out of the fawn; and to his mortification, bread and cheese, his old diet.—A little while after, the orders to Thomas to get his carriage, the horses and harness, well cleaned. He did the order, and on the road from the squire's house, he met a man with a cart, drawn by two fine jack-asses. Thomas on exchange, the horses for the asses, obtained, he cut all his master's fine harness Arabian ponies, as he styled them. Completed, he drove boldly up to the knocked at the gate; the porter perceived his master's equipage cut, burst in moderate fit of laughter.—Shortly after he, and seeing his carriage so beautiful with cattle, was struck with astonishment, what the devil," quoth the squire, "harnessed to my carriage?" "I will tell Thomas. "As I was driving from the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand cart with these two fine Arabian ponies, and as he fond of good cattle, I gave your two fine creatures; they draw well, and ornament to your carriage." "Do—n ornaments too," said the squire, "why not?"—"What!" cries Thomas, "do—"—"Grumble!" quoth the squire, "think it's high time to grumble—the appear, my carriage is to be given away."—"On Thomas's procuring the horses him his wages and forfeit money, being of the oddity of his whim, and declared the London coachman, was the drollest at with.

THE DELUGE.

Thomas hearing a person opposite the gate, replied—"That there was a deluge

once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one always."

A REMARKS HONOURABLE.

From a *Lincoln Mercury* for February, 1806.

Whereas I Benjamin Birch,
Of Boston town (and near the church,)
At Stamford market, o'er the boy,
Got drunk and slandered neighbour Cole:
For which he hath, to my variation,
By law compelled this declaration:
That I, without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as bad as treason;
I therefore do his pardon ask,
A most unpleasant, painful task;
But as I own I was to blame,
Why darg it then I'll sign my name.

Boston, Jan. 7, 1806.

B. Birch.

A REASONABLE HINT.

Dean Cowper of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, decanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied Mr. Drake, a minor canon, "for we have seen no more than "that bottle," all the afternoon."

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.

At Hippocrene's fount I would fain take a sip
Of wit from the clear-flowing stream,
To sing of a luckless descendant from Snip,
Who fell ill, and was mournful as hen with the pip,
Because of an ominous dream.

He dream'd that the angel, who pilfering watches,
Expos'd a large cloth to his view,
And, as he show'd this collection of patches,
Compos'd of the pieces he'd cribb'd by small snatches,
That he beat him black, yellow, and blue.

Poor Snip, though asleep, with Stentorian might,
'Gan to bellow and hideously roar;
And awoke from his dream in a terrible fright,
Devoutly determin'd, from that very night,
He'd be honest, and ne'er cabbage more.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

attach'd to his trade, like a thorough-pac'd varlet,
soon found a reason to cheat—
an officer ordering a new suit of scarlet,
the patch-work I saw, there was none," cried
the varlet,
So I'll crib some to make it complete."

LATE HOURS.

"Mr. Pitt," said the duchess of Gordon, "I wish
you to dine with me at ten this evening." "I must
decline the honour," said the premier, "for I am
engaged to sup with the bishop of Lincoln at nine."

FATE OF GENIUS.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.
Thus birds for others build the downy nest;
Thus sheep for others bear the fleecy vest;
Thus bees collect for others honeyed food;
Thus ploughs the patient ox for others' good.

FAULKNER AND DEAN SWIFT.

When Faulkner returned from London, where he
had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of
Swift's works, he went to pay his respects to the dean,
dressed in a laced waistcoat, bag wig, and other fop-
peries. Swift received him as a perfect stranger.
"Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"
"I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately
after my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are
you?"—"George Faulkner, the printer." "You
George Faulkner, the printer! Why, you are the
most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of.
Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never
trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get
about your business, and thank your stars I do not
send you to the house of correction." Poor George
hobbled away as fast as he could, and, having changed
his dress, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift,
on his return, went up and shook him by the hand
with the utmost cordiality. "My good friend,
George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned.

Here was an impudent fellow in a hotel waiting
who would fain have passed for you: but I saw
him packing with a flea in his ear."

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

A fellow having been adjudged, on a charge of
perjury, to lose his ears; when the executioner
to put the sentence of the law in force, he found
he had been already cropped. The hangman was
a little surprised. "What," said the clerk,
all the *sans froufrou* imaginable, "am I to
wish you with ears every time you are pleased
me?"

BECOME DULL CARE,

Come fill the bowl!—oh! fill it up—
Shun schoolmen's lore to night:
The well, Truth dwells in, is the deep;
That sparkles ruby-bright.
Count not the minutes as they pass;
Nor at old Time repine;
But shake the sands from out his glass,
And fill it up with wine.

A POETICAL NIGHT.

Piron, the celebrated satirist, and Gall,
two congenial spirits, after spending a
great hilarity at the house of a lady,
her *bel esprit*, took their departure to-
foot. On reaching the corner of La Ba-
Piron proposed to take leave of his com-
way hence lay by the Fauxbourg St. E.
theirs lay in the opposite directions,
St. Eustache. The two friends, how-
hear of parting; they pressed to be al-
Piron to his own door, expatiated
which a solitary individual, at such
night, was in, of being way-laid by
forced their representations, by a th-
unfortunate persons, pillaged and
was not to be frightened; he persisted
and, as an excuse for his obstinacy,
he had a piece of verse in his head
to compose by the way. "But you

t poets don't go in such noble suits you have on; the first rogue you see by appearances, will take you for a fool and will attack and kill you for the clothes and money. How melancholy is that——" "Ah! gentlemen," in- briskly, "it is my clothes then that I lost, and not me. Why did not you take them in the twinkling of an eye, off went they, and throwing them to Gallet and from them with the rapidity of light- ning, the two friends ran after him, calling God's sake to stop," that "he would be cold." Piron, however, paid no heed to their treaties, and being a good runner, he went on a head, that they began to think of following him; when, to their astonishment, he returning on his steps, accompanied by the sergeant, whom Piron had told a wonderful story of being stripped and robbed, "there are they who have the clothes in their hands." Piron, "the very men." The guard- captain, seeing them, restored to Piron his hat and the astonished friends, that they followed the commissary, to answer for the robbery. He wished to explain, very seriously, but stood, but the sergeant would not allow him, who entered more into the humour, being ordered to deliver up a copy of the tragedy of that name, as he sur- rendered it into their hands:

"Prenez,

vos mains ce que toute la terre
considère terrible à l'Angleterre.
Une douleur que j'en puisse sentir,
et la perte, il faut y consentir."

He now proceeded towards the house
of the district. Piron, who was at
tended by the side of the sergeant, whom
he amused comically by the way, as to what

would be done with the two robbers! The sergeant, with unaffected gravity, replied, that at the very least they would be hung, though worse might hap- pen to them. After amusing himself in this strain for some time, Piron, afraid of pushing the adventure too far, changed his tone, represented the whole affair as a mere frolic, and claimed the two prisoners as two of his best friends. "Ah! ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "you are a fine fellow truly; now that you have got your clothes back, the robbers are ho- nest people, and your best friends. No, sir, you must not think to dupe us in this way." The party had now reached the house of the commissary, who was in bed, but had left his clerk to officiate for him. The sergeant began to make his report of the affair to this commissary-substitute, but was so often inter- rupted by the pleasantries of Piron, that he could not get through with it. Piron then addressing the clerk described, in its true colours, the midnight adventure of himself and friends; but the clerk proved as slow of belief as the sergeant; treated the whole story as a fiction, and the narrator as an impostor. Taking up his pen, he prepared to go into an examination of the matter, with all the formality required in the gravest proceedings, and ordered Piron to answer distinctly the questions he would put to him.

Piron. "As you please, monsieur, only make de- spatch; I will assist, if you like, to put the process- verbal into verse."

Clerk. "Come, sir, none of your nonsense, let us proceed. What is your name?"

P. "Piron; at your service."

C. "What is your occupation?"

P. "I make verses."

C. "Verses! what are verses? Ah! you are making game of me."

P. "No, sir; I do make verses; and to prove it to you, I will instantly make some on yourself, either for or against you, as you please."

C. "I have already told you, sir, that I will have none of this verbiage; if you persist, you shall have cause to repent it."

The clerk now turned to Gallet, and having ob-

tained his name, thus proceeded to interrogate him

C. "What is your profession? what do you do?"

G. "I make songs, sir."

C. "Ah! I see how it is, you are all in a plot, I must call up the commissary. He will show you what it is to make a mockery of justice."

G. "O, pray, sir, do not disturb the repose of M. Commissary, allow him to sleep on, you are so much awake, that, without flattery, you are worth a dozen commissaries. I mock not justice, believe me, I am indeed a maker of song, and you, a man of taste, must yourself have by heart the last which I wrote, and which has been for a month past the admiration of all Paris. Ah, sir, need I repeat,

'Daphnis m'amait,
Le disoit,
Si j'ouïs,
Qu'il me plaisoit
Infiniment'

"You see, sir, that I do not impose upon you. I am really a sonneteer, and what is more, sir, (making a profound reverence to the clerk,) a dealer in spices, at your service, in the Rue de la Francherie."

Scarcely had Gallet finished, when Collé began

"I wish," said he, "to save you the trouble of asking questions. My name is Charles Collé, I live in the Rue du Jour, parish of St. Eustache, my business is to do nothing, but when the couplets of my friend here (pointing to Gallet) are good, I sing them."

Collé then sung, by way of example, the following smart anacreontic

Avoir dans sa cave profonde
Vin excellent, en quantité,
Faire l'amour, boire à la ronde,
Est la seule félicité,
Il n'est point de vrais biens au monde,
Sans vin, sans amour, sans gaieté."

"And," continued Collé "when my other friend here (pointing to Piron) makes good verses I de-
claim them;" to illustrate which, he, with equal felicity,

repeated the following of Piron's *Calisthenes*

"J'ai tout dit, tout, seigneur,
Qu'on me mène à la mort, je n'ai

As he finished these words, of a genuine tragedy-hero, struggling with them "lead on." So soon to the examination, called of laughter. The clerk alone grew pale with rage and despair to awake the commissary. Piron, in a tone of gallantry, "persons of family."

The commissary was in so some time passed before the Piron and his friends bore down action to cool but kept the of laughter with their derision. The commissary was annoyed. "What about?" demanded he, gruffly addressing himself to Piron, "What are you?" "A poet," said Piron, "a poet, the most noble of professions. Alas! where can you find that you have not heard of the nothing of your clerk bearing quantity, but what a scandal like you M. Commissary, not Piron, author of *Fab. Lucrèce*, all Paris, and of *Calisthenes*, I have shown to the public prove it to a demonstration."

Piron would have gone on adding strain, but the commissary pleasantly observing,

"You speak of plays M. that Lafosse is my brother in law, and that he is the author of a man of great virtue," replied Piron, "and I too have a fool, although he is a prime tragedian."

neither felt not the smart of this he good sense to conceal it. After this, he saw into the real character of Piron to relate it at length, and on of all present but his sagacious alieved, but laughed most heartily at missed the three friends, not with a a polite invitation to dine with him the day following. "Ah! my ed Piron, as he left the office, "no- wanting to my glory; I have made a laugh."

ON DOLLY'S CHARMS.
 ab a lover lies,
 rly sacrifice
 elenting eyes:
 arms poor Damon burn'd—
 uel maid return'd:
 ne'd in May-day pride,
 n, and Dolly died;
 ies by Damon's side.
 arted then, ye fair!
 less fate beware!
 better go to bed
 han one who's dead!

AUSE AND EFFECT.
 lling one day on a gentleman who y afflicted with the gout, found, to disease gone, and the patient re- wery over a bottle of wine. "Come relaimed the valetudinarian, "you , taste this bottle of Madeira; it is hat has just been broached." "Ah!" , "these pipes of Madeira will never ause of all your suffering." "Well, e gay incurable, "fill up your glass, ave found out the cause, the sooner o better."

AMY AND TRIGAMY.
 ght an action against her husband e was set aside by her proving a married three wives, and she was

JOHN JOHNSON'S MAXIMS.

An idler who had more wit than money, went to an inn in Smithfield, during a market-day, and seeing a country farmer with a tankard of mulled wine before him, entered into conversation with him, and after enumerating several extraordinary things he could do, said, he could drink the exact quantity of a wine glass from the full tankard, and neither more nor less; the farmer expressed some doubts, when, to prove it, the fellow said, "I do not like to lay heavy wagers, but I will just bet you a penny I do it." The farmer agreed; when the stranger took the tankard, and drinking the whole off at a draught, turned to the farmer, and said, "I own, sir, I have lost, there is my penny."

JOHNSONIAN MAXIMS.

It has been said of Dr. Johnson, by his biographer, that many a day did he fast, many a year did he abstain from wine; but when he eat, it was voraciously; when he drank, it was copiously. The doctor, however, was not insensible to the pleasures of the table, or the relative effect of liquors, which he thus fixed; claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes. Mr. Burke, on hearing the doctor thus apportion liquors, said, "Then let me have claret, I love to be a boy, to have the careless gaiety of boyish days." "I should drink claret too," replied Johnson, "if it would give me that; but it does not; it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You and I would be drowned in claret, before it would have any effect on us."

LOQUACITY.

The abbé Raynal and the abbé Galignani, who were both incessant talkers, were invited to the house of a mutual friend, who wished to amuse himself by bringing them together. Galignani, who began the conversation, engrossed it so thoroughly, and talked with such volubility, that Raynal could not find the least opening to introduce a word; but turning to his friend, said in a low voice, "S'il cracha, il est perdu."

ALL IN ONE STORY.

One day, behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid,
And stole a kiss, which she repaid,
And gave him smack for smack
Part with such freedoms, "Pray," (said she)
"Who kisses with the greatest glee?
Is it my lady, is it I?"
"Tis you no doubt," he made reply.
"Why, in good faith, it must be true."
Resum'd the wanton dame,
"For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
All say the very same."

DROPPING THE KING.

At one of the literary entertainments of Frederick the Great, in order to promote free conversation, he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud. The conversation soon turned upon the faults of different governments and rulers, and general censures were passing from mouth to mouth, with that freedom which such hints were calculated, and apparently intended to inspire. But Frederick suddenly put a stop to the topic, by saying, "Peace, peace, gentlemen, have a care, the king is coming, it may be as well if he does not hear you, lest he should be obliged to be still worse than you."

GENIUS DIVINED.

A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question, but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

NO ALTERNATIVE.

A porter passing near Temple-bar, with a load on his shoulders, having unintentionally jostled by a man who was going that way, the fellow gave the porter a violent box on the ear, upon which a gentleman passing exclaimed, "Why, my friend, will you take that?" "Take it," replied the porter, rubbing his cheek, "don't you see he has given it me?"

CARDS AND

Cards were invented to convert the melancholy of Charlemagne's classes of whose subjects were represented by the four suits. He signified the *gens de caractères*, the pike heads or ignorantly term spades, the tory part of the nation, the or tiles, by us designated crows and tradesmen, the to the husbandmen and peasants. France had not been at peace for a hundred years ago, how we dowagers, and old maids, and drunks, and waist players, but cut away time? What name of the long winter evening, and piquet down to the pot and écarté? The city men in a mouth-quake of yawning and perished of ennui. It was rather a study, which also having been devised for the sun and uncle in the moon, he brought to understand money until these list of him, and all the various other with their attributes, drew forth in the figures represent to vex. We have an expedient devised for the printers, who long too in his alphabet by the old servants were placed in each a huge letter painted as he knew not their names by their letter which their servants, which in a degree of literary functions.



THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Part the First.

ing, would ride a hunting
rest so pleasant and faire;
ipping, and dainty does tripping;
rwood his nobles repair;
were unbound, all things prepar'd
is same, with good regard,
a day rode the king pleasantly,
ees and nobles eche one;
nd hind, and the bucks gallantly,
ming forc'd all to turne home.
g fast, he had lost quite
: wood, late in the night.
earlye, all alone, up and downe,
ler he mett at the last;
way unto faire Nottingham;
iller, I mean not to jest,
I thinke, sooth for to say,
ye ride out of your way.
you think of me, quoth our king
ment on me so brieve?
the miller, I meane not to flatter
ee but some gentleman thiefe;
n the darke; light not adowne,
cracke thy knave's crowne.
so much, quoth the king, saying
n; lodging I lacke.
h th' miller, one groat in thy purse;
ee hangs on thy backe;
harge all that I call,
I will pay all.
: man, then quoth the miller,
ill-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
soth the king, that was I over.
the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.
ee; ere hands we will shake,
ee men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,
Where they were seeking of puddings and soues:
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in nor sturkys a house.
Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.
I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth;
Yet its best; husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-away? prythee, youth, tell;
Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well.
Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in hand, thus he did say;
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtier, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.
Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place.
Well quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome
here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall he:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth
shee,
Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.
Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or, art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyeest not with mee.
This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings and good wylle-ye.

THE LABOURING MILLER.

When as our royall king home from London
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,
Remounting the sports and pastimes they
In this late progress along on the way.

Of them all, great and small, he did praise
The miller of Mansfield's sport hiked best.
And now, my lords, quoth the king,
Against St. George's next summer
That this old miller our new countess
With his son Richard, shall here be
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and see
When as the noble lords saw the knight
They were right joyfull and glad
A pursuivante there was sent straight
The which had often-times bore
When he came to the place where
His message orderlye then gan he
God save your worshippe, then he
And grant your ladye her owe
And to your sonne Richard good f
That sweet, gentle, and gallant
Our king greets you well, and
You must come to the court as
Therefore, in any case, saile
I wis, quoth the miller, this
What should we do there? f
I doubt, quoth Richard, n
Nay, quoth the messenger,
Our king he provides a gre
Then said the miller, By
That hast contented my
Hold, here are three farthing
For these happy tyding

The king promising him fourpenny
For his sonne, but nothing for
The miller's owe did fill, crying how best
Of the king would have red of him
For his great living, and doubt'd how
Part the Second.

When as our royall king home from London
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,
Remounting the sports and pastimes they
In this late progress along on the way.
Of them all, great and small, he did praise
The miller of Mansfield's sport hiked best.
And now, my lords, quoth the king,
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That hast contented my
Hold, here are three farthing
For these happy tyding

house; tell to our king,
 mastershipp in everye thing.
 led at their simplicitie,
 my leggs, tooke their reward;
 & with great humilitie,
 rt againe he repair'd;
 ace, merry and free,
 liberall gift and bountie.
 away, thus gan the miller say,
 aces and charges indeed;
 be brave, tho' we spend all we
 ents we have great need:
 g-men we must have store,
 idles, and twentye things more,
 th his wife, why should you frett
 e att no charges for mee;
 trim up my old russet gowne,
 else as fine as may bee:
 ses swift we will ride,
 annells as we shall provide.
 sort rode they unto the court;
 Richard rode foremost of all,
 hap, a cock's feather in his cap;
 l downe to the king's hall:
 with hands on his side:
 Marian, did mince at that tide.
 les, that heard of their coming,
 ut knight with his brave traine;
 quoth he, with your gay lady:
 kke, once welcome againe:
 of courage soe free.
 on you! do you know me?
 ye, How should I forget thee?
 bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
 ard. and by the same token,
 ing didst make the bed hot,
 happy knave, then quoth the
 king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
 While the king taketh them both by the hand;
 With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of
 spades,
 The miller's wife did soe orderly stand,
 A milk maid's courtesye at every word;
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.
 There the king royally, in princelye majesty,
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
 When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
 And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
 Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.
 Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
 But then said our king, now I think of a thing,
 Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
 Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
 'Tis knavery to eate, and then to betray it.
 What art thou angrie? quoth our king merrilye;
 In faith, I take it now very unkind:
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
 heartily.
 Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
 You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
 Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.
 Aye, marry, quoth our kyng, that were a dainty
 thing.
 Could a man get but one here for to eat.
 With that Dick strait arose, and plucked one from
 his hose,
 Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
 The king made a proffer to snatch it away:
 'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must
 stay.
 Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
 And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
 Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
 Unto their places the king did advance:
 Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which end about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the nutter, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee
heartilye

For my good welcome in every degree
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the muler, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little weill taste
A faine venison pastye brough she out presentlye.
Late, quoth the muler, but, sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty lightfoote. In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it everye day.

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to
this?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here,
Now and then we make bold with our king's deer

The I knowe, sayd our king, that it is venison.

Let us see, quoth Richard, and welk may know that
Never ere we a thout two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed and excellent fat

But, praythee, say nothing where ever thou goe,
We would not for twopence the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised secreasye,

The king shall never know more on't for me.
A cupp of lanch wol they drinke unto him then,
And to their bedes they past presentlye

The nables, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede,
To whom they came presently, falling down on their
knee,

Which made the miller's heart wofully bleede
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fear
Drew forth his sword, but
The miller downe fell all, cry
Doubting the king would
But he his kind courtesy for
Gave him great living, and

Part the Second

When as our royal king home
And with his nobles all
Recalling the sports and past
In this idle progress all
Of them all, great and small,
The muler of Manchesters ape

And new my lordes, quoth the
Against St. Georges feast
That this old miller new
With his son Richard of all

For, in this merriment, I am
To talke with the jolly knight

When as the noble lordes were
They were right joyfull and
A pursuante there was sent
The which had a letter from

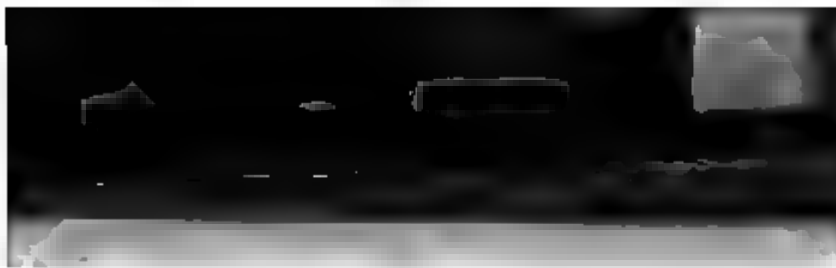
When he came to the place
His message so wise then
God save you all worshipp, then
And graat your maye her of

And to your sonne Richard you
That sweet, gentle, and good
Our king greets you well, and
You must come to the court

Therefore, in any case, I bid
I wis, quoth the muler, then
What should we do there? I
I doubt quoth Richard, no

Nay, quoth the messenger, yet
Our king he provides a great
Then sayd the miller, by my
Thou hast contented my will

Hold, here are three farthings
For these happy tydings,



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 masterypp in every thing.

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 While the king taketh them both by the hand;
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 A milk maid's courtesye at every word;
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majesty,
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
 When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
 And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
 Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
 But then said our king, now I think of a thing,
 Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
 Ho' ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
 'Tis knavery to cate, and then to betray it.

What art thou angrye? quoth our king merrilye;
 In faith, I take it now very unkind:
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
 heartily.

Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
 You feed us with twatting dishes soe small;
 Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our kyng, that were a daintye
 thing.

Could a man get but one here for to eat.
 With that Dick strait arose, and plucked one from
 his hose,

Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
 The king made a proffer to snatch it away:
 'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must
 stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
 And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
 Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
 Unto their places the king did advance:
 Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides ache.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then if he would wed;
Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh thee?

Quoth he, Inge Groudbail, &c, with the red head
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearlye;

Take heed now you steal no more of my deer:
And since a quarter let's here have your view,
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

DEFINITION OF LAW.

Law is—law,—Law is—law, and na in such and
no forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always,
nevertheless, notwithstanding Law is like a country
dance people are led up and down in it till they are
tired Law is like a book of surgery, there are a
great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic,
they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a
homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is
also like a scolding wife, very bad, when it follows
us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched
to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most peo-
ple are glad when they get out of it.

HUMANE JURYMAN.

"Look at the juryman in the blue coat," said one
of the Old Bailey court to Justice Nares, "do you
see him?" "Yes," "Well we shall not have a sin-
gle conviction to day for any capital offence." The
observation was verified. The juryman was Mr.
Phillips of St. Paul's church yard, afterwards sheriff;
and during his shrievalty no execution took place.

TOO LATE.

An appointment was made with an astronomer, to
be at his observatory, there to see an eclipse. The
good company, considering celestial and terrestrial
engagements in the same light, attended the philoso-
pher, and, after chatting some time, at last recollected
their business, and begged to see the eclipse. I am

sorry, says the doctor, that I could not
sun and moon to wait for you,—the eclipse will
long before your arrival

EPILOGUE TO A WOMAN RIPP'D WITH

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for
The drawer brought it (singing as he came)
And told them it was pleasant, neat,
Taste it, quoth one he did, &c.

This wine was good, now't turns to
Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due
And said unto the rest, it drank too
The third said, it was old, the fourth
Day, quoth the fifth, the sharpest
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp,

Unto this wine do we allude our pay—
Which some will judge too trivial
You, as our guests, we entertain thus
And bid you welcome to the best we
Excuse us, then, good wine may
When every several mouth hath

GARRICK AT LAW

The following *jeu d'esprit*, from the
Garrick, was sent by him to Mr. Colman
at a time when Colman was in London
respecting the possession of a house
David Garrick to Mr. Horatio Colman
friend.

On your case must depend the success
The possession I mean of the house
Remember, my friend, an attorney
And the worst of his trade, that the
In law, as in life, I well know 'tis
That the knave should be everlastingly
To this rule one exception your client
That the fool may for once kick the
doors.

THE TABLE TURNED

A very respectable gentleman of
Westminster Hall, to justify bad,

"A very witty upstart," opened upon
in a lowing extraordinary manner :

"Is there not a certain lady who lives
there is."

"Is ; and I suppose, if the truth were
told, it has been very expensive to you ?"

"That lady has been very expensive to

"I suppose you have had children by that
they too have cost you a good deal of

money have."

"You have come here to justify bail to a

"I thought he had now done enough to
confidence of the court being placed in
; when the latter raising his voice, in-
d, "It is true, Mr. Counsellor, that
lives with me, but that lady is my wife ;
I married these fifteen years, and have
I whoever has a wife and children will
expensive."

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

"A fine bowling-green turf, all galloping
sweet-hearting, a sunshine holiday in

But when once through matrimony's
weather becomes wintry, and some
seized with a cold aguish fit, to which
res the name of indifference. Court-
ship's running footman, but seldom
a stocking thrown ; it is too often car-
ried the two grand preservatives of matri-
ship, *delicacy* and *gratitude*. There is
a temper very mortal to the honey-moon,
ladies sometimes are seized with, and
physicians call it *sullenness*. This
usually arises from some ill-conditioned
which the lady has been hurt ; who
on her elbow upon the breakfast table,
resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes
upon the fire, her feet beating tat-too

time ;—the husband in the mean while biting his lips,
pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room,
and looking at his lady like the devil. At last he
abruptly demands of her, "What's the matter with
you, madam ?" The lady mildly replies—"Nothing."
"What is it you do mean, madam ?"—"Nothing."
"What would you make me, madam ?"—"Nothing."
"What is it I have done to you, madam ?"—"O—h
—nothing." And this quarrel arose as they sat at
breakfast : the lady very innocently observed, "She
believed the tea was made with Thames water." The
husband in mere contradiction insisted upon it that
the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

NINE PINS.

The late Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a
proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned
nine members every parliament, who were facetiously
called, "Lord Lonsdale's nine pins." One of the
members thus designated having made a very extra-
vagant speech in the House of Commons, was an-
swered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm,
which elicited from the House loud and continued
cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr.
Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what
the House was cheering ? "O, nothing of conse-
quence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked
down one of Lord Lonsdale's nine pins."

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Written on the Cross of St. Paul's.

The man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men :

"The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the ball.

He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmetts in our eyes !

Some carry off the sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle
And bustle!
And there's my aunt, I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

Oh! what are men!—Brings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!
And what is life! and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooling too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,
Although like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.

Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be as near the sky,
Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad
channel?

A tidy kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.

Ah me! hence I could read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and ball.

PURITY OF ELECTION.

The day of election is madman's holiday, 'tis the
golden day of liberty which every voter, on that day,
takes to market, and is his own salesman; for man
at that time being considered as a mere machine, is

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

acted upon as machines are, and to make him
move properly, he is properly groomed in the
Every freeholder enjoys his portion of
insanity; he'll eat and drink with every body
paying for it, because he's bold and free, that he
knock down every body who won't say as he
prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power and
the liberty of Old England for ever, huzz!

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high church man I was,
And so I got preferment—
To teach my flock I never mis'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the Lord's account.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, or,
That whatsoever king shall reign
I'll be the vicar of Bray.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I houted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

And this is law, &c.
When William was our king,
To ease the nation's grievance
With this new wind about I fell
And swore to him allegiance
Old principles I did reveal,
Set conscience at a disage,
Passive obedience was a jest
A jest was non-resistance,
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne was queen,
The church of England
Another face of things was seen
And I became a Tory, &c.

I conformists base,
d their moderation;
ht the church in danger was
prevarication.
this is law, &c.

rge in pudding time came o'er,
derate men look'd big, sir;
cat-in-pan once more,
became a whig, sir;
referment I procur'd
r new faith's defender;
t every day abjur'd
e and the pretender.
his is law, &c.

ous House of Hanover,
testant succession;
do allegiance swear—
ey can keep possession:
faith and loyalty,
more will falter,
e my lawful king shall be—
e times do alter.
his is law I will maintain
til my dying day, sir,
whatsoever king shall reign,
be the vicar of Bray, sir.

, PREACHED BY SAM QUACO, A BLACK
YMAN, NATIVE OF JAMAICA.

orn ob a woman hab long time to lib,
day too much; he grow up like a
lown like a bannana. Pose a man do
d; pose de man do bad, he get bad.
l, he go to da place call him Glolio,
tan upon a top, and debble on a bot-
bad, he go to da place call him Hell,
orn like a pepper cod; he call for
nobody give him drop a wara to
tongue. Tan, breren, you know one
as Sampson, he kill twenty tousand
the jaw bone jackmorass. Tan you
call Jonass, he swallow whale; he
follow for fish; and tora man, he call

him King George, he lib at tora side wara, he hab
tidg on he head, call him crown, and a grand ting,
all sam com basket; so breren, Goramity bless you
all.—AMEN.

EPilogue TO TYRANNIC LOVE.

*Spoken by Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off
dead by the Bearer*

To the Bearer.

Hold! are you mad, you d—d confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil:—
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For after death, we sprites have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.

Oh poet, d—d dull poet! who could prove
So senseless to make Nelly die for love?
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
T' excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd and be thought devout.
But farewell, gentlemen; make haste to me;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:

Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern;*
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine.†

DRYDEN.

* Her real character.

† The character she represented in the play.

JONAS, THE JEW CONJUROR.

Among the many characters that have played upon the passions of the public, *Jonas*, or the card playing conjuring Jew, cut a figure in his way. He could make imitations with a snap of his fingers, coin and the four aces with a whistle, and get odd tricks—but there are a great many people in London, besides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurors neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he was so dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profession that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and sciences, when a few months practice with pasteboard pages can make any man's fortune, without his understanding a single letter of the alphabet, provided he can but slip the cards, snap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible jargon of *presto, poana, largo, manto, cocolor-m, yaw*, like this *Jonas*.—The moment he comes into company and takes up a pack of cards he begins—“I am no common slight of hand man, I am common sight of hand men they turn the table up their sleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes.—Now as you shall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, five cards, half a dozen cards, you look at the card at this side, you look at the card at that side, and I say blow the blast, the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw yaw and now, sir, I will do it once more over again to see whether my fingers can once more deceive your eyes. I'll give any man ten thousand pounds if he does the like.—You look at the card of this side, you look at the card on that side when I say blow the blast, the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw,” but this conjuror at length discovering that most part-tickers on cards, now and then know as many tricks as himself, and finding his slight of hand turned to little or no account now practices on notes of hand by dismount, and is to be found every morning at twelve in Duke's place, up to his knuckles in dirt, and at two at the Bank coffee-house, up to his elbows in money, where these locusts of society, over a dish of

coffee and the look of interest, supply the wants of necessitous men, and are sure to find had they even the cunning of a——

MISERIES OF MARRIAGE.

What, what is Marriage? Harry, Prudence Assist me with a definition.

“Oh!” cries a champagne-wit fool,
Lining ng from his beaming school,

“Marriage is—love, with a tag and a rag.”

It is a—something that arises

From raptures and from stolen glances,

Is the end of all tomorrows,

Views—quarrels—moonshine—babe—

I must not have you see the black,”

“Pshaw!” says a modern modish wit

“Marriage is—endear, fashion, life,

A house in town, and a good salary.

Bals, diamond bracelets, and ‘My Love,’

Then for Final, angry words.

“Some people’s—‘obedience,’—‘obedience,’

And pious hearts and silly heads.

And oaths, and ‘Loves,’ and separate

An aged bachelor whom I see

Has just been ‘‘succeeded’’ with a wife

Tells out the latest grievances thus—

“Marriage is—odd for one of us

‘Tis worse a mile than rope of love,

Hamlock, or sword, or slavery.

In fact at once to all our ways,

Distance is to the door of the house.

When to Sunday can and goes,

Agree to wine, and what, and why,

Our friends turn out—our wives are

It’s ‘exit (roast,’—‘exit (roast,’

Then Harry in a thousand terms,

Quarrels and compliments—

It is the yoke,—and I—

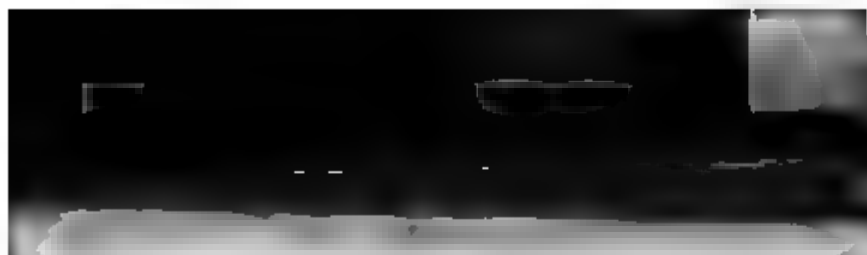
Marriage is—Hell, or a bad day.

“Why, Marriage,” answers I

Sick from the supper of love night,

“Marriage is—after one has been

promised Tom to ride at three—



"I'm rather light
 eyes—and chocolate
 paper!—to play a part,
 each in its hour;
 all though, 'twas hard
 and on a card;
 chess!—three revokes!
 li the Abbey asks;
 thousand more;
 and a cursed bore!"
 hears the blockheads groan,
 from his throne,
 self-reviling tears,
 us in Polly's ears!—
 of heart and head!
 our nuptial bed,
 and, but Guilt and Sin,
 lly, force them in;
 is seated Care,
 the scoffer there;
 h is feebler grown,
 uench'd it was your own;
 unthinking elves!
 e me for yourselves!"

HAVE PATIENCE.

tryman, who had in his person all
 ighour which a rustic life affords, and
 of thirty-two, having, three years
 n honest maid, of whom he always
 ly fond, was attending her corpse at
 any heavy sighs and floods of tears.
 : funeral-service, as they began to
 t the earth, he wrung his hands, tore
 is ready to throw himself into the
 coffin, vehemently exclaiming that
 ive her.—It happened that a buxom
 parish, whose name was *Patience*,
 and on whom the honest country-
 cast a wistful look, who seeing him
 prieving so much for the loss of his
 concern said to him, "John, John,
 —The honest countryman turning

round, and saying who it was that spoke to him, in a
 fit of sorrow, "Right, as I will, to-morrow, if
 thou wilt have me."

PROLOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT.

Like hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
 Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks:
 The founders you: the table is the place:
 The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
 Each act a course; each scene a different dish:
 Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh,
 Sautre's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough;
 Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-weak,
 Wit, is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
 Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
 Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
 Are butcher's meat; a battle's a sirloin:
 Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
 Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
 Bowdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please:
 Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your d—d French
 cheese.

Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
 Is your nice squaker, or Italian capon;
 Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
 And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
 An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
 Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage;
 For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
 You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
 A pastoral's whipt cream; stage whims, mere trash;
 And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
 But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
 This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear:
 Wild fowl is lik'd in playhouse all the year.

Yet since each mind betrays a different taste,
 And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
 If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
 This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
 You're welcome all—Now fall too where you like.

FARQUHAR.

RECOVERY OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

A nobleman whose son was a hard drinker, and had
 been cutting down all the trees upon his estate, in-

quarrel of Charles Townshend, who had just returned from a visit to him, "Well Charles, how does my graceless dog of a son go on?" "Why, I should think, my lord," said Charles, "he is on the recovery, as I left him drinking the woods."

LEARNED APOTHECARY.

In an Act of Parliament made in 1815, entitled "An Act for the better regulating the practice of Apothecaries," there is a very salutary clause, which enacts, "that from and after the first day of August, 1815, it shall not be lawful for any person (except persons already in practice as such, to practise as an apothecary in any part of England or Wales, unless he or they shall have been examined by the Court of Examiners of the Apothecaries' Company, and shall have received a certificate as such."

The first convict on under this Act took place at the Staffordshire Lent Assizes of 1819, before Sir William Garrow, when the Apothecaries' Company brought an action against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised as an apothecary without being duly qualified. The defendant it appeared was the son of a man who in the early part of his life had been a gardener, but afterwards set up as a cow leech. The facts were stated by Mr. Dauncey for the prosecution, and supported by evidence.

Mr. Jervis, for the defence, called the father of the defendant, Arnold Warburton, to prove that he had practised as an apothecary before the passing of the Act.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.

Mr. Dauncey. Mr. Warburton, have you always been a surgeon?

Witness. Appealed to the judge whether this was a proper answer.

The Judge. I have not heard any answer. Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

Witness. Must I answer it?

Judge. Yes, why do you object?

Witness. I don't think it a proper answer.

Judge. I presume you mean question, and I differ from you in opinion.

The witness not answering, Mr. Dauncey—Have you always been a surgeon?

Witness. I am a surgeon.

Dauncey. Can you spell the word mentioned?

Witness. My lord, is that a last question?

Judge. I think it a fair question.

Witness. "S y u r g e o n."

Mr. Dauncey. I am unfortunately forgetting, have the goodness to repeat it, said, sir.

Witness. "S u r g e o n d."

Mr. Dauncey. S—, what did you say?

Witness. "S y n r g u n d."

Mr. Dauncey. Very well, sir, I am satisfied.

Judge. As I take down the word, favour me with it once more.

Witness. "S u r g u n t."

Judge. How, sir?

Witness. "S e r g u n d."

Judge. Very well.

Mr. Dauncey. Sir, have you always said that word, I mean, what you spell? (A long pause.)

Mr. Dauncey. I am afraid, sir, you take so much time to study the word before you, as you do to answer me, that you do not, sir." "Well, sir, what is it?" (A long pause, but no reply.)

Witness. "S u r g e o n d."—What to business, what was that business of a gardener, Doctor Warburton?"

"I do not ask you to spell that word before you were of that profession, sir."

"S e r g u n t."

Mr. Dauncey. My lord, I fear I spell over this poor man, which he cannot.

Judge. Attend, witness, and answer the questions put to you. You need not word any more.

Mr. Dauncey. When were you a

Witness. I never was.—The night

and his half in gardening; he first
 was a farmer. He (witness)
 farmer fifteen or sixteen years ago;
 e he had then learnt that business
 "Who did you learn it of?"—"Is
 stion, my lord?" "I see no objec-
 then I will answer it; I learnt of
 other-in-law; he practised the same
 a doctors, and they were regular

Where did they take their degrees?
 n't believe they ever took a degree.
 hey regular physicians?"—"No! I
 e not, they were only doctors."—
 were they doctors in law, physic, or
 ey doctored cows, and other things,
 well." "Doubtless, *as well*: and
 have doctored brute animals *as well*
 es?"—"I have."

ess. "Did you ever make up any
 prescription of a physician?"—"I
 you understand the characters they
 rupes, and drachms?"—"I do not."
 ot make up their prescriptions from
 "I cannot, but I can make up as
 my way, as they can in theirs."
 a does an ounce bear to a pound?"—
 ere are 16 ounces to the pound, but
 any regular weight, we mix ours by
 o you bleed?"—"Yes." "With a
 uncet?"—"With a lancet." "Do
 the vein or from the artery?"—
 "There is an artery somewhere
 ; what is the name of that artery?"
 and to have as much learning as some
 you tell me the name of that

which you mean." "Suppose, then,
 on to bleed my servant or my horse
 d) in a vein, say for instance in the
 re should you bleed him?"—"In
 re."

THE TREASURES OF BRIGHTON.

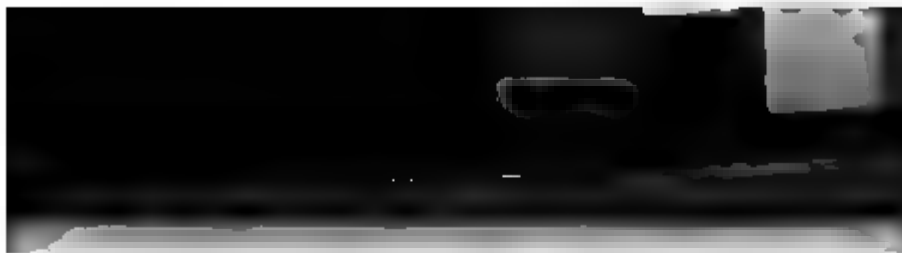
A new Song by the Civic Visitants.

Here's fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,
 Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,
 Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,
 And so has Sir Christopher Crump.
 From Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Wapping,
 Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,
 In the waters of Brighton are popping,
 Or killing their time in its streets.
 And it's O! what will become of us?
 Dear! the vapours and blue-
 Devils will seize upon some of us
 If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,
 Whose shoulder has taken a start,
 And they tell me, a dip in-salt water
 Will soon make it straight as a dart:—
 Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,
 (But he's always a playing his fun,)
 That the camel that bathes with two humps,
 Very often comes out with but one.
 And it's O! &c.

And here is my little boy Jacky,
 Whose godfather gave me a hint,
 That by salt-water baths in a crack he
 Would cure his unfortunate squint.
 Mr. Yellowly's looking but poorly,
 It isn't the jaundice, I hope;
 Wou'd you recommend bathing? O surely,
 And let him take—plenty of soap.
 And it's O! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em
 On doukeys that stand in a row,
 But the more you belabour and flog 'em,
 The more the cross creatures won't go.
 T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,
 And my darling, roar'd louder than me,
 But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide
 Had bedraggled me up to the knee!
 And it's O! &c.



Now!" said the latter, "that would do better and whiter than thou with thy blacken. But if thou art such a conjurer that thou hast any power over me, let me cannot get into this old rusty flue." No than the old one slipped into the flue, and his men put the flue into the fire, then the anvil, and hammered away at the old mercifully. He howled, and begged, and at last promised that he would have with the smith if he would but let him

the smith's guardian-angel made his appearance business was now serious. He was a. The angel conducted him to torment, he had so terribly belaboured, was just at the gate; he looked out at the little quickly shot it again, and would have with the smith. The angel then closed the gate of heaven. St. Peter refused. "Let me just peep in," said the I may see how it looks there." No he wicket opened than the smith threw it said: "Thou knowest it is my property, and fetch it."—Then slipping past, he fell down upon it and said: "Now I am my own property; I should like to see give me away from it." Thus the smith was at last.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

makes this distinction between tragedy In comedy, the plot turns on marriage; it turns on murder. The whole intrigue, and the other, turns on this grand event; why? will they not marry? will they if they not murder? There will be a marriage will be murder; and this forms act the will be no marriage; there will be no this gives birth to act the second. A of marrying and of murdering is prepared act. A new difficulty impedes the marriage, which the fourth act discusses. marriage and the murder are effected in all the last act

OF THE LATE LORD BLENHEIM TERNING
A VERNAL OFFENCE.

When Mrs. Pot behav'd amiss,
And ask'd poor Joseph for a kiss,
Fearing the snare of vice,
He held his passions in command,
He left his garment in her hand,
And mov'd off in a trice.
Said he (which some will think but odd)
"I cannot sin against my God,
My conscience, and my friend."
The virtuous youth felt honour's tie
Uniting with firm piety,
Which truth must still commend.
But had he listen'd to our bench,
He would have gratified the wench,
Who made such kind advances:
Ventral the sin, and none the shame,
So very willing was the dame,
And such the circumstances.

BEQUEATHING THE AGUE.

A farmer, in a parish not far from Liverpool, had been sorely afflicted with the ague for between two and three years, it was sometimes quotidian, sometimes tertian, and for a long time together quartan. This lingering strange disorder had, in short, reduced this poor man to a perfect skeleton; his spirits were exhausted, and nature seemed to be quite worn out; he expected nothing but death, yet as he was, when in health, a jocose merry man, he thought he would appear jocular in his will, which his friends advised him to make. After bequeathing some small legacies, he says, "Item, I give and bequeath these plaguy ague fits to Mr. —, the parson of the parish." Whether it was by making this bequest that the fits left him, our readers are at liberty to guess; but leave him they did, and the next day seized upon the poor parson, and handled him severely. The parson, on being told that his neighbour J—— had bequeathed them to him in his will, was so much exasperated that he would not speak to the

THE WIFE.

Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove,
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown, the fair, with softening art,
Will soothe our woes or bear a willing part.

WYCHERLEY'S PLAIN DEALING.

Wycherley being at Tunbridge for the benefit of his health, was walking one day on the Wells Walk with his friend, Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, and just as he came up to a bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to a bookseller's, and inquired for the "Plain Dealer." "Madam," said Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for the 'Plain Dealer,' there he is for you," pushing Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be compliment said to others, would be reproach being spoken to her." "No, truly, sir," said the countess, "I am not without my faults, any more than the rest of my sex, and yet I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it, than when it tells me of them." "Then, Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by Heaven for each other." In short, Wycherley walked with the countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily while she was at Tunbridge, and afterwards, in London, where, in a little time, a marriage was concluded between them.

SECRECY.

Kiss me again! there's no one near!
"Nay, nay, you'd kiss and tell, I fear;"
Well, kiss me, dear, until I die,
You're sure, then, of my secrecy.

FISH AND BONE.

Nay, woman is not the soft sex, my dear Fan,
Or why is her heart hard as stone?
Pray tell me, was she form'd of flesh, like the man?
No, no, she was form'd of the bone.

ORIGIN OF CLUBS.

By the owners of ale-houses and taverns
Really it appears that they and their

families do live exceedingly well with
tion of social souls, who meet together
time, at noon and at even, to drink
of Bacchus, in company, pressing
another in countenance, and when
sums are annually expended in
whereby the cans of life are tenfold
deep potations, it becomes a good
system of going to clubs, and, if
is not worthy of some attention. We
well that the revenues flourish from
this good fellowship of such as
citizens, and that they have a temple
where, under the pretence of a
a week, to help them to be fat,
they spend another shilling on the

In the year 1745, was published
complete and humorous Account of
able Clubs and Societies in the City
Westminster, from the Royal Navy
Lumber Room &c." It is a deli-
ferous and sublime Lumina, to
Moon, Governor of the Tower, the
Constitutions, Countess of Metropoli-
ng Cities, and Principal Directors of
most subject to Mutation." He then
dissertation on Clubs in general, and
of his day, viz. - the Virtuous Club
of the Order of the Golden Fleece
Club—the Man killing or Daring
Scurvy Club—the Atheistical Club
Faces—the Split farthing Club—the
Shopkeepers—the Man Hunter Club
Club—the Beau's Club—the Weak
farthing Club—the Quaker's Club
Society—the Weekly Dancing Club
racer's Club—the Lying Club—the
the Cartierwit Club—the Horrid
den's Cellar Club—the Money
Smoking Club—the Market W
Thieves' Club—the Small Coal V
the Kit-kat Club—the Beef and
The Virtuous's Club.—Part II of

were the conveying of Hampstead of London, by subterraneous pipes, of all sickly families. To make sea-bring fowls to be cheaper than—a nuptial calendar exactly calculated of London, wherein a married man time, and see how often he has been which is added a very useful table, by discover the who, how, where, and the new art of cookery, by that excellent potato kitchen, called by some a others a *dogstarver*; by the use of any stew a leg of beef at a half-penny lesh is dissolved into strong broth, and ne as soft as butter'd apple pie. This philosophical, that if a member who could not give a reason for the blue-je, he would undoubtedly be expelled.

Club.—This club was established by man, who, having steered an improper traits of pleasure, and having observed at several others had unluckily fallen in fashion of flat faces, pleased him- together all these imperfect vizards s and snuffling society. It was rather by one of the society, that if by chance ll together by the ears, they would gh before they'd have bloody noses; had a young pig for dinner, the snout t off, by way of compliment, by the

ling Club.—This was a club of duel- s, and none were admitted that had man. It is needless to say they were ur, and to prove it, their limbs and so lopped and scratched, that they Elgin marbles. Blood, wounds, bul- ter were the topics of their conversa- ator says, "The president of this club e killed half a dozen men in single s for the other members, they took rding to the number of their slain. rise a side table for such as had only

drawn blood. This club, consisting only of men of honour however, did not continue long; most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution."

The Surly Club was established near Billingsgate to keep up the genuine vernacular—the vulgar tongue. Coachmen, watchmen, carmen, and such like, met like gentlemen once a week, to exercise in the art or mystery of fine language, that they might not be at a loss to abuse those whom they drove, &c. If any of these members had by mistake uttered a civil expression, or was suspected to be corrupted with good manners, he was looked upon as an effeminate coxcomb, who had sucked in too much of his mother's milk, and was most likely expelled. By this society was erected the bumping post at Billingsgate, to harden the latter ends of the members once a year, in order to prevent a cowardly fear of being kicked, by being thus used to it.

The Club of Ugly Faces.—This society consisted of those to whom nature had been exceedingly unkind. The first member had a nose of immense magnitude; the second a chin like and as long as a shoe-horn; the third, disfigured with a mouth like a gallon pot, when both the sides are nearly squeezed together; a fourth, with eyes like a tumbler, and one bigger than the other; a fifth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if like Eolus, the god of the winds, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane; a sixth with as many wens and warts as there are knots and prickles upon an old thorn-back; a seventh, with a pair of skinny jaws that wrapped over in folds like the hide of a rhinoceros, and that with a tusk strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man-tiger; a ninth, with a hare-lip that had drawn his mouth into several corners; the tenth, with a huge "Lauderdale" head, as big in circumference as the golden ball under St. Paul's cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the monument, &c. &c. and such like who might resemble barbers' blocks in expressio

proposed that every new member should, upon his inauguration, make a speech in favour of Aesop, whose portrait should hang over the chimney; and also that they should purchase the heads of Thersites, Hans Scotus, Scarron, (who compared his body to the letter Z) and Hudibras, with all the celebrated old faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

The Split-farthing Club was an assemblage of misers who met to consult how they might improve their riches, by punishing their bellies, and patching others by usury. One would applaud the frugality of the former, who never wore any other clothes, than what was made of the wool that he picked off the hedges. Another would extol the prudence of the citizen who kept a load of faggots in his house, to warm his servants in cold weather, by handing them up stairs and down between the garret and the cellar. Thus went their conversation. Their dresses seemed to be made in the days of Robin Hood, and their stockings almost darned as much as the good housewife's hose in the library at Oxford, which has not enough left of the first knitting to show its original contexture. This society had such a starved appearance, that it was suspected there was not an ounce of fat among

The Kit-Out Club.

A general is mentioned as a set of the patriots that saved Britain from convulsions, and the enormous letters, the place of rendezvous in Shire-lane, Temple Bar, at top of the great got up in the world, Stroud, for a young lady to bring beauty of the day at this for life. Jacob Tonson the principal share in the formation of all the portraits, and all Kneller. Ned Ward describes a society of Apollo's men have been the grand monopolists of commodities in this tight age, had the first honour to be the most mortal, chief merchant to the times of piracy, both books, living, many years since, and kindness for one of the brethren, then living at the end of Inn Lane, where, finding out his neighbour Horatio's

this time Bocai, who had always added his own interest, having wriggled the company of a parcel of poetical who had just weaned themselves of versity, and by their prolific parts and ornaments had made themselves the late bountiful Mæcenas, who had used to be an indulgent father to the hood, who had united themselves in were as yet unprovided for; so that their youth and the narrowness of their had a fair prospect of feathering his profitable chaps. Besides the happy those sons of Parnassus, it gave him nity of promoting the interest of his er, so skilled in the fortifications of ies, and custards; so that Bocai, to lf with his new set of authors, invited tion of oven-trumpery at his friend's hey were nobly entertained with as of pastry delicacies as ever were seen up of a Lord Mayor's feast, upon the phs. There was not a mathematical uclid's Elements" but what was pre- le in baked wares, whose cavities were atable varieties, fit for gods or poets; e cook such a mighty reputation among customers, that they thought it a scan- that so heavenly a banquet should go oetry, where the ornamental folds of eese-cake, and the artful walls of every deserved to be immortalized: they scarcely demolish the embellished geon pie, without a distich; or break dry tunics of a puff-paste apple tart, epigram upon the glorious occasion. : being Christopher, for brevity called a being the Cat and Fiddle, thus was a quaint denomination from puss and from thence they called themselves the Bocai was resolved to venture at all the le else but pies for poetry, well consi- is advantage, that what the publisher

returned, his friend the pastry-cook took off his hands at a better price than the trunk-maker; so that the poetical fraternity had most of their pies bottomed with their own productions, which proved so considerable: an advantage to all chance customers, that whoever came in for a twopenny tart was assured to have a pennyworth of wit, or at least poetry, given into the bargain, that when they had emptied the shell, they might have taught their children to read upon the bottom-crust as well as a horn-book.

The George's Club.—There was formerly a club called the George's Club, consisting of members whose Christian names were George, who used to meet at the sign of the George, and on St. George's day; and always swore, when they did swear, by George.

The Humdrum Club was entirely made up of gentlemen of very peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together to smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight.—*The Mum Club* was of a similar nature, being as great enemies to noise, as inveterate smokers.

The Sighing Club consisted of certain gentlemen *inamoratos* getting together into a society, where they, being totally absorbed in the contemplation of their several mistresses, had full liberty to talk to themselves and sigh. Each of these had a bit of ribbon, a lock of hair, a netted purse, or a garter, which they mused over and addressed from time to time, as gifts or relics stolen from or received from their idols. He who was remarked to apostrophise the most passionately and loudly was elected president. No one was admitted without a poem in praise of his mistress. A member who did not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour was looked upon with suspicion; and a member giving a direct answer to a question, looked on as so absurd as to run the risk of expulsion: a *complete* absence of mind showed the best member. This distracted society always existed; but as the dulcineas relented, the old members made place for the new.

The Everlasting Club.—The Everlasting Club consisted of a hundred members, who divided the whole

twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sat day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they were relieved by those who were in course to relieve them. By this means the Everlasting Club never wanted company; for though a member was not on duty himself, he was sure to find some who were, so that if he was disposed to take a whet or lunch, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he went to the club, and found a knot of friends to his mind. It was a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for, as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man was to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table till his successor is in reality able to fill it, inasmuch that there has not been a *sedes vacante* in the memory of man. This club was instituted about the time of the civil wars, and lasted till the great fire, which burnt them out and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire,) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated orders from the club to withdraw himself. This steward was frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon as a far greater man than the famous captain, mentioned by Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century — it appears by their books in general, that since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand pipes of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and one kilderkin of small beer, also a great consumption of cards. A fire was constantly kept up to light their pipes. They had an old woman, in the nature of a vestal, whose business it was to cherish and perpetuate the fire from generation to generation. — *Spectator*.

The Smithfield Club was a very old fraternity. The object of the meeting was to produce a beef-steak of two yards in length and width of fat encircling it, as a mark of distinction of oil cakes and other extraneous articles, of feeding oxen and sheep, to render as near the elephant standard as possible, that they were brought to the club, the only rule they had in their laws, but of old to Tyburn.

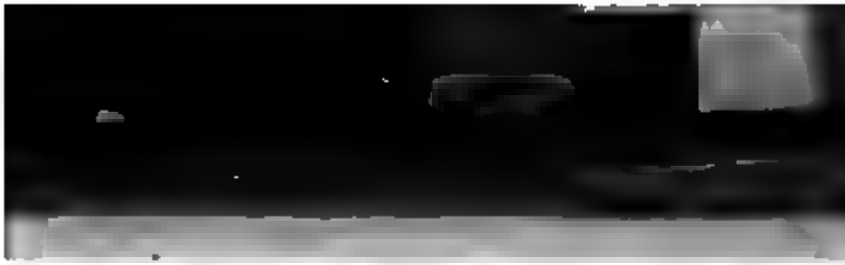
The Four in hand Club was a very old club by certain young noblemen and gentlemen, who, in cash than consequence. To save the trouble of their delight, they, therefore, had a front tooth extra, and dressed themselves with red and white striped buttons, and sixteen strange to equipage and accomplished, they were called the Four in hand Club; and the strong of noble Jehus; and to Salt Hill and Bedford, and at last to the city. It is needless to say that the horses were elegant, and that the carriages were elegant, and being empty, was of a piece with the Four-in hand Club.

CONSOINATION FOR WAX

Handel's early oration was in the nature of a joke upon the emptiness of the town, and would make de moose sound all over the place.

WOODS BEING

The phrase of wooden heads is a very old one, some people fit up wooden heads, some people fit up wooden makers become book makers, and a parade of much reading, by only a timber-merchant, a student in the law, a furnished with a collection of law, a shipping post, Physical Diet, a Scrutiny book, a Treatise upon the History of Oppression, a Commentary upon the Works in cedar, his Commentaries upon the Reviewers in birch, and the heart of oak.



FLYING COLOURS.

"I were at a coffee-house, when the poet Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting, that his tints were admirable, but Sir Joshua, who was in the next seat, and accosted them thus, with a sullen, I return you many thanks for your flying colours."

FLYING COLOURS STILES.

"the law, and have not perceived this eminently useful as a precedent; about to make their wills, will see being as explicit as possible, particular of the horses they have to be-

Case argued en le Common Banke s Justices de mêmes le Banke, en le Raygne de Roy Jacques, entre *adling*, Plant., et *Peter Styles*, cition propter certos Equos colorem. *Pied Horses*, post. per le dit s le dit *Peter*.

Case.—Sir John Swale, of Swale s, fast by the River Swale, Knt., and testament; in which, among this, viz. "Out of the kind love bear unto my much honoured and *Matthew Stradling*, gent., I do be-aid *Matthew Stradling*, gent. all the horses." The testator had six bite horses, and six pied horses.

debate therefore was, whether on *Stradling* should have the said use of the said bequest.

4.—*Atkins*, apprentice pour le ble quo le plaintiffe recovers.

It seemeth expedient to consider of horses, and also what is the; and so the argument will consist in a two-fold way; that is to t and the substantial part. Horses

are the substantial part, or thing bequeathed: black and white, the formal or descriptive part.

Horse, in a physical sense, doth import a certain quadruped or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular disposition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the use and need of man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that sundry and diverse acts of parliament have, from time to time, been made in favour of horses.

1 Edw. IV. makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom no less a penalty than the forfeiture of 40*l*.

2 & 3 Edw. VI. takes from horse-stealers the benefit of their clergy.

And the statutes of 27 & 32 Hen. VIII. condescends so far as to take care of their very breed; these, our wise ancestors, prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.

And of so great esteem are horses in the eye of the common law, that when a knight of the bath committed any great and enormous crime, his punishment was to have his spurs chopped off with a cleaver, "being (as Master Bracton well observeth) unworthy to ride a horse."

Littleton, sec. 315, saith, "If tenants in common make a lease, reserving for rent a horse, they shall have but one assize; because, saith the book, the law will not suffer a horse to be severed: another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of a horse."

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, horses; let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part, viz. what horses they are that come within this bequest.

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts; of which white and black are the two extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest, therefore, of black and white horses, grey or pied horses may well pass; for when two

extremes, or remotest ends, of any thing devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger, coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word black, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word white, are devised those that are white; and by the same words, with the conjunction copulative "and" between them, the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pied, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white, is pied; and whatever is pied, is black and white; ergo, black and white is pied; and vice versa, pied is black and white.

It therefore black and white horses are devised, pied horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised, ergo the plaintiff shall have the pied horses.

Pour le Defeur.—Citoyne, Sergeant, may remole, al'contrary. The plaintiff shall ~~not~~ have the pied horses by intendment, for it by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes, may pass, then not only pied and grey horses, but also red or bay horses should pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law, Nilal quod est ratiorem, est botum—for reason is the life of the law, say the common law is not law, but reason, which is to be understood of arbitral perfection and reason gotten by long study, and not of man's natural reason, for Nemo nascitur artifex, and legal reason est summa ratio, and therefore, if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of England, because, by many successions of ages, it has been fixed and refined by grave and learned men, so that the old rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legis sapientiores.*

As therefore pied horses do not come within the intendment of the said bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.

A pied horse is not a white horse, nor a black horse, how then can it come under the words of black and white?

Besides, where custom hath no determinate name to any one thing, judgments and grants, that certain made use of, and no uncertain cases persons shall be allowed, for want of right, and the mother of justice.

Le rest del argument je ne pourrai pas le dire en mon place.

Le Court fut longement en deliberation et apres grand deliberation en.

Judgment fut donne pour le Pl. Motion in arrest of judgment. Horses were mares, and therefore prayed.

Et sur ces le court advise vult. The above case with its law decorations, as evidently unlike the as it was unlike English, was then ported by Mr. Lectures, afterwards intimate friend of Pope and Swift; recited in their "Martinus Scribleri."

VILLIAM VICKS,

Or, Do as other people do.

Von William Vicks, as I've heard
A wintner was at Clerkenwell
His wife she was a vixen wife,
And oft poor Vill she would say
For, ever wanting some thing new
She'd cry, "Dear Vill, I wish as
You'd do as other people do."

"There's neighbors V te's, they
And when they wants to dash in
And vie with all the beaux and
Away they slip to Hockney Well
Then, s see we all want something
Dear William Vicks, I wish as
You'd do as other people do."

"Vat now," says Vill, "vat va
Vill, I wish as other people do."



dist and dist !
aid save my health ;
ith charming'ness !

I wish as you
wple do !"

ht—and Madam now
and servants too ;
nooth and sleek,
es thrice a week ;
mpatient grew,
he, " you know that you
wple do !"

run very brief,
nother leaf ;
—the house was sold—
es, too, we're told :
scream'd, " vat shall ve do ?"
eks, " you know that you
wple do !"

his change of life,
poor Vicks's wife—
his affairs,
us loss he bears ;
im " How d'ye do !"
to tell you true,
do !"

I. WELCOME.

Jesuit, was preaching at the
words : *Hast thou not poured
died me like cheese ?* Job x. 10.
his discourse the news came
landed, and the congregation
a. On which he said he would
e, " Come life, come death,
re devil !"

UTILIZATION.

" That his pieces were the
theatre at Drury-lane ; for as
were played, the audience di-

CLERICAL CHASTITY.

A clergyman once quarrelled with a country squire,
who said, " Doctor, your gown is your protection."
" It is so," replied the parson, " but it shall not be
yours." He then pulled it off, and thrashed the squire
soundly.

HARMONY OF NATURE.

Horace Walpole, telling his nurseryman that he
would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied,
" Yes, sir, I understand ; you would have them hung
down—somewhat poetical."

LACONIC MURDER.

Clifford, countess of Dorset, having been applied
to by her secretary to be allowed to recommend a per-
son to her for member for Appleby, wrote the follow-
ing reply :

" I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been
neglected by an usurper, I have been neglected by a
court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject ;—your
man sha'n't stand.

" Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery."

GRIEVANCES OF A CREDITOR.

Z. Y. owes me a bill. I send it in, we shall
suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in
succession.

July 1.—" Oh ! this is Mr. Mercer's bill—Call
again any day next week."

July 9.—" Not at home."—" When will he be at
home ?"—" Any time to-morrow."

July 10.—" Has a gentleman with him," wait an
hour—" Oh ! ah ! this is the bill—ay—hum—look
in on Monday."

Monday.—" Not at home, gone to 'Change."

Thursday.—" Leave the bill, and I will look it
over."

20.—" There seems to be a mistake in the bill ; I
never had *that* article—take it back to your master,
and tell him to examine his books."

24.—" Just gone out."

29.—" I am busy now ; tell your master I'll call
on him as I go into the city"

August 16.—"Bless me! I quite forgot to call. The bill is not discharged—bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day."

17.—"Come to Margate, and we'll be home till next month."

Sept. 12.—"What! did I not pay that bill before I went out of town? Are you going farther?"—"Yes."—"Very well, call as you come back, and I'll settle it."—Calla, and he is gone to dinner at Clapham.

16.—"Plague of this bill! I don't believe I have as much cash in the house—Can you give me change for a £100 note?"—"No."—"Then call in, as you pass, to-morrow."

18.—"Not at home."

23.—"*Appoint a day*"—Damme what does your master mean? Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message."

October 14.—"What! no discount?"—"Sir, it has been due these two years."—"There's your money then."—"These guineas are light."—"Then you must call again, I have no loose cash in the house."

And here ends the payment of £9. 14s. 6d. with three of the guineas light.

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A roguesh old lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout,
The mists and the daylight were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out.

When a chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a mistake

Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
And bawl'd as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
"My master's a coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
"There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me!"

So he lump'd to the door without any
But Old Nick was too deep to be out
For the knave broke his neck by

stairs,

And thus ran to the Devil by running
interposition

I will be ruined, said a Dublin
English friend. "I am sorry for it,"
"but if you *will* be ruined, you had
prevent it."

AMERICAN STAGE COACH

Q. Where are you going, middle?

Q. Do you keep at Boston?—A.

Q. Where do you keep?—A. F.

Q. Have you been a lengthy up
say?—A. Seven days.

Q. Where did you sleep last night
street.

Q. What number?—A. Seven.

Q. That is Thomas Adams's house,
my son's.

Q. What, have you a son?—A. Yes,
ters.

Q. What is your name?—A. S.
—, I guess.

Q. Is your wife alive?—A. I
guess.

Q. Did she die sleek right away
any manner of means.

Q. How long have you been
years, I guess.

Q. What age were you when
A. I guess mighty near thirty then.

Q. If you were young again,
marry earlier?—A. No. I guess
mighty grand age for marrying.

Q. How old is your daughter?
Q. I guess she would like a
she is mighty careless about that.

Q. She is not awful (ugly)? I
guess she is not.

Q. Is she sick?—A. Yes,



sickness?—A. Consumption.
n of that; you have got a doctor,
have.

trader?—A. Yes.

a loss?—A. Yes.

ts ledge (brink?)—Yes; I expect
y.

get in business?—A. I planted
is sponsor for a thousand dollars:
within time; and he is now pro-

TYMAGY IN GRAIN.

but so perverse,
'd her in her hearse;
per was in vain;
'd against the grain.
he went in dudgeon,
ver for a gudgeon;
far to hook a bite,
ill, went down outright,
aw, but, in his fright,
hobble to the river,
browning to deliver;
l for some assistance,
Tom from no small distance
k, and found their master
the sad disaster.
in rapid force,
things went of course;
put their boat-hooks down,
an, to hitch her gown;
began their search,
'd fallen off the perch.
are," exclaim'd old Robin,
e tide your hooks to bob in;
' said patient Bob;
is a fruitless job:
the place, where fate
s of my dearest Kate;
are is in such a scheme,
against the stream."
llowed in a trice
orders and advice,

And found he was a knowing guide,
They hook'd her *buffeting the tide*.

THE EPIGRAM CLUB.

On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer on the table, Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society that nobody was required to sing: that it was gothic barbarity to call upon any gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarsehoars; that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom; and therefore that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man was there called upon for a song, but every one for an epigram.

"Mr. Morris," said the deputy chairman, to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation of a man who sees an opportunity of throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump, the leather-seller. He wore a domino, but he wanted to go in character." "What character?" "Charles the second." "Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?" "My epigram." "Oh pray let us have it." "Certainly—

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 't would be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the president, "your health Mr. Morris, I think you are in a fair way of winning the silver medal. But we shall see. Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Hampstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs started from a doze, and begged to inform the company that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together. "Which circumstances?"

Swaggs, induced ~~me~~ to squib them after the following fashion—

"How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the care of souls,
And M. D. has the care of bodies.
Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure,
One has the cure without the care,
And one the care without the cure."

The applause which followed this effusion made Morris tremble for his silver medal.

The president now looked at his watch (it pointed to the hour of nine: he exchanged a significant glance with the v. re-president, who also officiated as secretary,) and the latter (ast his eye towards a mahogany box in the window-seat, and began to fumble for his keys. "Silence, gentlemen," exclaimed the former, "and listen to a report of our committee, setting forth the objects and prospects of this institution." The secretary then drew forth a book, and proceeded to business.

The report commenced by stating, that the object of the Epigram Club was to induce writers and speakers in general, by their precept and example, to compress what they might have to utter into as small a compass as possible. The report dated upon the alarming increase of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, and then enumerated the number of epigrams which, with a view of stopping the further increase of the mischief, the committee had caused to be distributed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, a great portion of which had been translated into the Hindostani and Catibay languages, so that, to adopt their own phraseology, "they had the heartiest delight of epigrammatism, the naked Genton and the tattooed Otahetian." The report then stated, that, by the exertions of the committee seventeen epic poems had been strangled in their birth.

"A dry subject," Mr. Secretary," exclaimed the chairman,—"Mr. Daffodil, pray favour us with an epigram." This request was addressed to a slender

young man, who sat "like a life drop" all the air of having been recently called upon, he started from the seat, appeared to be plunged, and in a short follows—

"To Flavia's shrine two suitors
And won the fair at once:
A needy fortune hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.
Now, if us two suitors she'll be
Depends upon this ode—
If she's a fool she'll wed the last,
And if a knave the first."

This effort was received with some applause, it did not quite amount to a success, it seemed to imply that Flavia was too good to call a lady. It was thought, young Daffodil had not been severe. The following was pronounced better—

"My thrifty spouse, her taste
With rival dances at auctions,
She doats on every thing she sees
And every thing she doats on
I with her taste am quite in tune
Such costly wares, so wondrous
Bought, because they may be
Wanted, because they may be."

"I should not be at all surprised if Thackeray, to the utterer of this epigram, Mr. Daffodil gave you that name. No, she lives in Castle-street. It was the whole of the morning in picking up, and ably cheap. She bought the lot. If she has no occasion for them a price will come into play. Last Wednesday a capital bargain in Peckers' row. A Madonna plate, with Mr. Henderson's only cost her ninepence halpenny, which happened to Mr. Daffodil."

sted by any body of the name of Henderson, door-plate ready."

By proving successful, drew the attention of awards the utterer; and the chairman told, when his turn arrived, he had no doubt of ing the company with an excellent epigram. "smca," said the member whose turn was ccension, "I have a weighty objection to all son uttered. An epigram should not be to eight lines; and I believe all that wa d this evening, have been of that length. ought to be the *ne plus ultra*; if only two be better. Allow me to deliver one which d by an old gentleman, whose daughter sportuned him for money:—

Ball, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
umb Beths are fittest to open the chest."

quite of your opinion," said he who fol- and is narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate pon his late wife, I mean to confine myself same Spartan limits:

Jones from my body have taken a trip,
varied my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp*."

captain," said the president, addressing young Calpepper's mustachio'd associate. m started, and waxed rather red. "I'm —I can't at this moment—Really its very —Pray must it be in English?" "No, not confined to any language." "Well, I give you a Latin one. My friend Cul-

I, on coming out of the opera the other into dispute with a hackney-coachman. b I collared him, and he collared me, and k facing of my cloak. Upon which, says who is to mend it? Upon which said I, s replace the silk facing but the man who go; because, according to the Latin adage, *hui caput ille facit*.

ink I have beaten the two gentlemen who ined last. They have made a great merit confined themselves to two lines, and, ve confined myself to one."

The ballot-box was produced—the several epi- grams proposed and balloted for in succession—and the captain had the silver medal, each member hav- ing given one ball to his own production, and one to Captain Thackeray's: thus intimating, that next to his own production, the superior merit lay with the Latin adage.

DESCRIPTION OF A FOOL, AND HIS MORALIZING ON TIME.

*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That souls should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.**

OCEANS OF PUNCH.

The honourable Edward Russel, who was captain general and commander in chief of the English forces in the Mediterranean, during the reign of William the Third, had a mighty bowl of punch made at his house, on the 25th of October, 1694. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the centre of four walks, all of which were arched with lemon and orange trees, and along every walk tables were placed the whole length, which were covered with cold collations, &c. In the fountain were the follow- ing ingredients: four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmeg.

* The fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

Three hundred toasted biscuits, and a pipe of mountain malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, in which was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company, who exceeded six thousand in number.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST BOOK.

Though modern prophets were exposed of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation,
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife shall cease,
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face,
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town;
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll siph, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neck cloths for attornies' clerks,
At Cap'd's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Donnda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamblers, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the lay;

Yet whizus like these have sometimes
Tis tattling all like Isaac the Jew
Since war and peace is in the air
Be kind, and bear a winter's trial
Let your indulgence all be pleas'd
And none but winter-haters damn this

THE JUDGE OF THE YEAR.

The late Lord Kenyon was once tentatively, in the Roll's Court, and was reading to him the conveyance, and, on coming to the word *enough*, *now*. His honour immediately said, "Hold, hold! you must stand correct according to the vernacular custom, and so must all other English words in *ough*, as, for example, *trough*," &c. The clerk bowed, and on for some time, when, coming to the *he*, with increased emphasis, and looking at his honour, called it *he*. The lawyer stroked his chin, and, with a said, "Young man! I am corrected."

DANIEL'S VINDICATION.

Daniel was grown in the same Dishelout was cookmaid, and Daniel one day fuddled, he stooped down to of the pan, Dishelout pushed him a pan, which spoiled his clothes, and to bring his action against the cookmaid of which were as follows. The first was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He says, "I have the honour to be pitched up, cause to your lordship, I shall not presume to take up any of your lordship round about circumlocutory manner, quite foreign to the purport, ways relating to the matter in hand, I design to show what damages are tained hereupon, whereupon, and then lord, my client being a servant in the Dishelout, and not being at board



the fee-simple of the dripping-pan. an attachment to the *sep* with his the defendant replied with her p, and tumbled us into the dripping-*Broughton's* reports, *Black versus* said that *primus strabus, sine jacus, vobus*; now, who gave the *primus* the first offence? why the cook:

dripping-pan there; for, my lord, now, if we had not been there, we been thrown down there; yet, my ring-pan had not been there, for us down into, we could not have tum-*pping-pan*." The next counsel on gan with, "My lord, he who makes ds to no purpose, has not much to herefore I shall come to the point at d immediately I shall come to the t was in liquor, the liquor in him ejectionment upon his understanding, as consulted, and he was a man be-

Dr. Bibbicus declares, in his Dis-*tempers*, in the 139th folio volume of of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, nan is *homo duplicans*, or a double because he sees things double, but is not as he *should* be *perfecto ipse should not be, defecto tunc* he."

the other side rose up gracefully, ruffles prettily, and tossing the *tires* it emphatically. He began with, you, gentlemen of the jury, I hum- I have the authority to declare, that this case for the defendant; there- shall not flourish away in words; re than fillagree works. Some people an embellishment, but to me 'tis a dment, how any one can be so im-*triment* of all rudiment. But, my n be looked at through the medium ng; for the law knows no medium, ung are but its shadows. Now, in ay have called a kitchen my client's a kitchen is nobody's premises; a

kitchen is not a ware-house, nor a wash-house, a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lord, 'tis absolutely and bona fide neither more nor less than a kitchen, or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usu coquere, cum sauce-pannis, stew-pannis, scullero, dressere, coal-hole, stovis, smoke-jacks, pro rostandum, bollan- dum, fryandum, et plum-pudding misandum, pro turtle soupes, calve's-headhashibus, cum calyce et calcepanibus*.

"But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cookmaid: now, my lord, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial; for as they have curtailed our name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do; for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them."

Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial: FOR THE LAW IS OUR LIBERTY, AND IT IS HAPPY FOR US WE HAVE THE LIBERTY TO GO TO LAW.

EPITAPHS.

*On a Person in the Country, who occasionally per-
formed the business of Tailor and Barber.*

In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a MOWER OF BEARDS, AND A USER OF SKALMS;
'Twas the SKEARS of grim death cut his STAYTAFE
of life,
And press'd him away from TWIST, RAZORS, AND
WIFE;
But the pray'r of all people, he SEW'D FOR OR
SHAV'D,
Is that he's with the REMNANT of those that are sav'd.

ON A WIFE.

Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to L.
I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
Sleep on, I've got another wife.

Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

Thetford in Norfolk.

My CHANDMOTHER was buried here,
My COUSIN JANE and TWO UNCLAS dear;
My FATHER perish'd with a mortification in his
thighs.

My SISTER dropp'd down dead in the MINORITS;
But the reason why I'm here interr'd, according to
my thinking,

Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.
If, therefore, GOOD CHRISTIANS, you wish to live
long.

Don't drink too much WINE, BRANDY, GIN, or any
thing strong.

FAMAL VIRTUES.

DEAN Swift amused himself with the endings of
words, and particularly upon the word ending in *ling*!
He says, "I have been very cautious in considering
that fruitful word *ling*, which explains many fine
qualities in ladies, such as grow-ling, rail-ling, up-
ling, seldom, to-be-g, mumb-ling, grumb-ling, cur-
ling, puzz-ling, bust-ling, strol-ling, famb-ling, quar-
rel-ling, tatt-ling, whiff-ling, dobb-ling, doubt-ling."

THE DEAF, OR THE STRAND TRAGEDY.

From "Warreniana," a metry jeu d'esprit after the
manner of the Rejected Addresses, and consisting of
puffs of Warren's blarney, in imitation of the several
styles of the leaning and best known writers.

Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock.
Cock-a-doodle-doo,

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu-Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren, the manufacturer rich,
Hatch a spectral mastiff bitch;
Hatch a spectral clock, tho' silent now.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Now for the quarters, and now for the hour,
Nought cares she for the sun or the moon;
But when, like a ghost all a rayed in a cloud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled a sound,
When the moon, sole chaneller of the night,
Banes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, in waltz to waltz,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
Like a village queen on the birth of May
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock,
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock
But louder, far louder he roared a roar
Loud as the howl that hounds on the shore
Long, long, with a pause between,
Hung the wend sound at his door, I wot
Up from his couch he leaped to assist
Ope'd his gray lattice and looked on the street
Then put on his coat, and with harp, a
Stood like a phantom in midst of the street
In midst of his shop he stood like a spirit
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand.
I guess 'twas night but there to see
A lady so wanly clad as she,
Elegantly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet tall
In breadth exactly two feet tall,
One eye as minute as a wasp's eye,
The other black as the water of Styx
Her bloodless lips and aught but pale
For one was brown and one was fair
And colored like mud in heaven
Or jack that turned a kitchen spat,
Jesu-Maria! with line, I trow,
O'Warren beheld two women,
For dreary and dull the deathly
O'er her cheek, as she traced the
The words of flame that with mud
Are hatched from a staid woman's
And doom each night who reach
Till the birth of day, in the cave

THE LADENING PHILOSOPHER.

All then met, read that not, lord of the Strand,
 In that subject thee to elfin command;
 Hark! the dog's bark marked her hour,
 Warren hath read the words of power;
 By letter he traced the spell,
 The sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,
 The midnight howl of the mastiff bitch,
 And his doom to the Hallowmas witch.
 In her grandeur she stood by,
 In talk that sploeketh to sun and sky;
 Shook to Warren with fitful breath,
 And another Nightmare-life-in-death;
 "Hollo! we may not stay,
 Is pulling; away, away;
 "Hollo! we've far to go,
 Hye the the devil; jee-up! jee-hoe."—
 In requested a little delay,
 "I'm not so murthered 'till late, by my fay;"
 And his speeches and scampered away.
 [He at their destination, and find Satan at home.]

He strode to his palace gate
 Witch and the Warren approached in state,
 At the threshold as onward they came
 With words of fever and flame,
 Man addressed, "Your name, sir, is

of *softer* wide over the town;
 With proviso this praise we must mix,
 Brilliant your blacking, the water of Styx
 Far, and can throw, as it suits,
 Gloss o'er our shoes and our boots."

He Warren with choleric eye,
 The cock-tailed incubi!
 Send to your puffs you may fix,
 Woe, you assert that your Styx
 Lacking, ('twas clear he was vexed,)
 Will ne'er stick at any thing next.
 Who laid me at Paine's and Almack's,
 I Martin, those emulous quacks,
 The spirit of concord agree,
 Is better than any black sea
 Your poetry Avernus, I wis,"
 Replied, "I'll be d—d if it is."

The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful shew
 And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
 Of the gathering demons, blue, yellow, and pink
 A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
 With the waves of the Styx in a jiffy they tried
 But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it
 "You mote as well liken the summer sky,"
 Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish stye;
 The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
 As your lily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
 At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
 And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
 He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box.

Then summoned each demon to form a ring,
 And witness his truculent triumphing.—
 The ring was formed and the twain set to,
 Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew,
 Satan was seconded in a crack,
 By Molineux, the American Black,
 (Who sported an oath as a civil salam,)
 While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.
 Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
 Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
 Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
 As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
 Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
 In shapely pugilistic verse,
 (Albeit my fancy preferreth still
 The quiet of nature,) this desperate mill.

The Fight.

Both men on *perling* showed nerve and bone,
 And weighed on an average *fourteen stone*;
 Doft their silk *fogle*, for battle agog,
 Yellowman, castor, and white upper *leg*;
 They sparred for a second their ardour to cool,
 And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

Rounds.

1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob
 Let fly a *topper* on Beetzebub's nob;
 Then followed him over the ring with *caution*
 And doubled him up in a *hug*.

THE LAUGHING FRIENDSHIP

RIVAL LIARS.

A nobleman, addressing himself to three rivals, promised to reward the one who told him the greatest lie.—The first said that he had told a lie—the second averred that he could tell one—the third candidate, however, won the prize as the best adept in the art, and obtained the reward, for he assured his master that both his fellows had just told him the truth!

COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

Madam, I write this in haste,
 as you will get for mamma
 the best jessamine paste,
 a pair of shoe-buckles for pa',
 for 'Change,—then just pop
 Aldersgate-street for the prints—
 if you are there you can stop
 for a skein of white worsted at Flint's.
 Get a new razor strop
 as mamma wants a Chinchilli muff;
 as baby's in want of a top,
 as aunt wants six-pen'orth of snuff.
 As Mr. Martin's-le-Grand
 needs goggles for Mary, (who squints)
 get a bit of bee's-wax in the Strand,
 for a skein of white worsted at Flint's.
 If you are there you may stop
 for a bunch of in Monument-yard;
 if you are there you can pop
 for a bit of bonnet for some lard;
 if you are there you can call
 for a bit of the latest new tints
 for a bit, not far from White-hall:
 for the worsted at Flint's.
 As you are there, 'twere as well
 to call in Whitechapel, to see
 if you can then in Pall-Mall,
 under water for me:
 as you are there you can go
 for an old Mr. Chint's—
 as you easily do
 for the white worsted at Flint's.

I send in this parcel from Bet,
 An old spelling book to be bound,
 A cornelian brooch to be set,
 And some razors of pa's to be ground.
 O dear, what a memory have I!
 Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,
 I've forgotten to tell you to buy,
 A skein of white worsted from Flint's.

THE DEVIL'S TAVERN.

The devil's tavern, immortalized by Ben Jonson, was situated in Fleet street, near Temple-bar, on the site where Child's-place now stands. The poet wrote his *Leges Constatulæ* for a club of wits who assembled in a room at this tavern, which he dedicated to Apollo, over the chimney of which the laws were preserved.

In an ancient MS. preserved at Dulwich College, there are some of this comic writer's memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at this tavern. The following passages from the MS. justify the opinion.

"Mem. I laid the plot of my Volpone, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack, from my very good Lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause.

"Mem. The first speech in my Catiline, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil's Tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. *I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.*

"Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the king (heaven reward him) sent me a hundred pounds. At that time I went oftentimes to the Devil; and before I had spent forty of it, wrote my Alchymist.

"Mem. The Devil an Ape, the Tale of a Tub, and some other comedies which did not succeed, written by me (in the winter house at Bath) when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

LOT AND UNDERLOT.

Dr. Busby was asked how he contrived to keep all preferments, and the head mastership of Westminster school, through the successive, but turbulent, reigns of Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James, he replied, "The fathers govern the nation, the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys."

PROLOGUE EXTRAORDINARY.

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians, in the north of England, once advertised for his benefit, "An occasional Address to be spoken by a new actor." This excited great expectations among the town's people. — Upon the benefit-night, the Hibernian stepped forward, and in a deep brogue thus addressed the audience:—

"To night, a new actor appears on your stage, To claim your protection and your patronage. Now, who do you think this new actor may be? Why, turn round your eyes, and look full upon me. And then you'll be sure this new actor to see."

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

We have a very common expression to describe a man in a state of ebriety, that "he is as drunk as a bear," or that "he is beastly drunk." This is a libel on the brutes, for the vice of ebriety is perfectly human. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancies, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most vicious quality of different animals, or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

"All drunkards are brutes," says George Gascoigne in a curious treatise on them, and he proceeds illustrating his proposition, but the satirist Dash as classified eight kinds of "drunkards" a fanciful sketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close observer of their manners and habits.

and hollows and danceth for the tavern. He is *lyon-drunk*, and he things the post when he calls the hostess *wine*, breaks out with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with her. He speaks to him, the third is *reared* and lumpish, and sleepy and cries for a new and a few more clothes, the fourth is *wise* in his own conceit when he says the right word, the fifth is *wondered* for and kiss you, saying, *By God* go thy ways, thou dost not think of me, do of thee. I would, if it were for love thee so well as I do, and in his eye and cheek. The sixth, when a man is drunk, and he stir, the seventh is *good* in drunkenness he hath no mind but the eighth is *for-drunk*, when he is of the Dutchmen he, which when they are drunk. All these I have seen practised in one company when I have been permitted to see them only to note their several humors.

THE CIVIC DINNER.

The guests assembled in Roderick's. Sir Peter Punt mumbles and The covers are removed—and A terrible attack takes place. Knives, spoons, and glasses. None seem to think of indigestion. But all together cluff and chat. Like gluttons playing at cards. What's that on Mr. Fisk's? Roast hare and sweet sauce. So Lady Lump is put to bed. What has she got?—a rum. Your little darling, Mrs. Ag. A new liver tongue. — Look! How a little Tommy! — And Miss Augusta! — And



THE LACONIC PHILOSOPHER.

503

-on!—he's named by will
 -the papers
 -ing to fall—
 -ce, and a few more capers—
 -too—where's the salt
 -as we lick our lips;
 -some eat, it,
 -sely best for whips—
 -Mrs. Fry must carry
 -but toughish gizzard—
 -in—little Harry
 -sters down to lizard—
 -t—fine calf's head—
 -own made of t—currant jelly;
 -hey say is dead—
 -ek—vermicelli—
 -pepper'd—dish'd—Buloni;
 -bert's pond with Thurtell;
 -bad macaroni;
 -ring wife—mock-turtle—
 -face—had caught his eye,
 -tutton chops—and so
 -a pigeon pie,
 -est—and off they go.
 -a handkerchief—
 -lost at Charing-cross;
 -collared beef—
 -all'd in—lobster-sauce.
 -Scot's collops—fetch up
 -this is flat—
 -re—mushroom ketchup—
 -knew—lots of fat.
 -erring—we must give her
 -turkey dish'd in grease:
 -tain's—lights and liver,
 -son—Mrs. Rees.
 -going to marry—
 -rabbit—snuffins—mattimery—
 -Captain Parry—
 -crim-con—Crim Tartare—sum-

LOFF'S ON FRIDAY.

g establishment in King-street,

St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor
 of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patron-
 esses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly.
 Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection;
 consequently "their nod is man and goddess in one."
 The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday
 during the season. This is selection with a ven-
 geance: the very quintessence of aristocracy. Thous-
 ands even of the nobility knock in vain for admis-
 sion. Into this sacred structure, of course, the
 sons of commerce never think of intruding on the
 sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very
 "blue chamber," in the absence of the six patron-
 esses, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude
 themselves. The following are the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of trades-
 men's ladies, held at the King's-Head Tavern in the
 Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in
 order to mortify the proud flesh of the six accidental
 countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be
 forthwith established, to meet on every Friday even-
 ing: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring
 of his rooms: that the worthy chairwomen, with the ad-
 dition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers,
 Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady
 patronesses to govern the establishment: that these
 ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation
 round the most fashionable part of the city, and that
 no residents beyond that circle be, on any account,
 entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses,
 who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most
 fashionable part of the city, viz. Lady Simms, on Corn-
 hill, Lady Brown in Mansion-house-street, Lady
 Roberts, in Birchington-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throg-
 morton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and
 Miss Jones, in Bucklersbury. It is astonishing with
 what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the govern-
 esses of the establishment have acted with great
 circumspection in confining the amusement to none
 but their upper circles. The chief members are ware-
 housemen and wholesale linen-draper, with, of
 course, their wives and daughters. The original plan
 was to exclude all retail trades; but, in the week

after establishments are made. The list of demar-
cation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklers-
bury, on the south side of Cheapside, and King-
street, the Old Jewry, and Saint Martin's-le Grand
on the north, but not a step beyond. The conse-
quence is that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripple-
gate and Moorfields, northward, and in those of
Watling-street, Old Fish street and Lower-royal,
southward, a great mass of disaffection has been en-
gendered. Wardmotes have been called, select
vestries have been summoned, and special meetings
have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday*
flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of
subscriptions, it has been whispered that some
tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue prefer-
ences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the
way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund
his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest
of the creditors. Lady Summ's husband is a lottery-
office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say," that
young men have but slender prospects of admission if
they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady
Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Man-
non-house-street, let no man who hopes to visit
Almack's on Friday seek his acquaintance in any other

purpose. He wears
trousers under the knee,
position with black silk :
to enter the ball room, re-
sembling one of those
captains who ply in the
house. It sometimes he
acted upon by the needle
process, has worn white
of half-black silk upper
ment of his calf.
cases, is rather ludicrous
reappears with a pair of
and looks as if he had by
into a couple of oak bottl
necessarily forced, by the
themselves with a new
motive has been assigne
Jones is a maiden lady
gentle independence

About eight o'clock on
ing the season, (for ear
sons—"A negro has a
mass of hackney coaches
the nation of the

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent; three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating sea on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Still the practice is rather scouted by the more part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not sent to Paris: while Lady Simms thanks God her daughter never danced a single waltz in the course of her life. This instance of self-denial is to be recorded, for Miss Simms's left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but Philosophy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates. There is a young broker named Jones, who has no very extensive connection, in London, but he has notwithstanding contrived to get himself into a subscription. He retires and takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after dancing with her round the room till the young lady is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Betsy Roberts, and successively with Betsy. The number of samples, when this is well over, is as small as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little rest, but in about ten minutes returns to the large hall like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls out "i zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts off with Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, dancing consecutive quadrilles. The pertinacity of the man is indeed prodigious. When the waltzing quadrillers are bowled out of the hall, he is seen spinning by himself, like an old man in a vice. He is no great beauty, his head is of degrees too big for his body; but this does not extend lower down, for Lady Brown there is not a better-hearted young man in the ward. According to the rules of the house, nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, except by order of the common council: their decrees are paramount. An odd incident has occurred one Friday evening. Lady Brown and her daughter alighted at

the outer door from a very clean hack delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and jestically past the grating up stairs into the room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done? The mother was sitting before a mirror, and the daughter was dancing a waltz. Lady Simms, Mrs. Wells, and Miss (three make a quorum) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson requesting her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "show fight," feeling the current too strong, had recourse to submission. This was equally vain: the rule was unalterable: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Robert, unalterable as the laws of the *Sireeds* and *Stert*. The difference was at length split. A young student of fashion had just driven up from Capel-co in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coat driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance out. Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday-street, in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversion the ladies and their partners walk the *Polonaise* round the room. One Friday evening the order of march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, the grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking precedence of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stilton that mock the eye with the semblance of pine-apple at the corner of St. Swithin's-lane. The matter was referred to the patronesses, who gave it in favour of Miss Jackson, inasmuch as at dinner, cheese comes before figs. Certain caustic tradesmen, who dwell eastward of the magic circle, are said to be in the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those who choose to go so far west in quest of diversion. "You must have a ball," say these crabbed philosophers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" But surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim glances with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrine of Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr.

move with a lighter heel when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

ON MITRE-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

Proper terms here are met—for, whatever our *sorte*,
There's no way to the mitre, except *through the court*!

TRUISMS, OR INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

I'm Simon Bore, just come from college,
My studies I've pursued so far,
I'm called for my surprising knowledge,
The walking 'Cyclopædia.
Tho' some, perhaps, may call me quizz,
Their jeers I value not a jot;
In art, in nature, all that is
I'll tell you—aye, and what is not.
So you must all acknowledge, O,
I've made good use of college, O,
When I was there, completely bare,
I stripp'd the tree of knowledge, O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,
Ham sandwiches a'n't made of tin;
They don't feed cows on apple-tarts,
Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin.
Bullocks don't wear opera hats,
Fuddas are not made of cheese,
Nor pigeon-pies or water rats;
Boiled salmon does not grow on trees,
So you must all acknowledge, O, &c.

Patty is not good to eat,
Fryingpans ar'n't made of gauze,
Penny rolls are made of wheat,
Straw bonnets too are made of straws
Horses don't wear Hessian boots.
The Thames is not mock turtle soup,
A child can't eat an iron hoop,
And pigs don't play the German flute,
So you must all, &c.

Kittens are but little cats,

Mouse traps are not county
Whales are full as big as quarts
They don't stuff geese with
A German waltz is not a hymn
The French are mostly born
Fishers ar'n't afraid to swim,
And turkeys seldom learn to
So you must all, &c.

Twenty turnips make a score,
Dustmen rarely drink Chateau
A cow's tail made in grows on
They don't make wigs of beards
Dutch men sometimes say a lie
A cabbage cannot dance a waltz
Grass does not grow on a hill
A bull dog need not wear a
So you must all, &c.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap,
Weigh more than twenty-five
An oyster cannot chew a nut
Poor people have a right to
Pigs don't read the Morning Post
Watch chains are not made of
They don't make boots of butter
Red herrings don't pay postage
So you must all, &c.

CLERICAL PARABLE.

A certain divine, about to be
tion, mentioned that subject for
service was over, an old negro
his admirers, went up to him and
motives of his leaving his first
swore, "He had a call." "I,"
negro, "who called you?" "I"
swore I the parson. "I, master
Jack, he called me."—"Master
"I got 2000." "And what you
"Why I am to get 4000." "I,"
call you till he be blind from
go."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

BACON'S WRITING EPIGRAMS.

"o epigrams?" Why should he not?
the church by so doing is got;
it let his verses be fraught,
all then an arch-deacon be thought.

WICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

h Martin Elphinston,
h his sword did cut in sun-
daughter of Sir Harry
who did his daughter marry:
fat and fulsome;
will some-
bacon with their bean,
the fat as well as lean.

POLITE INVITATION.

so was executed at Leicester, and
gular mode of travelling in a post-
re of execution, was no less remark-
s, than a copious fund of low hu-
he following notice put up in the
ouses in the town: "Wanted, an
on in a post-chaise, to go a journey
gth, and upon *equal* terms."

COURT FOOLS.

he most sprightly of all inventions
e dulness of courts is that of the
fool, than which nothing could
easily and admirably adapted to
ty himself, he was at least the
—the butt at which the shafts
shot, and through whom they
hem at their neighbours. The
quibbling, bald, bad; but the
its mental; not so sparkling,
etween Congreve's intellectual
ferable to what it displaced,
is more comical than a play
tter to elicit bad puns from
in to be drinking wine out of
etious to smoke a quiz as a
head is as comical as a bump

upon it; and cutting jokes, however common-plac
assuredly as sprightly as cutting cards, and as
morous as cutting capers. Whoever first establis
these chartered merry-andrews, we ought to wear
name in our heart's core. Strange that these om
loquent professors of facetiae should have left so f
names upon the rolls of fame. Brutus was only
amateur fool, who assumed the character for a polit
cal object. We should have known nothing of Yo
rick, the Danish king's jester, had not the gravedigger
in Hamlet knocked him about the mazzard with
spade. Killigrew was a sort of court jester to Charle
the Second; but, not content with saying good things
he ventured upon publishing them; and as his
was very inferior to his tongue, in which he afford
contrast to Cowley, Sir John Denham took occasion
to exclaim—

"Had Cowley ne'er spoke—Killigrew ne'er writ—

Combined in one they'd made a matchless wit."

Considering how few offices and sinecures are abo-
lished now-a-days, we cannot help regretting that
this should have been selected for extinction, and we
are tempted to inquire

"Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings

No jester in their courts admit?

They're grown such stately solemn things

To bear a joke they think not fit.—

But though each court a jester lacks

To laugh at monarchs to their face,

All mankind do behind their backs

Supply the honest jester's place."

NEW CHURCHES.

Our rulers still anxious for John Bull's enjoyment,
Propose this decree, father Moses to lurch;
Six days shalt thou pine, without food or employment,
And march on the seventh devoutly to church.

IN GRANTHAM CHURCH-YARD.

John Palfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four and twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his father—when he dies.

AMUSEMENTS AT CHELTENHAM.

The first consideration on rising in the morning at a place of fashionable resort is, how shall the day be spent. The journey thither has been performed for relaxation; and the idea of reading, writing, or thinking within doors, is out of the question, or why have we left London? The visitant, therefore, usually determines on a promenade, for the purpose of seeing and being seen. The springs are sadly deficient in the quantity of water; and by no means, in this respect, to be compared to the sweet, retired, and snug Leamington, where there is enough and to spare for bathers and drinkers at all seasons, however numerous they may become. The walks in the shade of the trees at Cheltenham are delightful. The constant residents at these watering-places are made up of a large proportion of card playing old maids, retiring widows, half-pay officers with a small fortune, and hypochondriacs. These are to be found at all times and seasons, and afford an example how rapidly some of our fellow-mortals pass their hours. Small-talk, cards, compliments, remarks upon the weather, with a sprinkling of scandal that serves to keep the appetite alive for more, perform the same round incessantly, till life's "fitful fever" is over, and one is at a loss to find any reasonable excuse for the purpose of such mere mechanical existence. There is no better sample of what may be called *stagnant* life, than this species of inhabitant of our spas and watering places exhibits. Existence seems in a state of negation—they look too vacant for any residence but the shores of Lethe—"thought would destroy their paradise"—they seem a forlorn corps, exiled from the mass of the people, high or low: a condemned regiment, kept apart from the army to live and die in inglorious obscurity. The other classes consist of sick visitants, whom the healthy seem inclined to expel from their rightful abodes, and the busy and active inhabitants, who draw the means of subsistence equally from all the other classes.

It might naturally be supposed that towns which have grown up under the pretence of pleasure and relaxation, would abound with entertainments, cal-

culated to relieve tedium and increase society. Such would actually be the case in any other country than this, where the fact is, that a starving theatrical theatre exists in the place at all times, before empty boxes, or a few stranger unknown. A ball now and then, and stiffness govern every thing, and more than a name, and a promise given spot, constitute all the amusement in them. A relentless antiso- cial thing. All look at each other with aristocracy, real or feigned, lest in dread coming in contact with the tradesman often labours to pass for a racy, and he often labours to be scarcely be distinguished, except by acting his part. Coteries are formed of which imagine themselves the noble circle in the realm. The information by some of the visitants, with those whom they pretend to equalled by the patient's dread of the bial. The pretty faces of the girls and mammas to assume a look of unwelcome strangers whom mixed company may way. The silly pretensions of the strongly marked as in a fashionable brood of folly may be seen un- and strutting in inflated man- very different from its appearance of our cities and towns. Indeed, the ment for the idler is to watch the the brainless coachman-sprung pe- maker's lady of Wapping. Like along in the same dance, full of a vorant, but fashionable coarse wealth—how amusing it is to scene to view it with all its quick glancing to the sun," and to the bitterest lessons of reason's hu- lessness of purpose, that the pic- affords!

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

What's religion grounded?
Round-head!
 Is or most considerable?
Rabble!
 Have themselves to be the godly?
Oddly!
 Are known to be the holy.
O lie!
 Teachers, men or women-common!
Common!
 Any universitie?
Citie!
 Coming from their doctrine sever?
Ever!
 And that they do edifie;
O fie!
 Will it then, to fructify?
Ay!
 Have they, and what pulpits
Pitts!
 Numbers the conventicle;
Tickle!
 As shrewdly are belied.
Bellied!
 Ever then will soon transcend.
End!
 Does they with zeal embrace them.
Rase them!
 Make of bishop's hierarchy?
Archie.
 Gages, ornaments their scandall?
All!
 Have us many ceremonies.
Monies!
 Lay down for satisfaction.
Faction!

ably to Archibald Armstrong, the fool
 Charles I. usually called *Archie*, who
 Bishop Laud, and of whom many arch
 there is a little jest-book very high-
 worth which bears the title of *Archie's*

How stand they affected to the government civil?

Evil!

But to the king they say they are most loyal.

Lye all!

Then God keep king and state from these same men.

Amen!

THE UPSTART.

There was a friend of my own,—if we may take his own word for it, a left-handed branch of the Plantagenets, but, when I first knew him, one of the dullest dogs in all Noddledum,—grave as a justice of peace, solemn as an undertaker, and as silent as a quaker deserted by the spirit. Though a high-church Tory, you might have taken the family fireside for a nonconformist conventicle, so simple and unadorned was the conversation: at present, every one of its members might be bound up “to face the title” of Colman’s Broad Grins. For you are to know that it pleased heaven, and an eighty-horse powered steam-engine, to make a man of a small cotton-spinner, residing in a neighbouring town. This honest tradesman, as he grew rich, grew ambitious. He built a handsome square mansion, which he (being of Cockney origin) christened “*The All*,” and he turned an oak fence round six acres of meadow, which he dubbed “*The Park*.” He rode likewise in his coach and four, and, agreeably to the dictum of Mons. Cottu, got himself enlisted on the grand jury. Certain pecuniary obligations conferred by old Twist upon my friend Blackacre enforced an invitation of the former to the manor-house, which has since grown, not without substantial reasons, into an intimacy; and though old Twist is himself as dull as a post, yet has he discovered to the Blackacres a mine of wit and fun, which in their whole previous lives they “had never dreamed of in their philosophy.” “*Twist’s All*” stands very high, and commands an extensive prospect; on the very first visit the Blackacres were called on to admire its *city*-ation; and ever since it has been a standing joke in the family to make old Twist recur twenty times a-day to the *city*ation of his house, the *city*ation of public affairs, or the *city*ation of any thing else, that can press into the service the ill-

fated but obsequious polysyllable. The eldest Miss Twist has likewise an unfortunate predilection for the French word *naïveté*, though two hundred per annum spent during six years at a French boarding school failed in purchasing its right pronunciation. Sometimes she admires *naïveté* in the abstract—sometimes she praises her sisters for their great *naïveté*, but most frequently she gives herself credit for an extraordinary share of *naïveté*,—so ingeniously does she go wide of her mark! This little bit of slip-slop is the source of inextinguishable mirth to the Blackacres; the girls take off 'the Twists' in every possible mode of malaprop accentuation, and the latter invariably brings up the rear with a customary doubt of the genuineness of the article, affirming that the lady is as cunning as a fox, and that her *naïveté* is, in plain English, nothing more than mere knavery. In this manner has the spectacle of the inferiority of the Twists roused the Blackacres to a sense of their own wit and spirit. The *lapsus lingue* of the manufacturers keep the tongues of the agriculturists in incessant activity. The incongruities in their dress and furniture preserve their gentle-blooded neighbours in perpetual good humour with themselves, and old Twist's mismanagement of his land, which he will farm himself at a loss of thirty per cent has almost reconciled Blackacre to the idea that the ground is no longer his own.

SHERIDAN'S ANCESTORS.

Sheridan's father one day descanting on the pedigree of his family, was regretting that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as they had been formerly. "Indeed, father," replied the late celebrated character, then a boy, "we have more right to the O than any one else—for we owe every body."

BILLIARDS.

A Scene from Nightmare Abbey.

The Rev. Mr. Larynx approached the sofa, and proposed a game at billiards.

The Hon. Mr. Lathum.—Billiards! really I should

be very happy, but in my present state I fear the exertion would be too much for me. I do not know when I have been equal to it. (He rang for his valet, Fatout, who when it is I pay at billiards last!

Fatout.—De J'art only, Monsieur. Monsieur.—Fatout bowed and retired.

The Hon. Mr. Lathum.—So it was ago. You see Mr. Larynx, you see, Miss O'Connell, my nephew has been advised to try Bath. Some of the summer's season, I think, but seasons don't clash. The winter season—the season, Miss O'Connell—nothing.

Marianetta.—And health is said to be, Larynx!

The Rev. Mr. Larynx.—Miss O'Connell for however seasons are the summer's season, I think, but very good dinner is a very good thing, and dinner will not be good without a good appetite but from good health, I am, Mr. Lathum, is coming for you.

The Hon. Mr. Lathum.—I have never heard. Mr. Larynx, the very best I have thought very seriously and have thought of it. Let me see, what it is? (He rang again, and Fatout returned when did I think of going to Bath? I did not go?

Fatout.—De Juillet twenty-one Monsieur. (Fatout retired.)

The Hon. Mr. Lathum.—So it was fellow that Mr. Larynx—unfortunate.

Marianetta.—So I should like to serve you as a walking memory of the whole not of your reason only thoughts.

The Hon. Mr. Lathum.—An excellent fellow Miss O'Connell—excellent—Ha! ha! ha! High ha! ha! ha! sure, but the exertion of it is too much.



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

531

OF DECEITFUL.

3, familiarly, Mr. Penn, the
is acquaintance, "Madam,
Penn, that walked against
is not so great a fool as he
(answered Penn) there lies
me and me."

PUNCHINELLO.

1, who
; renew,
nchinello!
te undone
of fun,
; laugh-extorting fellow!
; wrung,
pet's tongue
lancholic;
se. recalls
estivals,
bound with freak and frolic.
atch,
[catch
ing, bubbling, squeaking

-fraught
in aught
ng mouths, though utter'd

n before
I,
of a single hearer?
ed jokes,
lks,
malignant jeerer.
o trace
en their face
pectant gladness;
gle first,
lean burst,
merry madness,
. 2

I love those bounds to analyse,
From childhood's shrill ecstatic cries,
To age's chuckle with its coughing after;
To see the grave and the gestic
Rein in awhile the mirth they feel,
Then loose their muscles, and let out the laughter.

Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight,
Enjoying thy marital night,
To him a beatific beam *isidit*;
He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
Then homeward creeps to cogitate
The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.

But, Punch, thou'rt ungallant and rude
In plying thy persuasive wood;
Remember that thy cudgel's girth is good,
Than that compassionate, thumb-thick
Establish'd wife-compelling stick,
Made legal by the dictum of judge Buller.
When the officious doctor hies
To cure thy spouse, there's no surprise
Thou shouldst receive him with nose-tweaking
grappling

Nor can we wonder that the mob
Escorts each crack upon his nob,
When thou art feasting him with oaken sapling.

As for our common enemy
Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
The coup *de grace* that silences his wrangle;
But, lo, Jack Ketch!—ah, welladay!
Dramatic justice claims its prey,
And thou in hempen handkerchief must dangle.
Now helpless hang those arms which once
Rattled such music on the scones;

Hush'd is that tongue which late out-jested Yorick;
That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
No longer heaves that paunch before,

Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry plethoric.
But Thespian deaths are transient woe,
And still less durable are those
Suffer'd by lignum-vitæ malefactors;

Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
And long, oh long mayst thou warwick,
First of head-breaking and side-splitting wits.



PARTNERSHIP.

A Scalas, an Italian nobleman, neighbouring gentry to a grand : of the company arrived very aspects to his excellency. Soon tering the dining-room in a great nis that there was a most won- rw, who had brought one of the dy; for which, however, he de- ivagant price. "Regard not his arquis; "pay him the money ould, please your highness, but any money."—"What, then, ive?"—"A hundred strokes of are shoulders, my lord; he says gle blow." On this the whole stairs, to see so singular a man. l the marquis: "what is your ?—"Not a quattrin, my lord," an: "I will not take money. If to have the fish, you must order of the strappado on my naked all apply elsewhere."—"Rather aid the marquis, "we must e'en his humour.—Here!" cried he, , "discharge this honest man's ay on too hard; don't hurt the !!" The fisherman then stripped, ared to execute his lordship's y friend," said the fisherman, unt, I beseech you; for I don't more than my due." The whole shed at the fortitude with which the operation, till he had re- h; when, addressing himself to , my friend," cried the fisher- ad my full share of the price."— aimed the marquis; "what is is?"—"My lord," returned the partner, to whom my honour is have his full half of whatever I and your lordship, I dare ven- ed by own that it would be a

thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke."—"And pray, honest friend," said the marquis, "who is this partner?"—"Your porter, my lord," answered the fisherman, "who keeps the outer-gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish."—"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the marquis, laughing heartily, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!" The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had rendered him.

REJECTED LOVE.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldest thou have mine?
Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.
Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy
If thus our breasts you sever?
But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am most in doubt.
Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine,
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON YORICK'S SKULL.

Grave-digger. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.
Ham. This? [Takes the skull]

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

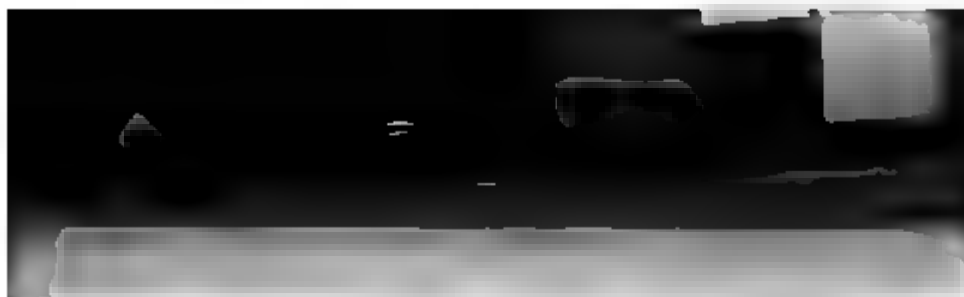
igger. E'en that
Alas! poor Yonck!—I knew him, Horatio.
Of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy—he
Laid me on his back a thousand times, and
How abhorred to my imagination it is! my gorge
Heard him here hang those lips, that I have kissed
Not how oft. Where be your gibes now?
Your gambols! your songs! your flashes of merriment,
That were wont to set the table on a roar? Not
now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-
fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell
her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she
Come, make her laugh at that.

THE BREWER AND NEGRO.

A brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down—
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their rumps,
And painting it on every shutter;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.
His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this top heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.
In all directions round about
The negro abateer was sought,
That as no human noddle thought
That as no Black was now Brown Stew,

They settled that the negro had let
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was being
Drawn into casks and sent away.
I told the brewer how I felt about it,
When, lo! the outside of the vat
Once more their merriment
As they had often done—
See, cried I, my man, my man,
I always saw the fellow, and he
And prophesied some such fate
His fate should other folks share
Poor Mungo! there he was, at
A toast at bottom of a tankard
Next morn, a publican, whom I
Had helped to drain the vat so oft
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens—upaid,
Possessing a much richer taste
Than formerly it ever had to
And begging, as a special favour
Some more of the exact same
Zounds! cried the brewer, it is
More difficult to grant than aid,
Most gladly would I give the
Of the last beer to the country,
But where am I to find a Black,
And beat him down at every

EVERY FOR GAIN.
Tom King meeting with a
under the Piazza, in Covent Garden,
an adjacent tavern to take a meal
guineas. Tom soon lost his
much resignation eat his supper
His adversary, however, after
him a second man, which Tom
gaging in, saying he had not
enough about him to answer the
overruled by his adversary's
sufficient for a hundred.—They



THE LADDERING PHILOSOPHER.

1835

a few hours Tom was two thousand four hundred. Tom's wife had sat up all night, after having sent every where in search of him, being able to gain any tidings; when he returned from his lucky vigil. Her inquiries were naturally pressing, to know where he had been, and had kept him out so long; to all which he gave no other answer than very peremptorily saying, "Bring me a bible."

"A bible!" she repeated, "I hope you have not poisoned your mind, we can work for more." "Bring me a bible," continued Tom. "You've lost some great secret, we can work for more." "Bring me a bible," still uttered Tom. "Good Lord, what's the matter!" said Mrs. King. "I don't know, there's such a thing in the house, without it I can't do my work."

Thither she went, and found him, without a cover; when, having brought him, he fell upon his knees, and made a most oath never to touch a die or card again, and all the time endeavoured to alleviate his which she considered thus as the effusion, owing very considerable loss. When he had finished, he up, he sung fourteen hundred pounds in his upon the table, saying, "There, my dear, fourteen hundred pounds for you I've won to-day. I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow, and I'll be d—d if I ever risk a guinea more."

A MOUTHFUL OF SENSE.

Some years ago said in the Parliament of Edinburgh, that a gentleman (who was said to have a pretty good appetite) had eaten a mouthful of sense. "Poh!" replied Henry Erskine, "I don't think it would be a mouthful to him."

QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife should be like three things, which she should not be like:—First—she should always keep within her own house; but she should be like a mail, to carry all she has. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to repeat all she is spoke to; but she should not be

like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a town-clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

CLERICAL COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, after having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following eloquent compliment from Dr. Wharton, then at Winchester school:—

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true, That wisdom is sorrow,—how wretched are you?"

LOOSE READINGS.

A literary lady expressing to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and in particular her satisfaction at his not admitting into it any improper words. "No, Madam," replied he "I hope I have not soiled my fingers: I find, however, that you have been looking for them."

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY.

Thus to his mate Sir Robert spoke—

"The House is up; from London smoke
All fly, the Park grows thinner;
The friends, who fed us, will condemn
Our backward board; we must feed them:
My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed," his lady cries, "and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."

"Done! now I name—the Gatties!"
"My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!"
We dine with them, and that's enough:
Besides I like their patties."

"Who next?" "Sir James and Lady Dunn."

"Oh no."—"Why not?"—"They'll bring their son,
That regular tormentor;
A couple, with one child, are sure
To bring three fools outside their door,
Where'er abroad they venture."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Even that
poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio,
on his back a thousand times, and
inspired in my imagination it is! my gorge
here hung those lips, that I have kissed
how oft. Where be your gibes now?
your snobs? your flashes of merrit
to mock your own grinning? quite chap-
fallen? you to my lady's chamber, and tell
her, paint an inch thick, to this favour she
will give; make her laugh at that.

THE BREWER AND NEGRO.

A brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down—
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.
His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this top heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,
O'ercome with giddiness and quads, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nath'ng more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.
In all directions round about
The negro abscence was sought,
But no human noddle thought
That the black was now Brown Street.

They settled that the negro had not
The place for debt, or crime or sin,
Meanwhile the beer was a jolly
Drawn into casks and kept away
I until the bees should flock and hum,
When lo! outside it lay upon the ground
Once more their massive buttles lay
As they had often done before,
See, cried his mortalizing mate,
I always knew the fellow was a fool,
And prophesied some sad end
His fate should other things foretell,
Poor Mango! there he lay, a toast
A toast at bottom of a tankard
Next morn, a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat was
Not having heard of the disaster,
Came to demand a fresh supply
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd.
Possessing a much richer taste,
Than formerly it ever could be,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same kind.
Zounds! cried the brewer, it is
More difficult to grant it than
Most gladly would I give the
Of the last beer to the crowd
But where am I to find a black
And bod him down at every

THE FORTUNATE
Tom King meeting with a
under the Piazza, in Covent Garden
an adjacent tavern to take a warm
guinea. Tom soon lost his
much resignation eat his supper
His adversary, however, after
him a second main, which Tom
gaging in, saying he had not
enough about him to answer
overruled by his adversary
sufficient for a hundred.—The



THE LINGERING PHILOSOPHER.

535

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Her inquiries were now where he had been, so long; to all which he very peremptorily saying, "A bible!" she re-echoed, "hope you have not poisoned a bible," continued Tom, "you've lost some great work for more." "Bring me red, Tom." "Good Lord," said Mrs. King. "I don't go in the house, without it either she went, and found it; when, having brought it on her knees, and made a most curious die or card again, he deavoured to alleviate his mind thus as the effusion, owing to his. When he had finished, thirteen hundred pounds in saying, "There, my dear, and for you I've won ten thousand more by to-day if I ever risk a guinea

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Whene'er abroad they venture."

"Who next?"—"John Yates."—"What! M.P. Yates,

Who o'er the bottle, stale debates
Drags forth ten times a minute?"

"He's like the rest—whenever *faits*,
Out of St. Stephen's school tell tales
He'd quake to utter in it."

"Well, have him if you will."—"The Grants."

"My dear, remember, at your aunt's
I view'd them with abhorrence."

"Why so?"—"Why, since they've come from Lale,
(Which they call *Leed*) they bore our isle
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence."

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the Nore."

"Who next?"—"The Lanes."—"We want two
more,—

Lieutenant General Dizzy."

"He's deaf."—"But then he'll bring Tom White."

"True! ask them both—the boy's a bite,
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Duns, Jack Yates,

The Grants assemble: dinner waits

In march the Lanes, the Gatties;

Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,

Hate, scorn, and ridicule he dead

As if so many Donaties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the lamb,

Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,

Dinn with the beef is busy,

His helpmate pats her darling boy,

And, to complete a mother's joy,

Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;

They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,

The bard who won't be fallow,

The Turks, the statue in the Park,

Which both the Grants, at once, remark

Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,

They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;

None pent, all seem delighted
Heavens! can this be the self-same set,
So courteously received, when met,
So taunted, when invited?

So have I seen, at Dairy Lane,
A play rehearsed—the Ithopian train
In arms—the bard astonished
Scenes cut, parts shifted, songs displac'd,
Jokes mangled, characters effac'd,
"Confusion worse confounded!"

But, on the night, with seeming hearts,
The warring tribe their several parts
Enact with due decorum.

Such is the gulf that intervenes

'Twixt those who yet behind the arras
And those who sit before 'em!

THE CAPTAIN'S WOUNDS

By Mr. Holmby.

A Swiss captain of grenadiers, who had been cashiered, was determined, for want of employment, to try and procure a commission in the army; in other words, if he could not get a commission, he would at least get a good deal of money. He had no fortune of his own, he was, to say very rightly, that it was quite necessary he should have enough for them both. He was one of those kind of heroes, to whom a hectoring blade might reason, to wit, near six feet high, and wore a fierce corked hat, and to which, he was to have had the most magnificent pair of whiskers in the company to which he belonged. These whiskers, to which and to his fire finger, and to another which formed the chief support, and which was a pair of these accomplished, and of bronze and indomitable, of which perilously, stands, at all times, and good chance with the time, as he did not know not how many thousand years.

Accordingly, after a little delay, and a little inquiry, a young lady was found



well suppose a person with his views ind.—She was tolerably handsome; ree-and twenty; with a good far-as the best part of the story, this ly at her own disposal.

who thought now or never was the found means to introduce himself incessant in his endeavours to carry tongue was eternally running in r-superlative, never-to be described yperbolic accounts of the flames, n, by which his lungs, liver, and t up, transfixed, and gnawn away. ; a song to his sweetheart, described ightout one drop of gravy, like an chop, was a fool at a simile, when ero!

was ranting, kneeling, and beseech-o send him of an errand to pluck the nose of the great mogul, and livinityship; or suffer him to step eers of Chius's enchanted slipper, theba's cockatoo; as a small testi-rould undertake to prove his love? esitation addressed him thus:—us which you daily make, Captain, u say at present, convince me that ou would not do to oblige me: I, find much difficulty in telling you o be yours, if you will perform one i request of you."

aculate angel!" cried our son of me what it is! Though, before you t is already done. Is it to find the a catch the phoenix? or draw your with unicorns? What is the impos-ll not undertake?"

' replied the fair one, "I shall es- sible. The thing I desire, you can at ease; it will not cost you five and yet, were it not for your so s, from what I have observed, I t of your compliance."

" returned he, "wrong not your
343

slave thus; damn it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life, from the light of your eyes, can ever damn the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests! Speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, it is a mere trifle!—Only to cut off your whiskers, Captain; that's all."

"Madam! [Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment.]—"My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers!—Excuse me! Cut off my whiskers!—Pardon me, Madam.—Any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard, a hair at a time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers I you must grant me a salvo there!"

"And why so, good Captain!—Surely any gentleman who had but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifle!"

"A trifle, Madam!—My whiskers a trifle!—No, Madam, no!—My whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople.—My whiskers, Madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice.—There is not a woman, married or single,—maid, wife, or widow—that does not admire my whiskers!"

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never!"

"Why then, Madam, farewell. I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so, good morning to you!"

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all know their whiskers: and seek for fortune, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

EPILOGUE TO THE LYING VALET

That I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;
 And yet, look round the world, and you shall see
 That many more, my betters, lie as fast as me.
 Against this vice we all are ever railing,
 And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
 You'll find but few without this useful failing.
 Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
 The lie goes round, and the ball's never still.
 My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,
 And not like those when tongues belie their hearts.
 In all professions you will find this flaw,
 And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
 The county sergeant cries, with formal pause,
 "Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the
 cause."

But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.
 A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
 First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your
 case;

"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you;
 Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, sir, will cure
 you."

Around the bed next day his friends are crying;
 The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
 The poet, willing to secure the pit,
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit.
 The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
 Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
 Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do?

They too will fib a little *entre nous*.
 "Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her fan)
 How can our sex have any joy in man?
 As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;
 And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve
 me.

Their sight is odious, but their touch—O gad!
 The thought of that's enough to drive one mad.
 Thus rails a man the squeamish Lady Dainty,
 Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
 In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
 The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
 And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.

Sometimes you'll see a man belie his
 Not to his country show the least relief
 For instance, now ———
 A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
 An Englishman, a coward or a rascal
 Mine, though a libeling, was an honest
 I served my master, played a faithful part
 Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the liars
 For, though my tongue was false, my

WONDER FOR WONDER.

A few days after the blowing up of
 mills at Hounslow, there was in the
 the accident became the subject of
 Many extraordinary stories were
 produced by the explosion, and among
 sign of the guns declared that one of
 his apartments, having his bed-room
 and himself were thrown out of the door
 the bed-room, where they took a
 pieces. The company smiled at the
 what incredible, when I told occurred
 at all surprised at the circumstance,
 was forced forty feet from the place
 out at breakfast, by the shock he receiv-
 ed in the midst of a whole apartment
 he broke to pieces." "Aye, but that
 "that was more extraordinary."
 "Not at all," replied the waiter, "for
 house shins, I became so greatly
 three strides I made into the street,
 know is full forty feet and more, and
 an old woman, who was passing, with
 china on her head to inquire what
 such was my hurry and trepidation.
 such was my hurry and trepidation.
 the woman, overset the basket, and
 china."

THE JAW'S EXPOSTULATION

Signior Antonio, many a time and
 In the Balcón you have rated me

ise, and my usances :
 me it with a patient shrug ;
 is the badge of all our tribe ;
 misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 my Jewish gaberdine,
 of that which is mine own.
 ow appears, you need my help :
 re come to me, and you say,
could have monies ; You say so ;
 said your rheum upon my beard,
 as you spurn a stranger cur
 shold : Monies is your suit.
 say to you ? Should I not say,
ney ? Is it possible,
l three thousand ducats ? or
 w, and, in a bondsman's key,
 eath, and whispering humbleness,

*At on me on Wednesday last ;
 ' such a day ; another time
 -dog ; and for these courtesies
 as much monies.*

INATION OF PUNCH.

the first impulse of his genius to
 inch. His first effort to speak in
 ating society ; where he failed so
 friend Mr. Apjohn advised him
 r than a chamber counsel, as na-
 l him for an orator. His own

ith me that day ; and when the
 ther the bone, was removed, we
 n of an additional glass of punch.
 epaired to 'the Devil.' One of
 egs, a highly gifted gentleman,
 nd greasy pantaloons. I found
 ge calumniating craniology, by
 as anachronisms ; and traducing
 .. He descanted upon Demos-
 he Roman forum ; spoke of Tully
 oporary and rival of Cicero ; and
 ' one half hour, transported the

plaints of Marathon three several times to the straits
 of Thermopylae. Thinking that I had a right to know
 something of these matters, I looked at him with sur-
 prise ; and whether it was my classical rivalry, or,
 the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my
 face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met,
 the erudite gentleman changed his invective against
 antiquity, into an invective against me, and conclude
 ed by a few words of friendly counsel to 'Orator
 Mum,' who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful ta-
 lents for eloquence, although he would recommend
 him to show it in future by some more popular method
 than silence. I followed his advice, and I believe
 not entirely without effect ; for, when, upon sitting
 down, I whispered my friend, that I hoped he did not
 think my dirty antagonist had come quite clear off.
 " On the contrary, my dear fellow," said he, " every
 one around me is declaring, that it is the first time
 they ever saw him so well dressed."

TO MR. ———, ON RECEIVING A BLANK LETTER FROM HIM ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

I pardon, sir, the trick you've play'd me,
 When an *April Fool* you made me ;
 Since *one day* only I appear,
 What you, alas ! do *all the year*.

PREACHING AND SPELLING.

Of six and thirty persons, (sectarians,) who ob-
 tained licenses to preach, at one session of the Mid-
 dlesex magistrates, six spelled " ministers of the
 gospel" in six different ways, and seven signed their
 mark thus x, (*i. e.* their cross.) One fellow, who
 applied for a license, being asked if he could read,
 replied, " Mother reads, and I 'spounds and
 'splains."

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO COMPLAINED OF HAVING LOST HIS GOLD WATCH.

Fret not, my friend, or peevish say
 Your fate is worse than common ;
 For gold takes wings, and flies away.
 And time will stay for no man.

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

You shall know the man of humour by the vivacity of his eyes, the "morn-elastic" trend of his foot, the lightness of his bow, and the dawdling smile of pleasantry in his countenance. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest," give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He will not see what men have to care and care for, beyond to-day, he is for to-morrow's providing for himself. He is for a new reading of Ben Jonson's old play of "*Every Man in his Humour*," he would have out "*Every Man in Humour*." He braves money and misery, to misers, ambition and blood, to great warriors and low highwaymen, fame, to court-aureates and lord mayors, honours, to court-panders and city knights, the dread of death, to such as are not worthy of life, the dread of heaven, to those who are not good enough even for earth, the grave, to the parish clerk and undertakers, tombs, to proud worms and palaces to paupers. It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away," and break a jest, where tenpers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons, or one laugh for a thousand sighs. If he could allow himself to sigh about any thing it would be that he had been serious when he ~~ought~~ have laughed, if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and mourn less. Yet he hath tears for the pitiable, the afflicted, the orphan, and the unhappy, but his tears die where they are born,—in his heart, he makes no show of them, like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will, that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it which is not satisfied with tears only, it teaches him

—and sparity

"To a poor and rich, weal and want, and moves
His heart to truth, his hands to charity

His face more than a smiling one, a need
Serves him for the whetting of his
Strike out quick sparks of fire
Itself to all things and on all

occasions. I found him once bowing a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who in a corner, he was politely offering honourable, with an "After you honour me." I settled the point by kicking the rat down stairs, and from my humane friend for my sake.

It is opinions of men and their singularity in them. He ridicules *puppets* in pigs that they wear a great coat to be "a *Spencer's tail piece*." He calls his dog a small way of business, *my little labourer*. He can tell you why *Ham* the battle of Philippi, it was to him that he was not a *little* for your critics to be a species of the temple of fame, and says it is the that no persons slip a wick holes or paste buckles to, and he always performs this duty loyally. "the *yellow hair'd landie*," the "the *Black Prince*" or, when sense of virtue, *Montaigne* tells you, "What is the difference between a *high-heaver* and a *cool heaver*?" He tells you, "a *cool heaver* is a man who can carry, a *high-heaver* heart, which he can not carry."

If he quotes a proverb at all, "ferret;" or he says, "Cerberus is a thing more painful to than all the old proverbs a horse." He will be in the bore will not let you out—which, to those who are not of a nature, propensities of pry and to be angry by the proverb in their to be lions. Some one once that says his having, of necessity, having and wifely miscreant and to it, he is very sorry for it, it is there's a just number of "the learned" as a play to, if she had. Her character no sneer of it, I won't begin

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

broken-fortuned, and bankrupt subjects, take up all his terms, though every term were and every year a term."

is a polite man, though a wit, which is not usually are, they would rather lose a life joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomous weapons, and them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, got his weapon changed, and himself wounded with the poisoned foil he had for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a man, that he is naturally, not artificially, for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking under which you conceal the contempt you feel for a person you seem most diligent to please; it is a velvet envelope to a blank valentine, a shell to a nut, a courtesan in a fair Quaker's chaste and smooth sleekness, the arch devil in a cloak of your heart off, and standing unmasked and unconcealed in the presence of worth, or any one amiable quality.

But, he is a humane man; and humanity is by true politeness. I have seen him ridicule the affectation which contents itself with bowing and smiling, very humorously. In walking through a park, a tree or tall flower, touched by the wind, bowed its head towards him; his hat and the bow was returned with an old-school common and etiquette that would, perhaps, rival Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of some of his hollow-nutted notions of

In this spirit, I saw him bow very politely to the giants, as he passed by St. Dunstan's (he had asked his friend Hobbes or Dobbs (at which) what was the hour? Before he could reply, the giants had informed him. "I, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a full humour.

He is a humane man. He once detected a cat picking his cold mutton, "on a rainy day" for he was then too poor to have any. Some men would have thrown a pker at it; he would have squandered away a gen-

tlemanly income of oaths, and then have a private subscription; an absent man, had he present, would perhaps have thrown his you and heir, or his gold watch and seals, at her; or perhaps, his wig;—he contented himself with a "I have two or three doubts, (which I shall forth as much in the shape of a half-crown pun as possible,) as to the propriety of your condemning my mutton;" and then he brushed his face with his handkerchief, sipped on half a French and a gooseberry, and went happy to bed.

Some of his jokes have a practicality about them but they neither have the quarter-staff jocoseness of Robin Hood, that brake heads let them be never obtuse and profound; nor the striking effect of the flourishing sprig of the Green Isle, that knocks down friend and foe with a partiality truly impartial.

He is no respecter of persons: the beggar may have a joke of him, (and something better,) though they do not happen to apply exactly "between the hours of eleven and four." Those handmaids of Pomona, who vend their fruits about the streets, seem by their voices, to be legitimate daughters of old Stentor; more especially shall I specify those demure sels who sell *walnuts*. To one of these our humorist once addressed himself "to the effect following"—"Pray, Mrs. Jones, will you crack me fifty walnut with the same voice you cry them with?"

At dinner there is purposely but one glass on the table; his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence—"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing, he will request you, as you love clean shoes on a lord-mayor's day, to make no *thumb-and-butter* references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "*art of book-keeping*," which has superseded the "*Italian method*," viz. of never returning the books you borrow?

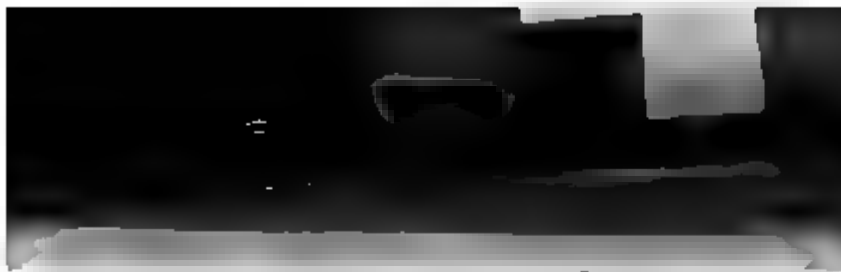
He has a very ingenious mode of putting names and significations on what he calls the brain-veins and dislocating their joints into words: thus he

For his puns, they fall to the ground. Sometime since, he was petitioning for the office of *pun-forneyor* to his Majesty, but ere he had written "a *u* your petition shall ever" *pun*, it was bestowed on the *teen* an of the guard. He still, however, talks of opening business as "*pun*-wright in general to his Majesty's subjects," for the diffusion of that pleasant ware of wit, and intends to advertise "*pun* whole sale, retail, and for exportation. N.B. 1.—A liberal allowance made to captains and gentlemen going to the East or West Indies. Hooks, Pickers, and Porks, supplied on moderate terms. Worn-out sentiments and clap traps taken in exchange. N.B. 2.—May be had in a large quantity in a great deal box, price five acts of sterling comedy, per packet, or in small quantities in court-plaster-sized boxes, price one melodrama and an interlude, per box.—N.B. 3.—The genuine are sealed with a *Munro* *grin*, all others are counterfeits. *Long live Apollo!*" &c. &c.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Let me play the fool.
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
In his fantastic wardrobe cut in alabaster
And then be turned into the pyre?

Dr. Stevenson, you see, is the head of the hypochondriac, and it was cold, and at a certain point a dismal note. Yes, the poor man is all over with him, as I have said the better. But, I repeat, and whispering to her, and to her, as he was about to take a box. My boy, yet a poor man, sooner he can be put in the ground, for I know he always coffin by him, ready made, a coffin of the largest size, for stout corpse, and having the weather bring warm, he will. Away went the servant, and proper coffin. The wife and lesson from the doctor, showed not a little while in the coffin. Presumably, he quickly provided and let the hypochondriac for the not gone far before the town's people, who, having Stevenson, called out, "Have you got there?" "Poor Mr. B—,"



said the other; "and so he is gone at last."

reclined the man in the coffin.

While the pall-bearers were resting in a church-yard, another stepped up on again, "What poor soul have we?"

—," he replied, "is gone."

"A bottomless pit," said the other; "and there, I see not what use there is."

"Here the dead man, bursting forth, which had been purposely put out, exclaiming, "O, you villain! bottomless pit am I! Well, I have to pay such ungrateful rascals as was immediately commenced, by the living, to the petrifying countenance of the spectators, at sight of a horror of the winding sheet, run-streets. After having exercised a violent perspiration by the fantastic diatribe was brought home by Dr. Tom all his complaints; and by generous wine, cheerful company, &c., was soon restored to perfect

OUR TO BARBAROSA.

in the character of a Country Boy.

"Here among you, pray!
The master wrote this fine new play—
making such a clatter!
—log—I know nought o' the mat-

ter among you—look about—
I find men—do find him out.
He, or all will fall to shame;
—I must not tell his name.
He is here! what noise and pother!
I find one o' top o' other.
Up to the rows of pit and gallery.

I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw a church so full, in all my days!
Your servant, sire—What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o' the play!
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

(Laughing.)

I donna like your London tricks, not I;
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:
And, if you will, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't?—he eat a great sea-toad!
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pes*:
La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows, but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pie!
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong the great this graining work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik't a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to night, the night to day!
I was so sham'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks show all for nothing now-a-days!

Now I'm the poet's man—I find with wits
There's nothing certain—nay, we eat by bits.



but it means to be at no great
of town.—Is Mr. Bell at home?
me, but he is not within, or he

he clay, instead of, in the clay.
upon you? for, about you.
upon Miss B.

buy a knife to me, instead of for.
he insisted to have it.

Scotch for take care. "If you
I a Scotch physician, in Jamaica,
ill be soon all over with you."

that the doctor meant to recom-
wine called tent, despatched the
directions to procure some of it.
next came, they found that they
ie of his Caledonian phrases.

ERN EPICURISM.

to be achieved at table,
for armour, knives and forks
hat Muse since Homer's able
the worst part of his works)
a single day-bill
? where more mystery lurks
it a sole ragout,
es, or physicians brew.

"soupe à la-bonne femme,"
"whence it came from; there

those who cram,
don à la Parigieux;
sinner that I am!
his gourmand stanza through?—
t, whose relief was Dory,
rk, for greater glory.

I into one grand mess
dd I stretch into detail,
much more into excess,
squeamish people deem her frail.
e vivante," I must confess
her peccant part; this tale
e some slight refection,
grits from dejection.

Fowls à la Condé, slices aka of salmon,
With sauces Genevoises, and haunch of venison;
Wines too which might again have slain young
Ammon—

A man like whom I hope we shan't see many soon;
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
And then there was Champagne with foaming whirls,
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

Then there was God knows what "à l'Allemande,"
"A l'Espagnole," "timballe," and "salpicon"—
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole;
And "entremets" to piddle with at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
While great Lucullus' (*Rôbe triomphal*) muffles—
(*There's Fame*)—young Partridge filets, deck'd with
truffles.

What are the *filets* on the victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch
Which nodded to the nation's spoils below
Where the triumphal chariot's haughty march?
Gone to where victories must like diadems go.
Further I shall not follow the research:
But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre even to partridges?

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,
Follow'd by "Petits puits d'amour"—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
So every one may dress it to his wish,
According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;
But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation.
Of intellect expended on two courses;
And indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of nature?



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

549

JOSEPH, WITH THE PRESCRIPTION
FROM HIS MEDICAL PROFESSOR.

*study. Enter a dence-looking
Glasgow Merchant*

morning, doctor; I'm just come in
t some law business, and I thought
t ony rate I might just as weel tak
sent my trouble.

say what may your trouble be, my

ctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm
l of weakness that makes me dizzy
nd of pinkling about my stomach—

a the west country I should sup-
rom Glasgow.

ay, sir, are you a gourmand—a

l, sir, I'm one of the plainest men
est country.

aps you're a drunkard?

r, thank God no one can accuse me
: Disaenting persuasion, doctor, and
y suppose I'm nae drunkard.

(I'll suppose no such thing till you
e of life.) I'm so much puzzled
me, sir, that I should wish to hear in
do eat and drink. When do you
at do you take to it?

at at nine o'clock. I tak a cup of
two cups of tea; a couple of eggs,
or kipper'd salmon, or may be both,
nd two or three rolls and butter.

eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to
sir, but I don't count that as any

his is a very moderate breakfast.
wer do you make?

I eat a very plain dinner indeed.
some fish, and a little plain meat or

boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think some
way they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.—You take a little pudding then, and after-
wards some cheese?

Pa.—O yes; though I don't care much about them.

Dr.—You take a glass of ale or porter with your
cheese?

Pa.—Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr.—You west-country people generally take a
glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa.—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.—Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa.—Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indif-
ferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deul
of beer.

Dr.—What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa.—Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses
or so.

Dr.—In the west country it is impossible, I hear,
to dine without punch!

Pa.—Yes, sir, indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly;
but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with
me I never tak more than a couple of tumblers or so,
and that's moderate.

Dr.—Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then
after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and
butter?

Pa.—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to
read the evening letters.

Dr.—And on your return you take supper, I sup-
pose?

Pa.—No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just
something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock, or
a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters,
or the like o'that; and, may be, two-thirds of a bottle
of ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.—But you take a little more punch after that.

Pa.—No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bed
time. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at
night; it's lighter to sleep on.

Dr.—So it must be, no doubt. This you say, is
your every-day life; but upon great occasions you
perhaps exceed a little?

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

—No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.—Not above twice a week?

Pa.—No, not oftener.

Dr.—Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?

Pa.—Yes, sir—thank God I have—indeed, any one hard o'health that I have is about meal time.

Dr.—Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eye-brows.)—Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed, you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country, but upon examination I find by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner, and from five o'clock in the afternoon you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation!—You told me too another falsehood—you said you were a sober man, yet by your own showing you are a beer swiller, a dram drinker, a wine bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch, a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swallow toddy to force sleep—I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this?—Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of intemperate living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for dinner, without adding to it any thing to spur on your flagging appetite, you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night, give up chewing that vile—narcotic—noxious—abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours.

Pa.—I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you for taking out a bunch of Bank-notes)—I shall

Dr.—Sir, you are not obliged to me for money, sir.—Do you think I take any for telling you what you know?—No, I do not. Although you're no physician, I know that it is unkindness to give you any and dangerous, and whatever you have this day confessed to me is a most outrageous glutton and drunkard. Go home, or take my word for it your life is a year's purchase.

(Exit Patient, dum-fuddled.)
Dr.—Solus., Sober and temperate tried to live in Glasgow, and was in moderate, and perished, and if I were sick, but it would not do, doctors prescribe beef-steaks to their fortune is made.

FROM A CERTAIN LORD'S DIVISION FOR A HOUSE.—BY M.

So many thousands for a
For you—of all the world
A little house would be
With you, my very little
And then exactly match
Your house and hospital

OUR PATIENT AT
When the English we
usually drank the Pope's health
dinner—au bon jour—when

One day, when Betterton, at Lambeth, that it came about, that after a long discourse that he could not himself, and spoke it as yet he could never move so much as the other did Betterton. "I thank you because you are only showing them facts."



his PROPHECY.

And lovers,
scoff at gain,
I discover
reason's brain:
No growlers,
ing-wall,
rk-nets, fowlers,
will fall.

ove banter,
ctors sleep,
adings canter,
ones creep.
that claret's
fall,
sit your garrels,
will fall.

ies with Woollet
ow no shape,
s are fuller
n they scrape:
talkers,

a ball;
reet-walkers,
will fall.

k or Newry
hisky flask,
ury

r mask:

utters
ss squall,
ur gutters,
will fall.

no detractor,
sterdam,
ctor

and lamb;
rd embraces,
to maul,
nd your paces,
will fall.

When men who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day;"
When cite their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall;
Then, poachers, prow! for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall.

A FLAT REFUSAL.

Salvini the Spaniard was an odd sort of man, subject to gross absences, and a very great sloven. His behaviour in his last hours was as odd as any of his actions in all his lifetime before could have been. Just as he was departing, he cried out in a great passion, "I will not die! I will not die, that's dat."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Can you, by any means, the cause divine,
That U and I, together ne'er can dine?"
"O yes, the reason all must plainly see,
Who know, that U can't come till after T."

ITALIAN PLAY AND BARBER SURGEON.

Spence, the friend and contemporary of Pope, in a letter to his mother, from Turin, in 1739, gives the following account of an Italian entertainment: "Here under the porticoes of the charitable Hospital for such as have the Venereal Disease, will be represented this evening, *The Damned Soul*: with proper decorations." "As this seemed to be one of the greatest curiosities I could possibly meet with in my travels, I immediately paid my threepence, was showed in with great civility, and took my seat among a number of people, who seemed to expect the tragedy of the night with great seriousness.

"At length the curtain drew up, and discovered the *Damned Soul*, all alone, with a melancholy aspect. She was (for what reason I don't know) drest like a fine lady, in a gown of flame-coloured satin. She held a white handkerchief in her hand, which she applied often to her eyes; and, in this attitude, with a lamentable voice, began a prayer (to the holy an

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

In his face, or his upper breech, to call it, were a pair of little wrinkles all the way up to his nose. Whenever he laughs, (which he does in the most diverting sight that I have ever seen) the wrinkles are in motion together. When we were a little seated into our proper places by the time, master Claude, (says I) this sort of business? Yes, in it for several generations. I myself with the travelling Jew; bringing me acquainted with Roger Claude? I don't understand he, our family have been for these twenty-eight generations; from father to son, a promising youth, and is now a plaguey gout these twelve years to let me replace my father's father, master Claude, poor man, he died at the age of seventy. He was hurried out of the ark. — At this rate, the next time he comes to at least, he will be a surgeon, your present, that I have, and the furthest thing I find in it, is that I have Hannibal, the passage over the Alps for he did a

deal of mischief here at Turin. — And did he ever a one of his elephants, master Claude? — that I know of, says he, but our day-book says, that the same Hannibal had to do with the devil, and he put life into castles, and made the castles over the mountains with him against the Romans, and he says, in a note on the side, that he heard afterwards, that these castles fought like mad things, and that any one of them, that had not killed him, would have killed him. He then took out a prayer-book, and prayed aloud, as he had done at every cross, or old statue, we had passed by the road side. — 'I don't see a Virgin Mary; why are you praying, master Claude?' — 'I'm saying a devotion, to pray poor Hannibal's soul out of purgatory, says he, he was a great thief and murderer, and may very probably be there still; but he paid my ancestors well, and so I am bound to pray for him. You see that house there? it was built by a Savoyard he put his collar bone out, and I set it. Lord have mercy upon poor Hannibal! Will you have another pinch of snuff? This snuffbox was given me by the *maréchal de Cregui*. — You have travelled then? — Ay, sir, nobody is regarded in our country, unless they have roiled over the world. I lived twenty years in France and Germany, I was barber-surgeon to the *maréchal*, and was with him when he received his death's wound. — And is a true that the ball that killed him was directed, *To the *maréchal de Cregui**? — No, sir, says he, that I can assure you it was not, for it was these fingers took it out of his body. — Just as he said this, we came to our journey's end."

A NEW WAY OF PAYING OLD DEBTS.

"Pay me my money!" Robin cry'd.
To Richard, whom he quickly spy'd;
And by the collar seized the blade,
Swearing he'd be if at moment paid:
Hast Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robin in the eye)
"There's my own hand in black and white,
A note of hand, and paid at sight."

INNOVATIONS.

movements of the age, none so rapid as those which have recently taken place. Who in these days goes to school?—Nobody: they are now for boys and seminaries only. These are "*Establishments*," and a "*Repository for Carriage*," a thread seller's "*Depot*," a drug seller's "*Medical Company*," and shoes at a "*Dispensary*," and a "*Institute of Purveyors*."

Our newspapers, that after a long absence go away till daylight, we now group continued tripping and give them warning. If a company happened on his way, we should be informed, and he was immersed in the sea. The supper is described as being with every delicacy of food, of briefless lawyers, ardent half-pay officers, are ennobled "at a watering-place," and that ladies, instead of breakfast, "plunge themselves into Neptune."

Lightning is a thing unheard of, caused by the "electric fluid," and not be told that it was caused that "the vital spark" in carcasses were picked up by us, we never should hear that it had found it: we should be told it had been discovered by an

of faces ever so plain, pitted at a public office to come to treatment, are invariably called "unfortunate for-

males," should they by any accident have a prospect of becoming mothers, we are informed "that they are in a way that ladies wish to be who have their lords." Child-murder is elegantly termed "*matricide*," and when it is punished capitally, we hear, not that the unnatural mother was hanged, but that "the unfortunate culprit underwent the last sentence of the law, and was launched into eternity."

No person reads in the newspapers, that a house has been burnt down, he perhaps will find "that the house fell a sacrifice to the flames." In an account of a launch we learn, not that a ship went off the ship without any accident, but that "she glided securely and majestically into her native element," the said native element being one in which the said ship never was before.

To send for a surgeon if one's leg be broken, is out of the question, a man indeed "may be despatched for medical aid." There are now no public dinners—they are "the professional gentlemen," and actors are all "professors of the histrionic art." Widows themselves are scarce—these are all "interesting relicts," and as for nursery maids, they are now a days universally transformed into "young persons who superintend the junior branches of the family."

MATCH MAKING.

Lord Chesterfield being told that a certain termagant and scold was married to a gamester; replied, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

THE WORLD.

There was formerly a club held at the King's Head in Pall Mall, arrogantly called "*The World*." Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses, by each member after dinner, once when Dr Young was invited thither, the doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond. Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately—

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit,

See two dull lines, with Stanhope's pencil writ."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

THE POETICAL LANDLORD.

Man passing through Seven Oaks, in
 ed on a sign in the road the following
 on inquiry he found to be the spring
 lord's brain

"I John Stubbs liveth here,
 Sells good brandy, gin, and beer;
 I mead my horse a tetei whyder,
 To lette you nowe I sell good syder."

INS AND OUTS.

To promise rich, but poor in pay,
 In the King's Bench a Talent lay;
 "Why, In?" cried John Stubbs,
 His v. ans fled—his fortunes crost,
 Broad bottom answer'd—"Not enough lost,
 "I'm in—because I'm out."

RECENTRIC RECOMMENDATION.

Who once gave a gentleman of very good charac-
 and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Pope.
 When in the following terms: "Dear Pope,
 Though the little fellow that brings this, be a justice
 peace, and a member of our Irish House of Com-
 mons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of
 your acquaintance."

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

In the sign of the Horse, old Spentext of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 Got a jorum of napps quite pleasant and happy,
 Was played this canonical sol.
 The evening was dark when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission,
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing prefer'd his petition.
 "I'm come sir, says he, to beg, look d've see,
 Of your reverend worship not glory,
 To enter a poor lady with as much spend as may be,
 To walk with my lanthorn before ye."

The body we'll bury, but pray what for
 Why lord, sir, the corpse is dead
 You fool, hold your peace, says the vicar
 A corpse, Moses, can't be a way
 Then Moses he smil'd, saying a word
 Cannot long delay your interment
 Why that's true by St Paul, a dead body
 Can never enlarge its dimensions

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some
 I hate to be call'd from my glass,
 Come Moses, the king, 'tis a wonderful
 Such a subject should be but a glass

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis part of my
 Besides there's a terrible shaver
 Why Moses you ell under the coat has shaven
 I'm sure it can never make more

Besides, my dear friend, this leaves me
 Which to say and to sugar I'll be at
 That the corpse, snow or rain, can't be
 plain,

But perhaps you or I may take milk
 Then Moses went on, sir, the vicar
 Pray master look up at the head
 Why it ne'er can strike less, but a
 A man for to go, that can't stand

At length hat and cloak, and a shaver
 But first cram'd his jaw with a
 Each topp'd off a gill, for fear the
 And then stagger'd away with a

When come to the grave, the vicar
 While the surplice was wrapp'd
 Where so droll was the figure of Moses
 That the parish still took of the

Good people let's pray, for the corpse
 Oh produce or I shall never be
 'Tis best to take care, that the
 A man can't be a corpse

Woman it's best to be a man, and a
 Oh! Men that is best to be a man
 Can't continue an hour, but to
 You see, Moses, death spurs to

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Look, what a confounded book,
 ters are turned upside down,
 jobs print, sure the devil is in't,
 how should print for the crown.

you read, for I cannot proceed,
 the corpse in my stead. Amen, Amen.
 you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue
 on the tail for the head.

sing death, put the corpse in the earth,
 me 'tis terrible weather.
 was inter'd without praying a word,
 how both stagger'd together.
 Singing tol de rol, &c.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACTRESS.

—I am a tragedy actress, but I really
 re fun. There is a whimsicality in your
 uses me, and (win or lose) please GOD
 you on your present proposition, viz.
 Brighton—the last my own night—a
 he house—and four at Worthing—the
 . I will give you the whole strength
 y talent and spirit. You give me all
 re that in these cases are given, where
 tollation comes down to glitter (some-
 the *glare*) over those who may be less
 not always less worthy than themselves.
 me to a prosperous house, and there-
 well with her. I came in support of a
 ad as I am not an *Atlas*, why I have
 to be—a woman. I play Lady Mac-
 my last appearance this season; so
 to my own arrangements. Let me know
 me to be with you, and I will arrange
 Let me know, as soon as you can, whe-
 me by the fifteenth of July. I had
 the theatre if you can avoid it. Let
 p-son character. Will there be time
 ight play I mentioned, to be got up for
 play the four nights in one week? I
 immediately on the receipt of yours—
 e will get it to-night, as I have not a
 but I suppose these letters will be for-

warded to you at Gravesend. I shall feel obliged
 hearing from you as to the time, as I have some *dis-*
very arrangements to make that I am pledged for the
 finishing of in a stated time.

I am the honour to be, sir, your obedient,

BEOWULF.

In the cathedral of Stennis, celebrated for its floor,
 inlaid with the History of the New Testament, is the
 following singular epitaph, probably placed there as
 a memento to Italian Toby Philpots.

"Wine gives life; it was death to me; I could not
 behold the dawn of morning in a sober state. Even
 my bones are now thirsty. Stranger! sprinkle my
 grave with wine; empty the flaggons and come.
 Farewell drinkers!"

TOM-A-BEDLAM SONG.

From the bag and hungry goblin
 That into rage would rend ye,
 All the spirits that stand
 By the naked man,
 In the book of spoons defend ye!
 That of your five sound senses
 You never be forsaken;
 Nor travel from
 Yourselves with Tom
 Abroad to beg your bacon.

CHORUS.

Nor never sing any food and feeding,
 Money, drink, or clothing;
 Come dame or maid,
 Be not afraid,
 For Tom will injure nothing.
 Of thirty bare years have I
 Twice twenty been enraged;
 And of forty been
 Three times fifteen
 In durance soundly caged.
 In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
 In stubble soft and dainty,
 Brave bracelets strong,
 Sweet whips ding, dong
 And a wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
 And a cruise of cockle pottage,
 And a thing thus—tall,
 Sky bless you all,
 I fell into this dotage.
 I slept not till the Conquest;
 Till then I never waked,
 Till the roguish boy
 Of love where I lay,
 Me found, and stript me naked.
 When short I have shorn my sow's face,
 And swigg'd my horned barrel;
 In an oaken inn
 Do I pawn my skin,
 As a suit of gilt apparel:
 The morn's my constant mistress,
 And the lovely owl my morrow;
 The flaming drake,
 And the night-crow, make
 Me music, to my sorrow.
 The palse plague these pounces,
 When I prig your pigs or pullen;
 Your culvers take
 Or mateless make
 Your chancieer and sullen;
 When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
 And when benighted,
 To repose in Paul's
 With waking souls
 I never am affrighted.
 I know more than Apollo;
 For, oft when he lies sleeping,
 I behold the stars
 At mortal wars,
 And the rounded welkin weeping;
 The moon embraces her shepherd,
 And the Queen of Love her warrior
 While the first does horn
 The stars of the morn,
 And the next the heavenly farrier.
 With a heart of furious fancies,
 Whereof I am commander:
 With a burning spear,
 And a horse of air,
 To the wilderness I wander;

With a knight of ghosts
 I summoned in to
 Ten leagues beyond
 The wide world's end
 Methinks it is no joy

NATIONAL COMEDY

The Englishmen at Paris for
 roast beef, the Frenchmen in
 British brandy

The English who visit Paris
 vern-keepers have served in
 so expert in making a charge.

A foreigner inquiring the way
 whom he said lived at Mr. Bush
 to the Old Bailey, by a Bow
 entered the court he imagined
 levee.

POLITICAL LEG

When William Pitt went
 For his and our repose,
 His mantle he to Calamity
 His walking stick to R
 Satiric rogue! he knew
 And thought some clown
 Would Canby quite und
 How much he'd want a

FIERCELY HOT

When the king of France
 wrote against the corner of the
 est pris d'arrêter un gros cocher
 sera dédommagé de ses peines

COURT COMEDY

I'll send you my bill of fare
 trying to persuade Dr. Swift
 "Send me your bill of company
 to him.

GOLD AND GREEN

Mr. Pope was with Sir God
 when his nephew, a London tr
 phew, (said Sir Godfrey)

best men in the world." "I don't
 as may be, (said the Guinea-man,)
 your looks I have often bought
 than both of you together, all
 for ten guineas."

TO MY BARN.

Long tribes were wont to rove,
 With his merry mate,
 Quite hand in glove,
 Penny, folks their fate,
 Wind and rain, the good king

Draw-bed, was known to trudge it,
 Who never made a batch,
 People's purses by a budget.
 That worshipp'd not his name?
 Not music to a gipsy's ear!
 Not for half his fame,
 Speech without a tear!
 Camps'de t many a time,
 And dance, and sunk to sleep,
 Foam'd from clime to clime
 On, on the land and deep,
 Of the blackest lies,
 Of truth was never courted,
 Travell'd, she denies,
 Only travell'd—when transported.
 This celebrated king,
 More than most monarchs born;
 Him Chase of Cheviot sang,
 And wind his bugle horn.
 Too, by foul-mouth'd slander,
 Without the grace to pay,
 Hey, gosung, goose, and gander,
 Hooks, angling every day.
 Once a gipsy stole
 The value of a grig,
 Eg, turkey, duck, or fowl,
 Huston'd her baby-pig.

One of the gipsy sovereigns,
 The Moore Capew.

I, too, have felt the force of slander's tongue,
 And scorn'd her rage, her lying prose and metre,
 While Hawkins yields a plaudit to my song,
 The snakes of envy hiss in vain at Peter.
 Thus have I dar'd defend an injur'd race,
 Call'd by a wicked world a thieving crew,
 Here let not justice blush to show her face,
 What says the proverb!—"Give the devil his
 due."
 Farewell, my barn! should men thy frame destroy,
 May birds of darkness on his roof alight,
 Owls break his slumbers with portentous cry,
 And groans of gipsy-ghosts his soul affright!

POETRY AND PAINTING.

What the monk said of Virgil's *Æneid*, "that it
 would make an excellent poem if it were only put
 into rhyme," is just as if a Frenchman should say
 of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be,
 if she was but painted!"

THE SUICIDE.

Basta.—I'll think no more about it. I have closed
 the accounts, and bring myself in debtor to death.
 All that remains to be considered is, how I am to do
 the business. I have been reading all the suicides I
 could gather, during the last week, and I do not find
 one exactly conformable to my ideas on the subject.

Shall I blow my brains out?—It is well my uncle
 Nicholas is not present, for the old rogue used always
 to say that I had none, but he was ever a calumnia-
 tor. No, I shall not blow my brains out, even suppos-
 ing I have any. It is a dirty way—a man's collar is
 quite disarranged, and his shirt most disagreeably
 stained with batter and blood. Then you are quite
 a disgusting looking devil, actually a bore to a sen-
 sitive coroner and a sympathetic court of pie-powder.
 Besides, after all, you are not sure. Robespierre for
 instance, as we all know, disfigured himself awfully,
 and yet lived long enough to gratify the kind people
 of Paris with a guillotine exhibition, *ad fresco*, at his
 expense. If you miss, the cursed report of the pistol
 calls up the household, and you are restrained by their
 civil interference from committing the "rash act."

and in any case, you fill the room with a filthy smoke, smelling most diabolically of sulphur. There is not a cook maid in my kitchen but would say, "Ay, ay, poor master was wanted, sure enough—the *ould* 'un was looking for him. When he called, he could not help coming, poor gentleman? there was a smell of brimstone, my dear, in the room, that would knock down a horse." On which I agree would remark, "No doubt on't, Molly, he has gone bang four in hand to where he will get enough of that 'ere commodity." It is then a ruled point that I shall not blow my brains out—Cut my throat? No bad notion. Yet stop awhile. Does not the objection of bedrugging myself hold here also? O surely, and in a tenfold degree; you must, besides, give yourself the trouble of taking off your cravat; and you may *mar* there too. I have known people to suit the westend, and yet have the wound couched up by some tailoring surgeon, and I've, as the newspapers have it, respectable members of society. I never could hit the carter, for I do not know where it is, and if I did, there would be some cutting jerd with his jest, ready to call me "Careful artery cutting no—and—so." I am, moreover of opinion that it must hurt a man sorely to cut his throat. I remember once upon a time how a barber cut me into the bone while shaving me, and I was so stung with the pain that I got up and knocked him down. Should not I then be a jackass of the first rate to hurt myself ten times worse than the knight of the pole? Just think of a jagged razor going through your windpipe! The mere thought is hideous. Razor, avant! I'd not cut my throat for a thousand pounds. Shall I poison myself? What! die the death of a rat? Not I, I thank you. That were descending in the scale of creation most scandalously. Then what a pretty account of my personal appearance there would be in the reports! "The body of the unfortunate gentleman was blown up like a gun, and there were livid and pea green spots all over his countenance. His right eye was drawn down to his mouth, and his left twisted up over his eyebrow." A pretty picture in truth! And *not take up a sheet*, medically descriptive of poisons,

with their effects, symptoms, guts, burning of the stomach, shivering of the sides, loathing of the mouth, and ten worst abominations. Besides you want the operation, be wise, your wishes for being so great a good doer will alone. Believe me, you. If you were discovered, what a and what a vehicle for ad and your unfortunate windpipe would down a tarsenful of the red would exclaim, "pour it down delay." "If it be an alkali poison another would put in a word an acid." All my life long I chemists. "Give him tartar" the cry of a thall. "Nothing so efficacious in such moments exclaim, "as the tincture of p. If a fellow would be a quack out a patent for the tincture and tobacco water.] In Japan he fills in a disgrace a count, taking a sword at the point to be thought of that! (C. J. G.)

"What Care and and A. M. Cannot be wrong?" said Eustace B. Bell, and flung of a wherry into the Thames, pound tully in his coat pocket, away, after all, of in the written these lines, I should like to see a man did *no* *poed de la* truth, I have no such notion with his pudding cut, like a giant deluded by Jack the, and proved of that's promise, I say, who, if I had been a of. I am Care, would be a thick and in a. I therefore bound to follow into a practice there is nobody in the

OUR LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

agreed to follow their example, except R.
 of No. 30, Strand. He may embowel him-
 self—I shall not. Hanging is obviously
 to be named. It does not accord with a
 man's ideas. I have always lived independent,
 no fancy for dying dependent on any thing,
 no long time in suspense. I hate your pen-
 in nothing, and never should wish to earn
 a halfpenny by such a plebeian occupa-
 tion, especially when executed upon myself. I do
 moreover, but it would be an unfair and
 kind of intrusion on the office of the king's
 physician. Sheriff Laurie—I beg his pardon—
 r Laurie would have cause of indignation
 me, if I were to cheat his new drop of its
 to turn off all penate people, within his
 of London and Middlesex.—There must
 many disagreeable sensations about being
 I knew a man once, who had escaped the
 after having been turned off, and he told me
 felt as if a lump of something edible stuck
 gullet, while you were at the same time
 with a chuck down an interminable preci-
 you saw all kind of flashing fires before
 and after you were at rest, a flaming bolt
 to enter each of the soles of your feet, and
 way up rapidly, but gradually, to your peri-
 Who could feel pleasure in a posture of
 ? Your neck-attitude, too, is mighty un-
 Look at the picture of Lord Coleraine—
 George Hanger—in the second page of his
 of old Isaac Walton, in the present ex-
 Somerset-House, and you will see how
 a crick-in-th'-neck-like position it is. Why
 thought proper to exhibit old Isaac as just
 hanged, I do not know, and firmly believe
 no warrant for it in any biography of the
 ; but look at No. 268, in the above exhibi-
 you will see him there evidently with the
 of the gallows about him. In a word,
 me to be strung up. Hang puppies and
 with all my heart. Drown myself?
 rising bright on the Thames, as I see it

from one of my windows to the Tempe. It was
 tempting.

"Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
 And you may have the tide."

So sung Katharine Haynes a hundred years ago—
 but so sing not I. There are many grave objections
 to drowning a man's self. First, you are choked
 with water, and I never could prevail on myself to
 swallow as much as a half pint of that liquid.

"Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his
 brine,
 Would have filled the vast ocean with generous wine."

In that case there might have been a difference in
 my ideas ; but water—and Thames water too—the
 thought is intolerable. If you succeed, what a most
 article you are when you are found. In nine days, I
 am told, a body inevitably rises, and how does it rise?
 A colony of prawns and shrimps have fastened them-
 selves on you, and are making free with your person
 in the most gourmand fashion. A crab has eaten out
 your eyes—a cod is fattening his sounds on the drums
 of your ears—and a turbot has revenged himself for
 all the liberties you have taken with his tribe, by
 making your face as flat as his own spine. As one
 of our poets—I forget his name—says on a similar
 occasion—

"The perch did perch between his ribs; the sole,
 Sole reveller, feasted on his nibbled jowl;
 The plaice was placed where'er he pleased; the pike
 Shouldered itself, yet lay levelled in act to bite;
 A maiden sought his hand, but sooth to tell,
 That amorous maiden was a maiden ray."

I never could agree with old Demonax in Lucian,
 that it is merely an act of gratitude to let the fishes
 eat you, after you have eaten so many of them. There
 too, there are many chances of your not succeeding.
 There is the whole body of the Humane Society, in-
 cluding Alexander of Russia, regularly leagued and
 bonded to pull people out of the vasty deep nothings

volentes. How awkward you would look on awaking, to find yourself stretched out upon a table, with a fellow pushing a bellows into your very nostrils, or rubbing you with a hot cloth! As for jumping off the Monument, "like Levi the Jew," (Rejected Addresses, hem!), or any other height, that is quite out of the question. I get giddy even looking out of three pairs of stairs window, how odious to my nerves it must be, therefore, to jump from one! Poor Levi, I understand, after he was fairly off, made a grasp with his hand back again at the balustrade of the Monument. How he must have felt during that second, when perfectly conscious of the entire desperation of his case! I shudder to think of it just now, and am obliged to shut the window through mere nervousness. And when you are down, what a pretty looking lump of smash and abomination! You are lying on the ground like a lump of bloody mortar, prepared for dashing the front of the house of some Ogre-like King of Dahomey. Nor would starvation at all agree with me. I fasted one day on a pound of beet and a half quartern, and I could have cried when evening came on. Oh, no! whenever or however I die, let me go out of the world with a full stomach. When a man is hungry, hideous and beggarly ideas are apt to get into his head, and he cannot see his way clearly before him. A windy vapour rises from the stomach, which fills the brain with odious chimeras. I never could stand it. All my firmly fixed resolves on death, if I were to attempt it that way, would be knocked up by the smell of the first cook's shop, or the distant prospect of an alderman waddling up Fleet-street. It is impossible. Well then, shall I stab myself *more majorem*? Die in a Roman fashion, sheathing a dagger in my bosom like Lucretia, or falling on my sword like Brutus. It would be something pathological and romantic. I am afraid, however, that the days of pataas and romance are most considerably gone by. To confess the fact honestly, I do not think, I could ever muster up courage to drive a long spit of cold steel into my breast, and as to falling on my sword, in the first place I have not a sword to fall on, and it would be

quite absurd to lay one for such a place. In the second place, if I had one, I am sure that I should miss it, or make some other—or rather some blunder which would be fatal. If I attempted to hang myself like an unfortunate gaily I should cogitate for a short while. I have not a practicable, shooting, throat cutting, bowelling, hanging, drowning, and stabbing. What remains? My uncle Nicholas used always to say, I killed myself by drinking—and my father was a man of observation. Perhaps I could do it in a more easy, comfortable, cosy kind of way, after all without tumult. I have no idea of doing it at a glance. I am sure a coroner stretched upon a damn good rum cask, and open to the sky, would say "Died by excessive drinking." I am sure I, on the contrary, shall find the dictation of such suicide being wrong, and if it poisons me, let it be a slow poison—

"So guides the meteor thro'
And spreads along a globe
But when its short-lived life
Dissolves to common dust

Is not that very pretty and I very poor Anthony, get you down to the cellar and get me a stoup of liquor, as the grave-digger has it. I am bent on death.

"Come bid me a glass, fill it
A bumper, a bumper, I'll be
He's a fool that will find
I'd not hate him as much
Though I drink my life out

I am bent on death. Perhaps, I may have good luck to go off in a flash of the death by voluntary combustion, a subject for a new novel by a new author. So now

"Farewell, fair world! and I ght
for I have closed the shutters.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

CHURCH IN LANGHAM PLACE,
 REGENT-STREET.
 "Go through London streets,"
 "To the son of Saturn,
 "Edifices meets,
 "Portion, queerer pattern:
 "Compelling god,
 "With thy special grace,
 "In my motley hod,
 "Church in Langham-place,"
 "Thunderer cries, "go plant
 "I care not how ill;
 "Ah, I hereby grant
 "Of mortar, stone, and trowel,
 "Arcules, and Mars,
 "These bills on Henry Hase,
 "Water from the stars,
 "Church in Langham-place."
 "And, to earth they go,
 "Dio, Wren, and Inigo,
 "Their job, to show
 "Gods can make a guinea go.
 "Ergo ergo bad,
 "Ergo ergo base.
 "I could be had,
 "Church in Langham-place.
 "They pass'd two hours;
 "A club of tough oak
 "Said, "Martello towers
 "On the coast of Suffolk
 "Toward London swerve,
 "War, they're out of place;
 "Better do, than serve
 "Church in Langham place!"
 "And, the deed was done,
 "Roll'd in van to stir it,
 "Alonzo's son
 "On the granite turret,
 "Head up to town
 "Picture roll'd apace,
 "And, settled down
 "In Langham-place.

But, ere with belfry or with bell
 They graced its top, its side with casement,
 They found an unexploded shell
 Alive and burning at its basement.
 The channell'd air now upward drew
 Flame after flame, in lurid race,
 And gave a sort of glass-house hue
 To their new church in Langham-place.
 "Twill never do," Alcides cried,
 "The Atlas will indict for arson,"
 While Momus carelessly replied—
 "Phoo! never mind it—smoke the parson!"
 Mars, at a push, had wit at wail,
 And said, "Your joint misgivings chase,
 This round Martello tower shall still
 Be a new church in Langham-place."
 To Aetna's red Vulcanian steeps,
 Fly Mercury on feather'd sandal,
 And, when the giant Titan sleeps,
 Snatch, god of thieves, his huge bed-candle:
 Bear thence its tall extinguisher,
 This conflagration to efface,
 'Twill added dignity confer
 On our new church in Langham-place.
 The cone up-tilted, Momus bawls—
 "Attention, all our loving people,
 Here Mars's tower affords us walls,
 And Titan's candlestick a steeple
 Our fane, thus martially endow'd,
 Soon may some Heanerges grace,
 And 'Sop of Thunder,' draw the crowd
 To our new church in Langham-place!"

DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"Come, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hogginx, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready, shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spilt good victuals—though we are sure of good company! Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say, how exceedingly clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she

Smart? "He may be like a mare by night," replied Mr. Smart, with a smacking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day. He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this saly, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other." "Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart, I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death." "Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you." "O Gemini! don't talk so shocking: I had rather never die at all, than have such a fellow as that to bury me." "Dickey, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a line o' mutton, besides a rare hock of boron, which I dare say will settle your stomach." "O mother," replied the young cockney, "that ere round beef steak and ingins vat you put in the pocket handkerchief, vasn't good, I do believe, for all my business are of a work." "Tell em it's a holiday," cried Smart. "O dear, O dear!" continued Dick-

explain what it is, and round as fast as when Sam Ball drove me 'air, you most unsandwiches and a tur steward.—"Who call negres?" repeated Mr. saw the mach nery, I there's a thing goes made of iron, well, then you put into the Mrs. Sweetbread—let the boiler, I believe, to be getting into hot they turn all the smoke to the wheels, and then as the smoke jark in and then there's the which lets all the water the steam at once. Yes when once you under "O perfectly, but I n to me before. It's vas they think of it?" "Sallad!" "La, it isn't "Not at all," cried for dinner, so that I dreamed for me—

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Crook, who ejaculated, "Heaven help us! did you hear that whining there it is again! there's something wrong else—if it lasts, we shall all be in heaven sooner." "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated three voices, while others began to scream, & preparing to quit their places, when the informed them it was nothing in the world more than steam which they were letting off. "They always say," resumed Crook, with an iron tone and woo-begone look; "but it was none on board the American steam-boat that brought you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, and chatting for all the world as we are in there comes a whiz, such as we heard a—God help us! there it is once more—and blow the boiler—fourteen people scalded to bits, pieces of their flesh found upon the river, and a little finger picked up next to an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was the captain's. But don't be alarmed, gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall get the bottom smack! Indeed we may arrive in do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for I have a party of pleasure more than I do. Look upon the gloomy side of things when I happy together, (here another groan,) and haven't said any thing to lower the spirits any."

"It's no occasion," cried Smart, "for I saw all putting water into every bottle of brandy." He excited by this ban-mor tended in some dissipate the alarm and gloom which the Mr. Crook had been infusing into the party; & by way of fortifying their courage, bade them that the sailors were obviously under no apprehensions. "Ay," resumed the persevering Mr. Crook, "they are used to it—it is their business to head to sea." "But they don't want to be the same, any more than you or I," retorted, chuckling at his having the best of the

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted much beer as this—But as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullander to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it." "Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his head upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the beer you see, and yet it would be much better if I went to let it exemplify one of Shakespeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone."—"La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef." "I beg your pardon, Madam," replied the indefatigable John—"cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite wet. "Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could beat any thing." "Then just warm these potatoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold." "I'll thank you not to run your rags upon me," quoth the young cockney, looking glumish, "or I shall fetch you a vice with this here hank-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell." "Never mind him, my dear," cried his mother "eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good, there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!"—"Very good!" exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, "good! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin." This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and as the fat dame with that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presumpuously taken a place at the table, and began attacking a buttock of beef with

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a
"happetite," and felt "as ungry as an outid."
never say any thing to discourage any body,"
Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a
I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to
dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick,
as you may be doing now, when it turned out he
broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was
corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner
all that," replied the youth, munching away with
great industry, and at the same time calling out—
"Steward! take away this porter pot, it runs."—"I
doubt that," cried Smart.—"I say it does," resumed
Dick angrily, "the table-cloth is all of a top."—"I
'll bet you half a crown it doesn't." Done! and
Done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart,
looking round with a smirk exclaimed—"Ladies and
Gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the
pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been
running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor
Dick's expense, who cullenly muttered, "I'm not
going to be bamboozled out of an 'all-crown in that
there way, and vat's more, I von't be made a standing
joke by no man." "I don't see how you can," re-
plied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting."
—"Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick,
venturing for once to become the assailant, and im-
mediately replying to his own inquiry, "because
you are a saucebox."—"Haw! haw!" roared his
mother, "bravo, Dick! well done, Dick—there's a
proper rap for you, Mr. Smart." Dick now changed
the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be
"high water in the harbour when they arrived."
—"Then I recommend you by all means to use some
of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, "perhaps it
may cure your squint."

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this per-
sonality, and there would infallibly have been a four-
rague, as the French say, in the hold, but that
there was then a tremendous concussion upon the
deck, occasioned by the fall of the main boom, and
followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from

the panic-stricken company at the dinner
have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Croak
groan—"it's all over with us—we are
bottom—I like to make the best of every
my way, and therefore hope that no
man will be in the least alarmed,
drowning is a much less painful death
rally supposed."

AFFECTED CHAVIR.

I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love
There are a sort of men, whose
Do cream and mantle, like a
And do a wail stillness enter
With purpose to be dressed in
Of wisdom, gravity, profound
As who should say, I am St.
And, when I wipe my lips, let
O, my Antonio, I do know
That therefore only are repro
For saying nothing.

A FAIR BING.

A Norman priest, many of
not made the most honourable
insisted, when he was baptised
to be paid the imperial and
those of baptism and when
reason of this extraordinary de
cause I know, as soon as
cheat me of my dues, by
hanged."

THE COLLECTION

At Trin. Coll. Cam.,—where
Trinity College, Cambridge
One Harry Dashington
In all the learn'g of a
For those who do more than
For finishing their education
That is—he understood of

race or match ;
 of pigeon-shooting ;
 —knock down the watch—
 strike at random—
 —and drive a tandem.
 and rustication,
 reformation,
 make his lapses greater,
 that next offence
 obtain consequence—
 his Alma Mater,
 necromancer
 with so wild a wight,
 occur'd next night ;
 noble came tolling
 night chimes were tolling,
 the bell.—No answer,—
 in vain—the third
 echo its alarm ;
 delight he heard
 old Ben,
 ing in his den.
 pose young Harum-scarum."
 Ben—"tis Harry."
 and there you'll tarry
 the gates are closed,
 ders—I shall lose
 to the door"—
 (Hopeful interposed)
 if you refuse,
 began to snore.—
 Harry, "to the skin,
 I—don't be a ninny ;
 I've thrust a guinea,
 let me in."
 the greedy old curmudgeon,
 half in dudgeon,
 but make no fuss,
 and hold your prate."—
 old Cerberus,"
 passed the gate,
 ding—take the light,
 side—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,

Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,
 Groping and raking in the dirt,
 And all without success, but that
 Is hardly to be wonder'd at.

Because no shilling had been dropp'd,
 So he gave o'er the search at last,
 Regain'd the door, and found it fast—

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,

He rang once—twice—and three ; and then,
 Mingled with giggling heard the tones
 Of Harry mimicking old Ben. —

"Who's there ?—'Tis really a disgrace
 To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate—
 I know my duty—'Tis too late—
 You wouldn't have me lose my place."

"Psha ! Mr. Dashington remember,
 This is the middle of November.

I'm stripp'd ;—'tis raining cats and dogs."

"Hush, hush !—" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep ;"
 And then he snored as loud and deep

As a whole company of hogs.

"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
 At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
 Replied the avaricious elf.

"No—all, or none—a full acquittance—
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
 But you have fix'd the price, not I—

I won't take less ;—I can't afford it."

So finding all his haggling vain,

Ben with an oath and groan of pain

Drew out the guinea, and restored it."

"Surely you'll give me," growl'd the outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,

"Something, now you've done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking."

"Oh, surely—surely," Harry said ;

"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you're half drown'd, and quite undress'd,
 I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

DEFINITION OF WIT.

A certain bishop said to his chaplain: "What is wit?" The chaplain replied, "The rectory of A. . . . is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it." "*It could be a good thing well applied,*" rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's was reprieved, for a time, from suspension, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains, and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace, and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God bless the king, and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God *bless* the king, and *save* the dinner." "*And it shall be saved,*" said the monarch. The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had in his power to frame both the question and the answer, the reply and the rejoinder—the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his *sole* command.

NELSON'S VANITY.

Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed, in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action, wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a Gazette of my own."

PROLOGUE TO THE WINTER'S TALE, AND CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ulc' as strike each humorous bard.
This night, for want of better simile,
I liken our theatre & taverns to
The poets vintners, and waiters we.
As the cant and custom of the trade is,
We're welcome, gem'men, kindly welcome ladies.

To draw in customers, our Bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespeare's head;
From this same head, the fountain head,
For different palates springs a different wine.
In which no tricks to strengthen or to lean
Neat as imported—no French brann' or ven'
Hence for the choicest spirits flow'd to France,
Whose sparkling atoms about their faces dance,
Then mount a magic vapour to the brain,
Hence flow for martial minds potent pow'rs
And sweet love potions for the fair to use,
For you my hearts of oak, for ye my J's.

[To the upper part.]

There's a good old English stage, as I am us'd
For high, luxurious souls, with too much us'd
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack,
And if the stronger liquor's not in sack,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vitæ,
But should you call for Falstaff, where to seek
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind,
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more to stir,
No more with merry wags to fasten
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give us
Leave.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catch up all words,
Who in the storms of passion, are so deep,
For such our master will not give a drop,
So subtly thoughtful, and so dark a cat,
They take Tom Dintley's for the best of all,
A vintner once acquit'd them from the shop,
And sold much Perry for the best of all,
Some takes this precious stuff and some,
They drink whole nights—what's the matter
is pure?

"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, Sir."
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!"—"I'll say
my word!"

Sir William, what say you?"—"I'll say
me."

"In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can make
Thus the wise critic too, mistakes his word,
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis pure!—"

Labour, as the wonder strike him,
Shakspeare!—Oh, there's no-
mous and enchanted cup
mix'd, for filling up,
from which our three are taken,
fifteen years,* lay by, forsaken;
poisonous liquor run to waste,
and bottled for your taste.
My joy, my only plan,
that immortal man!

GARRICK.

CRITICISMS OF AUTHORSHIP.

Difficulties in authorship;—to write
the publishing—to find honest men
and to get sensible men to read it,
now become a game; in which the
the knaves; the critics, the knaves,
and the poor author, the mere
played upon.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Smooth, in love! I, that have been
a humorous sigh:
light watch constable;
dant o'er the boy,
ortal so magnificent!
ding, purblind, wayward boy;
a giant-dwarf, Don Cupid;
ymes, lord of folded arms,
reign of sighs and groans,
fers and malcontents,
blackets, king of cudpeeces,
A great general
—O my little heart.—
moral of his field,
urs like a tumbler's hoop!
I sue! I seek a wife!

* *Written by Shakspeare.*

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?

ASTROLOGY.

This is the excellent soppery of the world! that
when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our
own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the
sun, the moon, and the stars—as if we were victim
by necessity, *fiat* by heavenly compulsion, knaves,
thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance;
drunkards, wars, and adulterers, by an enforced obe-
dience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil
in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion
of whoremaster man to lay his goatish disposition on
the charge of a star! My father compounded with
my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity
was under *ursa major*, so that it follows, I am rough
and lecherous.—Iut, I should have been that I am,
had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled at
my bastardizing.

VARIOUS KINDS OF GOODNESS.

Whatever diversity of opinions may prevail respect-
ing *goodness in general*, few people disallow the
marks of this valuable quality as they are found to
exist in particular bodies of men, or in certain indi-
viduals; and, perhaps, an enumeration of these traits
may include every thing new that can be well said
on the subject.

A good king, for example, is one who has the gift
of pleasing both the ins and the outs, and who, not
being permitted to do *any thing*, is able to do *every
thing*.

A good minister is one who is capable of conduct-
ing the affairs of a great nation, without levying any
taxes on the public.

A good patriot is one who possesses excellent
lungs, and is not afraid of availing himself of the
freedom of speech allowed in parliament, to abuse
every person, and oppose every measure, till he reaches
the position of an *unright minister* with a *right*

an example, once or twice in his life, or some honest butcher, baker, or publican, if any such beings should chance to reside in his district, for accidentally selling short weight or measure and he seldom or never commits any one to prison: except, to please his patron, some poor fellow who has killed a hare, a pheasant, or a partridge.

A good divine is one who preaches short sermons remarkably loud, and who not only permits his parishioners to pursue, at their pleasure, whoring, drinking, feasting, gambling, and swearing, without receiving the smallest intimation of the impropriety of their conduct, but who himself actually joins them, on every convenient occasion, in the practice of these innocent amusements.

A good lawyer is one who knows how to brow-beat timid witnesses, and to rouse the feelings, and enlarge on the vast consequence of silly jurymen, (who always look wisest when they are in reality the greatest fools, so as to procure a verdict for his client, though honesty and integrity are in consequence doomed to starve in prison.

A good physician is one who, having no real business to employ him, generously begins life with giving his advice to the poor gratis at the same time taking care to direct all his prescriptions to some honest apothecary, who allows him thirty per cent. on the price of the medicines. If this fails to procure

from their friends, that they might well eye of real benevolence subscribes about twenty more different hospitals which he contrives to might otherwise be men to the general conduct, only necessary that he to have committed any

A good man, in the has money enough to knowing he must pay personal inconvenience yet's and La-hiff's feet all pecuniary obligations importance by what effect this solely necessary be a grinder of the base guardian of orphan miser, still he is a good he can pay every one of what they can procure

A good citizen is a life, pays shot and is what, and never attends vestry meetings, but pocket picked by the

for the large family he has provided
 long his wife, daughter, or sister.

is one who borrows money of all
 who are weak enough to trust him,
 giving himself the smallest concern
 which he spends freely, or gives
 little time it lasts, and who ruins
 more liquor, sings more songs, gives
 to more drunken societies, and
 is, than any other person whatever.
 happens to have in possession a good
 of his own, he is, while it lasts,
 ironically called, a *good fellow*—but
 and credit are both exhausted, so
 to sing, drink and tell stories, for
 of those who pay his shot, he de-
 good companion.

and is one who never opposes his
 or arraigns her conduct, however
 amiable.

one who never opposes her hus-
 or arraigns his conduct, however
 amiable.

besides these, a variety of other *good*
 existences of whom will readily occur
 though no extraordinary quantity
 have perhaps lately appeared such
 good admirals, good authors, good
 lies, and a variety of others. But
 already produced will abundantly
 old is not so destitute of *goodness*
 moralists have dared to insinuate

RELIGION.

He for religion, write for it; fight
 any thing but—*live* for it.

HYPERBOLICAL ENORMITIES.

years, if I count right,
 criticises Homer cute,
 good 'tis true;) *—*
 He the poet's shame,—
 from whence he came—
 I know who!

Virgil, who sung of war and farming,
 His case is nearly as alarming,

Though Caesar spoke him well:
 Much did the thoughtless muse mistake her,
 Who chose the issue of a baker
 Such wondrous tales to tell.

Alas! who into hist'ry pushes
 War and perpetual cause for blushes—

There's Athens—shocking place!
 Demosthenes declaim'd with pith,
 But he was gotten by a smith,
 To Attica's disgrace.

I'm really puzzled to proceed:—
 To write what 'tis n't fit to read
 All decent pens refuse.

There's Socrates, so wise and pure,
 Was born of an old *accoucheur*,
 I should say *accoucheuse*.

So with the ancients let's have done,
 Who, every man and mother's son,
 Were but of yesterday.

One more—that Esop—was there ever!—
 A *slave* write fables!—I shall never!—
 'Tis now high time to stay!

But with the moderns shall we gain?
 Faith that's a case that's not quite plain;
 Piron's papa sold drugs,

A mere upholsterer got Moliere,
 And Rollin was a cutler's heir,
 And What's-his-name made jugs.

Rousseau—not Jacques, but Jean Baptiste)
 Whose odes to read are quite a feast—

His ancestor made shoes
 And is not Jacques himself as bad,
 Who took a watchmaker for dad,
 Our patience to abuse?

At home, if curious to know
 The parent-stocks of So-and-so,
 We'll find the bad turn'd worse;
 Milton, for all his epic fire,
 Claims but a scriv'ner for his sire—
 And as to write blank verse!

Some folks affirm the proof is full,
That Shakspeare senior dealt in wool—
Let's hope it is the case.

For, though one scorns in fleece to deal,
Where he a *butcher** all must feel
"I would it is poor sea dog's race.

I'm glad to find there is a doubt
From what tree & Chaucer was a sprout ;—
A noble one some say

But whoso's go, that Chaucer's father
A vintner was, or cobbler rather

Hence his French name *Chaucier*.

In short, the man of generous mind
Who views the world, must loathe his kind ;

Such facts his George hunting,
The elder Pope, whose boy wrote satires,
Kept a cheap warehouse, next a halter's,

Where he sold Irish shirting !

Naught then remains, but hope, which still
Lurks, as of old, behind each ill,

Close to the luck's bottom

And, after all, the bad and thus,
That, though they're all their mother's sons,

Their fathers mayn't have got 'em !

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Imprimis—For my soul, I confess, I have hearkened
very much of souls, but what they are, or who they
are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not ; they
tell me now of another world, where I never was,
nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While
the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son
wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop ;
but then came the Scots and made me a presbyter-
ian, and since Cromwell entered I have been an
independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's
three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I
may claim one ; therefore if my executors do find I
have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me.

Item.—I give my body, for I cannot keep it, to be

buried. Do not lay me in the
was a lord, and would not be
Pride was born.

Item.—My will is, that I have
then I must have equity, be as long
long I had too much of them.

Item.—I give all my books to
who I know will preserve them,
the king a lack out of my hand.

Item.—I give nothing to Lord
I give him because I know he
poor.

Item.—To Tom May I give
more, but whoever has seen his
lament, thanks for too much.

Item.—I give Lieutenant Col
word of mine, because I think
own.

Item.—I give up the ghost—
ghosts.

EGAN AND ELEGY.

In the election for the borough
Egan was an unsuccessful candidate,
appealed from the decision, and
coarse before a committee of the
It was in the heat of a very warm
struggling through the crowd with
hand, his wig in the other, and be-
raging like the deacons, who were
sorry for you, my dear fellow," and
why so, "Jack will do it." I'm
— Alas, Egan, it's too late,
you're losing talbow. Tallegk

ALL VICES.

Like to the falling of a leaf
Or as the flight of a bird
Or like the foam of a sea
Or silver drops of a dew
Or like a wind that chafes
Or bubbles which creep and
Even such is man, who

*blows out; the hubble dies;
entomb'd in autumn lies;
the star is shot;
in past, and man forgot.*

ON A FAT MAN.

*On ride, they tire the horse,
they walk, themselves—that's worse;
all, they are at best,
oppressors—or oppress.*

STAGE TO TARTARUS.

*—not a 'pothecary
firm evening when well fill'd with
and my wine too hot to carry,
most merry in a sink.
in Somnus plac'd his leaden hand
as, and call'd Sovereign Morpheus in,
ams, so glorious and so grand,
deal them were a grievous sin,
with all due and meet celerity,
in hereby to posterity.*

*framed from the iron gate,
orn, I stop not to inquire,
ay commentators prate,
earns notes fill quire on quire.
the naked fact,*

*gentle reader need not doubt,
at as I snore but I lay compact,
within, and people all without,
ending from Parnassian station,
all with heavenly contemplation.*

*to leave out some verses on the
to where they get in sight of the*

*or, from the mast-head high,
d "Hell, we're in sight of Hell!"
the helmsman, turning up his eye,
made, a pleasant breeze, all's well."*

"Hell," says the captain, "keep an eye a-head,
Clew up the topsails, 'tis a steady gale,
Watch well your soundings—damn you, heave the
lead—

Jack, north north-east, Iem, yonder pilot hail,
And Jack, I say, hide the run brandy well,
Gangers are devils on earth—what must they be in
Hell?"

[Three or four stanzas are omitted here, describing
the coast in the manner of the voyage to Loo Choo.]

There was Azazel, drunk as any lord,

His mast-high standard flapping in his hand;

Belphegor, too, like him of Ferigord,

Limp'd lamby up and down along the strand,

And there was Beelzebub and Lucifer,

And many other gentlemen beside,

For all the quantity of Hell came there,

As decent people as I ever spied.

Room to relate their names I cannot spare,

Besides, I don't remember what they were.

And some in flour of brimstone arbours sat,

And play'd angelica, as Milton says,

(Book second, line five hundred forty-eight.)

Infernal music to infernal lays.

Glad was my soul, and straight I rock'd my ear.

For fourth, fifth, octave, sixth, and either third,

Hoping to make it presently appear

The style of *modern* Hell was most absurd;

And then to write a learn'd convincing letter,

To prove their ancient music was much better

But I shall speak the truth and shame the devil,

Although from Hell I've only made a sortie—

For I must say their playing was not evil.

And savoured more of *accent* than of *forte*.

Such as of yore they play'd in ancient Greece,

When old Timotheus tackled Alexander,

And I was much delighted with a piece,

Dropped on the bagpipes by a satanander.

Besides when asked which concord had most worth

The fourth or fifth? they all sung out the fourth!

[The remaining stanzas contain remarks on the
Literature and State of the Fine Arts in Hell, &c.]

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

top of high water, they were non-
ch was the lenity of the court, upon
all costs, they were allowed to begin

MR. CURRAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A POP.

When the fight was done,
With rage and extreme toil,
I lay, leaning upon my sword,
A fair lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
In room, and his chin new reap'd,
Able land at harvest home,
Like a milliner,
For and his thumb he held
High ever and anon
And took't away again;
Try, when it next came there,
And still he smil'd and talk'd;
Afore dead bodies by,
Aught knaves, unmannerly,
A handsome corse
Of his nobility.
And lady terms
Among the rest demanded
Majesty's behalf.
With my wounds being cold,
A popinjay,
A impatience.
I know not what;
Not, - for he made me mad,
And smelt so sweet,
A gentlewoman,
A wounds, (God save the
What thing on earth
A brave,
A it was,
A I be dagg'd
A fair a earth,
A I and durr
A you
A milder

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage, a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's moun-
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you count
As certain;—these are paltry things, and yet
We rarely see the man they do not fret.

QUID PRO QVO.

A sprightly lady, young and fair,
With arms all nude, and neck all bare,
At dinner near a Quaker sat,
And feeling much disposed to joke,
In playful accents thus she spoke;
"See, friend, I toast thy broad brimm'd hat."
The Quaker smil'd and said, "I now know't
I ne'er use healths, nor give a toast,
Else from thy challenge I'd not shrink,
Incl. n'd to please so kind a lass,
I cheerfully wou'd take my glass,
And to thy absent 'kerchief drink."

HABIT OF ANTICIPATION.

Lord Avonmore was apt to take up a first impres-
sion of a cause, and it was very difficult afterwards
to obliterate it. Curran was one day most seriously
annoyed by this habit of Lord Avonmore, and he
took the following whimsical method of correcting it.
He and Curran were to dine together at the house of
a mutual friend, and a large party was assembled,
many of whom witnessed the occurrences of the
morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits,
was late for dinner, and at length arrived in the most
unusually affected agitation. "Why, Mr. Curran,
you have been a full hour waiting dinner for you,"
said Lord Avonmore.
"Oh, my dear lord,
it is not my cus-
tom to be late to a most melan-
choly dinner—
—you seem terribly

what was it?"—"I will tell you, my lord, the moment I can collect myself—I had been detained at court—in the court of chancery—your lordship knows the chancellor sits late."—"I do—I do—but go on."—"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as ever I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?"—"Poh, poh—never mind your boots—the point come at once to the point of the story."—"Oh—I wait, my good lord, in a moment—I walked here—I would not even wait to get my carriage ready—it would have taken time, you know—now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass—your lordship may perhaps recollect the market—do you?"—"To be sure I do—go on, Curran—go on with the story."—"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forget the name of it—the name—the name—"—"What the devil signifies the name of it, sir?"—"It's the Castle Market."—"Your lordship is perfectly right—it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf—he had a huge knife in his hand—it was as sharp as a razor—the calf was standing beside him—he drew the knife to plunge it into the animal—just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son—the loveliest little baby I ever saw, ran suddenly across his path—and he killed! O! my God, he killed—"—"The child! the child!—the child!"—vociferated Lord Avonmore—"No, my Lord, *the calf*," continued Curran, very coolly—"he killed the calf—but—your lordship is in the habit of *anticipating*."

FAIR PLAY

A captain who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and playing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly and very deliberately; which the sharper taking him off, he replied, it was very true he did so, because he thought it was the sharper's common mode of playing, to which he

had no objection; but if he preferred so be it, he was agreeable to either.

GARRICK AND STERNE

Sterne, who used his wife very much, talking to Garrick in a fine strain of praise on conjugal love and affection, said, Sterne, "who behaves well and by serves to have his house burnt over his head, you think so," said Garrick, "I hope insured."

THE TURKISH VIZIER

His highness was a man of science, and had read Shaw's to the now, and he had said, "I had better go to a prison to get a good education." His late bowstring, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." As any of them, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." Of Candemir or Candemir, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." Save Solymon, the glory of the Turkish Empire.

He went to mosque to state and state, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." With more than "I was as good a soldier as any of them." He left to his vizier all state affairs, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." And now he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." I know not if he had domestic affairs, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." No process proved concubines and concubines, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." Four wives and twice five hundred slaves, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." Were ruled as calmly as a Christian.

If now and then there happen'd a scandal, little was heard of criminal or of crime. The story scarcely pass'd a single day, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." The sack and sack had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." From which the secret was said, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." The public knew no more than he, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." No scandals made the day to pass, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." Morals were better, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them."

He saw with his own eyes the scandal, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." It is also true that it was said, and he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." Because he had said, "I was as good a soldier as any of them." No sign that it was curial any

without a bound
troubled here and there,
and encroaching grounds,
came to "the Seven Towers,"
envoys, who were sent
when a war broke out, according
to nation, which ne'er meant
who have never had a sword in
their hands, to vent
making stick, and safely wording
despatches, without risk or
singleinky whisker.

aters and four dozen sons,
such as came of age were stow'd,
once, where like nuns
some bashaw was sent abroad,
earn it was, wedded at once,
years old—though this seems odd,
sons, that the Bashaw
sent to his sire in law.

in prison, and they grew
bowstring or the throne,
but which of the two
down into the Fates alone;
ratio: they went through
the proofs I have always shown:
parent and was found
to be hang'd than crown'd.

THE PEARL-DIVERS.

can "shake his head," and too
a Lord Burleigh, it is the only
of his wisdom. Curran used to
"legal pearl-divers." "You may
would say, "their heads barely
eyes shut, and an index floating
saying the precise degree of their
head."

WIT AND WIT.

helmet for wit, that if it be often
quickly grind all the steel out, and
where it found an edge.

FAMILIARITY AND RESERVE.

Curran once observing a very pompous and so-
lemn blockhead, who endeavoured, with a most
ludicrous gravity, to conceal his insignificance, he
suddenly stopped short—"Observe that fellow," said
he, "if you dined and breakfasted with him for an
hundred years, you could not be intimate with him. —
By heavens he wouldn't even be seen to smile, lest
the world should think he was *too familiar with
himself*."

FAIRBAIRN'S CATECHISM.

Well, 'tis no matter honour pricks me on. Yea,
but how if honour prick me off when I come on!
How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an
arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound?
No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No.
What is honour? A word. What is in that word?
Honour. What is that honour? Air. A trim rec-
koning—Who hath it? He that died u' Wednesday.
Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it
insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But with it not
live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will
not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it. Honour is
a mere escutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

AN ODD VIEW.

Egan, the Irish barrister, was once engaged in a
violent controversy with Mr. Grattan, in which the
latter designated Mr. E. a *black soul writhing in
torments*. After this dispute there was not a winter
in any considerable town upon the circuit, whose
first question to the passenger on his entrance to the
hotel was not invariably—"Sir, would your honour
dine—you can have any fish your honour pleases—
perhaps your honour would prefer an Egan?"
"An Egan, friend, what's an Egan?"—"Lord,
sir, I thought Mr. Grattan told every one what an
Egan was. It is a *black soul* (sole) fried."

THE FAITHFUL MINIATURE.

The miniature, Phyllis, you're showing us now,
Proves the artist with you well acquainted,
That 'tis monstrously like you, we all must allow,
When we see, as we do, that 'tis painted.

GET TO HIS OLD BLUE WAISTCOAT.

By Captain Morris.

My rag of the muse !
The clothier can go lie
Fetch them the Jews,
Hearts Christians deny.
Adversity's spite,
I proudly along
To the court,
To the ear with my song.
I humbled thy case.
All banquet I see,
My shut-in my face,
A fool's garment to me ;
Not welcome no more,
My service are past,
My glories are o'er,
My master are cast.
I forgot and betrayed,
I forgotten by me,
I with thee have play'd,
I have sweeted thee with glee.
I sweet thee no more,
I hang'd on my head,
My and sore,
My of friendship is dead.
I cannot but lie
My with thee must part,
I hole in thee yet,
I thee they have wounded my heart.
I noble more sage,
I and lot I abide ;
I gratitude's page,
I buried my pride.
I believe in these lands
I I should suffer a wrong ?
I with hearts and with hands
I in front my song.
I that, though so eager their claws,
I me thus hardly to plead !
I I have toiled for your cause
I me, when aged, in need.

Could ye not midst the favours of fate,
Drop a note where all own it is due ?
Could ye not turn the *fool* of the state
Threw a *crumb* to a servant so true ?
In your *crumb* I share not a jot,
Too proud for *crumb*'s share.
And sure that all hearts were allot
A scrap to be *claim* *early* life.
But go, faded rag, and while gone
I'd turn thy *hand* for to my case,
For the hand of kind heaven hath shown
All crosses have *count* that please.
Thus a *dash* from thy *share* I receive,
Though my body's *and* treatment so foul,
I can suffer, forget, and forgive,
And get comfort, more worth for my soul,
And when seen on the rag-celler's rope,
They who knew thee I'd say ready enough
" There *serve* hangs jotted by hope,
This once was poor Morris's huff."
If they let them give virtue her name
And yield an example to teach.
Poor rag, thou hast served in thy *share*
Better ends than thy *share* could reach,
But, though the soul gain by the loss,
The stomach and pocket still say,
" Pra what shall we do in this cross ?"
I answer, " Be *poor* and be gay,"
Let the muse gather north from her wrong,
Smooth her wing *and* adversity's shower ;
To new ears and new hearts tune her song,
And still look for a *sun-shining* hour !
While I, a drowsy old Whig,
Put up my discharge with a smile,
Face about—prune and load take a swig,
And march off—to the opposite file.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

A peasant newly arrived at Paris asked what building was that, pointing to the Palais de Justice, where the law courts are held. " It is a mill," said an attorney, to jolt the bumpkin. " I thought as much," replied the countryman, " for I see a good many asses at the door with packs."

MATRIMONY.

Cries Nell to Tom, 'midst matrimonial strife,
 "Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."
 "By all the powers, (said Tom) but that's too bad,
 You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

DEAN SWIFT'S RULES FOR SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person, this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale. However, there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family, who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing, the butler makes the same judgment, so may the groom and the coachman, and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which with submission to our masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong, in which opinion you will be the more confirmed, by stating the case to

himself, and then you will tamely decide in your favour. As I said before, whenever you are chid, if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants are apt to stay out somewhat long, requires, perhaps two, four, six, some such trade, for the temporal great, and flesh and blood cannot you return, the master starts, stripping, cudgelling, and in all. But here you ought to be provoked, enough to serve on an odd your uncle came four-score in case on purpose to see you, and good day to-morrow a brother-servant money of you when he was out away to Ireland. You were told low servant, who was shipping. Father sent a cow to you to sell, get a chapman til time at night leave of a dear cousin who is Saturday. you wrenched your and were forced to stay three hours you could stir a step some you out of a garret window, and to come home before you were went off. you were pressed he carried before a justice of peace hours before he examined you, a much a do, a bailiff by name debtor, and kept you thr whole ing-house. you were told your tavern, and come to some more was so great that you inquired hundred taverns between Pall Mall and Bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts and when you are sent to buy to cheapen it, but grievously. This is highly to your master's some shillings in your pocket, consider if your master hath paid after afford the loss than a good to

If the groom be drunk, or absent, and the butler ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is 'An please your honour, I don't understand.' If a corner of the hanging wants a single fasten it, and the footman be directed to go, he may say he doth not understand that work, but his honour may send for the woc.

Our good ladies are usually quarrelling with servants for not shutting the doors after them: but masters' nor ladies' consider, that those doors will be open before they can be shut, and that your job is double to open and shut the doors; it is the best, the shortest, and easiest way is, to leave them open. But if you are so often teased to shut, that you cannot easily forget it, then give such a clap as you go out, as will shake the door, and make every thing rattle in it, to put master and lady in mind that you observe their orders.

And yourself to grow into favour with your master and lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loath to part with you, answer that you will rather live with them than any body else, for a servant is not to be blamed if he strives to please himself; that service is no inheritance, that your work is great, and your wages very small. And, if your master hath any generosity, he will give you five or ten shillings a quarter rather than let you go; but if you are balked, and have no mind to let any fellow-servant to tell your master that you have prevailed upon you to stay.

Your good bits you can pilfer in the day, save your junket with your fellow-servants at night; and in the butler, provided he will give you

your own name and your sweetheart's with a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young sightly fellow, whenever you are at your mistress's table, run your nose full of salt, or, if your breath be good, breathe full of it: this I have known to have had very good success in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls, 'Who's there?' no servant is bound to come; for Who's there is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jorden; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servant's hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants' hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy-chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungirt as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up: it is a foolish excuse to allege, that petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some country wench in the same street, leave your own street-door open.

that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord, but mistake me not, you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner, whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted, whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber; there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master, that he is gone to bed very sick, upon which your lady will be so good natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes, and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stepped out, being sent for by a coachman who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may

When you are chidden in the room and down stairs, plainly heard, this will be innocent.

Whoever comes to visit they are abroad, never hurt person's name, for indeed things to remember, beards, and your master's face, and who can remember may certainly mistake them, and you read.

If it be possible, never to lady, unless you have your hand out in less than half an hour, as turned off, all his faults, most of them were never known, and all mischiefs done by distance them.] And when you never acquainted them, "Sir," or "Madam," reply, "You angry, and beside, per malice to me." Where the misses in a house, they are to the diversions of the servants to bribe them with good, not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants of the country, and who expect rank and file when a stranger to be must of necessity must have more confidence if any of you let him escape leaves himself, remember he comes.

If you are sent with ready at a shop, and happen at pocket, or at the money, or your master's account. The master and yourself, for his at your recommendation.

When your lady sends to give you any orders, be

and forget to shut the door, after

any lady happen once in their lives to fall, you are a happy servant, for more to do, than for every fault you are in their service to put them in an accusation, and protest yourself in the present case.

Be a mind to leave your master, and break the matter for fear of offending. The way is to grow rude and saucy of a good your usual behaviour, till he finds you off, and when you are gone, give him and his lady such a good your brother-servants who are out with venture to offer their service. Those who are afraid of catching cold, that the maids and fellows below to shut the door after them, as they go into the back-yards, have contrived a rope, with a large piece of lead to be so fixed, as to make the door require a strong hand to open it, and use to servants, whose business is to go in and out fifty times in a day, can do much; for prudent find out an effectual remedy against this grievance, by tying up the pulley so that the weight of lead shall have as to my own part, I would rather the door always open by laying the bottom of it.

Candlesticks are generally broken, for ever. But you may find out a way you may conveniently stick your candle with a lump of butter against a powder horn, or in an old shoe, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its side, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a horn, a marrow bone, a piece of wood, or a hole in the loaf, and stick it

jacket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child, or on the servant who was last turfed off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a bowl, tear the first book you are about the house. Wipe your shoes, for the want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery-lace for garters. If the butler wants a jorden, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all. You may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside down, until it is caked with its own grease: or you may put it into the socket of the candle-stick: you may whiff it round in your hand till it goes out: when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber-pot: you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cock may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groin into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter: the house-maid may put out her candle by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing else does so well as candle-snuff: but the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and ready to be lighted.

of you all to unite whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a telt tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: maslay a fork or a spoon, so that he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soap, or a handful of salt, in the pot, or smothering coals into the dipping-pan, or dash the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook dash the back of his new livery, or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him suttly with a red cloth, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise, that her lady may hear it. The waiting maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault: she hopes to improve herself in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the wash-tub, and yet wash them but half, and, when she comes in, tell all the house that she sweats as much, and her flesh is so itchy, that she fends a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

ON JOHN BUCKING'S ARMY.

Rated for the Scottish War in 1639.

Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland far to race a,
With a number horse men all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.
No errand knight ever went to fight
With such a gay a levado,
Hac you but seen his look, you'd have sworn on a
book,
He'd have conquer'd a whole armado.
The ~~unconquered~~ to the windows o' the
So g'lant and wa' like a ~~man~~ a,
And as he jock'd by, the ~~ladies~~ cry,
Sir John, wad you go fight a?
But he, like a coud knight, spurr'd on,
His heart and not reason a,
For ~~the~~ he ~~was~~ there, he ~~should~~ no fear.

The king (God bless him) ~~is~~

O, but what a troop a
The Bards are they, as he

For ~~as~~ did ~~now~~ and ~~who~~
No ~~as~~ ~~in~~ ~~as~~ well as ~~the~~

Who took him for ~~the~~ ~~as~~
But when the ~~as~~ ~~was~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

My ~~as~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~as~~
For when the ~~as~~ ~~is~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Am all ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
He can't ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

He ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
The colonel went for him back

To ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
But ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

To be ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
To ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Some ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
Was ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

As ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
But now ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

It's ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
But it's ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

At ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~
At ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

IN ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Here lies the ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Paradise, ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

And this is ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

What ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Is now ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

YET ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

I do remember ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

And ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

In ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Of ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Stump, ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

And ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

An ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Of ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

A ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Green earthen pots, ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

Remember ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~

THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING HANGED.

Let me guess at the wretch's misery who now
when, with tears and burning blushes, he
is to confess that he has been—

As I hear an involuntary exclamation burst
as your imagination presents to you fearful
your correspondent unknown—*hanged!*

No disembodied spirit has the honour
of being you. I am flesh and blood, an unfor-
tunate of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like

*presume, you mean to be pleasant. That
of yours, must be taken somehow in a
real sense—*

plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes,
a neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—
I have tremblingly held up the contribu-
tion-book,—these lips have sucked the mor-
tally consolatory orange,—this tongue has
uttered the soliloquy which no performer was
allowed to repeat,—this face has had the
light-cap drawn over it—

No crime of mine.—Far be it from me to
defy justice of my country, which, though
at length recognise my innocence. It is
to reflect upon judge or jury, now that
years have elapsed since the erroneous sen-
tence pronounced. Men will always be fallible,
and circumstances did appear at the time a

It is to say, that after hanging four minutes,
spectators were pleased to compute it,—a
man being strangled, I know from experience,
is rather a different measure of time from his
who are breathing lazily about him,—I
the minutes lengthen as time approaches
in the same manner as the miles get longer
as I travel northward,—after hanging four mi-
nutes, according to the best calculation of the by-
standers, a reprieve came, and I was cut down—

I am ashamed of deforming your pages with

these technical phrases—If I knew how to express
my meaning shorter—

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been
brought to myself by the usual methods, (those me-
thods that are so interesting to the operator and his
assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occa-
sions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of
undergoing a second time for the benefit of science,)
my first care was to provide myself with an enormous
stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me—
—my next care was to procure a residence as distant
as possible from that part of the country where I had
suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as
the place where wounded honour (I had been told)
could lurk with the least danger of exciting inquiry
and stigmatized innocence had the best chance of
hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new
circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances hap-
pily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect,
I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which
the town affords to efface the memory of what I had
undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading
chain of connection which links together this great
community my scheme of living perdu was defeated
almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, who
a foolish law suit had brought to town, by chance
met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most
of those who had been my intimate friends. For
that any guilt was supposed to attach to my char-
acter. My officious countryman, to do him justice,
had been candid enough to explain my perfect in-
nocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of
strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the
softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone.
How else can I account for it, that of all my nume-
rous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour
of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and
worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be
found, who had the courage to associate with a man
that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether,—

persons of strong but coarse minds, and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled, by the fidelity which they had shown towards me, to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rascals (because faithful) Achateses. As they past me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion, and say, pointing to me, 'Stuck his cravat, and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would inquire, 'What news from * * * Assizes? (which you may guess, reader, was the scene of my shame,) and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would tease me with inquiries how I felt when I was awaking, whether I had not someth'g like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent book-seller and publisher—who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to submit a few facts relative to resuscitation, had the modesty to offer me sixteen guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! reader, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse

of the rope, the leavings of the cell! analogy could subsist between the two lovers, and the knot which bound

I can forgive that part of my fate when I contemplated her eyes, in which her eyes had such a glow. Mr. * * was a judge of those things. more exalted mind, Celestina, I am unprejudiced declaration.

The person whose true name I need not mention, of all the women that I acquainted with, had the most modest which she had improved by reading of conversation. Her underlings were calmer than her manners and were delicately and truly feminine. She was not an officer who had fallen in the country, leaving his widow and child, with a fortune sufficient to want, but not to enable them to live. I had the mother's permission to pay to the young lady, and Celestina was of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my soul in the presence of Celestina, and hard and cruel as she was, her sweet mind has again and again overcome all prejudicial should have been every man according to his measure. Has she repeated the exclamation, 'I could never consider my country as an accident, which was under me to be who might have happened to the mankind. Then would she set forth exatopie, which her reading, such as Phocion or a Socrates or a Seneca or a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, had done justice and I was with some such agreeable parcels me almost to triumph in my shame my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive the time passed on, till I happened

my affections to name a day for our meeting she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I disappointed in the morning at the receipt of the following charming letter.—

"Do not impute it to levity, or to a worse attitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel compelled by irresistible arguments to recall to you the error I made with too little consideration. The reasons of my decision are final, are in my own breast, and will lastingly remain a stranger to them. I am glad that I can never cease to esteem you
CELESTINA."

At the receipt of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to my lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite grief, that the mother and daughter were set off to a distant part of the country, to remain for several months, and were not expected to return in six months.

By this blow, which left me without the least explanation by letter, even if I knew where they were, (for the particular address was carefully concealed from me,) I waited for the termination of the period, in the hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of seeing them. I might be permitted to have a chance of seeing them by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before this was at an end, I learned from the post that my beloved had—given her hand

and as I was, I was totally at a loss to understand the strange step which she had taken. It was not till some years after that I learned the name of a female relation of hers, to whom Celestina had confessed her confidence, that I was enabled to learn of mine that had caused her to do so abruptly, nor any preference she felt for any other person, for she was pleased to say to all mankind, that she was the mother, closer to her

heart, she found that she should never be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were dictated to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, behold me here, in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation,) cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community, who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex, punished because I was once punished unjustly, suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just entering, ghastly mangle-stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce in-time-retracted scimitar of an executioner in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to inquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic, for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed—but as a topic of conversation, I am not to the vulgar jokes which

cravat, valuing himself on his
 get meeting my rascal,—I mean
 dated for me,—in London last
 see him now,—in a waistcoat that
 smirking along as if he knew

Germany, that fellow's office is
 ous, and his posterity incapable

They have hereditary haughtiness,
 the same manner as they had be-
 officers of state and the haug-
 adjoining parishes intermarried
 to keep the breed entire. I wish
 same kind were established in

QUEEN MARY.

oldwife, and she comes
 than an agate-stone
 of an alderman,
 of little atomies
 as they lie asleep.
 male of long spinners' legs;
 wings of grasshoppers,
 smallest spider's web,
 moonshine's wat'ry beams:
 's bone, the lash, of film:
 tall, gray-coated gnat,
 round little worm
 of finger of a maid.
 aptly buzz, and
 squirrel, or old grub,
 he taints' coach makers.
 g lloys night by night
 as, and then they dream of love.
 that dream on courtiers straight:
 who straight dream on fees:
 straight on kisses dream,
 Mad with blisters p'agues,
 with sweetmeats tainted are,
 o'er a courtier's nose,
 of smelling out a suit:

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's nose,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Nab,
 That platts the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the elf locks in foul slutish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY INN-KEEPER.

Hen! hark ye, old friend! what, wilt pass, then,
 without

Taking notice of *honest plump Jack*?
 You see how 'tis with me, my light is burnt out,
 And they've laid me here flat on my back.
 That light in my nose, once so bright to behold,
 That light is extinguish'd at last,
 And I'm now put to bed in the dark and the cold,
 With wicker, and so forth, made fast.
 But now, wait oblige me! then call for a quart
 Of the *best*, from the house o'er the way;
 Drink a part on't thyself, on my grave pour a part,
 And walk on,—Friend, I wish thee good day.

TURKISH HARAM.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
 The women up—because in sad reality,
 Their chastity in these unhappy times
 Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
 Which in the north prevents precarious crimes,
 And makes our snow less pure than our morality;
 The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
 Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

MARKET DAY.

A market's the circle for frolic and glee
 Where tastes of all kinds may be suited;
 The dapper, the droll, and the "go-to-it" boy

and mobbing and chaff
merrily lark it;
and a good squeezing and laugh
all day to the market.

A MAD WEDDING.

Marriage should be his wife,
quoth he, and swore so loud,
the priest let fall the book.
again to take it up,
the bridegroom took him such a cuff,
and the book, and book and priest,
quoth he, *if any list*.
the wench, when he arose again?
and shook, for why, he stamp'd.

and to rozen him,
remorse done.

—A *brat*, quoth he; as if
and ca busing to his mates
pull'd off the muscardel,
all in the sexton's face!
soon,—

grew thin and hungerly,
him sops as he was drinking.
the bride about the neck,
with such a clamorous smack,
all the church did echo.

AND ITS ENJOYMENTS.

ale, must get drunk;
but intoxication
gold, in these are sunk
men, and of every nation,
now branchless were the trunk
see, so fruitful on occasion.
very drunk; and when
each, you shall see what then.
—bid him quickly bring
soda-water, then you'll know
serves the great king,
combat, subdued with some

Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,

Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, cannon, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

On the first of September last crossing Kennington-common I met two cockney sportsmen, dressed out in proper style for the sports of the day. "Hallo!" my good fellow," said I, "have the kindness to turn the muzzle of your gun the other way, don't you see it's on full cock?" "Vy to be sure it should, an't that 'ere the way to carry one's gun?" "Why, no; not the way you ought to carry it. Don't you see the danger of it going off?" "No, I can't say as how I do; I keep it so on purpose." "The devil you do, why?" "Why? that's a good one, only look here: now don't you see if this here flint should hit that there tung, it will strike fire, and then the fire as comes from this here place, goes into that there place, and among this powder, and that makes the gun go off." "To be sure it does." "Vell then, the further off this flint is from that there iron, an't there less danger of hitting it?" "Pray, sir," said the other, "might I make so bold as to ask an't a jackdaw fair game?" "Umph' not exactly, unless you could contrive to make the jackdaw white." "I say, Billy, that 'ere's a funny chap—that's what I calls a good joke." "What a jack hass you must be to ax the gemmen such a question." "Vy not such a jack hass as you was to shoot a jack hass instead of an 'are." "Aye, but that vere all hacci-dent, for you know I never could see wery vell since I burned my heyes on the last first of September." "Indeed! how came that to pass?" "All owing to the flash going in my face. I'll tell you how it vas. you must know, sir, that on the last first of September, Billy Stutch, the tailor, and I, vent out that day in the morning, to have some sport, so as we were a passing by the Surry theatre, some chaps says, there goes two cockneys; so I turns round to Billy, Billy, says I, I've a great mind, says I, to go and lik'em, says I. So says Bill to me, says he, you had better, says he, let them two chaps shoot, says

he, and let's go on, says he. So away we comes, and then they says, there goes two cockneys, so we left 'em, and when we comes to the other side of the water. No, that can't be, for this is the other—that is, the other side is this—and this is the other, and—No, that's not it neither—let me see—umph—umph!—that's wery strange—an't it. You know we were on the other side, that is, we—ay, we were on this side then—No—that is, the other side was then on this side, and we were on the other, and—No, that's not it yet—but it don't signify. We were first on the other side, and then we were on the other side, we were on this and then we were on the—“Ha, ha, ha!” was there ever any thing so puzzling, as not to be able to find out the other side from this, and this from the other. “Vell air, when we got—ay, no matter, says I to Billy, says I, I'll lay you a tizzy, says I, that I hit some'at before we are long out, says I. So, says Billy, says he, done, says he. So I puts my gun up my shoulder, so—and shutting my left eye for fear of the flash. Ho! says Billy, says he. What's the matter, Billy, says I? You have forgot to load her, says he. And sure enough, so I had, so I takes out my powder and shot, and loads her well, firing off a bit of paper you know, and ramming it tight down you know to keep all safe, so I puts up my gun again, stop, stop says Billy, says he. What's the matter, says I. You have left your ramrod in your gun, says he. And sure enough I had, and wery lucky it was that I stopped, for when I looked, there was Benjamin the Jew merchant, perched like a blackbird behind the hedge, poor Ben was frightened out of his wits, as much as I was. So we com'd away up the side of the river, till we comed to a gentleman's house with some trees growing aside it. So I sees some'at on a tree, and I thinks it were a crow, so says I to Billy, says I, dash my buttons if a crow an't our game, so here goes. Stop, says Billy, says he. Why, so, says I? That's the man's poll parrot, says he. I doesn't care, says I; so just as we were a speaking, the servant girl comes to the window and she's dusting away, and then she comes and stands before me. Got out

shoot, says I. I don't care if you you'll be shot, says I. No danger going to shoot just where you are, the wery reason I'm safe, says he, that wery provoking! Very well I, but pray why is you dog, and leading it by his pocket handkerchief round his neck. Would no great use! “Lord love you,” says dog in his own way, if you keep he's of no use at all out. A new field, he runs about, and looks at all the birds, then he stops at a flock of them, and they all fly at my gun to my eye, oh! he's of no use it were in vain to attempt a detail and misfortunes, so I'll tell you a song.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER. SPORTSMAN.

On the first of September, at five. The weather quite cloudy, the poor Bul Stuch and myself rigged up. For the sports of the field, hark!

Spoken. Just as we were a passing bridge, there were we assailed by many rascals, who meant to offend cockneys. There they go, says I, run ones. What'd they be, says another's grunter, says another. No, a third, for if Gaffer Gammell's yard of the gun, I'll let two to see it.

So the sports of the field is a cock. On the first of September, all together. Our pockets with powder and shot. And sportsman like too, adds I. Our dogs round us, darts I. Lower, Tiger, a bulldog, Little C. *Spoken.* My own, so on.

says I, but that there's a good shot
 Maybe my gun to my shoulder, and
 For fear of the flash blind up my
 You'll shoot the old cow, says he.
 For I don't see nor neither the
 Law now, as my eyes are both shut,
 Nor strong to make the mark sure;
 For how it was, poor Tiger was run-
 nent, and I had forgotten to take
 And poor Tiger got it stuck in his
 He lay sprawling as dead as a

the field is a cockney's delight,
 September, when rigg'd out so tight.
 Long, thinking of nothing at all,
 Shot poor little Ball,
 Towser, and home he did run,
 They to share in the fun.

I primes and loads again, and in a
 Melodious sound, and says Billy,
 There's a blackbird, are you loaded?
 In fire, says he. So I points my
 Ats both my eyes of course, and lets
 What a mistake I made, for instead
 At, I hit poor Moses the Jew ped-
 His beard! Moses was in a ter-
 more as how I had kill'd him. I
 Cry for his fright, but Mo, with his
 Ho, told me as how I should make
 Says I, Master Moses, for I have
 And that one's bad. Let me she
 As it pad? Esh, it is very pad in-
 Mour him again, and you may con-

field is a cockney's delight,
 September, when rigg'd out so tight.

COFFEE DRINKERS.

signs to turn Turks, and think
 Because 'tis in their drink!

Should any of your grandaunt's ghosts appear
 In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
 The name of coffee so much call'd upon;
 Then see it drank like scalding Phlegmation;
 Would they not startle, thank ye, all agreed
 'Twas conversation both in word and deed;
 Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
 Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood?
 The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
 Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
 He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
 O'er tavern-bars into a farmer's shop,
 Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
 Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.
 Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
 Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
 Beaumont and Fletcher's in your rounds appear.
 They would not find the air perfumed with one
 Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
 When they but men would speak as the gods do,
 They drink pure nectar as the gods drink too,
 Sublimed with rich Canary—say shall then
 These less than coffee's self, the coffee-men;
 These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
 Their breath, for laughing how the jest does take;
 Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
 A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
 Stoop of root, or essence of old shoes,
 Dash'd with diurnals and the books of news."

AN AUTHOR'S EXPECTATIONS FROM CRITICS AND
 THE PUBLIC.

The public approbation I expect,
 And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
 Which I with their assentment will connect,
 (So children cutt'g teeth receive a coral;
 Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
 My epical pretensions to the laurel
 For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
 I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.
 I sent it in a letter to the editor,
 Who thank'd me duly by return of post—

And break a promise after having made it her,

Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.
I think that with this holy new alliance

I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science.

Daily, or monthly, or three monthly, I
Have not essay'd to multiply their cheats,

Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try.
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

LOSING A PLACE.

Mr. Canning and another gentleman were looking
at a picture of the Deluge—the ark was in the middle
distance, in the foreground an elephant was seen strug-
gling with his fate. "I wonder," said the gentleman,
"that the elephant did not secure an inside place in
the ark."—"He was too late," replied Canning,
"he was detained packing up his trunk."

THE STROLLER'S PROLOGUE.

Genteels! of old the prologue led the way,
To lead, defend, and usher in the play;
As saucy footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach;
But though they speak your entertainment near,
Must prologues speed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftener cloy, than whet the appetite.

As for our play—it is not worth our cares,
Our prologue craves your mercy for the play's;
That is—your money, for by heav'n I swear,
White gloves and house rent are excessive dear.
Since here are none but friends,—the truth to own,
Though in a coach our company came down,
Yet, I most shrewdly fear they must depart
Ev'n in their old original a cart.

With pride inverted and fantastic pow'r,
We strut the fancied sovereigns of an hour,
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And Canning sits in state before us.

The mightiest kings and queens we
Support their po upon eighteenth-century
Our Cyrus has been turn'd to powder
And all our Caesar's can't remember
Our Scipios, Antonys and Pompeys
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.

To aggravate the case, we have
Of all the new refinements in the art
No moving statue, no leaden halberd,
No pasteboard players, no artifice
No room to make lightning—
To buy a Devil and a Doctor Faust
No millers, windmills, d'agones, or
To exercise your eyes, and spare your
No paper seas, no thunder from the
No witches to descend, no stage to
Scatter one for us the actors.—We
Nothing before you but mere wire
A bare downright old-fashioned tale
Such as a Boston only can digest,
Such as your homely fathers used to
Who only came to hear and to trip
Humbly content and pleased with
When Shakspeare, Lee, and Dryden
feast.

A N IREISH RETURN AT WHIST.

We're seated now, so without re-
Begin and deal away,
The night we'll pass with cards
Why the devil don't you play

And he that wouldn't stake on win-
ling note,

Don't deceive a drop of whisky to wet

Spoken] I'll bet five to fifteen, that
rick Macleod's boy is his friend
comitary, who had just arrived with
O'Docherty on a visit to Miss Jolly
Now what was the favourite game
ladies. I wonder, said an old
origin of whist. Silence—now, say
my jewel. Och! he's the same.

—better. I beg pardon, is that against us? There, I've taken it with my Jack. That's luck of yours, Miss. You have no honour, sir. You remember, sir, you took it. You've a cornus hand, Miss. So have all sir. Yes, but they were all good hands. Fear me, what a number of hearts I have left these ten minutes. Sorry for that, I'm going to see it. How elegant! I won't. O'Hagan's ear-rings are made of—the same. No! Yes. Why then my jewel, this game you know we've won, a drop of whisky, if it's only out of fun. Deal more fast, the game that's past played extremely well, quick sort—that's your sport, sir, it pull the bell. Are law all right, you led the spade I—play on—the ten of hearts—a little to drink.

O h beautiful! the river Liffy to a hat it's ours. I don't think the cards have. I beg your pardon. I saw Miss Judy in *tricks*. Look to your own tricks. Faith, my few, no young man less at present allow me the *odd trick* you'll find me *trick*! oh! faith what a boy was Larry for the odd trick. I hear he is married copy; loves his wife with a club, they lately brought to bed. Indeed! pray Larry, what has she got? Faith I was so away, that I forgot to inquire whether I for an *hunt*. Who turned up the Queen?—a trump if you please, sir. Come, Your play first, sir, is it not? Oh, no, down, and I cover. I think I shall heart. Miss, now If you play into my all, sir. O, damn the cards—horrid bad shocking—I must have a new pack. A not at all. But I shall, sir, because

fight. I shall fight. Turn him out of doors—any man mean enough to cheat.—Cheat, sir, why you cheated at

Whist, the best and finest game of any in the park. But never mind—there take my hand, and bring the whisky back.

NEW TITLES.

Good den, *Mr Richard*,—*God-a-mercy, fellow*.—And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter: For agw made honour doth forget men's names; 'Tis too respective, and too sociable, For your conversion. Now your traveller,—He and his tooth pick at my worship's mess, And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise My packe I man of countries.—*My dear sir*, (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you*—That is question now—And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—*O sir*, says answer, *at your best command*. *At your employment*, *at your service*, *Mr*—*No*, *Mr*, says question, *I, sweet sir*, *at yours*.—And so, ere answer knows what question would Saving in dialogue of compliment, And talking of the Alps, and Apennines, The Pyrenean, and the river Po,) It draws toward supper in conclusion so. Now this is worshipful society

THE BLUE STOCKING.

A learned lady, famed For every branch of every science known— In every christian language ever named, With virtues equal'd by her wit alone, She made the cleverest people quite ashamed, And even the good with inward envy groan, Finding themselves so very much exceeded In their own way by all the things that she did. Her memory was a mine—she knew by heart All Calderon and greater part of Lope, So that if any actor miss'd his part She could have serv'd him for the prompter's copy. *For her husband's name was not to be*

Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,

Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attie all.

Her serious sayings (taken to solemnity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call

A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

She knew the Latin—that is, 'the Lord's prayer,'

And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure,
She read some French romances here and there,

Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
For native Spanish she had no great care,

At least her conversation was obscure,
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
And she dream'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

In short, she was a walking calculation,

Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Primmer's books on education,

Or "Cecilia" with "set out in quest of lovers,"
Moral to a plain personification,

In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,
To others' share let female errors fall,

For she had not even one—the worst of all.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Absence of mind may be defined to be a slowness of mind in speaking or action: the absent man is one who, when he is casting up accounts, and hath collected the *items*, will ask a bystander what the amount is when he is engaged in a lawsuit, and the day of trial is come, he forgets it and goes into the country; he visits the theatre to see the play, and is left behind asleep on the benches. He takes any article and puts it away himself, then begins to look for it, and is never able to find it. If any one tell him of the death of a dear friend, and ask him to the funeral, with a sorrowful countenance and tears in his eyes, he exclaims, Good luck, good luck! It is his custom, when he meets not more than two, to take to the

bank for not purchasing cucumbers; children to wrestle and run till they are tired; in the country, when he is dressing herbs, he throws in salt to season them unfit to eat. If any one inquire of him if the dead have been carried out though to burial? Would to God, he replies, so many!

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can agree.
Although they both are born of love,
Marriage from love, like vinegar from
A sad, sour, sober heifer, is—by
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial
Down to a very honied household

There's something of antipathy, as
Between their present and their
A kind of flattery that a hardly fair
Is undid until the truth arrives at
Yet what can people do, except de-
The same things change the name
For instance—passion in a lover's
But in a husband's pronounced as

Men grow ashamed of being so true
They sometimes also get a little
But that, of course, is rare, and
The same things can not always
Yet 'tis "as nominated in the law"
That both are tied to a corner
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that
Our days, did put one's servants in

There's doubtless something in a dream
Which forms, in fact, the true
Romances paint at first lengthen people
But only give a hint of marriage
For no one cares for marriage but
There's nothing wrong in a crowd
Think I shall not be long in the

are finished by a death,
 marriages are ended by a marriage,
 estates of both are left to faith,
 and for fear of censure might disparage
 to come of both, or last beneath,
 in both worlds would punish their marriage;

Each their priest and prayer-book ready,
 no more of Death or of the Lady.

Two that in my recollection
 of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
 Milton, and of both the affection
 less in their nuptials, for some bar
 temper run'd the connexion;
 things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar;) *as*
 Beatrice and Milton's Eve
 drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

A STORY OF AN OLD SCOTCH WOMAN.

Hem! — Ye ma'an ken, that my husband
 minister o' the kirk, and a man, *universally*
 not only by the parishoners but by the
 at large? Hem! — Weel, I mind there
 when we had ha'en a week o' vary bad,
 nasty dreepin' wat weather, it had been
 indeed, and my puir dear honest man had
 badly with a sair cauld he had caught, he
 indeed, puir man, and he really was vary
 honest man, when cauld ailed him, vary
 indeed, and he gave me a great deal o'
 Hem! Weel, I mind, doctor Macglashan
 ta' in to see my puir dear man yae day
 doctor was a guid feeling hearted honest
 he, and he used to distribute guid books
 puir folk o' the parish, wad com' hae buy
 theirs! I was there wat mair o' them read
 my generation t at is. Weel, as I was
 the doctor called to see my puir man, and
 he, that is says doctor Macglashan to
 honest man, he has been vary wat weather,
 indeed. So says my puir dear honest man
 doctor, his worthy colleague, I wish

service between them, forenoon and afternoon, die
 by diet, and it was my puir dear man's turn to gie
 the word that forenoon, and he said he wish'd he
 would gie the word for him, for he was really vary
 bad indeed. And he said, that is, doctor Macglashan
 said he would. And I was vary much obliged to
 him, for doctor Macglashan was a vary good natured
 body, and I thanked the doctor, for I was vary
 thankfu' to him. Hem! Weel, I mind Sunday was
 another vary wat day, vary wat, a nasty, dreepin'
 wat day indeed, and doctor Macglashan ca'd in
 on my puir dear honest man on his way to the kirk,
 and he sat him down twa minutes, for he was vary
 wat; and he says to him, Hem, that is, says my puir
 dear honest man to doctor Macglashan, I wish thee
 mayna' tak' cauld, for it's vary wat, and he dreeped
 the weat frae his coat tails, and he shook it aff his
 sleeves, and he dauded the rain frae the cocks o' his
 hat, for he really was extraordinary wat, puir man;
 vary wat indeed, and ye'll mind there were na umb-
 berellas in thae days, and said doctor Macglashan
 said he, I wish I were dry again. Hem! now mind
 this, for this is the great point of the story. Upon
 which, my puir dear man says, though in troth he was
 na much gien to joking, yet he cou'dna' vary weel
 reseat the opportunity. So, hem! — so says my puir
 dear worthy man, now mind ye this, for it's the
 point o' the joke. — When the doctor said that is,
 doctor Macglashan said, he wished he was dry, my
 puir dear honest body, (eh, he was a wag said he
 to his worthy colleague, hem! — gang thy wa's up to
 the pu'pit, and thou'll be dry enough there, I warrant
 thee."

IMPOTENCY OF FAME.

What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper.

Some liken it to climbing up a hill,

Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour,

For thus men write, speak, preach, and heroes tul,

And bards burn what they call their "midnight
 taper."

What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
 But somebody or other rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin's hid.
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

THE UNSEASONABLE MAN.

Unseasonableness is a method of accosting which is troublesome to the persons accosted. The unseasonable man is one who goes to communicate with his friend when he is immersed in business. He goes to revel with his mistress when she is lying ill with a fever. He runs to a man who has just been cast as bail for another, and entreats him to become his surety as soon as a cause is decided. He is on the spot to give his testimony. If he is invited to a wedding, he inveighs against the whole female sex. He asks a man who is just returned from a long journey to take a walk with him. When an article is sold, he brings a purchaser who would give double the price. In a company he will give a detailed account from the very beginning of some subject which they have all heard and are thoroughly acquainted with. He is extremely anxious to do that for any person which they are unwilling should be done, but are ashamed to refuse. If he is present at the chastisement of a lad, he relates that a boy of his when so beaten went and hanged himself. If he is present at an arbitration, though both parties wish an accommodation, he sets them together by the ears; and lastly, when about to dance, he seizes a partner whose senses are not yet inflamed by intoxication.

THEOPHRASTUS.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry bear, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Loud 'thunder, neighing steeds
 And do you tell me of a woman
 That gives not half so great a din
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's

THE NEWSPAPER.

This is one of those noisy fellows in and about London in the times and minds are divided in state, and the affairs of a minister after venison and politics; he is to be a great genius, and a turtle comprehending all the matter. He is always hunting after about battles, and imagines he is only made to be knock'd on the head. He reads an account of it in the political pamphlet that is published the question, and is always on the last. And then he comes bumper, and calls for his night-cap, and sends for some neighbour to talk politics together.

"How do you do, Mr. C. down, ay, these times are more relish these times, than for without sweet sauce to it; I told you we should have the cook throw down the kitchen. I think I know a thing or two."

But lord what signifies that? don't mind me! You know of the disturbances in America, took me up, and said, "When we are all in a merry laughing.—Now there's some there's lords made, the Lord is doing to us; they make no take care of it at, ay, ay, pray what have they done last past?—why nothing at all made a few turnpike roads, and alive 'till September 2. That's

erly, that loved their country, that did for the good of their country; there were under the Great loved his country, and our lov'd his country, and Charles of lov'd his country, and Queen Semeruniss, her country more than any of 'em; for she's a mon gundy; that's the best eating in world. Now, I'll show you my plan of Mr. Costive; we'll suppose this drop of to be the main ocean, or the sea; very peeces of cork to be our men of war; now where shall I raise my fortifications?—Oh! Mr. Major Maunreff here; he's the world at raising a fortification.—Oh! I suppose them to be all the strong fortifications the whole world; such as Fort Omon, Brgin o, zoom, and Tower Ditch, and fortified places all over the world. Now, our horse-cavalry wear cork waistcoats, our foot infantry should wear air jackets. They'd cross the sea before you could say on; and where do you think they should arrive, whisper me that, Ha!—What? How?—You don't know?—How should you ever in Germany or Bohemia?—No; I understand jography; now they'll go in America, under the line, close to the shore they should land every mother's way; then there's the Catabaws, and there's the Cherokees, and there's the Creeks; they are the four great nations; our Catabaws all across the continent, to Bengal; then they should go to the sea.—You know where the Mediterranean is; I know nothing; I'll tell you, the Mediterranean is the metropolis of Constantinople; then we'll go to blockade Paris til the French king is Paul Jones; then I'll send for Genr'l Cot. Tarleton; and—Where was I, Mr. (with a look at Tarleton).—Thank ye—so I am so dull, Mr. Costive, you put me to sleep. I'll explain the whole affair to you; you

Prussia, and the empress of Russia; the nabob of Arcot, and the king of the Hottentots, are all in the Protestant interest, they make a diversion upon all the chain of Tartary's back settlements; then Sir Guy Carleton comes with a *circumbendions*, and retakes all the islands, Rhode Island and all; and takes 'em *here*, and *there* and *there*, and *here*, and *everywhere*: there is the whole affair explained at once to you."

PROLOGUE TO THE TRIP TO PARIS.

In former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(An't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale—no, truth! man—I'm just come from France.

From Paris I came, why I went there, no matter,
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water:
'Twas to win a large wager that hurry'd me over,
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover,
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly;
They who choose it for physick may drink of the sea,
But only to think on't is physic for me.

When first I went on board, Lord! I heard such a racket,

Such babbling and squabbling, 'fore and aft', through the packet;

The passengers bawling, the sailors yo-ho-ing,
The ship a-long dashing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some sick and some sweating, some singing, some shrieking.

Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;

Stop the ship!—but the tars, never minding our cases,

Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and grinn'd in our faces,

We made Calais soon, and were soon set on shore,
And I trode on French ground, where I never trod before.

The scene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more yo, yo-ho,
With damme Jack, yet, boy—or damme John, no!
'Twas quite a other thing, man, 'twas all complai-
sance.

With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to France,
Ah, Monsieur Angloy—they cry'd *he ou ven nu,*
Tres humble servant, sir, we glad to see you
I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They back'd round my carcass like flies in the sham-
bles.

To be crowded amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and souse me for broth.
At last, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my stare!)
Wer, wer, I cry'd, *wee then*—and put on a sword;
So at once Neddy Sluter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was talk'd so before in my life
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Monsieur*;
So I did, I saw things there were wonderful queer;
Queer streets, and queer houses, with people much
queerer,

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallavousses*.

It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to me,
All folks are there dress'd in a toyshop like show,
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fadler and beau;
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and such
skirts—

They sold me some ruffles—but I found the shirts.

Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and their
stewings,

One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a incas'd frog.
Out of window I toss'd it, it wain't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and I ran into the street,
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Mo-
narque clever;

I'm for beef, and King George, and old England for
ever!

THE SMALL GRUMBLER.

Grumbling is a complaint without
grumbler is one who, if he is forced to
heary from a feast, says I do not
enjoyed me your black lamb, and
and so I was not heard to disagree
kind him, he says, "You are not
heart." He is sorry at a slow
rains, but because it is too late for
purse, "I never," he remarks "had
When he has purchased at a
the seller, a slave at the proper price,
wonderful," he says, "it is
at such a rate." In the heart of
a son is born to him, "If you
"that half my substance to you
told the truth." Though he has
anly, he is angry with his
strong points in his favour. I
a sum of money in loan to
one of them bids him now to
can I," he cries, "when I
to each of them, and he does that
of gratitude for the obligation."

HOW TO MAKE A MAN A

It has been decided that a man
must not be *spiritually retained*, but
be found *mad*, or *not mad*, and so
ment there is a case, *section 1* of
inquest of *insanity* was returned
an *idiot*, and where, in consequence
ceedings were had. But they
make him a *lunatic*. Had the
great town might really be
to *Harrison's Practice of the Law*
and see what is necessary in
mission of *lunacy*.

"The method of *preparing the*
lunacy," says the *law*, "is by
sons making an *order* with
condition of the *lunatic*, with
the *lunatic*."

And that, to clear his counsel's tongue, he
Must bribe him or with meat or money.

One morn he calls his clown in chief,
"Here, take this pig to lawyer Brief."
The clown (unlike his wife, they say)
Could both be silent, and obey
The pig secur'd within a sack,
At ease hung dangling from his back;
Thus loaded, straight to town he went,
With many an awkward compliment.

A half-way house convenient stood,
Where host was kind, and ale was good,
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—
"A quart of stout, to wet my whistle!"
Eas'd of his load, he takes a chair,
And quaffs oblivion to all care.

Three artful wags accost the clown,
And ask his errand up to town,
With potent ale his heart grows warm,
Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm;
He tells them plainly whence he came;
His master, and the lawyer's name,
And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,
Shew'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.
Whilst two the witless clown amuse,
With merry tales, and mournful news,
A third removes the sack unseen,
And soon sets free the guest within—
But, lest our clown the trick should trace,
A well-fed cur supplies the place.

The point clear'd up of what's to pay,
Our clown in peace pursu'd his way.
Arriv'd, he makes his awkward bow,
With many a *Wherefore*, and *As how*.
"Heaven bless your honour many a year!
Look what a pig I've brought you here."
The sack untied without demur,
Forthwith out gently crept the cur.
Both stood aghast with eager eyes,
And both, no doubt, look'd wondrous wise.
The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,
Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home;
And, wondering at the queer disaster,

Well pleas'd to see him so
The wags his quick return
What pearls of wisdom he
To hear him tell the tale
The devil's in it, they all say
And seem to wonder more
From them to Cecil he is paid
To her the striped eventide
Meantime the wags to riot
Replace the pig within the sack
The rustic soon resumes his
And whistling, plods along.

The impatient farmer looks
And asks "What news from
The pig was lik'd they say
"Nay, master! master! Well
The pig, for I'm a stupid fellow
Is chang'd into a puppy dog
"A dog!"—"Nay, master, see
See here, I'll fairly scare him
No sooner was the sack unfasten'd
Than a loud rump he wad
"Death!" cries the farmer,
Proceeds thus daring in his rage
Make haste, take back that
Presuming elf, or I will

The clown, of patient soul
Awhile in silent wonder stood
Then briefly cried, with phlegm
"Yon lawyer is a wretched fellow
How hoarse his voice! how
What's pig with us a dog
Heaven shield my future
For, as I live, I've seen the

THE FLATTERER.

Flattery may be considered
style of intercourse, but benevolent.
The flatterer is one who, when
cries out, "Do you observe how
are upon you! this is an honour
lot of names to the flatterer.

discourse falling upon who all began and ended with *due* from the garment of his *due* from his hat any feather into it, and says, with a because I have not been with *due* head begins to get white; *due* our hair is remarkably black *due* this man speaks, he bids the *due* him in his hearing, and, *due* asking, he goes out. *Due* that patron has ordered a frigid *due* and he, he thrusts his garment *due* unable to restrain his laugh- *due* out together, he bids the *due* the gentleman has gone to *due* for his patron's children, *due* the parent's sight, kissing the *due* "Beautiful offspring of a *due* with his patron when he is *due* "His foot is far better *due* When his patron is going to *due* before, and says, "He is *due* back, and says, "I have *due* is the first of the guests to *due* "If tastefully you dine!" *due* from the table, he says, *due* "He asks his patron whe- *due* ther he would not wish to *due* ing?" and whether he shall *due* he is fond of inclining to his *due* and while he himself is ad- *due* eyes upon his patron. He *due* from the servant in the the- *due* himself. He commends the *due* s house, and the cultivation *due* s that his picture is like

LOCAL PARODY.

on the noted grammatical

Due from ever when he preaches;
Due of what in reach is.
Due among his neighbours' wives;
Due in gathering of his tithes.
Due at every parish feast,
Due On Sunday, *sacrdos*, a priest.

EPICLUE TO THE LIAR.

Between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding

M. Gr. Hold, sir.

Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
 Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
 Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate,
 Proser he all lying! what would be the fate
 Of this, and every other earthly state?
 Consider, sir, if once you cry it down,
 You'll shut up every coffee-house in town;
 The tribe of politicians will want to die,
 Ev'n *due* half-mach'd for the good;
 All Crab-street turn to one of no mind and sense,
 And every office of mixed genre,
 And would be lawyers, the whole lying race,
 And the Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. "You hold a sentence" Must the good and
 great
 Patriots be wrong'd, that book-sellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, sir, yet hear another word,
 Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword:
 Look what narrow limits you would draw,
 By this prescription, at the common law.
 For 'tis the next generation rule of courts,
 Vyver will tell you, nay, ev'n *(Coke's Reports)*
 All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
 To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice, I am somewhat
 loath;
 A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show:
 Leave us possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance

Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard to say!

On this rejoinder then I rest my cause -
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case.

Why, may a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I submit,

I mean to take the voices of the po
Is it your pleasure that we make a rule,
That every man be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

THE COMPLAISANT MAN.

Complaisance may be defined, an address which aims at pleasing by disreputable means. The complaisant is one who salutes a man at a distance, calls him the best of creatures, seizes both his hands with expressions of admiration, and will not let him go; he insists upon accompanying him a little way, teases him with inquiries of "When he shall have the honour of seeing him," and at last leaves him with exclamations of praise. If he is called to an arbitration between two parties, he is not more anxious to please the person for whom he appears than his opponent, that he may be called impartial and a common friend. He tells foreigners that their pronunciation is superior to that of the natives. When invited to dinner, he entreats the host to call in his children, and when they come, he observes, that one fig is not more like another than they to their father; he takes and kisses them, and makes them sit by him; with some of them he cracks childish jokes, and others he daadles to sleep on his knee, at the same time feeling the greatest discomfort and inconvenience. He is shaved with the greatest nicety, and whitens his teeth with dentifrice; he changes his garments before they have the least soil, and always smells of perfumes. On the forum you always

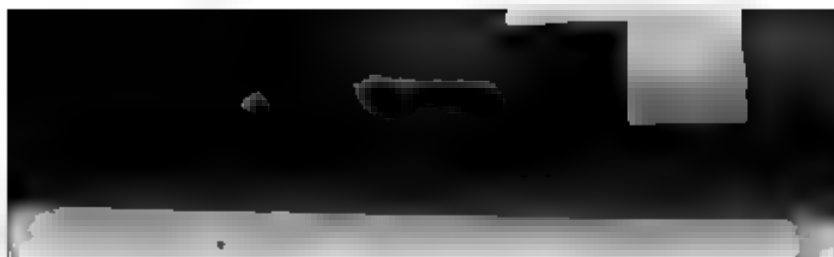
see him among the men of most rank and fashion. He buys nothing but presents for his friends; he takes care to make known his name. He keeps monkeys, doves, vases, knock-knack and curiosity, for the friends; he sits up in his mansion room and a tennis court; he goes to the opera, the amphitheatre, the theatre, dancing, and offers them the use of his exercise of their respective arts. I will be present at the next exhibition of the opportunity of my friend. That is the gentleman to whom

PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUES TO THE

And, egad, it will do for any of this.

An old tale proverb let me quote
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
So suit our author and his fate,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce.
Nor would I show it, had I any;
The reasons why are strong and true.
Should I have wit, the piece have
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be untrue.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wife
May cheat you soon. Will that
Not as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations
Poets, be dull in their expectations
Unless in these to suit your fate.
But there, indeed, you will find
In prologues, prefaces, and plays
A silver bottom speaks your fate.
A thread bare coat might make you
Did not the flowers of the
A case in point to this before you
Allow me, may, to tell a story.



once a wit
 hit,
 a which he boasted,
 ce, boil'd and roasted
 d in they trip,
 smacking lip—
 oil'd and roasted, pray—"
 'd each way.
 he house forsook,
 ser—kick'd the cook,
 oor Patrick Kelly!
 with the belly.
 wn, then thus I reason,
 ut of season.
 jokes sit watching,
 for Fanny's scratching.
 so fit,
 ghosts of wit;
 their art and skill,
 their author's will.
 great and small,
 me at all.
 ?—a paltry trade—
 ce be laid!
 ve your commands,
 s-monger's hands:
 us! [*holding up his hands.*]
 , nor fools can write.

GARRICK.

IN VERSUS LAPSTONE.

l in a certain town, which, far
 less, and is as follows:—Goody
 alms-house, No. 2. Will Lap-
 d cobbler, inhabited No. 3, and a
 ho happened to pass through the
 ms-houses were situated, could
 Goody Grim was in the act of
 n' proper pigs, but the animal
 y, burst from her hold, and ran
 lar legs of the aforesaid Jew,
 id, ran back to Will Lapstone's,
 met bottle full of gin, belonging

2 D 2

to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's
 state bed.

The parties being of course in the most opulent
 circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law.
 The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to
 bring an action against Lapstone, for the loss of her
 pig with a curly tail; and Lapstone to bring an action
 against Goody Grim, for the loss of a quart bottle
 full of Hollands gin; and Mordecai to bring an
 action against them both, for the loss of a tea-totum,
 that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all
 delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was con-
 sidered, they were all parties, and no witness. But
 Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now
 changed her battery; and was determined to bring
 an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai
 as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, that he, Lapstone, not
 having the fear of the seizures before his eyes, but
 being moved by pig, and instigated by piousness,
 did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the
 annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib divers
 that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs
 and porkers, with curly tails, and did secret the said
 five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers,
 with curly tails, in said Lapstone's bed, against the
 peace of our Lord the king, his crown and dignity.

Mordecai was examined by counsellor Puzzle.

"Well, sir; What are you?"

"I sell old clo's, and sealing wax, and puckles."

"I did not ask you what you sold; I ask you
 what you are?"

"I am about five and forty."

"I did not ask your age; I ask you what you are?"

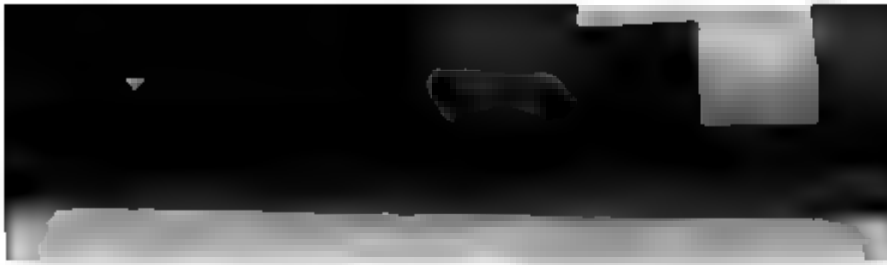
"I am a Jew."

"Why could'nt you tell me that at first? Well then,
 if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this
 affair."

"As I was a walking along."

"Man—I did'nt want to know where you were
 walking."

"Vel, as I was a walking along."



THE LAUGHING PHILISTINE.

395

ending, and not playing with the said
in too-tatum, I humbly presume, that
I friend his said will come to the

, brother Botham, there's no doubt
equant is instruct! the law does not
fra legum, for merely spinning a too-

one of the witnesses has owned that
early tail. Now, my lord, I presume,
pig had a straight tail, I consider the
be fatal."

Order the pig into court."
was produced; and, upon examination,
have a straight tail, which finished the
armed judge, in summing up the evi-
dence the jury,—“Gentlemen of the jury,
necessary to recapitulate the evidence;
I of this objection removes all ground
d notwithstanding the ancient statute
vinn pigum et horum pigum, et vendi
s, there is an irrefragable proof, by
tation, that Goody Grim's grunter had
, and therefore the prodner must be
nd really, gentlemen, if the time of the
taken up with these frivolous actions,
justice will be entirely frustrated; and
no recommends this action should be
in the ordinary way, but with the ut-
d severity of the law."

s thrown into Chancery, and it is ex-
be settled about the end of the year

SEN TO THE SCHOOL FOR BAKES.

Spoken by Mr. King.

gentry, ever frank and free,
stage with prologues fix on me,
representative I come,
eulogues, which I call a broom,
critic cobwebs from the room.
idlers, into corners creep,
lays their bloody revels keep:

With some small vulgar class in ambush lie,
Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly:
The weak and headless ones, become their prey,
But the strong blow-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
Unknown to Nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil!
Fearing some danger, I will lay before you
A short, true, recent, tragic-comic story.

As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any concomb there,
Two sparks came up; one whisper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then ask'd me with a sneer—
Thus standing, staring—with a swaggering swing,
“You've writ a farce?”—“Yes, sir, a foolish thing.”
“Damn'd foolish—You'd better mind your acting,
King,

Th's ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
That this same farce will prove—your Wit's last
Stake.”

“I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'r.”
“Right, for your own amusement—not for ours.”
Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.
He laugh'd—I how'd—but, ere I could retreat,
His hissing friend did thus the dose repeat:
“Pray, sir,—this School for Bakes—the woman's
play—

When do you give it us?”—“Next Saturday;
I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least.”

“A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!
Then they're so ugly, all these female wits—
I'll damn her play—to throw her into fits.
Ifsd I my will, those slattern stuttish dames—
They all should see the bottom of the Thames.”
If you are here, good sirs, to breed a riot,

[Looking about the house]

Don't show your spite; for if you are not quiet,
Th's ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
This School for Bakes will prove your Wit's last
Stake.

As you *[To the pit]* save me from their tyrannic will,
You will not let them use a woman ill.

Protect her and her brood—The truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

GARRICK.

THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.

Those readers who wish to be considered *well-dressed* gentlemen, and attract notice by well-blacked boots and clanking spurs, will read the following with interest.

"As for thy stockings and shoes, so wear them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of malecontent. Or, if thy quicksilver can run so far on thy errand as to fetch thee boots out of St. Martin's, let it be thy prudence to have the tops of them wide as the mouth of a wallet, and those with fringed boot-hose over them to hang down to thy ankles. Doves are accounted innocent and loving creatures,—thou in observing this fashion, shalt seem to be a rough-footed dove, and be held as innocent. Besides the straddling, which of necessity so much leather between thy legs must put thee into, will be thought not to grow from thy disease, but from that gentlemanlike habit."

Those gentlemen who "sport" *fine bushy* heads of hair, should particularly attend to the following directions.

"To maintain therefore that scone of thine strongly guarded, and in good reparation, never suffer comb to fasten his teeth there—let thy hair grow thick and bushy, like a forest, or some wilderness, lest those six-footed creatures that breed in it, and are tenants to that crown-land of thine, be hunted to death by every base barbarous barber, and so that genteel and tickling pleasure of scratching be utterly taken from thee.

"Long hair is the only net that women spread abroad to entrap men in—and why should not men be as far above women in that commodity, as they go beyond men in others? The merry Greeks were called *κρηνημύχες* (long-haired). Lose not thou, being an honest Trojan, that honour, since it will more fully become thee. Grass is the hair of

becomes the wearer, and carries colour, but when the sun burns down at it, and, like a barber's stumps, then it wants to be put to be tramped up and tramped down is a bad pate—it looks like a lawn or like ground eaten bare with the where as a head all hair in has a wicked face a sweet proportion, and how newly married to the spring.

"It is certain that when honest age went current upon the earth, treason to cap hair than to clip, and senators were condemned to be neys—he was dishonoured to wear a barber's apron. Man, woman, the hair longer than a law suit, or it stood bare or uncovered, looked to be a fool, having his throat d cap on. It was usual to have shaggy pines, as the *Irishman*. But since the gentle world crept up, locks were used to decay. Reverse than the stone the and in scorn of prudence and decorum that quilted head piece, as hair will make thee look drearily and many to thy friends, it is, a ment, in war, a strong helmet, it of a sword, and dead's far heavier in winter, it is a warm nightcap, and a fan of feathers."

PROLOGUE TO DON JUAN

Fashion in ev'ry thing bears sway
And words and penwicks have but
Each have their purposes too, as we
In stated districts, wags as we
The Tyburn scratch, the Tyburn
The parson's feather, the parson's
The politician's wig, the politician's
Differ not more from the
Than great St. George's or St. James
From the hair of the dog that bit him.



"—Oh! damme!" cries a buck,
ask me, my dear, and you're in luck:
wear, break windows, beat the

drink health, and roar a catch.
sit up! damme, take your swing!
my boy; Bon Ton's *the thing!*
fe, and all the joys it yields,"
sock, warm from Spitalfields.
space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
me-horse chaise o' Sunday!

on summer afternoons,
lls, with china and gilt spoons!
r stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
our all in silks and satins!"

ee Miss—"Observe, in higher life,
aster, and thrice-feather'd wife:
'on. Bon Ton's a constant trade
ball, and masquerade!
ppet-shows—'tis something new;
uds every night at *loo*.

, and contradicts all reason;
days, and fruit—when out of season!
f-a-guinea is the price;
arce bigger than six mice.
ou never wish to see;
hose who never can agree;
ess'd, painted, patch'd, and curl'd—
and this we call *the world!*"

lord, "and thou my only son,
ults, ne'er sin against Bon Ton!
ning at a public school,
ek and Latin, is a fool.
my boy's the thing! *jasez!* prate,

e, whipt-syllabub the matter!
chman; for, on English pegs,
twardness with two left legs.
ship form a treacherous league,
ighters, with their wives intrigue;
cles round your nails,
clean—and grin, if small-talk fails:
whatever jest prevails:

Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.
Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
'The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtù*,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.
To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless tints,
Flits off a sketch or two like Darby's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike
'em,

'Twill be Bon Ton to see them, and to like 'em.

COLMAN.

ECONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

An epicure, on entering the Bedford coffee-house,
inquired, "What have you got for dinner, John?"
"Any thing you please, sir." "Oh! but what ve-
getables?" The waiter named the usual *legumes* in
season; when the gentleman, after having ordered
two mutton chops, said, "John! have you any cu-
cumbers?" "No, sir, there are not any, I believe,
yet produced, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if
you please, I will step into the market, and inquire
the price, if any." The waiter returned. "Why,
sir, there a few, but they are very dear; they are a
guinea a piece." "A guinea a piece! are they small
or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then
buy two." Just so it is with us all, saving at one
end, and running out at the other.

APOLOGY FOR NAKEDNESS.

Unless that Freezeland cur, cold winter, offer to bite
thee, walk a while up and down thy chamber, either
in thy thin shirt only, or else (which, at a bare word,
is both more decent and more delectable) strip thy-
self stark naked. Are we not born so? And shall a
foolish custom make us to break the laws of our cre-
ation? Our first parents, so long as they went naked,
were suffered to dwell in Paradise; but after they
got coats to their backs, they were turned out of
doors. Put on, therefore, either no apparel at all.

or put it on carelessly. for look how much more delicate liberty is than bondage, so much is the looseness of wearing of our attire above the imprisonment of being neatly and tautly like a suit up in it. To be ready in our clothes is to be ready for death, as when a man looks as if he be lying in chains, or like a scarecrow. And as those excellent birds, whom I'll not could never have the wit to cat him in all his springes, commonly called woodcocks, whereof there is great store in England, having all their feathers plucked from their backs, and being turned out as naked as Plato's cock was before all Diogenes' scholars, or as the cuckoo in Christmas, are more fit to come to any knight's board, and are indeed more servicable, than when they are lapt in their warm liveries, even so stands the case with man. Truth, because the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair to cover his head, goes, when she goes best, stark naked. but Fatschood has ever a cloak for the rain. You see likewise that for her, being the king of beasts, the horse, being the best creature, the unicorn, whose horn is worth half a city, all these go with no more clothes on their backs than what nature hath bestowed upon them. but your baboons and your jackanapes, being the scum and rascality of all the hedge-creeperers, they go in jerkins and mantles. Marry now: They are put into their rags only in mockery.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very crygo-root of gluttony: so that fine backs and fat bellies are coach-horses to two of the seven deadly sins, in the boots of which coach Lechery and Sloth sit like the waiting maid. In a most desperate state therefore do tailors and cooks stand, by means of their offices, for both those trades are apple-squarers to that couple of sins. The one invents more fantastic fashions, than France hath worn since her first stone was laid: the other more sackerish Epicurean dishes, than were ever served up to Gallonius's table. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches for Archimede for whalebone doublets, or for yea-

of nightingales' tongues in France? No, no, the first suit of apparel a man put on, came leather from the leather merchant's warehouse: have been taken then, sooner now, yet was he great in gold and velvets. The suit worn by do in those days, than to set up the weaver's his breeches were as R. Stephen's, that cost him A law's holyday hose and doublet stuff than plain hy-leaves, as the same piece, there went between them. An unquarry some of the powder of these famous men were none of their hall, that now is called the the Netherlands, was then the Litcher's shop: they durst customers with large backs. Adapting for all their leasy nature, either the Spanish chaperon or the Switzer's bustled cap: sitting down like a Werlwo, strosser, nor the French stand quadruple damask gowns, or batos, that have more arches than can stand under the load: then set themselves out in pride: starchy could by no means be was counted a disgrace: and now, thalax to folly, it is held and the purest golden axes in

ADVENTURES OF

"I was hatched in the he years old, who was placed in nurse, and educated at the place, as in a populous town, ment and, as our story is in a few months a young man was the happiest period of apprehension from the world



one, except that our country should be d we should be compelled to wander, one of the North, in search of another. I that the lord of our soil, in an evil : some of his companions to Highgate. of the hill was a stage and a mount- vental founts of wit and humour were gentleman with a griffin upon his ted the doctor in his vocation. We in the midst of the crowd, and even stage, which the boy was permeated by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a d gold might be conveyed under his : but, however, the dextrous, but mis- or, having imperceptibly conveyed a pped his hand smartly upon it, and on *potabile* running down on each peakable delight of the beholders, but appointment of the boy, and the total nimity.

able to describe the confusion and his accident instantly produced among & once buried in a quag, intolerably superably vinct : those who had been to passage, found it impossible to re- tion ; and the few who, happening to fern of the suffusion, had with the ut- their strength crawled to those parts it reached, laboured in vain to free : shackles which every moment be- og as the substance which formed : hard, and threatened in a short time e them of all power of motion. I was his number, and cannot even now re- tion without shuddering at my dan- an none the candidate for enchanted : search of pleasure had found only , weariness and disappointment, re- stolen holyday was at an end, returned comitate to his nurse. The next of s was soon offended by an unavowry us not long before the discovered sed. A few questions, and a good

stamp on the back, brought the whole secret to light ; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had re- ceived the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned ; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelm- ed with a second inundation ; the caperacts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the current, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped ; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that, if we had lost our friends, we were released from the vicious durances which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine ; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile our- selves without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

" But the series of misfortune which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday ; and the stupen- dous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use ; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow ; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alle- viate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

" I was so terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day ; and at night when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I con- cluded that I should at least be safe with the ~~weapon~~

and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long fasted, my lute was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell, but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he had hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire—in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

"The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction, and it happened that I had fallen on the left sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plants, and at last light had she leisure to accompany her into the drawing room where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the most composure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and, after several efforts, made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her chair. But in this hope I was disappointed, for in the chair she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who surrounded me. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks, but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty, which she had been used to pour forth every eye that beheld her; however, at length increased till she perceived that she placed her eye downward with a secret expectation, she discovered the cause. She instantly covered these cheeks with blushes which modesty had reserved, and as I was now removed out of my danger I was hastily to retreat. At that instant a young gentleman was perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace and when, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I

stood with his hand in a pocket down, and holding up his hat to violent a blast towards me he vanished before it. In the next moment I found myself entered beard, whose attention was window of a rich citizen, with to pay his debts and procure a

"In this place the lady was afforded me shelter, except a small side, where the powder was able obstacles to my progress. I remained near a week in a dreadful situation. I lived in danger, secluded from my spouse, cursed caws of the wicket who morning and every night. In the utmost difficulty that I could ed up in a lamp of punishment, between the curtains. To escape a night, after I was with the dexterity evaded the comb. I thrust through, the boy with a

"I frequently meditated many projects to effect it, which I did either as dangerous or served that the lady had a more than a master, and that he was bag, into the bag, therefore ascended with great success with it, not without a long time were answered, in the day his own was the very gained a new acquaintance.

"But the bag was not the dress which was necessary for a servant, who being out after wearing a lace hood beauty's turned away at a minute's warning, a chambermaid, who which he had been bred, and a barber in the city who, up his skill to dress hair & in one

[illegible]

Letter from William A. Corcoran, Commissioner

change in the situation of my patron was of course to me; for I began to have more and less disturbance. But among other than he attended every morning to shave, busy gentlemen of great repute for natural history; a fellow of many foreign pedicels, and a adept in experimental philosophy. This, having conceived a design to repeat his experiments upon the increase of our species of the proprietor of my dwelling if only him to a subject. The man was at first the question; but it was no secret compromise he pulled out an ivory comb, and prodded and two associates, one of whom died of the hurt he received.

age received us with thanks, and very conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, and a numerous progeny. Here, however, I for calamity, and was exposed to new dangers. He was a sedentary and recluse, and extremely susceptible of cold, would with his shins to near the fire, that we were reduced to death before we could get round the shelter. He was also subject to fluctuations of mind, and at those times many have miserably destroyed by his wrath or which he would hold so much on one side, and run over the vessel, and overflow us with deluge from his bow to his stern : in all ; for when he felt the smart, he would not with his hand, without reflecting upon it, till he had crushed great part of those pumped. Still, however, it was my fortune for new adventures.

philosopher, among other visitants whose
he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes
the company of ladies; for the enter-
of a lady it was my misfortune to be one
than from my family when I least suspected
and in the opposite of a solar microscope.

After I had contributed to their amusement and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immersed between the two pieces of lightning, through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone at the house, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak; and the window being open, I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered parterre of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a parterre, a situation which I scarce less deprecated than the microscope; I found it a densest wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour; but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my grips relaxed, and I fell, almost in a state of insensibility, from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital; over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

" By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me, I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient, in whose head I had taken shelter.

"I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake: for, among other patients in the same ward, was a child about six years old, who having been put to bed a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice. For this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction; I was immersed in the poison, and saw myself approach the horrid gate which I expected would the next morning close upon me."

My fate, however, was otherwise determined, for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse, and after no redress for I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

"I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a Barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of a trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a taste.

"Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the snare, yet I was deposited upright upon the operator's shaving cloth, from whence as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the folds of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover; but I still hope to find some dwelling where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch, where neither pincers nor razor shall approach, where I shall pass the remainder of my life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society, and the provision of plenty."

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVALS.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a Paper.

Serj. What's here—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see

Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.

Att. Yes, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. [*Gives money.*]

Serj. The scrawl improves, [more] O come, 'tis pretty plain.

Att. How's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!

A poet's brief! a poet and a fee?

Att. Yes, sir!—tho' you, without reward, I know, would gladly plead the muses' cause—*Serj.* So—

so!

Att. And if the fee offends, your words fall

On me. —*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence

Att. Some sons of Pity in the street meet,

Serj. And fifty sons of Thatch in the street

Att. Nor please me worse, who in the street

Of hay—a horse is a legal word to me

Serj. Full footed and free, this, or is

A coat of lancel—in a grove of

Yet tell your client, that in a grove of

This wig is warmer than a beaver

Att. Do you then see, my friend, the

Please of a beaver and a pond

Do you, with a lancel—

And wanted lancel in a grove of

Like in the court, and to the court

Serj. For practice there appears to be

show it

Att. Serjeant, I would not—

Lead to the ground—I know it is

With this dread Court, from whence

fall

Serj. And here, to hunt the

Or, damn'd in equity, and in the

Att. Judgment given—your

Do not of the Court, but

Yet when so that I see

We said some law

No spite as here—

I think I never find a

Said else our plan—

tion.

A law for the Court—

But such the public

My great waves the

No new law from the

Not will not be

His faults—

His—

Thus, of respecting the

And by then, general

OUR NEWSPAPERS.

that the world's epitome,
the London newspapers;
wide, we have news in a tide,
its and odd capers.
met, what a grave looking set,
slac'd on their noses;
o'er the pages now pore,
strange news is disclos'd.
rolantwring,
cution,
—weddings trying,
eight and sold,
so wins and who loses.
iter, bring an evening paper."
sir." "Indeed! it's very late."
ag to the debate last night. The
till almost night; and don't ex-
ter till morning. Here comes the
on his back, and the *World* in-
iter! what's this?" "The *Sun*,
wet." "Yes, sir." "Oh, yes;
a wet sun all last year, we don't
Waiter! bring me a candle."
see the sun with." "Why can't
hout a candle?—in our country
sir, have you done with that there
; but you may have this here
bring me the *Statesman*." It's
." "Then bring me the *Post* or
are both on the same side, sir."
t gentleman who is spelling the
he cannot oblige the company
g the *British Press* at liberty?"
or *Press* for a *Post*, sir?" "No,
ap my *Statesman* for an *Inde*-
I beg pardon, sir; but I have
o that gentleman with the bald
' "Sir." "Why, the file of the
erfect." "Yes, sir; we have
many into France." "Oh, that
' *That Statesman* is abominably
[ag me another." "We hav'n't

got another, sir." "Send out boy one,—there's
plenty of *Statesman* to be bought." &c.

Keep it up; that's the way, all along every day,
To know who wins and who loses.
In country, like town, from the peer to the clown
In Europe the great affairs are trying;
Politicians, you know, may be led at the plough,
What the news is they are all inquiring.
Hear the horn's twanging sound to the village resonance;
All are anxious, the news comes so late in;
Where a party is seen every night at the inn,
And for news most impatiently waiting.
Advertising—things surprising,
Siege of battle—show of cattle,
Fighting cocks—price of stocks,
And in business who wins and who loses.

[Spoken.] "Waiter, ask that gentleman to read
pro bene." "You'll excuse me, sir; but we don't
take that in." "Landlord, will you have the good-
ness to read that paper out?" "I beg your pardon,
but I can't read very well at first sight, on account of
the stops." "As Mr. Barrell, the undertaker, if he'll
read." "No sir: I begs leave to object to that,—he
always begins with the deaths, and that is something
so professional.—Perhaps Mr. Parchment, the solicitor,
will, or show *cause* why he refuses." "Why, sir,
I have no objections; and as I hate every thing pro-
fessional, I'll try if I can amuse you. What's this?
Oh, Watkins versus Wilkins. This was an action
for the recovery of £1. 14s. 6d." "Now didn't I
tell you he would begin with something professional.
We don't want law,—do we, doctor?" "No, sir; I
think the most amusing part of the paper is the acci-
dents. Let me see.—On Thursday last, as a poor
labouring man was at work on the top of a ladder in
Spring Gardens, he was, by a sudden gust of wind,
blown as far as Charing Cross;—he fell at the door
of Bish's lucky lottery office, where tickets and shares
are selling."—"Pooch, pooch, it's only a lottery puff.
I hate all puffs;—don't you, Mr. Pastry-cook?" "No,
sir; I don't dislike any body's puffs. Live and let
live,—that's my motto." "Well, sir, as you have got
down the papers, I'll try if I can't amuse you."

"Beware of puffs." "Oh, you have no need to tell me that, sir, for I think I smell a puff, the moment I take a paper in my hand. No, no, I'm not to be had. No, no, I think I know a little too much for that. Let me see.—Oh! St. Helena! Ay, now here is something good; this can't be a puff.—St. Helena, an officer who has just arrived from this island reports the following curious circumstance. That the *de-vant* emperor declares it is his fixed determination, in opposition to the advice of his faithful followers, to be no other than Turner's blacking, to be had No.—

So keep it up every day, all agog, that's the way,
To know who wins and who loses.

Then they differ in the name, none alike, all the same,
Morning Chronicle, and Day Advertiser,
British Press, Morning Post, Herald, Times, what a host,

We read every day and grow wiser,
The Examiner, Whig, all alive to the gig,
While each one his favourite chooses,
Globe, Star, and Sun, too keep up the fun,
And tell all the world what the news is.

Examination—Botheration,
Consultation—Publication,
Abdication—Botheration,
City feasts—Wild beasts.

And in business who wins and who loses.

(Horn.) Gazette Extraordinary (Horn.) Second edition. Let me see, here must be something good—We stop the press to announce, that if intelligence of my important victory should reach us in the course of the afternoon, we shall publish it in the third edition (Horn.) Last edition of the Gazette Extraordinary—Ay, ay, now let me see—here it is.—We stop the press—I beg you won't press on one so much, sir. We stop the press to announce, that nothing new has arrived since our last.—Great intelligence indeed—certainly very pleasant. (Imitates a drunken man.)

Waiter! waiter where the devil are you all—
Want to have a peep at the papers—how d'ye do?—
d'ye do?—No offence I hope, if I intrude.
—so—(attempts to light his pipe at the candle.)—

Never intrudes not no nowhere—what d'ye do at.—(Laughs.)—How dare you say that? What a fool a man is he says! what may happen to him the next good night—good night—good night—I'll go to bed—I'll go to bed—no objection—I hope he'll say so.—What a not so gentleman.—Where's the paper? want the newspapers.—(Looks up at the go—I see the door is open.—I think I'm drunk.—No I'm not drunk.—very well,—and I can see up—very well, not drunk, I'm not drunk—I see it there it is.—Betty chambermaid—I'm going to bed.—Fanny, the wench, she goes forth I never comes down again.—(Sings) &c. &c. "I say, are do you ever cross-ways?" "Always, sir, from one to the other."—"I don't mean that, you mean?" "I mean from one to the other."—"No, sir, I'm a way to the bottom." "Pooh, pooh, no more readings."—"You'll make a very good one." "Only allow me, sir, last night, a young gentleman came in in the arduous character of a lady's dog, it with great ease in less than a lady's dog, answered me, if he was, return to my house, he kindly refused. A lady, exhibiting a letter, said to me, six motherless children, I live in Fleet-street, and am the only person in the place, and my only advantage; and you're well, sir, I'm a peasant. What a piece of respectability who, in the character of letters post paid, is a member of Newgate, for the cat of Lady Imbrioden, and the regiments of soldiers ready for looking fellow was lately taken into

suspicion of several robberies
 a searching his pockets, they
 n—six-chaldrons of coals, two
 : horses. Last, a lady's reticule,
 'chest of mahogany drawers, and
 at Leeds, Josiah Jones, Esq.
 kins of that place—he seem'd
 ste.—The minister pronounced
 the law on the unhappy wretch;
 ig young man, about five and
 ind in all other respects, be-
 coming propriety.
 it's the way, all agog every day,
 , and who loses.

PRESENT AGE.
 friends, of vain applause,
 ental rhymes;
 let's call another cause,
 out the times.
 : ever known,
 is the oddest;
 re honest grown,
 women modest.
 ow are fond of fees,
 f their dues;
 the court one sees,
 what crowded pews!
 heir friends deceive,
 es of favour;
 y make them once believe,
 lly endeavour.
 heaven defend us all!
 say about 'em;
 real, and I'm but small,
 g on without 'em.
 , what a virtuous race,
 irthly treasures,
 onour's glorious chase,
 verse to pleasures.
 as now forsakes his shop,
 or news?
 ert accepts a sop,
 rested views.

No soaking sot his spouse neglects,
 For mugs of mantling nappy:
 Nor madly squanders his effects,
 To make himself quite happy.
 No banker, slave to Mammon's will,
 Now seeks the venal tribe,
 With high-raised hopes, applies the till
 To frail elector's bribe.
 Or, if there are,—no men are found,
 Long held the people's friend,
 Who, mark'd for doctrines pure and sound,
 Such measures to defend.
 See spies, informers, jugglers, liars,
 Despised and out of fashion,
 And statesmen, now grown self-deniers,
 Fly all unlawful passion.
 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
 So void of wants and crimes;
 All zealous for the public good:
 Oh! these are glorious times!
 "Your character," with wondrous stare,
 Says Tom, "is mighty high, sir;
 But pray forgive me, if I swear
 I think 'tis all a lie, sir."
 "Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
 Then take another sight on't!
 Just turn the picture upside down,
 I fear you'll see the right on't."

SHAKESPEARE'S COMMENTATORS IMITATED.

"*Stilton Cheese*."—So, some of the old copies, yet the 4to, 1600, reads "*Tilton*." But I confess the word *Tilton* gives me no idea. I find *Stilton* to be a village in Huntingdonshire, famous for its cheese—a fact which clearly evinces the propriety of the reading in the old copy, and justifies my emendation.

Theobald.

Here we have a very critical note! the word *Tilton* can give Mr. Theobald no idea. And it is true, words cannot give a man what nature has denied him. But, though our critic may be ignorant of it, it is well known that, in the days of chivalry, *Tilting* was a

THE FIRST AND MR. SCARLETT,
ARRISTERS.

as the old woman would cry. His eye is peculiarly brilliant, up together, and shutes his termination, which makes his re of his verdict.

not be confounded with Mr. s is generally called *Second* wyer, in the opinion of some, *gated First Best*. There are profession; and it is only for at Mr. Scarlett is called the bar.

SING AT THE THEATRES, WITH
A CLUB OF DAMPED ACTORS,
SENS.

persons whom the world has guate by the title of *Damned* morable season of dramatic ick no fewer, I think, than medies, one opera, and three ry-lane theatre, I was found in afterpiece, and was *damned*. the public in such instances. The clerk of Chatham might against the decision of Cade were then the public. Like because I could write. Not ne of us, that the measures of t that period savoured a little he *summons* far. The public : season fished upon the *Flu-* e pieces of that nature, and it remainder of it a relish of a would have said, sir, there in in the house.

sed to inquire into the reason ity, on the other hand, with e treated, which, to indifferent t as much deserving of con- those which met with it. I

am willing to put a *favorable* construction upon the votes that were given against us. I believe that there was no bribery or designed partiality in the case;—only “our *summons* did not happen to suit their *summons*,” that was all. But against the manner in which the public on these occasions think fit to deliver their disapprobation, I must and ever will protest. Sir, imagine——but you have been present at the *damning* of a piece—those who never had that felicity, I beg them to imagine—a vast theatre, like that which Drury-lane was, before it was a heap of dust and ashes—a theatre like that, filled with all sorts of disgusting sounds,—cries, groans, hums, but chiefly the last, like the noise of many waters, or that which Don Quixote heard from the fulling-mills, or that wilder combination of devilish sounds which St. Anthony listened to in the wilderness.

I never shall forget the sounds on my night; I never before that time fully felt the reception which the Author of *All Ill in the Paradise Lost* meets with from the critics in the pit, at the final close of his tragedy upon the human race—though that, alas! met with too much success—

—— from innumerable tongues,

A dismal universal Ate, the sound
Of public scorn.—Dreadful was the d
Of *Atone* through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp, and Amphibious dire,
Carnates horn’d, Hydrua, and Eleps drear,
And Dipera.

For hall substitute theatre, and you have the very image of what takes place at what is called the *damning* of a piece,—and properly so called; for here you see its origin plainly, whence the custom was derived, and what the first piece was that so suffered. After this none can doubt the propriety of the appellation.

Indeed, I have often wondered that some modest critic has not proposed, that there should be a wooden machine to that effect erected in some *uncongenial* part of the procession, which can *uncongenial* be

injection, the hope of which sweetens most other injuries.—for the public *never writes itself*.—Not but something very like it took place at the time of the O. P. differences. The placards which were nightly exhibited, were, properly speaking, the composition of the public.—The public wrote them, the public applauded them, and precious morceaux of wit and eloquence they were; except some few, of a better quality, which it is well known were furnished by professed dramatic writers. After this specimen of what the public can do for itself, it should be a little slow in condemning what others do for it. As the degrees of malignancy vary in people according as they have more or less of the Old Serpent (the father of hisses, in their composition, I have sometimes amused myself with analyzing this many-headed hydra, which calls itself the public, into the component parts of which it is “complicated, head and tail,” and seeing how many varieties of the snake kind it can afford.

First, there is the *Common English Snake*.—This is that part of the auditory who are always the majority at demonstrations, but who, having no critical venom in themselves to sting them on, stay till they hear

author the next day.

The *Deaf Adder*.—Under this head is the spectators (for who not finding the preconceived notions like *Udetrinade*, in their fingers in their word of what is correct act may be impossible, and be will these adders retire because the tuning officer.

I should weary were to go through kind. Two qualities are creatures of rectly haunt pits as

I proceed with me of a club to which There are fourteen have been once in We meet on the sea



man of genius in his senses would not see such a capricious, ungrateful, and only legitimate end of writing their pockets, and, thus falling, ery to vilify and abuse those as in it.

their affected pretences to humble us of as a clerk to intimate he calls scenes of the multitude, y but the grunest battery, have at great heart their master; as we in children till we are obliged to t. That authors are and ought to system and preceptors of the pub- wren. That it was so in the days and Muses, and would be so not that writers prove traitors to in particular, in the days of the great authors just mentioned, have been perfect models of what; for though along with the trees he wild creatures, which he drew his strokes, some serpents doubt- is music, it does not appear that ever lifted up a dissentient voice as due to authors in those days. d stone turns into a serpent, and

Courteous Reader" and "Can- vying given rise to a false notion ay were applied, as if they were right, which they cannot have, judgments, ought to be utterly led, stinguishing tenets. To keep up cause in which we suffered, as ed a goat, a supposed unhealthy ing, on our feast-nights we out al typical of the popular voice, colour and Patient Hearing. A the society once proposed that we (moderate luxury of viper-bush; at some of the company sining at

the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly m- latory and confidential club. The privilege of admis- sion to our club is strictly limited to such as have been fully damned. A piece that has met with ever so little applause, that has but languished in sight or two, and then gone out, will never entitle its author to a seat among us. An exception to our usual rea- diness in conferring this privilege is, in the case of a writer, who, having been once condemned, writes again, and becomes candidate for a second martyr- dom. Simple damnation we hold to be a mark, but to be twice damned we adjudge infamous. Such a one we utterly reject, and black-ball without a hearing:

The common damn'd show its society.

Hoping that this publication of our regulations may be a means of inviting some more members into our society, I conclude this history.

GENEL/DAMNATUS.

PURMATURE FRUIT.

An author had just seen one of his pieces damned at the theatre, when he had somewhat recovered from the mortification of this fall, he went to visit the actress who had played the principal part; he told her, in the hope that she would say something to console him, that the public was not always just; that, besides, his friends were wrong for having pressed him so much to write, and that the fruit was not yet ripe.—"Oh, ripe or not," replied the actress, "it has, however, fallen."

SPANISH PRIDE.

A Spanish ambassador was one day vanishing to Henry IV. of France, the power of his master. The king, in order to take down the Spaniard's vanity, observed to him, with a lively air of railery, that if he were to take it into his head to get on horseback, he could go and breakfast at Milan, hear mass at Rome, and dine at Naples. "Sire," replied the ambassador, "if your majesty travels so fast, you might also go and hear vapors at Sicily on the same day."

THE TYBURN TRAGEDY.

On the Murder of John Hays, by his wife Catherine, in 1726, for which she was burnt alive at Tyburn, May 9, in the same year.

In Tyburn-road, a man there liv'd
A just and honest life,
And there he might have lived still
If so had pleas'd his wife.

But she, to vicious ways inclin'd,
A life most wicked led,
With tailors and with tinkers too
She oft defil'd his bed.

Full twice a day to church he went,
And so devout would be,
Sure never was a saint on earth,
If that no saint was he!

Thus vex'd his wife unto the heart,
She was of wrath so full,
That, nodding no hole in his coat,
She pick'd one in his skull.

But then her heart began to relent,
And griev'd she was so sore,
That quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,
These quarters she convey'd,
And in a ditch at Marybone,
His marrow bones she laid.

His head at Westminster she threw,
All in the Thames so wide;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.

But heav'n, whose power no limit knows
On earth, or on the man,
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.

This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid,
And all agreed there must have been
Some body to this head.

But, since no body could be had,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up this head to be
A witness for the fact.

Next, that it was self-murder was
The case itself explains,
For no man could cut off his head
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and past,
The deed at length was known,
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and welfare all,
And grant that we may take at
By Catherine Hays's fall.

ON HERALD SOCIETIES.

I was once amused with having
A piece thrust into my hand by a man
at the corner of Fleet market. We
prognostics about me, that mark
notice reasonable, I cannot say, I
carry in a countenance all the
traces of a fever which had not
fellowes have a great inclination
the sort of people that are likeliest
to their papers.

"HERALD SOCIETY."

"A favourable opportunity now
son, of either sex, who would wish
genteel manner, by paying one
and two pence per week for the
Members to be free in all respects,
be paid at Mr. Middleton's, at the
and the East, St. Andrew's-street,
deceased to be furnished with a
coffin, covered with a superb
with two rows, and round the
japanned nails, and a hand of
a handsome plate of inscription,
flower beneath, and four pence
with wrought grips; the coffin is

led with fine crape ; a handsome crape and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet tlemen's cloaks, three crape hatbands, d scarfs, and six pair of gloves ; two ed to attend the funeral, a man to at- with band and gloves ; also the burial ot exceeding one guinea."

ys Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble id in ashes, and pompous in the grave." up this little advertisement, certainly s appetite in the species, and has made ision for it. It really almost induces upon one to read it. Methinks I could lie, in death to be so attended. The und close-drove best black japanned eelingly do they invite and almost suade us to come and be fastened down. ead can resist the temptation to repose, ape shroud, the cap, and the pillow, t sting is there in death, which the wrought gripes are not calculated to what victory in the grave, which the e velvet pall do not render at least utable ? but above all, the pretty em- with angel above and flower beneath, tily.

goes on to inform us, that though the eu established but a very few years, ven hundred persons have put down It is really an affecting consideration many poor people, of the industrious ing class (for none but such would be ach a generous forethought) clubbing es to save the reproach of a parish- y a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that ur kept from the *Angel* and *Punch*- o provide himself a bier, he has cur- of beer. Many a savoury morsel has been deprived of, that the lifeless one ed up in a richer state to the worms. is body could understand the actions and entertained generous notions of d thank its provident partner, that she

had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonour at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If Cæsar were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a club of Cæsars.

Nothing tends to keep up in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together, —the want of a pall (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, hiding the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us), the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether, give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one who may not claim the entire rites of burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is any thing in the prospectus issued from Mr. Middleton's, Stonecutter's-street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find, that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hoods, scarfs, and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity ; the cloaks no gentleman would think of keeping ; but a pair of gloves, once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be re-demanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the proposals wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial-fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought to be made in favour of

THE LACONIC PHILOSOPHER.

well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to and, who having all along paid their subscription regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before six months, which would entitle them to their share, are quite completed. One can hardly give a more distressing case than that of a poor fellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of freedom is almost in sight, and then finding himself going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be entitled to his funeral honours or not. I think, in such cases, some of the contributions, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these proposals of Mr. Middleton which is not strictly fair and sensible, and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal which they may be apt to take at the place whence these proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr. Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house, may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them, that the issuer of these proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest superintendant of funerals, who, by the device of a cradle and coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, go for nothing: an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

ACCOMMODATING DEAFNESS.

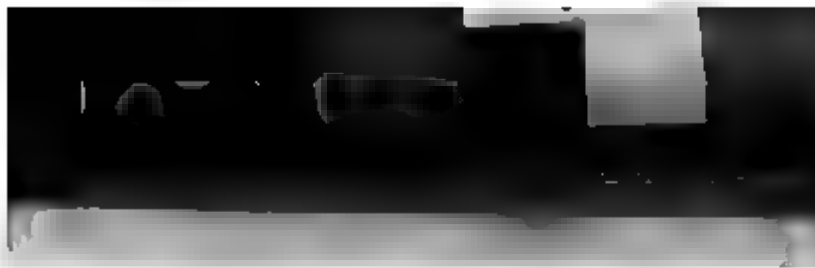
Mr. Garrow in examining a witness who happened to be deaf and whose deafness it was Mr. G.'s

part to make appear pretended, and in a low tone,—"So, you have the matter at deaf, or?" "Yes, sir." "You have it in hearing?" "Yes, sir, very." "And till I raised my voice that deafness was that you could hear what I said at a distance."

And was the sorrow to produce
So deep the anguish of despair
Which seized him, a bitter lot,
That like a sudden storm, a loud
Her utterance, and forbade to say
The murmuring eloquence of woe
And for a breakfast—No! I knew not
A breakfast o'er that heart could pass
Nor, that the lost delight to eat and
Could with such pains that up and
Though traced fancy show it all
In visionary feast displaying ad my love.

Yet well I know—(I held,
(Though grief my stomach pained
Forbade me then to eat and
I know—for I, with sorrow
Sat gazing sad, for many a day,
The breakfast I might not
I know, how touch'd with his pain
His cold heart kindling high with
That lander sent forth all his power
His outspread pride, and power
Still, still I see it, nothing else
While that unparallel'd breakfast
Saucy

I see him—yet, I recognize him
High in idleness, a king
Twenty times a day, a king
Mouth-watering, a king
Kingly, yet not a king
Dark in the eye of day
The great sin of the world
In his pure patient spirit
No knife bath touch'd him, nor
Have dar'd his majesty of turn



THE LAUGHING PARADOX.

623

death-pang, it will sweeten,
 y'd—first by rixx to be eaten.
 ! there are the eggs!
 with close-fitted legs!
 f brandy!
 so best sugar-candy,
 rgar for coffee!
 ood ham cut off! be
 an indifferent carver;
 : hand of a barber.
 fish
 and fish,
 char
 e
 urface under:
 wind and weather,
 nder,
 together!
 il! one of widgeons!
 mix'd with pigeons!
 tridges
 cold leg of mutton.
 hat tart rich is!
 it yesterday put on
 ur breathes from them, though

! it in ashes is sleeping,
 .: It will never grow old,
 own selves are the worse for

! and that
 ad that honey!
 ere, so round and so flat,
 love; not for money,
 Vest India ship,
 mething from every trip.
 full of sweet-
 of meat;
 treat!—
 sted over
 ight and fair!
 et doth that blackness cover
 h as rare.

Plums are in it, many a one,
 That the schoolboy's darling son;
 Peel of lemon! cinnamon!
 Oh! a thousand things unknown,
 Mingling flavours, each outdone
 By the other, yet so run
 Each into each, they seem but one!
 They the schoolboy's love would share,
 But that they so blended are.
 Cake so dark! thou'rt dear to me;
 Thou a bridal cake might'st be—
 Happy bride, to feast on thee!
 Yes, happy feasted bride!—But happier he,
 Far happier wight than any feast can make,
 Tho' all these dainty dishes there should be,
 And daintier thou than all, delicious cake!—
 Far happier he, whose fond endeavours
 To win Eliza's love success shall crown:
 When postboys bear the bride's gay favour,
 Fast thundering
 Thro' the wondering
 Crowds that come out from all corners of the
 town;
 The ribands their cap'd heads adorning,
 Ribands far brighter than the morning
 E'er from her wardrobe brought, to deck
 The head, and dangle down the neck
 Of Phoebus, that celestial charioteer!
 When thro' the spring-tide of the year,
 He with his radiant throng
 Urges his steeds along,
 Till in the western wave they steep their prone
 career.
 But whither has my muse been carried?
 Sweet maid! I did suppose thee married,
 And was beginning thy epithalamium:
 Who to thy rivals! in ode thus shame I 'em,
 Let Gretna Green look dull,
 For bride so beautiful
 Ne'er whirl'd to her along the great North road,
 • Hadst thou a ward of chancery been,
 And thou hadst gone off to Gretna Green,
 That court had all gone with, I wot.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The chancellor and the masters all;
And round about their own court hall
The tresses of their powder'd wigs had strow'd,
But what is this, that loaming white,
In the clear tumbler quottles bright,
And overflows?—I know it well,
Thy vats its fountains were, James Fell!
And what this flood of deeper brown,
Which a white foam does also crown,
Less white than snow, more white than mortar!
Oh, my soul! can this be porter?
Bee! see beet-steaks, and see a goose,
Steaming hot, and bath'd in juice!
There a roast pig uprisen sudden!
And that's a vision of a pudding!
Mighty breakfast, what dishes thine are!
Almost mightiest thou seem a dinner,
But that I see the chocolate there,
And the thick dripping cream, and the sugar fair;
And, in a tier richness than tongue can utter,
Plates of crumpet, and plates of mutton,
And the hottest of rolls, with grease enough in;
Excellent all! and glorious stuffing!
And that eternal pair, dry toast, and bread and
butter.

Oh! strange are the sights that are swimming before
me!—
Won't that fierce boiling water flow o'er me!
In its glittering urn how it raves,
Beating its prison with struggling waves!
I scarcely can think that cold will benumb it e'er,
Two hundred and twelve of Fahrenheit's thermo-
meter.

In madness it dances and sings,
And bubbling and tossing it flings
A cloud from its bosom that cloud on the air
Now mounting aloft, and now wandering afar,
Floats delighted, and see! it dissolves.
Thus often my love-fever'd spirit evolves
A fair vapoury vision—the vision of song!
It mounts in its beauty, it saileth along
Thro' the regions of ether, and lovely it seems
To the splind' eye, as a pageant of dreams.

The eye fondly pursues it, eager to
To make out where the devil is
Where! Ah, now here — there
For grief, like an atmosphere
Around me and ever there, rest
And in that dull vision, here stand
The fair vision of my given

“*Helas mon Dieu!*” cried I
“*vat grande paine y in a vat*
Palais Royal, you know
place down there, the Palais
stupid head, that's the blasphe-
you please—I write down it
call—*umph!*” (in a tone of
Love a stupid head, and we
vat you call d*e* grande m*me*
great paine d*e* la d*e*re
down in the water.”
“That's true—the water
what's call'd Gierney's Ho-
our brave British tars, who
and their strength, or may
their country's service, live
life. You can't trust of a
“Stay, stay, till I shall
green—vat you call—*umph!*
have lose dere head make
stay, vat you call d*e* bou-
dere vat de?”—“What
that Blue Coat School
clothes a hundred in a
bless'eto, and look in. Look
morning at breakfast, just
dear little scoundrels,
the figures.”

“*Umph!*” d*e* blue
and seventy in the room
vat you call d*e* g*e*re
house, d*e*re vat you
for d*e* great man!

“*Umph!*” that blas-

on, though a great many great men
—ampli!—that is the palace of St.
ur beloved monarch holds his court.”
lat-de grand Palais Royal! *sacre*
; I will take down vat you have
ive in de black ugly maison of de
n hundred and seventy leetle rogue,
vich he feed vid a muffin,—dey
etreat and lose dere limb—in de
all—honneur to Great Britain—lord
—put de feet in prison—Ah! dat
do, *sir*.”

ve you made your proper remarks
town?”—*Sir*, I’ve very much
y metropolis.”

COGENT REASON.

is had long promised a new piece,
as personified. A lady of quality
t to see it, asked one of the actors
prevented. “We cannot represent
because the young lady who was
just been brought to bed.”

MARRIAGE PORTION.

hens, once asked a Lacedemonian
stire, what portion she had given to
“*y chastity*,” was her noble reply.

CONVIVIAL WILL.

alewent, late of Lincoln’s Inn, in
Middlesex, Esq. deceased, proved

ass will and desire that I may be
in the county of Somerset, if I die
carried down there, (but not in a
have any parlor or coach to attend
me be carried in any vehicle with
possible, to Bath, so as the same
sum of 25*l*. and when I arrive
poor people of Western do support
rave, and that six poor women and
estern do attend me to the grave,
buried at twelve at noon, and each of

them to have half-a-guinea; and I hereby order and
direct, that a good boiled ham, a dozen fowls, a sir-
loin of beef, with plumb-puddings, may be provided at
the Crown, in Waverley, for the said eighteen poor
people, besides the clerk and sexton. And I allow five
guineas for the same; and I request and hope they
will be as merry and cheerful as possible, for I con-
ceive it a mere farce to put on the grimace of weep-
ing, crying, and snivelling, and the like, which can
answer no good end, either to the living or dead, and
which I reprobate in the highest terms.—*Codicil*;
I desire that after I am buried, there be a cold col-
lation provided at the public-house, a sirloin of beef,
potatoes, and a fillet of veal, with plenty of good ale,
where I hope they will refresh themselves with de-
cency and propriety. No friends, or relatives what-
ever to attend my funeral.”

AWKWARD QUESTION.

A French general, who was at once jealous and
parasitical, said to the duke d’Enghien, who had just
gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi, in 1643.
“What will the envious now say of your glory?” “*I*
know not,” replied the prince; *I should wish to*
ask you the question.”

THE STROLLING MANAGER.

Behold me now at the summit of my ambition,
“the high top-gallant of my joy,” as Romeo says.
No longer a chieftain of a wandering tribe, but a
monarch of a legitimate throne, and entitled to call
even the great potentates of Covent-garden and
Drury-lane cousins. You no doubt think my happi-
ness complete. Alas, sirs! I was one of the most
uncomfortable dogs living. No one knows, who has
not tried, the miseries of a manager; but above all,
of a country manager.—No one can conceive the con-
tentions and quarrels within doors the oppressions
and vexations from without. I was pestered with the
bloods and loungers of a country town, who infested
my green-room, and played the mischief among my
actresses. But there was no shaking them off. It
would have been ruin to affront them; for though
troublesome friends, they would have been dangerous

They were all the time either fighting or frolicking with each other, and I scarcely know which mood was least loathsome. If they quarrelled, every thing went wrong, and if they were friends, they were continually playing off some prank upon each other or upon me, for I had unhappily acquired among them the character of an easy, good-natured fellow—the worst character that a manager can possess.

Their waggery at times drove me almost crazy; for there is nothing so vexatious as the hackneyed tricks and jokes and pleasantries of a veteran band of theatrical vagabonds. I relished them well enough as a man, while I was merely one of the company, but as manager I found them detestable. They were incessantly bringing some disgrace upon the theatre by their tavern frolics, and their pranks about the country town. All my lectures about the importance of keeping up the dignity of the profession and the respectability of the company were in vain. The villains could not sympathize with the delicate feelings of a man in station. They even trifled with the seriousness of stage business. I have had the whole piece interrupted, and a crowded audience of at least

terms with her. It was some random young noble of the land, and awe all. I have always felt myself man, than with the dandies.

And then the injuries to my dignity and my management of these great London theatres, no longer master of myself, tormented and lectured in my an absolute uncompro- is no tyrant so absolute as a star at a country theatre. of them, and yet I did of having the public draw full houses, and a fortune, but they swell their insatiable demands, warns to my little theatre poorer it grew. They exhausted public, empty of affronts to settle amon- quence of misunderstanding places.

greatness was of a kind not to be settled by the court calendar, or college of heraldry, before the most quarrelsome kind of great instance. You smile, sir, but let me tell you no feuds more furious than the frontier feuds or place is those "debatable lands" of general most violent dispute that I ever knew in one which occurred at a country town, from of precedence between the ladies of a war of pins and a manufacturer of needles. Towns where I was situated there were permutations of the kind. The head manufacturer, for instance, was at daggers-drawings with the shopkeeper's, and both were too rich to have many friends to be treated lightly. The second lawyer's ladies held their heads still at them in their turn were kept in check by the first country banker, who kept her own carriage a masculine widow of cracked character and hand fashion, who lived in a large house, and to be in some way related to nobility, was upon them all. To be sure her manners were elegant, nor her fortune over large; but, sir, her blood—oh, her blood carried it all here was no withstanding a woman with lightning in her veins.

But her claims to high connexion were questioned she had frequent battles for precedence at assemblies with some of the sturdy dames of the neighbourhood, who stood upon their wealth and virtue, but then she had two dashing daughters who dressed as fine as dragoons, had as much as their mother, and seconded her in every thing they carried their point with high heads, heavily hated, abused, and stood in awe of their mother.

In the state of the fashionable world in this small little town. Unluckily, I was not as adapted with its politics as I should have been and found myself a stranger and in great distress during my first season, I determined, to put myself under the patronage of some one, and thus to take the field with the

prejudices of the public in my favour. I cast round my thoughts for the purpose, and in an evil hour they fell upon Mrs. Fantadine. No one seemed to me to have a more absolute sway in the world of fashion. I had always noticed that her party clamoured the loudest at the theatre; that her daughters entered like a tempest with a flutter of red shawls and feathers; had most beaux attending on them; talked and laughed during the performance, and used quizzing glasses incessantly. The first evening of my theatre's reopening, therefore, was announced in staring capitals on the play bills, as under the patronage of "the Honourable Mrs. Fantadine."

Sir, the whole community flew to arms! Presume to patronize the theatre! insufferable! and then for me to dare to term her "The Honourable!" What claim has she to the title, forsooth! The fashionable world had long groaned under the tyranny of the Fantadines, and were glad to make a common cause against this new instance of assumption. All minor feuds were forgotten. The doctor's lady and the lawyer's lady met together, and the manufacturer's lady and the shopkeeper's lady kissed each other; and all, headed by the banker's lady, voted the theatre a bore, and determined to encourage nothing but the Indian Jugglers and Mr. Walker's Eidouranion.

Such was the rock on which I split. I never got over the patronage of the Fantadine family. My house was deserted, my actors grew discontented because they were ill paid; my door became a hammering place for every bailiff in the county; and my wife became more and more shrewish and tormenting the more I wanted comfort.

I tried for a time the usual consolation of a harassed and henpecked man: I took to the bottle, and tried to tiddle away my cares, but in vain. I don't mean to decry the bottle; it is no doubt an excellent remedy in many cases, but it did not answer in mine. It cracked my voice, coppered my nose, but neither improved my wife nor my affairs. My establishment became a scene of confusion and speculation. I was considered a ruined man, and of course fair game for every one to pluck at, as every one plunders a ship.

a transcendent, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He takes eyes, and ears, and hands to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and in a sort of ephemeral martyrdom. He distributes his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and distrustful countenance, yet such as (if well examined) is not without some show of patience and resignation at bottom. Prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased what their grief shall be when the hand of time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish, so harmoniously can he fore shape and anticipate the work of time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth, as may frustrate the profane attempt of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he undertakes to do.

INTERPRETATION.

An individual of the court of Louis XIII. was playing at piquet in an open gallery. Having noticed by a return card that he had unwisely discarded, he exclaimed, "I am a real Goussier." This was the name of a prescient who did not enjoy the reputation of being one of the most enlightened men of his age. It happened, by chance, that the prescient was standing behind the player, who had not perceived him, and greatly offended upon the occasion, he said to the former, "You are a fool." "You are perfectly right," rejoined the other, "that was what I meant to say."

THE MAIDEN'S SINGING OF
HIGH STREET TUNE.

Tune—"There were three

A mournful day I wept,
Ye knew poor Sarah there,
Who at the door lay dead.

Heigh ho, ho.

She was in love, as we are,
Her sweetheart made her sad,
And at the last she died.

Heigh ho, ho.

The babe within her was dead,
Unto her sweetheart she did
And tears like rain fell from

Heigh ho, ho.

But on the next day's heart
He to her eyes gave no rest.

"Is this," says she, "my fate?"

Heigh ho, ho.

"Oh! woe is mine, I am dead,
Oh had I had a spirit dead

I ne'er with sobs and sighs

Heigh ho, ho.

"But now I'm pressed with
And quiet ne'er again can be
God grant my soul to heaven

Heigh ho, ho.

"For I my wretched fate
Yet e'en for thee I pray
I die to all the world a foe

Heigh ho, ho.

Then to her friends she told
And gave to each some word

With—"Think on me when you

Heigh ho, ho.

Unto the ostler at the door,
She gave a ringlet of her hair

And said—"For ever, my dear

Heigh ho, ho.

O then to me I am dead,
"To-morrow morn come to me

And there you'll find me dead

Heigh ho, ho.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

she, it did appear ;
 y call'd, she could not hear :
 cut from ear to ear.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

was in her shewn,
 saw, nor heard a groan ;
 al was from her flown.
 feigh-ho, &c.

I once have seen
 tin-Gardens green,
 rich'd and ruffles clean.
 feigh-ho, &c.

mm'd, and flounc'd, and all
 ulcimer do call,
 white as snows that fall.
 feigh-ho, &c.

at black laughing eye,
 lips of cherry-dye,
 eeth of ivory.

feigh-ho, &c.
 ich well the dance have led,
 "Butter'd pease" hath play'd,
 feless, cold, and dead.

feigh-ho, &c.
 d the jury came
 rdict on the same ;
 r harmless corpse to shame.

feigh-ho, &c.
 the law doth say,
 angled limbs convey
 e king's highway.

feigh-ho, &c.
 ste did there attend,
 nce for to lend,
 ndise to send.

feigh-ho, &c.
 hastily face did hide,
 et was round her ty'd ;
 o her grave was bled.

feigh-ho, &c.
 puty let it move,
 died for love !
 rough her body drove.

feigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
 Such savageness and cruelty
 Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens an example take,
 Forswear Holly's wretched sake,
 O never Virtue's ways forsake.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford shewn,
 O never yield your chaste renown
 To velvet cap or tufted gown.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,
 No ear unto their fables lend,
 But think on Sally's dismal end.
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

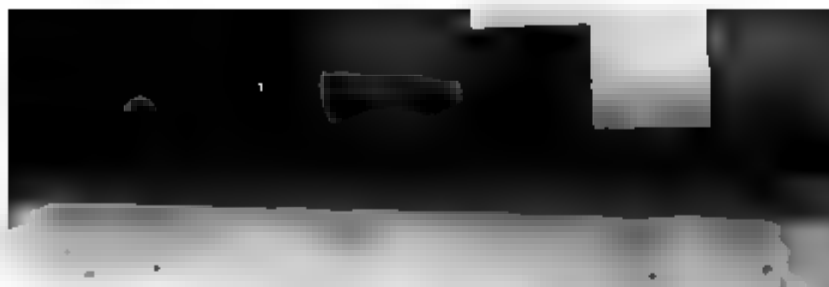
A magistrate, who, either from natural timidity or a defective memory, had never been able to pronounce a discourse without frequent pauses, one day interrupted an advocate who was pleading before him. The counsellor was piqued, and sarcastically exclaimed, "You interrupt me, my lord, although you well know the trouble there is in speaking publicly."

BEATITUDE APPLIED.

Frederick the Great having embellished a Lutheran church with a new façade, the priests who performed service in it represented to the king, that their flocks could not see clearly enough to read their canticles. But as the building was too far advanced to provide a remedy for the defect, his majesty recalled to their memory these words of the gospel, "Blessed are those who believe and see-not."

VENETIANS AT VERSAILLES.

The republic of Genoa, having dared to defy Louis XIV., was obliged to send into France, in order to make their excuses, the doge, accompanied by four senators, a thing without precedent. Versailles, in all its splendour, was shown to the doge, who was asked what had the most struck him in this enchanted spot, "To see myself there," was the brief rejoinder.



and to its utmost span,
as well as man.

my quart
es and warm'd my heart?
balmy aid,
urns display'd!
e nut-brown toast
d the spicy coast!
new'd with sparkling eyes,
nectar of the skies.

t doleful day,
ig ruins lay.
-in gurgling tone
-melting moan!
very glass!
he matter was—
frend the frantic beer
okards dropt a tear!
y wreaths that bound
rplets round,
e glittering rays
ngth of days?
border grew,
eternal blue?
ous, spread the well-waxed floor!
auties are no more.
u l of coarser earth,
given thee birth,
I side
e been dyed,
I been sound,
ed on the ground!
soonest must decay;
you yourselves are clay!

AND SPECTACLES.

in France, a dyer was requested
in order to take an oath, the
country. The hand was quite
said to him, "Take off your
ar," replied the dyer, "be good
: spectacles."

LETTER OF ALLIANCE.

Sir,

Perceiving your desire to know how I pass my time
in Pembrokeshire, I here present you with an account
of my proceedings in a progress I lately made to a
gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. Pratt
of Pickton Castle, Mr. Powell of Penally, and Mr.
Pugh of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard
of Postmain; which was readily agreed to, and soon
put in practice. However, I thought it a proper pre-
caution to post away a person privately to Mr. Pri-
chard's, that he might provide for us; and we pro-
ceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard
lives is a poor, pitiful, paltry place, though his house
is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace
to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full
of pictures of the prime pencils; he has a pompous
portico, or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to the
parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect,
particularly pointing towards Percilly Hill, where he
propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry.
The name of his house is Prawaenden, which puzzled
me most plagiarily to pronounce properly. He re-
ceived us very politely, and presented us with a plen-
tiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a
pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end
pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle a
pigeon-pie, with puff-paste; on the one side a pota-
to-pudding; and on the other side pigs' pettitoes.
The second course was a dish of pheasants, with
poults and plover, and a plate of preserved pine and
pippins, another with pickled pod pepper; another
with prawns; another with pargamon for a provoca-
tive; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plums, pip-
pins, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there
was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too
powerful for poor Mr. Peter the parson of the parish,
for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by
pints, which made him prate in a pedantic prag-
matical manner. This displeased Mr. Price the
parliament-man, a profound politician; but he
persisted, and made it a prolix preamble, which

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

PARADANTER.

publication of the book entitled by Isaac de la Peyre, of Bordeaux, wit, preached a sermon at Paris, and the Parisians to the Jews who Saviour; the queen was compared cardinal Mazarine to St John the

of this discourse to the prince of ked him what he thought of it. "Preadamite," replied the prince to "I do not think father Adam the

UPSTART.

on of a courier, thinking that he sed himself off for a man of qua- with the design of taking down his id to him: "I have heard your be was a *man of letters*, whose ys rapid." A wit likewise hu- the conceited son of an inn-keeper, m, "That his father was a very he always gave people an hospi- l that his house was open to every

GOULAR MISTAKE.

laying at piquet, and was greatly t-sighted man with a long nose. took his pocket-handkerchief and me neighbour's nose. "Ah, sir," "I really beg your pardon, I

TAIN GODOLPHIN.

was a very odd and stingy man, as I'm assured, of a schooner-Indiaman; he on board, and when he Dover, is but a joke, for now I'm half

she sail'd with him, this circum- rd of her, ath, 'twas almost death, to come d of her;

With very nose, as *say-as nose*, to tell no lies I'm stoop,

She looked just like an admiral with a lantern at his poop.

Her spirits sunk from eating junk, and as she was an *officere*,

She swore a dish of dolphin fish would of her make a happy cure.

The captain's line, so strong and fine, had hooked a fish one day,

When his anxious wife *Godolphin* cried, and the dolphin swam away.

The wind was foul, the weather hot, between tropics long she stowed,

The latitude was 5 or 6, 'bout 40 was the longitude

When Jack the cook once spoilt the sauce, she thought it mighty odd,

But her husband bawl'd on deck, why, here's the Saucy Jack,* by G—

The captain sought his charming wife, and whispered to her private ear,

"My love, this night we'll have to fight a thumping Yankee privateer."

On this he took a glass of rum, by which he showed his sense;

Resolved that he would make at least a *spirited* defence.

The captain of the Saucy Jack, he was a dark and dingy man;

Says he, "My ship must take, this trip, this schooner-rigg'd West Indiaman.

Each at his gun, we'll show them fun, the decks are all in order:

But mind that every *lodger* here, must likewise be a *boarder*."

No, never was there warmer work, at least I rather think not,

With cannon, cutlass, grappling iron blunderbuss, and stink-pot.

The Yankee captain, boarding her cried, either strike or drown;

Godolphin answered, "then I strike" and quickly knocked him down.

* A celebrated American privateer.

PHYSICIAN PAR EXCELLENCE.

He boasted of the eminence of his profession, and spoke loudly against the injustice of which he was so satirical against it; "but," said he, "I have escaped, for no one could do me." "That is more than you can say," said a lady present, "unless you reject of conversation in the next world."

HE RETORT UNCOLLIGIBLE.

He known in the vicinity of the Place Paris, always accosts a stranger, with "I have seen you some where," which often serves for her finding out the history of the evening she played off the same game on who replied, "Most likely, madam, for so there."

SAINT AND NO SAINT.

Certain period of the French revolution, when the particle *de* were abolished, introduced in a vaudeville,

*dance à Ouen, on danse à Nis,
dancer à Cloud près Paris.*

A man was walking in the streets, and not familiar with the new changes, he asked which was the way to the street of St. Eustache. "Know, aristocrat, there are no streets," was the surly reply, and the party went on. The next he met was a very decently dressed man, and being resolved to conform himself to the régime, he asked her to tell him which was the way to St. Eustache. "Eustache, indeed, says the man, St. Eustache was a saint before thou art dead, I will be one after thou art dead."

AN AGITATOR.

But, an old man of eighty, afflicted with the effects of being an agitator. Being asked to say to the accusation, "Alas, gently true, I am agitated enough, God have not been able to keep a limb still in years."

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

During the revolution, a young man was travelling in the diligence to Lyons with "a brother and a friend," when they had got about half way the latter's purse became empty; "Brother," said he to the young man, "pay for me, and I will return it to you at Lyons." "I cannot."—"Why, are we not brothers?" "Oh certainly, but our purses are not sisters."

DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT.

When the inhabitants of Louisiana want fruit they cut down the tree to come at it. "This," says Montesquieu, "is the image of a despotic government."

PERFECT RESEMBLANCE.

Two brothers, of the same name, who lodged together, bore a striking resemblance to each other. A man desired to speak to one of them. "Which do you wish to see?" said the porter. "He who is a counsellor." "They are both counsellors." "He who is married." "They are both married." "He who squints a little." "They both squint." "He who has a pretty wife." "They have each a pretty wife." "Hang it then, it is the one who is a cuckold." "I faith, sir, I believe they are both cuckolds." "Zounds," said the man, "they are indeed brothers who are destined to resemble each other in every thing."

DUMB ELOQUENCE.

In order to take revenge on a lady who was a dreadful chatterer, yet at the same time a woman of sense, her friends one day introduced to her a man whom they represented as being very learned. She received him with much distinction, but eager to evince his admiration of her powers, she commenced her usual strain of loquacity, and addressed to him a hundred questions, without perceiving that he never replied. When the visit was ended, "Are you satisfied," said they, "with your new guest?" "How charming he is," she rejoined: "how replete with talent!" At this exclamation, they all burst out into laughter; for the man of talent was dumb.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

ENDLESS JUSTICE.

Who had just purchased the charge of a son, advised him always to work like those who had need of his services liberally. "What, father," cried the son, "would you wish me to sell justice," replied the father, "a thing so to be given gratis."

TEST OF PENETRATION.

A husband said to his wife, "I believe I am the only one in all the city who is not a fool. Is that, pray?" inquired the wife. The husband, "you are very well informed." "It is in vain for me to tell you I do not know him," was her re-

NAMESAKES.

In the Baptist, which is at Amiens, Abbé de Marolles. In kissing it would be praised! this is the fifth or sixth time of the honour of kissing."

TRUTHFUL AFFECTION.

"Things," said a wit, "which I do not understand, I do not ever understand them, woman."

POSSIBLE ATTAINMENTS.

Speaking to a person of distinction whom he wished to introduce to set off his qualifications, he knew *Montaigne* by heart. He said to himself by replying, "I have the

GOOD WISHES.

As an army, a troop of volunteers in search of booty, accosted by a priest, "God give you peace." The soldier was not very well pleased and he only retorted, "God take

LEX VEX VEX.

A bishop travelling in his coach, met a cap who was riding on horseback. He asked the cap with a sarcastic smile, "How long has St. Peter been in the habit of travelling on horseback?" "St. Peter has been accustomed to ride in a coach," was the reply.

DISCRIMINATION IN PLEASURE.

A lady who was constrained by her husband to remain a long time with him in the country, was taken up by ennui. Those who were about her remarked and observed to her, "Good God, madam, you are bored for want of amusement. There are dogs and forests here; will you not hunt?"—"No," said she, "I do not like hunting." "Would you not wish to have some work?"—"I don't like work." "Will you indulge in a promenade, or amuse yourself by some game of chance?"—"No, I am not fond of either the one or the other." "You must have a taste of some kind. Perhaps a *penchant* for some favourite estranges you from amusements?"—"What would you have me say? I am not fond of innocent pleasures."

CONVENIENT ABSENCE.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. "Zounds," said he, one day to him, "for a painter of landscapes, you are very seldom in the country."

GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.

A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop-house) in France to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognised?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

of the first two perfect numbers, equal and 1, 3 and 6; for the number 2, consisting of 2 unity, which is no number, is not perfect: prebends the primary numerical triangle or ad square or quartile, conjunction, considered

thruout of planetary influence as of the sign aspect. In six days creation was completed the 7th was consecrated to rest. On the 7th of the 7th month, a holy observance was 2 to the children of Israel, who fasted 7 days, unaided 7 days in tents; the 7th year was 1 to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and all of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand

Every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th there was a general release from all debts, bondsmen were set free. From this law may originate the custom of our binding young 7 years' apprenticeship, and punishing in 7 offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, 7 times 7, years. Every 7 years the law is read to the people. Jacob served 7 years possession of Rachel; and also other 7. 7 days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air in by 7, and the beasts by 7. The ark touched ground on the 7th and in 7 days the dove was sent out, in 7 days after. The 7 years of plenty, times of famine, were foretold in Pharaoh's 7 fat and 7 lean beasts, and the 7 full 7 blasted ears of corn. Nebuchadnezzar was a beast; and the fiery furnace was 7 times to receive Shadrach, &c. A man defiled by the Mosaic law, unclean 7 days; the

both animals was to remain with the dam until at the end of the 7th was to be taken by the old law, man was commanded to offend brother 7 times, but the Mosaic law extended his humility to 70

Caia shall be avenged 7 times, truly times 7. In the destruction of Jericho, 7 trumpets 7 days, on the 7th they blew 7 times; after the 7th, the walls prepared 7 rams for a sacrifice; and

7 of Saul's sons were beheaded to stay a famine. Laban pursued Jacob 7 days journey. Job's friends sat 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. In the 7th year of his reign, King Ahasuerus fasted 7 days, and on the 7th deposed his 7 chamberlains to find a queen, who was allowed 7 maidens to attend her. Miriam was cleansed of her leprosy by being shut up 7 days. Solomon was 7 years in building the temple, at the dedication of which he fasted 7 days; in the temple were 7 lamps; 7 days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garments 7 days. The children of Israel eat unleavened bread 7 days. Abraham gave 7 ewe-lambs to Abimelech, as a memorial for a well. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. Naaman was cleansed of his leprosy by bathing 7 times in Jordan. The Rabbins say that God employed the power of this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which signifies 7: whence Hannah his mother, in her thanksgiving, says the barren hath brought forth 7. In scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections: the widow's son, by Elias; the Shunammite's son, by Elisha; the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet, the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow's son of Naim; Lazarus, and our Lord. The Apostles chose 7 deacons. Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th from Adam; and Jesus Christ was the 77th in a direct line. Our Lord spoke 7 times on the cross, on which he was 7 hours; he appeared 7 times; and after 7 times 7 days sent the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 petitions, contained in 7 times 7 words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection. within this number are concealed all the mysteries of apocalypse revealed to the 7 churches of Asia. There appeared 7 golden candlesticks and 7 stars in the hand of him that was in the midst; 7 lambs before the 7 spirits of God; the book with 7 seals; the lamb with 7 horns and 7 eyes; 7 angels with 7 trumpets; 7 kings; 7 thunders; 7,000 men slain. The dragons

with 7 heads and 7 crowns, and the beast with 7 heads; 7 angels bearing 7 plagues, and 7 vials of wrath. The vision of Daniel was of 70 weeks, and the elders of Israel were 70. There are also 7 heavens, 7 planets, (query?) 7 stars, 7 wise men, 7 champions of Christendom, 7 notes in music, 7 primary colours, 7 deadly sins, and 7 sacraments in the catholic church. The 7th son was considered as endowed with preeminent wisdom; and the 7th son of a 7th son, is still thought to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire, and we yet say you frightened me out of my 7 senses. The opposite sides of the dice make 7, whence the players at hazard make 7 the main. Hippocrates says, that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things, to be the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes; and, like Shakspeare, he divides the life of man into 7 ages, for as the moon changes her phases every 7 days, this number influences all sublunary beings. The teeth spring out on the 7th month, and are shed and renewed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood; at twice 7 years puberty begins; at three times 7 the faculties are developed, and manhood commences, and we are become legally competent to all civil acts, at four times seven man is in full possession of his strength, at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world, at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never, at 7 times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that time decays, at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric, at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his last or grand climacteric, or year of danger, and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has, by the royal prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.

RUBRO, OR THE DRUNKEN CAPTAIN

As the Caroline frigate was just setting sail,
Before a breeze, from the port of Kinsale,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a lord,
Old Rubro, the captain, came magg'ring on board,
Derry down, down, hey derry, &c.

He sailed like a bear, fore and aft,
Till over the cabin his hay was laid,
And his ballast being thrown through
Right over the bow in the ocean he flew.
Derry down, &c.

Now Rubro had got, as you may well see,
By drinking of brandy a very fine nose,
A nose such as rarely is seen between
A nose that resembled a trumpet and
Derry down, &c.

This nose being red, it so shone in the
That it quickly attracted the eyes of
And the shark, being pretty well
To make sure of the now he bit
Derry down, &c.

Just then father Neptune emerged from
And, eyeing the body, thus gave out
"Ah, Rubro! you've me, with the
For you drank all the grog and gave
Derry down, &c.

"May your fate be a warning to me
Ne'er to guzzle too much when a sea
May it teach them how leaky a
How slippery the decks, and that
Derry down, &c.

CODE FOR THE BETTER DUELLISTS

As the fashion for duelling increases,
And the art of killing grows more
And the windows, and there is a work
called "General Instructions for
Duels, by a late Captain in the
Homp—h who was extremely fond of
ing a superabundance of honor, he
rately stripped himself to the skin
should enter, and, putting on his
brought his man down. By pro
or snuffing out a candle at two
these more ingenious methods of
the certainty of making a gain of
body, you may trace up all the
causes how soon a person of honor

ing up; for it appears that there obtained in it in this age.

A hitherto practice, occasionally idlers and confederated rounds, -bullets, exactly painted like lead, deadly metal. Again, the friendly air of Bow-street officers, in the has warded off, must probably, a sta. The parties become cool, the and the magistratus hand the well-furious combatants to keep the cork-bullets nor paper-pellets can a presence of peace officers, then as hobbling up to close the scene, ly casuistry in the wording, leaves of both parties in statu quo. It

deprive officers of the army, who wash out affronts given them in lead, of so great a luxury: still a propose, that the chancellor of the time being, should be easily permit, say, to encourage,

Form, by allowing duellists to ed certificate being duly had and up of 500*l.* affixed thereupon, or 10*l.* for any printed apology, being ed registered as aforesaid. Then, ed, after this proclamation, to et having paid the fees, to be surdior, and hung upon the top of re benefit of the rooks and crows. uion, the former being privileged or to take away, may, as they too : the field of honour, be put upon ary. In fact, getting their money ey perhaps ought to pay more to the clergy ever dare to fight the n, which to their honour is rarely tenths should be commuted into ey compelled to read the funeral imparted duellist, and the offices were been waged; express forms as composed by the ecclesiastical

court. All tradesmen and mechanics should be allowed to fight *secundum artem*, or professionally, on paying their fees, which may be regulated by the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London, in cooperation with the chancellor, for a merchant, as truth; a banker, a bookseller, a baker, in due proportions with authors it is difficult to determine how to act, for though their battles (and the ferocity are far over fighting, like asps and spiders) are full of gall, being generally waged in liquid ink, yet having, of late, measured the field of honour in ambition of their bottom, or the *Donnovans*—d nothing-to-do gentlemen, what measure of money prescribe for an author's license is rather difficult. Their poverty and their pride are well known: still the gatekeeper, who wages perpetual war in pamphlets and periodicals, should be allowed full credentials, if the money is even advanced by the literary fund. The law of honour is above all other laws, else why do barristers not only have verbal battles, but pistol rencontres; and even our senators, the makers of laws, become the breakers of laws in this respect.

A prudential avoiding a causeless quarrel, is called cowardice; and to take an affront, baseness and meanness of spirit: to refuse fighting, and putting life on the chance of a bullet, a practice forbid by the law of God and all good governments, is still called cowardice; and a man is bound to die duelling, or live and be laughed at. This tramping up of imaginary things, called bravery and gallantry, naming them virtue and honour, is beyond what we know of the process, seeing that such inconsistencies, and such absurdities as the following reasoning, are made to go down with mankind; for example, A. is found in bed with B.'s wife; B. is the person injured and therefore offended, and coming into the chamber with his pistol or sword in hand, A. loudly exclaims, "Why, sir, you want murder me, will you? As you are a man of honour, let me rise, and meet you." B. therefore, being put in mind that he is a man of honour, starts back, and must act an honourable part; so he lets A. get up, put on his clothes, take his sword or pistols; then they fight, and B. is

killed for his honour; whereas, had the laws of God, of nature, and of reason, taken place, the adulterer and adulteress should have been taken prisoners, and carried before the judge, and should have been immediately sentenced, he to the block, and she to the stake, and the innocent-abused husband had no reason to have run any risk of his life for being corrupted. Defoe, who writes thus, goes on to say, that the aggrieved person, to be put on a par, might say, in order to render such reasoning on the law of honour consistent, "No, sir! say I, let me lay with your wife too, and then, if you desire it, I will fight you, then I am upon even terms with you."

LIGHT FUN.

Two gentlemen passing by some new houses, one of them observed that there were too few windows, but that was mistaken, as it saved in part the tax, would be good for the live. "True," says the other, "but it—d bad for the lights."

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Sterne says, the enjoyment of life is a tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion, whence it has been said to be a jest, but it is not so. He further says, that every animal in the creation as it grows older grows graver, except an old woman, and she grows friskier. It has been somewhere observed, that when an old man has one foot in the grave, an old woman has a foot in the stars. Life has been compared to the running of tea, though the first and last decoction be equally weak, the one gives the flavour of the herb, the other but its sweets. Lord Chesterfield says, a man has but a bad bargain of it at the best, and the most natural conclusion is that it is the shadow of a shade.—To conclude a man must laugh before he dies, or he must go out of the world without laughing!!!

TO BEAUTY.

Beauty, thou pretty pouting roguish jade,
With neck of snow, and cheeks of rosy red,
And teeth of ivory, smooth and neat,
And flowing locks, as black as jet;

Lips of the reddest cherry's hue,
And laughing eyes of sparkling blue,
The trimmest legs that ever were seen,
The lightest foot that treads the green.
Two fair white roses, here on the nose,
And "Oh, don't tempt me!" from the nose.
Beauty, thy form is too good to keep
Would tempt St. Peter's self—the Pope.
Beauty, thou art a laced look,
And man the traitor of the block.
Who, warbling caution, swallows thee
Till oft both Law and barbed hook
Thou art a lee of sheep, not a lead.
Place in the view of man, a bait to lead
Thou art the very thing he would not lead.
How his mouth waters to enjoy the lead.
Thou art a magnet, man is steel,
Go where thou wilt, that follows thee
Aye, should'st thou lead the way to hell.
Close and more close to thee he goes,
Beauty, to me what art thou but
My balm of life, my light of day—
Come, dearest maid! then, to my ray,
And chase the fiend, Disease, away.

PARIS IS THE ONLY PLACE.

Where shall we go to enjoy ourselves
dear?

Shall we surfeit it and so—
Among the lakes and mountains?

Or shall we fly to London?
To hire a man and to hasten to the

To Margate and to Abingdon,
To spend

Cheltenham and Leamington, to be
worrying.

White Bath is full of tatters, and a
deed.

Spoken.] "Lady Bab, I've been
"What is it?" "To spend the winter
Birmingham." "What do you think
gate?" "O, shocking! Let's



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

out of the room by sir Jeremy Trundle and ride." "Cheltenham?" "Worse; its all, and nobody there." "Brighton?" "Oh, decidedly object to Brighton; you might as well be at Bognor-wells on a Sunday." recollect when I was a young man, Brighton is about seventy miles from town, but now, with the plaguy short cuts and modern improvements not above fifty-four." "Well, then, sup all go to Paris?" "Pray, sir Larry, can you say how far it is from the coast to the capital?" "In my conscience, that I cannot; you might ask me how far it is from the capital to the coast." "O! you creature, you know you can, you are there, you know." "Yes, madam, that is the revolution, and I am told that things are altered since." "But you can't speak English." "O, leave me alone for that. I bow to my string: I'll try them with Spanish; you had better try them with Spanish; you can't comprehend." "Well, then, Paris be

for France, there, for Paris is the only place for fashion, bagatelle, esprit, for elegance and grace. all we go to enjoy ourselves this summer, we go to the court of aldermen will tour it at Richmond; we're surely now a cut above, but my dear sir Jeremy, consent, you surely won't refuse, we can think of Margate, why 'twould make a quite a butt.

go on the salt sea, and mingle with the waves near, the Parish polish and the true French cut; my dear sir Jeremy, consent, you surely won't refuse, we can think of Margate, why 'twould make a quite a butt.

J "Margate, indeed: I wonder you have regard for one's quality, than mixing and with the Sparrowgrasses and such low. Why, my lady, you used to be very fond of it." "Yes, sir Jeremy, that was before

you was made a knight of." "Good morning, lady Shortdip." "I take this from your very kind of you, very kind indeed; and how is sir Christopher, now he is one of us nobility?" "He's very well, thanks, but he don't go out to-day; this is melting day, and the knight's up to his elbows in tallow." "Indeed, then all the lights he makes now will be eight lights, I suppose." "What do you think of Margate, lady Shortdip?" "Now, what's the use of teasing about our family affairs?" "Why, I was going to Hastings, but I understand your friend, Mrs. Maggotts, the cheesemonger, is there." "My friend! she's a friend of mine; we do condescend to serve them with grocery, but we don't wait, I can assure you. No, we don't wait, nor ever mean to wait. No! no! her husband's a rank demagogue; and now I am a man of title, of course I am an aristocrat." "The duchess of Trumps is at the Isle of White." "Indeed; then she is the only one of us that is there, for we are gone to Paris." "What's the use of going to Paris, spending a mint of money! besides, we don't understand their lingo." "But we can have Dick home from school to interpret for us." "Aye, but what's to be seen there, but what we can see in London, eh?" "Why, there's the king and mounseer, and the duchess of Angoulême, and the goblins and guillotine, and grapes for a penny a pound, and Champagne instead of small beer." "Indeed, is there, by jingo! why then,

Ya hip! for France, there, for Paris is the only place. For fashion, bagatelle, esprit, for elegance and grace."

Where shall we go to, this summer, Mr. Bankill, dear?

For I am sick and tired quite of stewing in the shop;

We'll go up to Highgate, wife, and ramble through the tunnel, dear,

And get some tea at Hampstead, or at Mother Red Cap's stop.

Highgate—not a bit of it—No, that I do purport, my love,

There's nothing in one's own country that's worthy being seen;

oldier alike,
 a' organ have, will,
 is, all men must strike,
 if both is to *kill*;
 ood friends, an adept,
 ight head ne'er mus'd,
 care, to except,
 the stick or the fat.

LESS ON CRANIOLOGY.

see before, you de renowned Baron
 Von Hooxburg, Von Puzzledorf,
 I. D.—A. B. C. D. and fiddle de
 t vas I who fairst discovered de
 shness of de *caput humanum*,
 in mind, had been so long hid,
 de mine, under wigs, whiskers,
 and coal-scuttle bonnets. Gentle-
 is de true index *curtious* of de
 n de barber shaves a man's head,
 ine open countenance—when you
 de street, you take off your hat,
 l you look in his face and say,
 it is all wrong; you should turn
 pate to pate, and rub your hand
 y, I am glad too see you are pretty
 ou pass your hand over de back of
 find if de male come from the east
 iple-bar. If you pass your hand
 of de skull, and he come from de
 l de organ of *nothing to doishness*,
 me; and if you rub on de left side,
 le east, you shall find de organ of
 'CHIN."

QUARTO; OR THE PAINS OF PLEASURING.

he must make up his mind
 ick, and mishaps of all kind;
 as he on shall advance,

England to travel through France,
 ret, sailing over,
 vling, sick—sick—
 et, amidst noise and racket,
 eeing 'em, trick, trick;

Landing at Calais, face rather pale is,
 Officers, coffee, sirs—passport;
 Searching for smuggery—wine in the snuggery,
 Lots of humbuggery, glass, port.
 Somewhat reviving—thanks to French living,
 Lots of blunt giving—poor John Bull;
 Hey for the diligence—seek for intelligence,
 Rumbling, tumble in, sad gull—
 Rattling—tattling,
 Eating—treating,
 Cheating—beating,
 Mummery—flummery,

When a man roves, he must make up his mind
 To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind.

Good luck and mishaps of all kind.

Flapping of sails—breezes and gales,
 Fright'ing 'em, fighting 'em, blow, blow—
 Qualms and fears—darlings and dears,
 Holding 'em, scolding 'em, oh! oh!
 Reaching all o'er—getting on shore,
 Hugging 'em—lugging 'em—o la!
 Bowing Monsieurs—fright disappears,
 Huffing 'em—bluffing 'em—sa, sa!

Lots of ragoos, fricassees, stews,
 Eau de vie—who but we, strut, strut.

Fam'd diligence—rumble through France,
 Smacking whip—cracking whip—cut, cut!

Abbeville—quite genteel,
 Reach Montreuil—in the cool,
 Paris see—gay and free,
 Killewax—guests in packs,
 Opera—have a stare,
 Thuilleries—statues, trees,
 Boulevards—leave our cards,
 Money spend—there's an end.

When a man roves, he must make up his mind
 To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind;

Good luck and mishaps of all kind.

LITERARY ARTILLERY.

Upon the publication of Bolingbroke's Deistical
 Works by Mallet, Dr. Johnson observed, "That
 Bolingbroke had charged a cannon against heaven
 with all the artillery of hell, and Mallet had no
 match to it."

thanks, how are you?" "O going along; I do like it so; a way we are from Dover alk I see the spires of Calais." "Where, why at Calais, to be I have no occasion to be so e you saw them at Deal." "Is for a rubber?" "I doesn't board my *wessel*." "Well, e it?" "O, I like it *every* o Twickenham on a Sunday, -r, and a little more *saltier*." "song; what do you think of t mention it." "Pa, sing n we went to Chelsea in the was a *wherry*, my dear." "O, *very funny*," for

jackets are waiting,
es, or you'll be too late:
ve just got our freight in,
e for no one will wait.

now then we're going,
we are leaving behind;
t stiffly is blowing,
shall sail, never mind.
g on, we must be ready,
ahead there, yea, yea;
he decks, hold her steady,
scud down below.

"I never was so ill in my ou right, you would come a got your belly full of it." "I so giddy, the next time I go role way by land." "I say, he should enjoy it, see what say, Twizzle, how do you find ry poorly." "O, O, O." "Ah! Pips, how do, Pips? it there, I am going down, g for you?" "Who's for a was as well as ever I was in mentioned the mutton-chop."

22

"Well, never mind, keep a good heart." "Keep— a man need have a stomach of iron, to keep any thing, I think." "O dear, Molly, Molly, where's my servant? I'm dying." "So am I, ma'am, and can't come." "How dare you be ill when I want you?" "Captain, Captain, bring me the brandy bottle, I am going to go." "Pray, Captain, was any person ever lost here?" "No, sir, several's been drowned, but we always found 'em again." "Sir, the next time you're taken so, I'd thank you to turn your head, you've quite spoilt my wife's pelisse, sir." "If people's taken suddenly ill, people can't help other people's pelisses, sir." "Captain, could I lay down a bit?" "Yes, sir, there's a bed below, there's only three in it." "Captain, my hat's overboard." "Never mind your hat, sir." "I should'nt, but my wig is in it." "There's a *whale*." "A *whale*! where, where? I'd give a hundred guineas to see a whale; never saw a whale in all my life." "No, sir, it's only a *mispronunciation*, sir, that's all; it's my wife's *veil*, what she wears over her wig, sir that's all." "O, is it." Then

Yea, yea, my hearties, now then we're going,
England's white cliffs we are leaving behind;
Yea, yea, my hearties, it stiffly is blowing,
Well, we the quicker shall sail, never mind.

All stand aside, there, the tempest is clearing.
Slacken your foresail, for landing prepare:
Where is my quadrant? we Calais are nearing,
The harbour's in sight, and the wind it blows fair,
Soon o'er a bow! we'll forget every danger past,
A true Dover lad values storms not a pia;
Our cargo is safe, we've our port safely reach'd at last,

The tide flag is flying, and we can go in.

(Spoken.)—"Tell me, Captain, c make the pier of Calais?" "Yes, and I c foul of the bar, too." "No, I bar that," says Twizzle. "Where's the breakers?" "There, ahead." "What's he say? break my head." "What's that the bar? dear me, I always thought it was a large pole of iron." "And I always thought it was the Temple Bar!" "Captain, how are we to go?"

r, and the other stirring it." "Don't sh right to be served as any body m. I pay my money; been to see the Boulevards, the Tuilleries, the ain Royal, the Goblins of Tapestry: day. A pretty good day's work, I hey tell me, Sir Christopher Short- ee the Exhibition of Statues, with a tings." "Why, yes, I made rather , had both catalogues in one pocket, ted to look at No. 10, the Glacia- waß Susannah at the Bath." "Well, k of the statues?" "Why they are 'd be all the better for a little wash- id none the worse for a little cloth- aiter, bring my breakfast, tea, hot af-steaks, and a bottle of Cham- pagne! why, my dear fellow, no pagne for breakfast." "Don't care, week, been up four nights, shall again. Waiter, damme, bring me

hn Bull at Meurice's,
er feel sorrow or pain;
s there to quaff the pure breezes,
n the banks of the Seine.

he grand table d'hôte, sure,
ery taste, beau or belle:
ties to tickle each throat, sure,
lish, Italian as well.
s, with sweet prittle prattle,
od plum pudding commend,
the guests the sole battle
t shall England defend.

thing is French here, sir, excepting
e idea." "This is the place, sir;
o guineas in London to get what I
k, I can do it here, sir, for a quarter
o it handsomely too." "Why, yes,
would find a Frenchman in wine
Frenchmen, nasty beasts, I hate s'm,
ask." "Aye, this is what I call a
mer; plenty of legs of mutton and

rounds of beef: nothing French in it; they dress you
an egg five hundred different ways, and make a dozen
dishes out of a shilling's worth of spinage." "Mr.
Whipstitch, what shall I help you to?" "A rem-
nant of goose, sir, if you please." "Mr. Welt, what
are you for?" "Soles and eels, sir." "Waiter,
bread." "Yes, sare." "Salt." "Yes, sare." "Why
you are not a Frenchman, waiter." "Yes, sare."
"Hold your tongue, and let me speak to him, Gar-
soug *parle pour mung murer*." "Beg your pardon,
madam, I not Englishman, therefore I cannot under-
stand your French." "There's a rap on the knuckles
for you, sarve you right, you will be showing off when
there's no occasion."

Long life to John Bull at Meurice's,
May he never feel sorrow or pain,
When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes,
And stroll on the banks of the Seine.

Meurice's the palace of pleasures,
Where frolic is always alive—
And luxury pours forth her treasures,
The dullest of souls to revive;
Bon mots, merry games, music, drinking,
New faces—and still something strange;
And whenever your spirits are sinking,
You to fifty theatres can range.

Spoken.] "Well, Mr. Dowgate, what did you do
with yourself last night?" "O, why, I went to the
Theatre Français, I think they call it, to see a tra-
gedy—a parcel of nonsense—there's nobody killed—
never made me cry—to be sure I don't understand
the language, that may make some difference." "Pray,
Sir Henry, was you at the grand opera last night?"
"Yes, I went to see the *Danields*." "La, sir,
what's that?" "Why, mem, one man's fifty
sons marries another gentleman's daughters."
"I went to the Port St. Martin, the al ware-
house for Maids and Magpies." "I went to see the
Dog of Montargis, all natural, a real dog. Will you
say so much for your Maid and Magpie?" "I
visited the *Coffre des Mille Colonnes*. What did
you do with yourself?" "Why, I went where you
did." "Where I did, where was that?" "Why, where

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

said." "Where I said. Why where was I?" "Why at the Coffee Mill of the Colonies." "ay, Mrs. Blaggots, was you at the play last night?" "o, ma'am, I was at Lady Sugarloaf's last night, it her night." "Her night, what do you mean?" "Thy, every Monday night she gives what the which call a sore eye." "Indeed, why then I would recommend her to rub it with what the King- a call rose water, every Tuesday morning." "Long life to John Bull at Maurice's." "May he never feel sorrow or pain, When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes, And stroll on the banks of the Seine."

ODD FELLOWS CLUB.

By a Member.

There are a set of Odd Fellows of us, in number seven. We meet nightly in a very odd house, in an odd part of the town. Our faces, dress, conversation, and liquor, are all what the world would call odd. Our president, who reigns and has reigned these three weeks and odd, is himself one of the greatest oddities in nature—he neither looks, nor speaks, nor thinks, nor dresses, like any creature existing; and I may, in the language of that great odd poet, Mr. Theobald, say—

"Nought but himself can be his parallel."

Ben Grubstreet, next to him, is the oddest fellow in our society, and always, in the absence of the president, is nem. con. preferred to the chair. The rest of our company are an odd poet, a chymist, a painter, a musician, a mathematician, and a politician. We have of late come to a resolution to enlarge our company, and one extraordinary promising strange fellow has made application for admittance. Now, as our admission our number would be even, and that would preserve ourselves as we have been these years and odd, it is the will of the president that I signify to you, as secretary of the company, that you shall have a right to claim the ninth seat, he having observed you to have a very odd turn; and Ben Grubstreet, who meets you frequently at the coffee-house, declares in your favour,

that you have the oddest phiz, and don't of course, that ever he saw or heard. This will not be surprised into our company. I have a transcript of the rules of our club, very short, number five; by which you may be desired to act.

Rules and Articles to be observed by the Odd Fellows.

- I. Each person who shall claim a seat in the club shall by face, speech, and action, demonstrate his oddity.
 - II. This club shall always meet at five in the evening, seven in summer, and shall sit three hours. The money they spend not to be limited in any way than by this certain regulation, that the club and peace must be odd.
 - III. Every member is obliged, on the day to say at least three odd things every week.
 - IV. If gaming should be proposed, it is to be done, play at even and odd.
 - V. On a scrutiny in the election of a member, candidates being equal in all other respects, whose christian and surname shall contain the most odd letter, shall be elected.
- These are our fundamental rules: &c. &c. &c.

BALLOON SONG.

As balloons are the subject of every ditty,
From beggars in tatters, to statesmen of dignity,
This theme I'll pursue, and jog merrily,
Air balloons are the subject I choose.

Derry down, down, d

The Statesman's balloon is the best,
His valves are his pockets—his tail
At his wonderful courage picturesque
While he boldly puffs out his inflating
The Cit's apparatus for filling ball
Are provisions and drink, &c. &c. &c.

Good wine is his gas—which he
And his lusty balloon with which he

oom—'in the pulpit,' you'll say ;
 & friends—have patience, I pray !
 clergy love preaching—by fits ;
 balloon is the same as the Cit's.
 ero, the ladies delight ;
 a stanzas, of him dream all night :
 ch fair one would fly to the moon,
 ure to all he displays his balloon.
 I'll now bring to an end,
 begun, to ballooners a friend ;
 ch each chooses be finely instill'd,
 e balloons be effectually fill'd.

ENGLAND, BY A FRENCHMAN.

Gentlemen,

e which I give to you on de top of
 ose to myself two things—first, I
 o know de pronunciation most per-
 h language ; and next I show to you
 anners—by dis I murder two birds
 one petit *pierre*. I am not liar nor
 I talk about what he not understand,
 you, in my grand ouvrage, is from de
 telar, dat is to say, it is all my eye.
 onneur Charles Guillaume Denise
 le, member of all de academie of
 , dat is to say, of de Paris, dat which
 x de manner, de fine art, de polite,
 terature, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.
 nd after I have live a long time in de
 to say, for seven weeks as prisoner of
 s of *Port au moult*, but I read it every
 d, Anglire, de paper—it is true I
 capital, but I reside at Portsmouth,
 same. I shall begin vid de ladies of
 ink very much gin—and make them-
 ny day. I look from my little prison
 de ladies of *Portsmouth* roll about
 fore it is true ven I say de ladies
 k very much gin, and make herself
 . Every body in England are boxers,
 I de lady, the gentlemen box wid the
 sometime de gentleman and lady box

one wid the other. If you look in deir dictionary
 you will find B-o-x, box, to fight wid de fist, every
 thing in England is decide by the fist. You read in
 the paper, dat de duchess of B. and lady C. were in
 one grand box last night at de opera—to accuse de
 prisoner, de witness box—to find him guilty, de jury
 box. And dere is one grand day in the year ven dey
 all go box one wid de other. De postman, de baker,
 de dustman, de butcher, all fight together, and dis is
 called grand Christmas-boxing. De English are very
 much people for trade, dey permit him to sell his
 wife, dey have considerable trade in wifes. In *Swiss-
 Arid*, dey have de cattle-market, and as de women
 are de troublesome cattle, de husband put a halter
 round her neck, and lead her to *Swissfeld*, and sell
 her, 'tis the same in de every rank of life, for you
 shall read in the journal dat de great lord he lead the
 great lady to de altar, which mean he put de altar
 round her neck, and take her to *Swissfeld*, and sell
 her. For de fine art de English are nobody, it is im-
 possible, dere is de grand reason ; dey eat so much
 beef and pudding, and drink and sleep so very much,
 dey have no room in de body for de genius ; and it is
 de rule on de first of September, to shoot de par-
 tridge, and on de first of November to shoot himself.
 De English nation are *barbarr*. France is divided
 from de England by one sea. Every nation civilized
 come to France for de music, de dancing, de statu-
 ary, de painting, de poetry : all the Europe come to
 the grand nation for de every ting. For de literature
 de English are nothing ; for de painting dey copy the
 tableau of Lebrun. For de statuary dey copy de sta-
 tur superb of de garden of the Tuilleries—dey have
 their *Paradis Lost* translated from de *Heuriade* of
 de immortal Voltaire, by one Jacky Milton, dey
 have de Hamlet of Ducis, wul *Machbeth* and *Othello*,
 translated by one Billy Shakespeare. He was a cler-
 gyman or bishop, I believe, de divine of de politien.
 I shall not say much—dere is two parties in Eng-
 land, one is called tory, and de other de perrugon.
 Ladies and Memicurs, I have exposé to you my
 grand talent, and for de money I despise it, and if
 you attend my lectures, I shall teach you how to

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

ance de language English, and de knowledge of English character. I shall make you to know as in seven day, as I myself know in seven week, I reside in my prison at Portsmouth.

THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

A gentleman who sat to Hayman for his portrait, said that it might be kept a secret. Notwithstanding this injunction, the artist showed it to some of his friends, who not being able to discover any likeness, Hayman observed, that the gentleman wished it be kept a secret.

DO AS OTHER FOLKS DO.

Come, since 'tis the fashion to Paris to dash on,
And see the grande nation, and talk of virtue;
Let's hasten to Dover, to Calais sail over,
And visit the Louvre, as other folks do.
We all see that London, is looking quite undone,
Not e'en Joey Mudden its fun can renew;
Let's hasten to Paris, and each swear all there is,
That rare is, and fair is, as other folks do.
We've got charming weather, let's all go together,
For birds of a feather, they still flock, you know;
We'll stroll through the Tuilleries, see all their
fooleries.

Sport our John Bulleries, as other folks do.
We can at Meurice's, for ten five-franc pieces,
Procure us each places, from Calais to go;
The dilly won't shake us, and two days will take us
To Paris, and make us, as other folks do.
Pshaw, let the folks cavil, to Versailles we'll travel,
Its wonders unravel, then visit St. Cloud,
The fam'd Palais Royal, the Luxembourg loyal,
We'll Paris enjoy, all, as other folks do.
Rare work for the sockets, let's start off like rockets,
With cash in both pockets, and purchase French
good.

All obstacles breaking, of old tabby's making,
French leave will be taking, as other folks do.

FOURTY SMILING VOTERS.

"Mr. Curran, in exposing the venality of the Irish parliament, once burst forth into the following sarcas-

in apostrophe "What, Mr. Speaker, be the alarm and consternation of the when they saw these hordes of men traversing every district, devouring provisions, and overwhelming the people! These fiscal comedians and waggons from town to town, and election to election, to all the the representatives of the people (him who commands them) the coroners of these straggling counties their vehicles towards a country gaping singleton in wonderment asks the driver of the last one, the fellow, are you come with the posse they are convicts on the transport on to Botany Bay, the driver, "they are only a raw materials for manufacturing, on their way to the

ON A RAKE, WHO HAD BEEN
My head and my purse had a
And refer'd it to me to decide
Not small was the difference,
If my purse had most reason,
By jingo, I answer'd, here's
What I dispute who has me
both out!

When thou of thy brains art
And thou hast not got a post
'Tis a riddle to tell you who
But surely the head had the

THE W
My heart still has a
I thought I could not
Now we've had the
How I had with you

My lord and his lady
Yet are both of one
She calls him a fool—
He calls her a whore

BENEFIT OF CORRECTION.

op declared one day, that the punishments did not make boys a whit better: it was insisted that whipping at service, for every one must allow it.

THE BEST STOCK.

, they say, is evil's root,
we most justly doubt it:
a expect good thriving fruit,
a any stock without it?

FOR HYPOCHONDRIACS.

Other evening, at that still and drowsy it is just too dark to read but too dim, I got into one of my usual ruts that I was a kind of mental doctor, overwhelmed with practice had stolen for after dinner. In the midst of my rapt that a footman came abruptly in his master, who had been in a dismal way since the preceding morning, and of solace, and giving symptoms rebended to be insanity. I asked: he had seen of the disorder; and, being ready to go, he gave me the following.
"Sir," said he, "I have always thought your master was not quite right; but for he has been worse than ever. Such writhing, and kicking this thing and that all the world as if he had been stung, I only went to give him his shoes can be polished enough to suit his slippers off in my face, and I meant to run him in blacking? By he said that the sweet wine was one of the tumbler and kicked the table for it; swore that my mistress had become she helped him to all able; and unstacked my young lady's out of the room, which he said was. Afterwards he grew a little quiet,

but nobody dared to come near him, or to look that way, or to make the least noise, he was so touchy. In the evening we had company, and then, Lord! Sir, to see how pleasant he was, so smiling and good-natured to every one that came! Think's I to myself, who would take you to be such a devil! But I'm told its always the way with these mad people, sir; and Mr. Mitchell, my lord's chaplain, next door, who is a great scholar, says, that you might walk with one of 'em all over London, before you found him out, they're so sly and mysterious. When the ladies and gentlemen were gone he fell into his old way again, not so savage as before, but glumpy and impatient. All this morning you would have thought there was a corpse lying in the house, every body looked so dismal and went about like a ghost. But just now he has been getting worse than ever, and Mrs. Kitty the housemaid says he was heard talking of disinheriting—disinheriting—what is it? You know what I mean, sir;—hindering my young master, the counsellor, from coming to the fortune, and all for not having done something in the law, which they tell me he can't be expected to do as yet, being only forty years old. So my mistress, being frightened more at this than all the rest, thinks he must be mad outright, and has sent me to your honour, to see if any thing can be done."—I was glad to learn from honest John's relation that the fit had not lasted more than two days, since I should not have so much difficulty in tracing it up to its cause, as would have been the case with longer duration. I proceeded as fast as possible to the house; and on seeing his new visitor, the patient did not favour him with the accustomed smiles, he was aware that I understood his malady, and guessing my object, seemed to resign himself to the scrutiny with a kind of patient impatience. After feeling his pulse, examining what muscles had been most affected in his face, and satisfying myself from those about him how he had passed the last forty hours, I was pretty well enabled to follow back the disorder through its various excitements. I traced it speedily from his present fit of disinheriting to a wig-box belonging to his son,

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

what happened to have fallen in his way; from the
 box to a snuff-box which he had let fall after
 dinner, from the snuff-box to an uneasy dozing in
 chair, from the dozing in his chair to an enormous
 meal during which he had abused all that he swal-
 lowed, from the enormous meal to a speech made by
 his wife, who had kindly begged him not to venture
 much upon a dish that had disagreed with him;
 from the speech of his wife to the face of a servant
 who stood near, and who appeared to him to be
 laughing in his sleeve, from the servant, after a
 number of petty turns and stumbling blocks too
 numerous for detail, to the well-blackened shoes,
 the well blacked shoes, to a hasty mouthful of hot
 tea, from the hasty mouthful of hot tea to getting
 up late, from getting up late, which it seems he did
 half from sleepiness and half from being ashamed to
 show his face, to restlessness and peevishness all
 night from restlessness and peevishness all night to
 a hearty supper, which he abused as usual, from the
 hearty supper to another entreaty on the part of his
 wife—here I lost sight for a time, for as the foot-
 man had said, he had been uncommonly pleasant
 during the stay of his company, but I found the look
 again in the gentleness of his daughter, who had left
 the room, as the footman related,—from the gentle-
 ness of his daughter, who I found was very like her
 mother, I went on with my tracing to the good things
 to which his wife had helped him at dinner, from
 the good things to which his wife helped him at din-
 ner to a glass which he broke in the middle of it,
 from the broken glass to an agitation of nerves,
 arising from a refusal which he had just given an old
 friend who wanted to borrow a little money of him,
 from the refusal given his old friend to the tears and
 patience of his family all the morning, from the tears
 and patience of his family to a long lecture which he
 had been giving them on their want of real attach-
 ment to him, from the long lecture he had been
 giving them to another sulky and peevish breakfast,
 from the sulky and peevish breakfast to a private mys-
 terious lecture given to his wife before he came down
 stairs, and, at last, from the private lecture, I came

to the grand secret of all,—to the
 Nile of tears, to the immediate
 taunts, trials, and miseries which
 had been suffering for two or
 nobody but myself dared to men-
 being.—It was a P.M.—Our head
 comb to his head, when a pin
 found its way between the
 right angle from it by the he-
 scratch on the pericranium
 the gentleman, turning red
 the lady, turning pale,—and
 ensued, which put an end to the
 hand in his part and an end
 on that of his household

I asked whether my patient
 mour, and understanding the
 him out of his his, it was a
 a stroke of wit, or any other
 down to his sitting-room with
 my hand a little packet of me-
 ped over our mother and I
 or remotest shell, the
 of me, he uttered a half-
 impatience, and casting
 aside a little in his chair
 duet between his right leg
 not ask him how he felt
 well knowing it at such
 were something worse
 at core into conversation
 cure of a mania became
 ascertained

"Ah," said he, "I
 "And myself little
 ticularly in diseases of
 thing in which I put a
 is good sense"

He left off his dis-
 less sickness of man-
 to himself a compli-
 "I do not mean"

respect to your pro-

to say that you are a rare personage for a man, mental or bodily."

"So rare," replied I, "as you may imagine. Many of us, of both classes, who are not acquainted with the smallness and uncertainty of scientific knowledge. The abuses of physic which owing to ignorant people who will not listen to ignorant doctors who cannot make

people who will not be well," cried he, beginning: "they must be fools indeed. For I certainly do think highly of good sense, confess I don't care a pin for medicine."

"A cure, my good friend," said I, with indignity, "how you speak disrespectfully of me started, but I affected to take no notice of it, and went on:—"These little instruments and perfected by a greater number of an would take to write five epic poems, have an important part on the theatre of the world, to mention the infinite service they render to men in fixing their shapes and even beauties not to be found in nature herself, recollected, that with a pin a Roman Emperor passed away his leisure hours and diverted his dealing qualities from men to flies; let it be lected, that with a pin the wife of Antony herself amply revenged on the fatal eloquence of Cleopatra, whose tongue she pierced with an hundred pins, and let it never be forgotten, that in the Westminister, the repository of England's philosophers, a lady who owed her death to a pin, owes to it also her immor-

talous enough," cried he, containing himself:—"You see, Doctor, what a fuss these people make about their pins, and I do not wonder much with the folly of the poor things!"

"I said I, still keeping my countenance, that the Roman emperor I mentioned. What say, if I show you an instance of sheer madness among one's fellow-creatures in life by means of a pin, and this too from its

influence upon a thinking and well-informed man who in all things else is as sober as you or I?"

"Why," returned he, "I do not know what you mean by keeping that grave face of yours, but how such a man could be thinking and well informed, unless he is a genius run mad, I cannot imagine. But you are joking, I see, and I like a man of your vein prodigiously. Yes, yes, Doctor, you and I must be friends; I see that."

"You do me honour," said I, with an inclination of the head;—"the unfortunate gentleman, of whom I am speaking, has invited my friendship, but I hardly know what to say to it."

"Why, if the man is mad," rejoined my patient, "it is rather an awkward business. But perhaps you may do something for the poor fellow."

"Your feelings delight me," said I, "and I am sure they will not be less well inclined when you hear the whole of my new friend's case."—So saying, I told him how I had been called in by the gentleman's family, and, in fact, commenced his own story in a way which, if it had not been *himself* that was hearing it, might have been discovered in an instant. It was curious however to hear how he reproached the hero for giving such way to his disorder, and above all, how he pitied those about him, who had to bear so many ill-humours,—not forgetting to laugh in the midst of his comments, and to wonder what ridiculous nonsense could have given rise to such a fit. Seeing him in so fair a way to receive my physic, I then drew out my pocket-book, and from the notes I had made, proceeded to read over to him the list of his own vagaries, commencing regularly with the wig-box as aforesaid. At first, he started somewhat violently; but in a moment looked down with great seriousness, and made every now and then signs of amazement: when I came to the mouthful of hot tea, he could scarcely refrain from laughing, but I observed, that the treatment of his daughter touched him, and at the passage about refusing his friend a little assistance, he shifted uneasily in his chair:—at last, on arriving at the words that ushered in the climax of the account, I stopped very quietly, and unwrapped.

one by one, the several papers in my hand, laid it on the table by his side, sitting, as it came in contact with his eye, those melancholy monosyllables—"It was—a Pin."

For a few moments there was a dead silence; till my patient looking up, and having, as I saw, no traces of his disorder remaining, exclaimed, "My dear Doctor, what must you think of me? What can I think of myself? For it would be worse than affectation in me not to know who is the hero of your story, and worse than stupidity not to make proper account of it. Nay, nay," continued he, seeing me about to interrupt him, "you shall not soothe down the self-contempt, which at this moment I feel and ought to feel—you have probed me deeply, I confess, but you have done your duty, and by the blessing of restored reason, I will do mine." So saying, nothing could hinder him from instantly sending his servant to fetch his wife and daughter—"Or stop," he cried—"I should go to them myself," and after leaving the servant's parlor for a minute I went up to no purpose to the great and most respectful admiration of poor John, he requested me to accompany him to the room in which they were sitting. It is needless to recount all the particulars of the meeting, and indeed I should blush to relate the very handsome terms in which he was pleased to introduce me to the ladies as the restorer of their peace and of his senses. The wife looked her thanks delightedly, but had too delicate an affection for her husband to add to his humiliation by fine speeches; but the daughter, who was in the main a very lovely girl, and had the loveliest oval face and long black eyes I ever beheld, seemed as if she would fairly have kissed me—and could by no means suffer the servant to hand me any refreshment—she would do it all herself; so that what with my new friend's delight at feeling comfort again, the silent gratitude of his lady, and the lively cordiality of my little Hebe, all humiliations and troubles were quickly forgotten, and we made as pleasant a party at dinner, (for they made me stay dinner, as was to be found in the whole compass of the metropolis.

CURMAY AND THE WIFE

When the new Mint was erected on an enormous expense, the shop of a certain and the existing paper money rendered the office of the treasurer for some perfectly superfluous. No doubt as to the coming paper money was paid in gold and silver, and the post office. At this period the Wellesley Peer was appointed treasurer. Upon these circumstances, Mr. Curmay, I am glad to find, as I should not of a money-making department, a situation scene for the day, and to the mint, we shall have to see the new establishment in a very short time, there can be no want of the reign of beggary."

THE END.

During the riots in Dublin, a man for treason, by conspiring to kill the king against him repeated the law, the dies, on which I might have seen, lord, how can I be guilty? That is the story that told of the worst of men, a man that never dies."

ON LOVE.

Love is an ill, but a pain,
Yet troublesome, to learn
It quivers from a love that
The effect of making clear
Did by it was not known,
While she was but a girl,
Her busy thoughts were not
How to secure and guard her
But, soon as she had seen
And lastly, she had seen
She, alighting credit and
Submitted to the yawning



TEN LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

659

IN A DEFORMED PEAR.

regusted powder and clay,
haste made him, half form'd, into
 ymas sure, when he made him, was

poorly *down-tail'd* to the trunk ;
 g perch'd so awry on the shoulder,
 ew one, cemented with solder.

ON LUCAN.

i experienc'd diff'rent fate,
gustus' love ; yon *Nero's* hate ;
 act more great and high, to move
 ey, than a prince's love.

THE KILLING LADY.

g her scarf on, sails away to the
 Venus I'll pass in the dark.
 preading wide, and her soft-soothing
 xams features may sometimes prevail.
 ge plays arch, thus to wound in the
 ould strike dead, if reveal'd in the

PUNCH'S SECRET.

anager, with his company of wooden
 as life, on his arrival sent forth his pic-
 ife and drum, to announce his perform-
 of the place, including the squire, the
 beary, the exciseman, and the church-
 llage, with their ladies, attended the
 e Roscius of the drama, Mr. Punch,
 rest admiration of the audience, he
 e, wit, and pleasantry, and so fasci-
 the squire and chief magistrate in
 n her return home, she talked and
 ng but Mr. Punch, and at last made
 d of her husband that he should pur-
 from the manager, as an ornament
 In vain did her worshipful spouse

remonstrate and inveigh against the folly of such a
 whim, in vain did he warn her of what the neighbours
 would say ; he talked to no purpose, Punch she must
 have, she could not live without him. "The grey
 mare was the better horse:"—the magistrate was
 obliged to comply, and the very next day concluded
 an expensive treaty with the manager for the purchase
 of his chief actor. But when *Punch* was transferred to
 my lady's chamber, all his faculties failed him, all
 his vivacity vanished : he could neither talk, joke,
 laugh, nor amuse, as he was wont. The lady tried
 to rouse his spirits, she raised one hand, but it
 fell lifeless by his side ; she tried the other, with the
 same effect ; she chucked him under the chin, but
 his jaw fell again on his breast : and, in short, this
 lively, facetious, and diverting Mr. Punch became
 dull and dumb. The secret was, that Mr. *Punch* was
 not in his proper place, or under the same manage-
 ment which procured her liking : and quite disap-
 pointed, she requested the squire to return him to
 his former quarters with a handsome present to the
 manager, who soon restored Mr. Punch to all his
 former celebrity, and he became as great a favourite
 with the town as ever

THE MATRIMONIAL LADDER.

Admiration.

While graceful Chloe leads the gay quadrille,
 What new sensations Strephon's bosom fill !
 An introduction gain'd, the youth advances,
 And hopes she's disengaged the two next dances.

Flirtation.

The suit obtain'd, they tread the mazy round ;
 At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found ;
 Strephon assiduous plies the glittering fan,
 And proves himself a very nice young man.

Approbation.

With favouring smile the fair one hears his prattle,
 Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle :
 Then, as new raptures rise in every glance,
 Exclaims, " I think we'd better join the dance."

Declaration.

Next morn he calls, (the custom's very old,)
To hope the lady has not taken cold.
Thinks she looks charmingly in dressable,
And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fill.

Hesitation.

While secret joy her soft confusion veils,
Miss gently checks her swain's romantic tales :
"She's sure mamma will think these raptures wild—
She knows not how to act—she's quite a child!"

Agitation.

With sighs and vows persists the wounded swain,
Begs she'll recall those words, and think again ;
Fearful of frowns, or veto from mamma,
The softening nymph refers him to papa.

Acceptation.

Joy on his lips, and rapture on his tongue,
On neat red tape his various partimer's strung,
See Strephon bear the mystic circle high,
Which bids hope's tide flow strong, his terrors fly

Solemnization.

At church arriv'd on some unlucky day,
Poor Color falters out the word *amen*;
Thus of love's ladder gain'd the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing muse must trace.

Possession.

Her honey moon and raptures fled together,
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather ;
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unask'd for came.

Rumination.

An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see ;
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea ;
Blue burns the candle, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

Alteration.

No more a social walk the morn employs,
A steady novel constitutes her joys ;
While he, poor soul, condemn'd alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend, and empties his decanter.

Irritation.

Returned at eve, unnumber'd quills
And one who lov'd to rate, or praise,
From time's light as air the quills
The husband gathers, and the wife

Disputation.

Force and more force, a word or
Laughs, gibes, and a word or
Each to a separate chamber
Whence sleep is banished by war

Dispute.

Breakfast renews the quarrel,
She spoils the tea, and he
All patience lost, no power
In one thing only they agree—

Detestation.

Loud she proclaims the theme
Loud ;
He cool retorts, " 'Twas only this
"The world shall know your
"Sooner the better, sweet," the

Separation.

Equipp'd for parting see the
Dead are love's roses, wither'd
Such are the ups and downs of love
"For better or for worse,"—

CONTENTMENT.

Malherbe dined one day with the
who was a dull preacher—
before the poet fell asleep, but
prelate, and asked to go with him
was to preach, he begged to be
"He could sleep very well where

UNEXPECTED REVERSAL.

An eminent surgeon, or one of the
persons in St. James's square, when
he found that his carriage could not
house, in consequence of a heavy
the way ; untold at this curious

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

A volley of oaths asked
near, why those stones
he can I move 'em to?"
move them to h—." "I
say'd be more out of your
to heaven."

REASONS.

English tailor, and asked
why for a suit of clothes.
astonished at the quantity,
said seven would be quite
how kindled against the
old "How did you dare,
broad cloth, to make me
he can do for seven?"
man, "my neighbour can
children to clothe, and

CLASS IN A COUNTRY INN, RAMING OF THE WINDOW

said that it was good,
—n his blood.

THE KICK.

going through a street, was
looked out of a first floor
goes Paddy, who makes
human hearing them, looked
I know you well enough,
kick you down stairs."

COMPLIMENT.

first day's review at Ports-
stood near him, if such
he did not put him in mind
replied the divine, "es-
lordship to be in the midst

THE WEEK.

week is arrived, and the
near the best of it—setting
foreign will, at a wise defi-

ance The journeyman who works on "The
day, even though he were a tailor, shall
caste, and be sent to the Coventry of
wherever that may be. In fact, it came
On Easter Monday ranks change places
as good as sir John—the "rude me-
"monarch of all he surveys" from the
Greenwich hill—and when he thinks fit to
our royal pleasure to be drunk!"—who is
the proposition? Not I, for one. When
mechanics accuse their betters of oppres-
the said betters should reverse the old
refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk
nothing more could be said. But now,
betters, even in their own notion of the
in the name of all that is transitory, end
their brief supremacy! It will be over be-
of the week, and they will be as eager
their labour as they now are to escape
the only thing that an Englishman, when
low, cannot endure patiently for a week
unmingled amusement. At this time,
is determined to try. Accordingly, on
day all the narrow lanes and blind
metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens
suburban fields and villages, in search
amusement—which is plentifully provided
by another class, even less enviable than
whose patronage they depend—for of
the most melancholy is that of parveyor
the poor. During the Monday our
holiday-maker, as in duty bound, con-
aid of a little or not a little artificial
happy in a tolerably exemplary manner.
Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day
felt himself so yesterday. On the Wed-
cannot tell what has come to him—in
minutes he wishes himself at home—and
goes but to sleep. On Thursday he
secret that he is heartily sick of doing
ashamed to confess it—and then what
going to work before his money is spent
he swears that he is a fool for thro-

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

of his quarter's savings without having to show for it—and gets gloriously the rest, to prove his words—passing the night of all the week in a watch house. Saturday, after thanking "his worship" for advice, of which he does not remember a comes to the wise determination that, after is nothing like working all day long in and at night spending his earnings and his beer and politics!—So much for the Easter a London holiday-maker.

there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, is not confined to the lower classes, and which bid that I should pass over silently—If the has not, during his boyhood, performed the of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping—following the hounds all day long.—at respectful distance,—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting and his horse—not to mention a portion of his person,—and finishing the day by joining the Mayoreess's ball at the Mansion-house;—if the has not done all this when a boy, I will not realize him by expatiating on the superiority of those to have. And if he has done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for there is not a pin to choose between them!

EPITAPHS.

ON THOMAS KEMP,

Hanged for Sheep-stealing.
Here lies the body of Thomas Kemp,
Who liv'd by wool, but died by hemp;
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton;
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hung for a sheep-biter.

ON THOMAS FITTON.

(Cathedral Church-yard, Winchester.)
Here rests in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who killed himself by drinking poor small beer;

Soldiers be warn'd, by his untimely fate,
And when you're hot, drink strong.

ON DANIEL FATCH

(St. Dunstan's, Stepney.)

Here lies the body of Daniel Fatch,
Spualfields' weaver—and

IN THE EVIDENCE

During a trial at the Common Law
ment for stealing thirty pounds
lowing confessions were exhibited
in the robbery, who was admitted

Q. How many robberies have
together? A. Together, I think
could not be at more than one

You certainly have knocked
answer, (loud laughing in court)
tell us how many you have been
them down, for I never thought
turn to give an account of them

Q. By virtue of your oath, if
you have not been at fifteen?
ness laughing.)

Q. Would you swear that
twenty? A. I would not,

Q. Do you recollect robbery
the county of Wicklow? A.
is she? May be it is the Nell
took a trifle of whisky from

Q. Was it day or night?
was night to be sure.

Q. Did you not rob the
ticle in the house, even
clothes off her back? A.
were not on her back.

Q. Do you recollect stealing
from Dorcas, the Westford
and a pig's head besides?

Q. Do you recollect robbing
county of Wicklow, and
house? A. You're wrong
thing; I only took his
(witness and the audience)

THE LAUDATIVE PUBLICATIONS.

ty good humoured fellow!—
moured fellow in the country.

TRAVELLERS.

as the water to Calais, and
e, he of course immediately
sued octavo, and it is a great
is name must inevitably be,
rance," or "An Excursion
Picardy," with the date of
stinguish it from a hundred
ne nature. No wonder that
ble when it is so easy to get
west-end booksellers. The
A description of Dover begins
a sickness and custom-house
-boy and a table-d'hôte, a
sion with a dozen pages on
versation with an old soldier
a dozen pages on politics.
and the traveller prints and
he would consider too trifling
a to dispense gratuitously in
more extended tours: Swit-
unexhaustible subjects; and
as seen them, and half the
them, succeeding travellers
note-books and journals, and,
contradict each other, would
them nothing to learn. Going
common and so vulgar that
rel to stay at home; and a
d the five hundred miles our
stitute capability for the Tra-
less of a curiosity than one
me distance in it. The cata-
ster known than the falls of
about St. Peter's who never
the Scotchman who hurried
a magnificent view on his own
but received intelligence from
men will be put to the blush
Dana by puzzling questions

about Windsor and Westminster abbey. A book in
praise of our own country is perhaps the only sort of
book that would not pay the expenses of publication;
it would have the dulness of a sermon to one's wife,
and the insipidity of English wines; it would be as
little purchased as British lace, and as little regarded
as an appeal in behalf of British manufacturers. Not
till war again closes the Continent, and tourists and
travellers are thrown out of foreign employ, will they
condescend to visit or to describe our own lovely
scenery. Then Devonshire and Derbyshire, Wales and
Westmoreland, must *perforce* excite ecstasies and em-
ploy pens; then exaggeration will succeed indifference,
Mont Blanc bow to Ben Nevis, and Milan cathedral
shrink before York minster. Rather than not add
his mite to the mountain of books that is overwhelm-
ing our land, a predestined author would accordingly
his fate by publishing "First Impressions on Bala
hill," or "Reminiscences of Clapham-common."

THE TOPER.

Be merry, my boys, and pass briskly the glass;
Gay mirth and good humour attend;
Let the first be a toast to some favourite lass,
Then each take a glass to his friend.
I care not a halfpenny how the world goes,
Who's in or who's out of his place;
Give me but "a pretty girl under the rose,"
And I'll laugh at each fool in disgrace.
For life is itself but a phantom at best,
A dream that soon passes away:
Our wit and our wisdom are merely a jest;
Our bodies mere compounds of clay.
That death is a dream, too, your grey-beards
maintain,
When clay must return to a clod;
Then drop in my grave none but tears of Char-
pagne,
And the vine shall rise out of the sod.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S AGE.

A company happening to have a dispute concern-
ing the age of the present lord Chesterfield, an Irish
gentleman observed he must be older than they were.

posed,—for, added he, "His lordship must have been upwards of one and twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by Dr. Dodd." Ail present assented to the remark.

PRECAUTION.

A London newspaper once informed its readers, that, "an additional number of sentinels are to be placed in Hyde-park, to prevent the robberies which happened last winter."

ON HUMOUR.

Humour, in its sense of something ludicrous, is supposed to be a word to which there is nothing correspondent in any other language. In the signification, however, which has unquestionably led to this meaning, the English language is by no means peculiar; for the Latin *animo*, and the French *humour*, equally with *humour*, denote a certain natural disposition or temper of mind by which individual character is marked. When such a temper or disposition displays itself in a manner which excites ludicrous emotions, the representation constitutes an *humorous* delineation, according to what I suppose the most appropriate use of the term. Dr. Johnson, however, I must observe, gives no limitation of it to the *ridiculous in character*, but makes it, in its comic sense, synonymous to "grotesque imagery, jocular, and merriment." But that this is too lax an interpretation, is, I think, evident, since were humour identified with these words, there would be nothing national or peculiar in its meaning, but it might be rendered by equivalent terms in almost every language. A man may be very jocular, and excite merriment, by grimaces and distortions, by mimicking bodily defects or oddities of speech and gesture, but if this be humour, it is at least of a very trivial kind. True humour on the other hand, consists in strokes by which the ridiculous in manners and character is displayed, and it is a refined and delicate address to the perception of the ludicrous, exciting the smile of the mind, rather than the grin of the countenance. Thus, when the Archbishop of Granada, after having urged *Gil Blas* to give him immediate warning should any

of his pulpit compositions indicates a lies, preaches a sermon "qui valet" and his monitor, with the utmost falling off, is immediately dismissed, destitute of critical taste. It is to all who possess discernment, and the pleasure of this train of thought, comedy consists almost entirely of humour, for comic incidents are a part of the ludicrous (except as they point out the other). Humour may be delicate, but still equally ludicrous, as genuine satire, for whether it be *Dandini* and *Monsieur Jourdain* or *Scapin* and *Tartuffe*, or *Don Quixote* and *Malade Imaginaire*, the comic arises from delusions or misapprehensions of drama, like those to the nature of which was as great a master of humour as any writer of comedy, or tragedy. It is commonly asserted that a man of wit, has no humour; but this is a case. It is true, however, that the combs, are framed in such a manner, that occasionally make require much individual character. The scenes of *Sir Sampson*, *Fortunio*, *Pepe*, *Lady Wishfort* and *Milford* genuine and exquisite humour. The dant in English comedy is not a sentiment. I fear it would not be sure to assert, that the want of humour, is supplied by quibble, cant, and extravagance.

THE ROSE OF WIT.

A man had once a vision which
(A most uncommon thing)
His days and nights were spent

Her tongue went glibly on
Sweet contradiction still on
And all the poor man did was

And

or within,
 a tradesmen spin,
 and din,
 He found not.
 display'd;
 r skin was made:
 w'n he pray'd
 To take her.
 ver's side
 My dear," he cried,
 our peace divide,
 I'll end them.
 quite resign'd
 is up my mind,
 at behind
 As can be.
 ert her reign,
 will restrain,
 se more regain
 My troubles."
 dame complies,
 'ning in her eyes;
 his he dies
 Before her.
 the rolling tide,
 he; "beside,
 side,
 And die thus:
 far, I think,
 upon the brink,
 y, never shrink,
 But do it."
 more effect,
 se ran direct,
 ald least expect
 She should do.
 If to save,
 n the wave,
 before she gave,
 Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;
 "Then best of wives!" she next replied;
 "I would—but your my hands have fled,
 God bless ye!"

ENGLISH WOMEN.

England is the paradise for women, a proverb: England is also said to be a heaven for women and a hell for horses. Hence the saying, that if a bridge was made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither; yet it is worth notice that no language has so many invectives against the sex, as the English.

ROCHESTER'S EMBARRASSMENT.

Lord Rochester had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. "My lords," said he, "I rise this time—my lords, I will divide this discourse into four branches—my lords, if ever I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever."

GOING.

A gentleman seeing a man whom he knew, heavily ironed in Newgate, asked what great offence he had committed.—"Nothing," replied the prisoner, "but the simple one of striking a man and a woman." "Who were they," said the gentleman.—"There they are, sir," taking a halfpenny from his pocket, "as base a couple as you ever saw, though they look so well."

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM.

ACADEMY.

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
 That classic house, those classic grounds
 My pensive thoughts recall!
 What tender urchins now confine,
 What little captives now repine,
 Within yon letsome walls!
 Ay, that's the very house! I know
 Its ugly windows, ten-a-row!

* No connection with any other ode.

Its chimneys in the rear !
 And there's the iron rod so high,
 That drew the thunder from the sky
 And turn'd our table beer !
 There I was birch'd ! there I was bred !
 There lye a little Adam fed
 From Learning's wotul tree !
 The weary tasks I used to con !—
 The hopeless leaves I wept upon !—
 Most fruitless leaves to me !—
 The summon'd class ! the awful bow !—
 I wonder who is master now
 And wholesome ang'ish sheds !
 How many ushers now employs,
 How many maids to see the boys
 Have nothing in their heads !
 And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
 (Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
 Some favour'd two or three.—
 The little Crichtons of the hour,
 Her muffin-menials that devour,
 And swell her price—lokeas !
 Ay, there's the play ground ! there's the lime,
 Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
 So wildly I have run !—
 Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
 Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
 Of Love and Cottage-bread ?
 Who struts the Randall of the walk ?
 Who molds tiny heads in chalk ?
 Who scoops the light canoe ?
 What early genius buds upace ?
 Where's Huynter ? Harns ? Bowers ? Chase ?
 Hal Baylis ? bl the Carew ?
 Alack ! thy're gone—a thousand ways !
 And some are serving in "the Greys,"
 And some have perish'd young !—
 Jack Harns weds his second wife ;
 Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life,
 And blithe Carew—is hung !
 Grave Bowers teaches A B C
 To savages at Owhyee ;

Poor Chase is with the worms !
 All, all are gone—the olden breed
 New crops of mushrooms born ere
 "And push us from our farms !
 Lo ! where they scra'le torts, and
 And leap, and skip, and mob and
 A play where we have play'd !
 Some hop, some run, some (ah,)
 Their crony arms ; some on the
 And some are in the shade !
 Lo there what nur'd conditums
 The orphan lad, the widow's son,
 And fortune's fav' ur'd care
 The wealthy born, for whom the
 Mac Adamized the futur paid—
 The rabob's pumper ! heir,
 Some lightly start'd—some evil
 For honour some, and some for
 For far or fud renown !
 Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may
 Look, here's a White, and there's
 And there's a Cronic brown
 Some laugh and sing, some mope
 And wish *their* frugal area would
 Their only sons at home—
 Some tease the future tense, and
 The full-grown doings of the man
 And pant for years to come !
 A foolish wish ! There's one at
 And four at *five* ! and five won't
 The marble law to speed !
 And one that curvets in and out,
 Reining his fellow Cob aloft,—
 Would I were in *his* stead !
 Yet he would gladly *be*, and do
 That boyish harp'ry *as*, to say
 With this word's many *yes*—
 To toil, to tug. O little fool !
 While thou canst be a horse at
 To wish to be a man !
 Perchance thou deem'st it werr a
 To wear a crown,—to be a king !

p on regal down !
 know'st not kingly cares ;
 is that head that wears
 without a crown !
 ou think that years acquire
 joys ? Dost think thy sire
 py than his son ?
 od's mirth !—Oh, go thy ways
 and when ——— *plays*,
 how *forced* our fun !
 re brave !—thy tops are rare !—
 e spun with coils of care !
 ps are no delight !—
 narbles are but tame
 best a sorry game
 e muse's kite !
 are dough, our heels are lead
 t joys fall dull and dead
 s with no rebound !
 with a faded eye
 hind, and send a sigh
 that merry ground !
 ntented. Thou hast got
 f heaven in thy young lot ;
 ky-blue in thy cup !
 thy manhood all too fast—
 soon gone ! and age at last
reaking-up !

IRISH WAKES.

that is to say, the assemblages of the
 melancholy convention round the bo-
 ceased, during the nights that pass be-
 and interment, form no inconsiderable
 asional amusements of an Irish village,
 ous characteristic in the customs of the
 body of the deceased is laid out in a
 on a bedstead or table, and covered by
 e face only exposed ; sprigs of rose-
 id thyme, flowers and odorous herbage
 er the coverlid, and the corpse is sur-
 ates of snuff and tobacco to regale the
 acco pipes are plentifully distributed

for the purpose of fumigation, and to counteract any
 unwholesome odours from the dead body. In the an-
 cient Irish families, or those wherein civil refinements
 have not exploded old customs, *two* and sometimes
four female bards attend on those mournful occasions,
 who are expressly hired for the purpose of lamenta-
 tion ; this is probably a relique of druidical usage
 coeval with the Phœnician ancestry ; and they sing,
 by turns, their *song of death* in voices sweet and
 piercing, but in tones the most melancholy and af-
 fecting. They sing together, in rude extempore verse,
 the genealogy and family history, and they recount
 all the exploits, and virtues, and even the very
 dresses, conversations, and endearing manners of the
 deceased. Here there appears a display of different
 ages, characters, and passions, all the young and the
 old ; the serious and the comical ; the grave and the
 gay of the lower classes assemble. No where does
 the real genius and humour of the people so strongly
 appear, tragedy, comedy, broad farce, pantomime,
 match-making, love-making, speech-making, song-
 making, and story-telling, and all that is comical in
 the genuine Irish character, develop themselves with
 the most fantastical freedom in the rustic melo-drame ;
 the contrasted scenes succeed each other as quick as
 thought ; there is a melancholy in their mirth, and a
 mirth in their melancholy, like that which pervades
 their national music, and the opposite passions alter-
 nately prevail, like light and shade playing upon the
 surface of a sullen stream. The people come many
 miles to one of those serio-comic assemblies ; refresh-
 ments of cakes, whiskey, and ale are distributed
 between the acts to the visitants, who sit up all
 night ; but the grand feast is reserved to precede the
 funeral obsequies. A whole *hecatomb* of geese, tur-
 kies, fowls, and lambs are sacrificed some days be-
 fore for the occasion, and the friends, acquaintances,
 and neighbours of the deceased are regaled with an
 abundant cold collation, and plenty of ale, spirits, and
 wine : while the company of the lower order assem-
 ble in the exterior barn or court-yard, and are feasted
 with baskets of cakes and tubs of ale. When the fu-
 neral sets out for the place of interment, the road is

e hours ; I bought him of a neighbour ; yet, because I would not fright, &c." Thus far he went in ory lasted an hour ; so that, upon , he spoke seven thousand seven words, instead of six hundred, by made use of seven thousand one more than he had occasion for.

is he who is fond of telling such alive, who has the least use of his ve. This humour prevails very and the vain-glorious : but it is ardonable, because no man's faith or, if it should be so, no ill consequences seriously extravagant, ex-ld give credit to what they know greatest dunce to swallow.

io had travelled to Damascus, told the bees of that country were as Pray, sir," said a gentleman, beg- e question, " how large were the e size with ours," replied the tra- ange," said the other : " but how r hives ?"—" That is none of my : them look to that."

d travelled as far as Persia, spoke as he was returning home, telling y it was that a traveller should d the life, otherwise he could not ect from his countrymen which t have : " but at the same time,

wheresoever I shall dine or sup, ny chair, and if I do very much of truth, punch me behind, that lf." It happened one day, that certain gentleman, who shall be e affirmed that he saw a monkey rneo, which had a tail threescore punched him, " I am certain it

John punched again. " I be- in compass, for I did not measure n forty." John gave him another ber it lay over a quickset hedge, l not be less than thirty." John

at him again. " I could take my oath it was twenty." This did not satisfy John. Upon which the master turned about in a rage, and said, " Damn you for a puppy ! would you have the monkey without any tail at all ?"

The *Inspid*, who may not unfitly be called soporific, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy, dull relation of unimportant facts. You shall have an account, from such a person, of every minute circumstance that happened in the company where he had been ; what he did, and what they did ; what they said, and what he said : with a million of trite phrases ; with an " And so," beginning every sentence ; and " To make a long story short ;" and " As I was saying ;" with many more expletives of equal signification. It is a most dreadful thing when men have neither the talent of speaking, nor the discretion of holding their tongues ; and that, of all people, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this way of conversation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one who speaks not a word too much, or too little ; who can, in a very careless manner, give a great deal of pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded ; who shows good understanding, and a delicate turn of wit in every thing which comes from him ; who can entertain his company better with a history of a child and its hobby-horse, than one of the soporifics can with an account of Alexander and Bucephalus. Such a person is not unlike a bad reader, who makes the most ingenious piece his own ; that is, dull and detestable, by only coming through his mouth.

LITTLE MOUTHS.

From London, Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town ;
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As " How dost Paul ?" " Thank ye, and how dost Betty ?"

" Did'st see our Jack, nor sister ? No, you've seen I warrant, none but those who saw the queen."

" Words often spoke in jest," says Paul, " are true, I came from Windsor, and if some folks knew As much as I, it might be well for you."

"Lord, Paul, what is't?" "Why give me something for't?"

"This kiss and this." "The matter's then in short,
The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which wail this week be sent all round the nation;
That maids with little mouths do all prepare
On Sunday next to come before the mayor,
And that all bachelors be likewise there.
For maids with little mouths shall if they please,
From the young men choose husbands two a-piece."
Betty with bristled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with smiling grace.
Cries, "Hem! pray what must all the huge ones do
For husbands when we little mouths have two?"
"Hold, not so fast," cries he, "pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have
three."

Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
And with mouth a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh, oh, is't so?—The case's altered, Paul.
Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
I warrant I'll find mouth, if they'll find men."

ON TWO TWIN SISTERS, WHO DIED AT THE SAME TIME,
AND WERE BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to every eye.

In stature, leanness, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

IN AN EXERCISE TO CURE A TOFFITY.

Tie one end of a rope fast over a beam,
And make a sup'per at t'other extreme;
Then just underneath let a cat be set,
On which let the liver most insafely get.
Then over his head let the bucket be got,
And under one ear be web secured the knot.
The cricket kick'd down let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string.

REFLECTIONS ON

My Dr.

Let us seriously reflect on
posed—it is composed of
the golden grain, and dross
—of milk pressed from the
gentle hand of the beauteous
and innocence might have
draught, who, while she still
no ambitious thoughts of war
no plans for destruction
milk, which is drawn by
animal that eats the grass
us with that which made the
of mankind in the age when
to call golden. It is made
of nature which the theatre
to creation. An egg con-
smooth surface an unfinish-
bation of the parent, becom-
mised with bones and
feathers—Let us consider
wanting to complete the
more is wanting, more
salt, which keeps the sea
which is made the image
contributes to the foundation

THE

Lord Melcombe, when
appointed ambassador to
told him it would not do,
suppose a man to possess
a nonpareil—“Yes
—I can help you to one.
Bubb.”

ON THE

When Barchus once
With his pen
The man, in spite of
Abstracted from

t the formal path ;
 he's not the same man ;
 I stagger'd in his faith,
 up'd like a layman.
 etty things he spoke,
 g our attention ;
 fit to feed a flock,
 s own invention :
 truths said o'er his glass,
 I took great notice,
 no veritas,
 no sacerdotis,
 I ; yet praise was due,
 into which to give it,
 not, of the two,
 r, or the Levite,
 eeks inflam'd with drink,
 with his white head ;
 ear just like a link,
 one end 'tis lighted.
 earnest, broke his jest,
 ure phrases utter'd ;
 ay'd, and not the priest,
 he best side outward.
 t last in Bacchus' streams,
 s weak condition
 sleep, to dream strange dreams,
 me wond'rous vision.

FIELD-DAY, AND SHAM FIGHT.

valour, for glory to go,
 learn how to handle a foe ;
 ast old England to lift up a paw
 of laurels they'll reap from the

ie fair—the swains quickly run
 apsack and shoulder the gun ;
 ie feats that the warriors do,
 dinner, or a grand review.
 pa, says Miss Sophinishba Squint-
 is how vy you vont let our John
 s Mr. Taptub, the innkeeper's son,

has only been in the volunteers a very little time ;
 and his sweetheart tells me, he *charges* beautifully,
 and she's seen him practise in the hay season. A
 soldier ! pho ! nonsense ; no ; the boy's next to a fool
 now. Yes, my love, says his wife, he is just at your
 elbow ; but why not indeed ; I'm sure my John has
 as pretty a leg for regimentals as Mr. Macscrewemall,
 the undertaker, who heads the *corpse* :—But you
 want your children to be as ignorant as yourself.
 You'd never have known how to have *got on*, if I
 had not showed you the way.—Ah ! Mr. Squintpretty,
 if I had been as dull and as still as yourself, I don't
 know—Now don't bother papa, mama, because I'm
 just determined to sport steel at the next review,
 and for that reason I have—but here comes Mr.
 Snipred, the military tailor, with my clothes, and you
 shall see me *marshaled* afore you can say how much
 do they cost. Well, I declare they look very nice ;
 and that feather, beautiful—my dear boy, your looks
 will make you a *kernal*. Do you think so, mamma ?
 I do. Do you, why then—

Here's to parade, in double quick pace,
 With my head up so high, and my coat deck'd with
 lace.

Where the ladies astonished, will sigh and say
 How beautiful looks, the lovely ensign J.

At parade then they mix, and sure such a set
 Of staunch hearted heroes before ne'er was met ;
 Distinction and place are lost in the day,
 When their country commands to rehearse for a fray ;
 In well formed ranks they are stationed all,
 The crooked, the dapper, the short, and the tall,
 The doctor, and butcher, 'like in front or van,
 And a tailor's on a level with the gentleman.

Spoken.] And there they are all the noble souls in
 the parish, from Ben Bumper the bruiser, to little
 Sam Shuttle the weaver, and close in order ; they look
 as even as a row of oak and gooseberry trees, or
 the lower jaw of an old woman, but *fine* to a man.
 There, then, is *Kernal* Screwemall on the field, fea-
 thered like a mourning-coach horse. Attention—
 excellent ! Make ready—charge. Oh, oh, oh ! what's
 the matter with Sergeant Pattypan. Why Corporal

Dumpling has run his *bagnet* into my cartridge box, Mr. Evergape, mind the word, sir—you are picking your comrade's teeth with your *bagonette*—fall in, fall in. I am taller in, sir. Where? Why into the Paddington Canal. Shoulder arms—O shame, shame, gentlemen, the wrong shoulder, so you must *recovert arms*, bravo, well disciplined. Stand at ease. I'll be damned if I can stand at ease, you are so tall and I am so short, you keep tickling my ear with your pigtail. Shoulder arms—good. Prime and load—better. Fire—pop, pop, pop, pop. Never heard a better fire; I've got twenty men in my company, and I heard seventeen of them fire distinctly. What's gone with the other three?—Pop, pop, pop—there they are all. O my! I am so dry I must have *summat* to drink afore I goes into action again. Why you musn't go now, its *irregular*. Well, we a'm regulars you know. You'd be shot for a deserter. Pho! I shall go the back way to that house over the way, the Marquis of Granby's Head. Mr. Hickenback, which is the back way to the Marquis of Granby's Head? Up the nape of his neck, sir, I should think. To prevent mischief, gentlemen, wif a *bagonette*. O, look at the *hermat*, the *hermat*! The gallant colonel's horse, having never before smelt powder, at the unexpected shock, released himself from his too martial rider, by throwing him—not into the arms, but on the heads of his valorous troop, who luckily had, according to command, previously unfixed bayonets or else his charger's next visit to the churchyard might have been with the colonel—but no such loss to chivalry happened. With the exception of giving Bill Alum a black eye with the point of his boot, and tearing corporal Fribble's shirt-tail with his spur, all was in *status quo*. Hollo! where's Mr. Alamode going? He says he won't stop any longer—he's affronted, he says, Mr. Sponge, the baker, fired off so close to his ear, that he has stung off half his whiskers. The gallant colonel was about to harangue, when a shower of rain prevented his stream of oratory, and threw a *damp* on the spirits of the day. So they Right about faced, and galloped away, *Sans order, sans tune, sans martial array;*

For the dinner it was ordered
And to the hour it wanted
Their appetites whetted
Each eager and able to
The enemy appears—red
Nor give a bit of quarter
So valorous were they, and
That they did on the par
meats,

That the landlord brought
At so wonderful a havoc
[Spoken.] Aye! and as
paign that I serve—
That in Hungerfordshire
o it but it was all for the
mad having his dinner
public good a true patriot
for his country. Mr. Al
wing of this fowl? No,
the flank of that beef
fuse standing a little prop
or, before I sit down opp
this giblet pie. You are
Yes, indeed, but I must
cannot help going off
primed yet. Silence, or
gentlemen, as you must
this, which is that, "M
parish prove the terror of
I shall go. Oh! but you
lonel's song. O, aye, e
means. Well, gentlemen
one of my own—

"To die
Perhaps you sing prof
shame, interruption. A
punishment shall be unde
Eat like an alderman.
To the volunteer corps
Confusion to all foes—
For if we load our b
backs.

RTY-FIVE.

g in conversation with Foote,
ua Reynolds, and other dis-
, Barnard happened to say,
nan could improve when past

Upon this Dr. Johnson ob-
ard) was an instance to the
as great room for improvement
he would set about it. This
g elegant *bagatelle* from Dr.

of the next day; addressed
olds, and Co."

no man alive
re past forty-five,
d to assert it:
was not new,
so just and true
ould controvert it.

Johnson; "'tis not so .
ke, and I can show
if you doubt it.
near forty-eight,
ve, 'tis not too late;
set about it."

to mend my faults,
sel in my thoughts,
I should apply it:
seem'd past my reach,
n when none will teach?
could not *buy* it.

riends, and try your skill:
ne, if you will,
re at a distance.)
e and learn, and then
I shall read men;
your assistance.

'lympton,* teach me how
ruffled brow,

oshua Reynolds.

And smile serene, like thine;

The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my dearest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation.

Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine
By constant application.

The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick;
Thou who reversest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er.†

Oh! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;

Jones teach me modesty and Greek;
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse:

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write:

Copy his clear familiar style;
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, *like himself*, polite.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SWIFT AND HIS LANDLORD.

The three towns of Navan, Kells, and Trim,
which lay in Swift's route on his first journey to
Laracor, seem to have deeply arrested his atten-
tion, for he has been frequently heard to speak of
the beautiful situation of the first, the antiquity of
the second, and the time-shaken towers of the
third. There were three inns in Navan, each of
which claim to this day the honour of having en-
tertained *Dr. Swift*! It is probable that he dined
at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at

† Alluding to Garrick, in a whim, reading Cumberland's
odes backward.

Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn in that town on the English model, which still exists, and, in point of capaciousness and convenience, would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems so far to have won upon Swift as to have procured some conversation. "You are an Englishman, sir," said Swift. "Yes, sir." "What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, sir." An Englishman, said Jonathan too, in the town of Kells, who would have thought it? "What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir, and I believe I shall stick to it, Jonathan in my family." "Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, sir, I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, and a woman of free birth mould." "Have you been long out of your native country?" "Thirty years, sir." "Do you ever expect to visit England?" "Never." "Can you say in truth that?" "I can, sir; my family is my country." "Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: then you are reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so, I am very happy; I like the people, and, though I was not born in Ireland, I believe in it, and that's the same thing." Swift paused in deep thought for near a minute, and then with much energy repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute—*Ipse Hibernia Hiberniores*—"The English are more Irish than the Irish themselves!"

SATIRE.

Satire, when general, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough and able to bear

it. "Tis but a ball handled to and fro; man carries a racket about him to himself among the rest of the com-

DISTINCTIONS IN FEMALE FASHION.

One Mrs. Mapp, a famous shrew in mountebank, coming to town with a horse, on the Kentish road, was met by a party of people who, seeing her very well dressed, took her for a French lady, and she must be George the First's, and they followed the coach, bawling out, "No Hanover w—!" The coach was much offended, and she screamed louder than any of them. Hanover w—! she was an English lady, which they cried out, "God bless the queen!" and she quitted the pursuit, and walked away.

PRINCE EUGENE'S VISIT.

A whimsical circumstance concerning Eugene's going to court, Swift got of it. "When Mr. Secretary's conduct had, he found, been so remarkable," Hoffman, the English ambassador, had told his mistress that it was impossible for him to go to court, and as was a tied up one. "Prince," "I know not what to do, for a long periwig in my life, and I had my valets and footmen to see what I had, that I might borrow of them has such a thing. What was with the utmost diligence, and convince him it was a thing that was only observed by gentlemen's shoes."

THE LOVE-LOCK.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I sigh'd, and I sigh'd,
And very fair would have been;
But when I strove to get my love,
Still then I said least of the matter.

I resolv'd I would try,
heart to recover ;
for I sooner could die
earing to love her.
then ; and since your own eyes
and adoration,
ik too, and do not despise
tell you my passion.
love, and tho' uether should

still be pursuing ;
I don't doubt we may make
this wooing. CONGREVE.

AND THE EGGS.
ule Swift was at Laracor, the
stock, the farmer being dead.
past during the auction just as
a put up : Roger, Swift's clerk,
s overbid by a farmer of the
that, Roger, won't you buy the
ft. " No, sir," said Roger, " I
ING TO HATCH."

AFTER FORCING.

very red face : " Pray my
o him, " come and look over
y cucumbers are very back-

Y BARGAIN.

I am deceiv'd,
the end common :
it least believed)
woman :
as such caress'd ;
stant when possess'd,
more for no man.

ughts on others ran,
link a hard thing ;
r'd you the man,
I one farthing ?
also, I'm sure she's kind ;
you her mind,
etter bargain ?

2 o 2

A LETTER GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

Sir,

You must give me leave to complain of a PESTI-
LENT fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always
benting MORTAL, yet I cannot find that he ever
builds. In talking, he uses such hard words that I
want a *dragger*-man to interpret them. But all is
not gold that *glisters*. *A pot he carries* to most
houses where he visits. He makes his 'prentice
his GALLY slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of
him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every
spring his shop is crowded with country-folks ;
who by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do
a great deal of mischief. He is full of *scruples*,
and so very LITIGIOUS, that he files bills against all
his acquaintance : and, though he be much troubled
with the *simples*, yet I assure you he is a *jeautical*
dog, as you may know by his BARK. Of all poetry
he loves the DRAM-A-TICK best.

I am, &c.

ON ITS BEING OBSERVED OF A CELEBRATED PUBLIC
CHARACTER THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN HIS
VERY LOOKS.

That there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

EPIGRAM.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.
If the truth of this proverb is not to be slighted,
Your principles doubtless are just,
Your kindness to me you in marble indited,
Your injuries you wrote in the dust.

SWIFT'S PUNNING.

Nothing can more strongly show Swift's fondness
for puns of all sorts, than an extract from one of
his letters. " The Bishop of Clogher has made an
if-pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send
it over to his brother Tom : but Sir Andrew Foun-
tain has written to Tom Ashe last post, told him

the pun, and desired him to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a *hackney coach* at Mr. *Poolry's* door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis*, *Hack* at *Tom Poolry's*. Silly."

PROLOGUE

Spoken in the Character of a Sailor, on opening the New Theatre at North-Shields.

Holloa! my Masters! where d'ye mean to stow us?
(Without.)

We're come to see what pastime ye can show us.
Sail, step aloft—you sha'n't be long without me.
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[Enters.]

Tom and Dick Topsail are above—I hear 'em;
Toll 'em to keep a birth, and, Sail—sit near 'em
Sail's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of stingo
In three weeks time shu'd learn the playhouse lingo.
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning.
She calls 'em—Moral rules made entertaining.
Your Shakespeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myself, at sea, have read a little.
At London was I when Sail and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting.
Nuss! I cou't like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their oddities and their damn'd sonatas.
Give me the merry sons of guts and resin,
That play—"God save the King," and "Nancy
Dawson."

Well—theo' the Ingate's not so much hedizen'd,

[Looking about.]

'Tis snug enough.—'tis clever for the sarsen cut,
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury Lane or Common garden.
[Bell rings.] Avast!—a signal for the launch, I
fancy.

What say you, Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and
Nancy?

Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so
nightly,

Shan't you, and I, and Sail, come see them nightly?

The jolly crew will do their best to cheer
They'll grudge no labour to deserve
A luckier fate they swear can ne'er be
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear y

EPITAPH ON JUDGE BOAT

Here lies judge Boat within the tomb
Play gentlest like, forbear you not
A Boat a judge! yes, when a judge
A wooden judge is no such wonder
And in his robes you must agree,
No Boat was better dress'd than he
'Tis needless to describe him thus
In short he was an able sculler.*

SUPERFICIAL, IGNORANT, AND LEARNED

Readers may be divided into three
superficial, the ignorant, and the
have with much felicity cited the
and advantage of each. The superficial
be strangely provoked to find in
the breast and the lungs, is a
spleen, and the most innocent of
ignorant reader, between whom and
distinction is extremely rare, and
pose I to stare, which is an ad
all eyes, serves to raise and
and wonderfully helps perpetuate
truly learned, chiefly for a
when others sleep, and sleep who
will here find sufficient matter for
ulations for the rest of his life

THE LITTLE WHITE

A member of parliament was asked
to know why some of the
The answer was "We suppose
of your writing. The hand is not
not precisely the same, but it is
to be a little tipsy when I write."
will you be so good, in future, as
you make free."

* On Whether the author meant a
mistook.

SMOKING WAGER.

place of Dr. Aldrich between the
rned pursuits, was that of smok-
bit he was so fond, that, among
ositions, he produced a "Smok-
sung by four men smoking their
ssive attachment to this amuse-
subject of pleasant remark in the
dent, one morning at breakfast,
on a wager, that the Dean was
instant. Away they accordingly
deanery; and, admitted to the
Dean the occasion of their visit;
himself, in perfect good humour,
aid that he was smoking, he said,
ou have lost your wager; for I
but—filling my pipe."

GUINEA NOTE.

gars' Opera was under rehearsal
et Theatre, in 1823, Miss Paton
h to sing the air of "*The Miser*
s," a note higher; to which the
mediately replied, "Then, Miss,
The Miser thus a GUINEA sees."

AN ASSIZE TOWN.

, dress'd exceeding fine,
elin-men, in double line;
for the hour to dine:
tain, with a blust'ring look
s noted, quoted—cook;
l whom one always sees
rags, and bands, sans briefs, sans

to create dispute,
for a Chancery-suit;
, not much averse to please
el, who have touch'd some fees;
: plaintiff or defendant,
chs feel, to make an end on't;
ar, riot, noise, and pother,
esses one upon t'other.

INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

A notorious rogue being brought to the bar, and
knowing his case to be desperate, instead of plead-
ing, took to himself the liberty of jesting, and
thus said, "I charge you in the king's name, to
seize and take away that man (meaning the Judge)
in the red gown, for I go in danger of my life,
because of him."

THE WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS.

There is a certain person lately arrived at this
city, of whom it is very proper the world should be
informed. His character may perhaps be thought
very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; how-
ever, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to
truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because
he is a sort of dependant upon our family, and almost
of the same age; though I cannot directly say, I
have ever seen him. He is a native of this country,
and has lived long among us; but what appears
wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen be-
fore, by any mortal.

It is true indeed he always chooses the lowest
place in company; and contrives it so, to keep out
of sight. It is reported, however, that in his
younger days he was frequently exposed to view,
but always against his will, and was sure to smart
for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger
brother, being of six children the fourth in order of
birth; of which the eldest is now head of the house;
the second and third carry arms; but the two
youngest are only footmen: some indeed add, that
he has likewise a twin brother, who lives over against
him and keeps a victualling house; he has the re-
putation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow;
and that when his bags are full, he is often needy;
yet when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets he lets
it fly.

When in office, no one discharges himself, or does
his business better. He has sometimes strained hard
for an honest livelihood; and never got a bit, till
every body else was done.

One practice appears very blamable in him; that

e public to keep him quiet; for
murs are a certain sign of intestine

r ever lamented more the luxury
nations are so justly taxed; it has
ost him tears of blood: for in his
far from being profuse; though in-
ays a night at a gentleman's house,
omething behind him.

ith great submission whatever his
to give him; and when they lay
on him, which is frequently enough,
n as soon as he can; but not with-
and much grumbling.

al hanger on; yet nobody knows
t him. He patiently suffers him-
der, but loves to be well used, and
sacrifice his vitals to give you ease:
one acquaintance, for whom he
id; yet, as far as we can find, was
se any thing by it.

to be very unquiet in the com-
hman in new clothes, or a young

t, the subject of much mirth and
seems to take well enough; though
bserved that ever any good thing

eral an opinion of his justice, that
ard cases are left to his decision:
upon them, he carries himself ex-
en both sides, except where some
s; and then he is observed to lean
ht or left, as the matter inclines
ons for it are so manifest and con-
man approves them.

EPITAPH

ted to the Marquis of Anglesea's
deposited at Waterloo.

let no saucy knave
sneer or laugh,
mould'ring in this cave,
ish Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Would find that laugh were premature,
For here too lies a *Sole*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five;
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who now are all alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rest here of one commanding;
Who, though his wits he may retain,
Lost half his *understanding*.

Who, when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be brought
To give the foe *leg bail*.

And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave;

Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune, indeed, has shown her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's foes engage in fight;
Resolv'd to stand his ground:

And but indulg'd in harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one;
She saw two legs were lost on him,
Who never deign'd to run.

GARRICK'S EYE.

Miss Pope was one evening in the green-room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said "he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board."—"Aye," cried Wewitzer, "I understand—what we call a *gimblet eye*!"

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

Querist. Where, observed a Roman Catholic, in warm dispute with a Protestant, where was your religion before Luther?

Q. Did you wash your face this morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was your face before it was washed?

A BLESSED SPOT.

From an Epigram of Abulfadhel Ahmed, surnamed
Al Hamadani, recorded in D'Herbelot.

Hamadat is my native place,
And I must say, in praise of it,
It merits, for its ugly face,
What every body says of it.
Its children equal its old men
In vices and avidity,
And they reflect the Ladies again
In exquisite stupidity.

ORIGINE DES PLAINES.

The usual method of advertising the performances
at the London theatres was originally by affixing
them to numerous posts, which formerly encumbered
the streets of the metropolis, and hence the phrase,
posting bills. Thus, the water-port, relates that
master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street at a
great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him
what play was played that day? He being angry
to be stopped on so frivolous a demand, answered that
he might see what play was to be played on every
post. "I cry your mercy," said the gentleman, "I
took you for a post, you rode so fast."

WILKES'S QUERIES.

I wish you at the devil, said somebody to
Wilkes.

I don't wish you there

Why?

Because I never wish to meet you again

Where the devil did you come from? said Wilkes,
to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.

From the devil

What is going on there?

Much the same as here.

What's that?

The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.

MOUTH VERSUS EYES.

From the French of La Fontaine.

Cyprus to wit Sweet Mouth versus Fine Eyes,
Before the Chamber of Precedencies.

The cause was opened by Sweet Mouth.
"I summon Hearts! Let them appear!
Let them decide, my Lords, who is
Has most to say, to charm withal,
Do, did I say? I'm ready to take oaths,
I've more than I can say, though I
Only, it seems, I've not the grace to
Of shedding tears, like eyes. What
My glory enters not a right time
I satisfy three senses, they but one
Of ours and sounds to my sweet ear
And to dear hearts would I could
My very sighs exhibit a new scene
Like departs in the time of year
I have such ways to make a sweet
Sweet hearts, your Ladies, I will
And then, if Fine Eyes say a word
To see who first can strike some word
Lord! how Fine Eyes go on, and
While, speak we but a word, and
We want no tricks, but we to give
Let Fine Eyes sing, they are so sweet
Sweet Mouth, has always treasure
Coral without, and precious pearls
Who, when I desire to play, can
Let presents fall in a continual stream
The favours I bestow, dear as the sun
Thirty-two pearls I wear, and none
Of which the least in beauty and heat
Surpasses all with which the East
As many millions should not purchase
Thus spoke Sweet Mouth, and with
rise

A lover, who was counsel for his
He said, as you may guess, that in
Love, without them, could never find
That as to tears, he felt, he must
To hear their very joys, and
What could sighs do, he could be
Unless their wretchedness was
The fact was, both were proud, and
Wronged her own cause, and that
There are delicious tears; and that
On t' other hand, not over good or

better, as she says she can,
 cause by silence than this plan.
 silent charms, the godlike powers
 cause, when compared with ours?
 adred and a thousand ways,
 y a stealth, by sparkling rays,
 Sweet Mouth blames—but is the part
 most—the gentle art
 a tear the manliest heart.
 outh gains a single conquest, we
 of ceaseless victory :
 g in which she bears the prize,
 sand sparkle with Fine Eyes.
 ities, in the poet's groves,
 eard of but our darts and loves ?
 okes we deal, such deeds we vaunt,
 ell, who say that we enchant .
 ll surrender up their arms .
 the whirl of those alarms,
 nes following in, and then pretends
 ms.

e people ask not who she is,
 sk, and " thank the gods amiss.
 a two words of magic touch,
 innot Fine Eyes say as much ?
 ue that with no words at all
 nt, and tell a tale, and call,
 : than all the pearls and songs,
 Mouth musters round her tongue of

started here, and took occasion
 happy peroration.
 y's eye, just coming in,
 ch the sweetest ever seen :
 tone, and with a gravity,
 y a reposing eye,
 en taking up your Lordship's time
 tters fitter for a rhyme ;
 Lords, I think 'twould be absurd,
 to add another word.
 ntence :—we are quite secure :
 (Not tire the court I'm sure."
 e a pretty shame, looked round
 yes, which dealt so wide a wound,

2 c 3

That all hands dropt their papers for surprise,
 And not a heart but gave it for Fine Eyes.
 Sweet Mouth at this, seeing how matters went,
 And forced to raise some new astonishment,
 Resumed, and said—" To what has just been dropt,
 (Which, by the way, is shockingly corrupt,)
 There is one word alone I wish to say :
 My Lords, Fine Eyes do little but by day :
 That silent tongue of theirs, when in the dark
 Makes but a sorry sort of frigid spark :
 What I can do, needs surely no remark."

This reason settled the dispute *instantly* :
 Fine Eyes were much, but Sweet Mouth the ca-
 Fine Eyes, however, took it in good part,
 And Sweet Mouth gave the Judge a kiss with all her
 heart.

A TRUE CRITIC.

A true critic hath one quality in common with
 a whore and an alderman, never to change his title
 or his nature.

SWIFT'S MAGGOTS.

Swift dining one day with a lady, complained that
 a leg of mutton, one of the dishes at table, was full
 of maggots ;—" *Not half so full as your head, doctor,*"
 replied the lady drily. The doctor was silent
 and did not rally for the remainder of the evening.

IRISH PRIESTCRAFT.

An Irish peasant complained to the Catholic
 priest of his parish, that some person had stolen his
 best pig, and supplicated his reverence to help him
 to the discovery of the thief. The priest promised
 his best endeavours ; and his inquiries soon lead-
 ing him to guess the offender, he took the following
 amusing method of bringing the matter home to
 him. Next Sunday, after the service of the day, he
 called out with a loud voice, fixing his eyes on the
 suspected individual, " Who stole Pat Doolan's
 pig ?" There was a long pause, and no answer ; he
 did not expect that there would be any, and de-
 scended from the pulpit without saying a word

more. A second Sunday arriving without the pig being restored, his reverence, again looking steadfastly at the stubborn parsonage, and throwing a deep note of anger into the tone of his voice, repeated the question, "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" "I say, who stole *poor* Pat Doolan's pig?" And there was no answer, and the question was left as before, to work its effect in secret on the conscience of the guilty individual. The audibility of the offender however exceeded all the honest priest's calculations. A third Sunday arrived and Pat Doolan was still without his pig. Some stronger measures now became necessary. After service was performed, his reverence, dropping the question of "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" but still without directly accusing any one of the theft, reproachfully exclaimed, "Jinnin Doran! Jimmie Doran! you trate me with contempt!" Jimmie Doran hung down his head, and next morning the pig was found at the door of Pat Doolan's cabin.

Another Irish priest, by name Felix Macale, author of a grammar of the English language, was expatiating from the pulpit on the reciprocal duties of the pastor and his flock, and on the account to be given on that subject at the day of final retribution. "Well, father Felix," he observed, "the great Judge will say, and how have you fulfilled the duties of your office? Have you neglected the charge you undertook, or supplied the wants of your parishioners? and I shall reply, 'Holy Father, I preached to them, and I preached to them, I prayed for their souls, and I gave them my blessings.' Well, Father Felix, and how did your flock trate you? Did they pay you their dues and bring you their offerings? And then you will say, what am I to say?" added he, apostrophizing the congregation, "You know you do nothing but chate me."

CLERICAL FEAST.

"In the year 1470, says Fuller, in his Church History, "George Nevill, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his instant into the Archbishoprick of York, gave a prodigious feast to all the nobility, most of the prime clergy, and many of the

great sentry, wherein by hundred quarters of wheat, thirty tuns of ale, one hundred wine, one pipe of spiced wine, wild birds, one thousand ag, hundred hogs, three hundred small geese, three hundred peeps, a score of peacocks, two hundred birds, two thousand pigeons, four hundred and four butterns, two hundred plovers, five thousand woodcocks, one hundred curlews, one thousand egrets, two hundred ducks, and five hundred and six hot red and cold venison pasties, of jelly jellied, four thousand four thousand cold water cucumbers, three hundred, the right wass, four porpoises. At this feast the Earl of War, Earl of Bedford, treasurer, co-spread, with many masters, one thousand, cocks, five hundred and thirty honest Fuller, "seven years on all the estate of that and over to Calais in France, *summa inopia*, he was in poverty. Justice thus punishes gality."

CITIZENRY.

Sir Thomas More, on the beheaded, had a black servant who was long, who was the most commiserated by the people, and asked him, "what be trimmed?" "In good faith Sir Thomas," the king my head; and till the title cost upon it."

CHURCH LIVERY.

7, as Roger Cox, Dean Swift's clerk, church, his scarlet waistcoat caught Roger bowed, and observed, that he because he belonged to the church

WIT.

walks and purliens, out of which it the breadth of an hair, upon pari

FOOTE'S WIFE.

Worcester, being in town one spring, Foote's marriage, intended to pay his gian a visit, but was much surprised he was in the Fleet-prison. Thither rectly; and found him in a dirty two-ack room, with furniture every way an apartment. The Doctor, shocked stance, began to condole with him; t him short by turning the whole into y, is not this better," said he, "than ever, the small-pox, and

thousand various ills at flesh is heir to! temporary confinement; without pain, acongenial (let me tell you) to this eather: whereas the above disorders give pain and confinement for a time, ultimately prevent a man from ever world again."

In this manner, the Doctor perceived behind him in the bed; upon which said he would call another time.—d the other, sit down: "'tis nothing—"Your foot!" said the Doctor: t no apologies, I shall call another ll you again," said the other, "'tis y Foot; and to convince you of its it shall speak to you directly." Upon se put her head from under the bed, with much confusion and embarrass-ay apologies for her distressed situa-

TUNES FOR ALL CLASSES.

The gentry to the *King's Head*
The nobles to the *Crown*,
The knights unto the *Golden Fleece*,
And to the *Plough* the clown.
The church-man to the *Mitre*,
The shepherd to the *Star*,
The gardener hires him to the *Rose*,
To the *Drum* the man of war.
To the *Feathers*, ladies, you; the *Globe*
The seaman does not scorn,
The usurer to the *Devil*, and
The cit unto the *Horn*.
The huntsman to the *White Hart*,
To the *Ship* the merchants go,
But those that do the Muses love,
The sign called *River Po*.
The bankrupt to the *World's End*,
The fool to the *Fortune* hies,
Unto the *Mouth* the oyster wife,
The fiddler to the *Pie*.
The punk unto the *Cockatrice*,
The drunkard to the *Vine*.
The beggar to the *Bush*, or else
He'll with *Duke Humphrey* dine.

ASCENSION DAY.

Foote, in walking about his own grounds at North-end one morning with a friend, spied dashing towards them on the Fulham road, two persons in one of those high phaetons so much the vogue of that day. "Is not that Moody," said he, "in that strange *three-pair-of stairs phaeton*?"—"Yes," said his friend; "and Mr. Johnson, the stock-broker, with him: and yet I wonder how he can leave his business, for I think this is no holiday."—"Why, no," said Foote; "I think not, except they choose to call this *ascension day*."

NEW MINISTRIES.

There is one thing in all new ministries; for the first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged.

SWIFT.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

CONJUGAL LOVE.
 As for Dick compose the Gordian string,
 And knot how near the actual ring!
 Wife, obedient to her vows,
 In duty to exalt her spouse.

WRITTEN UPON WINDOW

in duty to exalt her spouse.
THE VIRGINS WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT
1882.
... he proud

who said he would be proud
 windows in his breast,
 he ne'er one thought allow'd
 that might not be confest,
 window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
 his breast again would cover,
 & fairly bid the devil take
 The di'mond and the lover.

ANOTHER.
 I'd prove wh

ASOTIUE R.

The diamond and the lover.
 ANOTHER.
 That love is the devil I'll prove when requir'd;
 These rhymers abundantly show it
 They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
 And the devil's a damnable poet.
 THE BISHOP OF A BAD JOIN.
 As agent in England

THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

And the devil's a damnable poen.

THE FIRST OF A BAD JOE.

When Dr. Franklin was agent in England for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the Stamp Act. but his answer was uniformly the same. "that the people of America would never submit to it." After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with, and in conclusion offered his proposal "That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c. the parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows. — "This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran fortuitously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, 'Hah monsieur, rendez-moi vous give me de plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body.' — 'My body' replied the Englishman. 'what do you mean?' — 'Vel den, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; —

FULL STOPPED.
tell you if you don't go ahead you'll be
knock you down. — I'd like to see
softening his voice and saying
sir, only he is obliging as to
and expense of heating the place.

Nothing can be finer than the architecture of the dwelling and attendance of the Books. This was the top of a snowy mountain, and the spouts of numberless fountains were her right hand and left, at her right hand, blind with age, at her left, she was dressing her up in the latest fashion, had torn. There was the foot, hood-winked, and perpetually turning. About her were the children, None and Impudence, Dulness, Positiveness, Pedantry, and all the

Is not religion a cloak worn out in the dirt, self love a shirt, and conscience a pair of drawers, though a cover for lewdness, as it is easily slipped down for the worse?

She that denies me I despise
 Who craves me I despise
 Venus has power to tempt me
 But not to please my eyes
 Temptation others I despise
 Deny I, I seek to please
 I'll not be pleas'd but my affections
 Not seek to please my eyes
 Diana she will be pleas'd
 So Venus she will be pleas'd
 The last keeps a reason
 The other to please
 That craves me I despise
 Who No the I despise
 And every woman
 Can reason with a

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

101

MR. CESAR.

day in company with the Lord
and their two ladies, and Mr.
' the navy, at his house in the
ed to talk of Brutus, and Swift
his praise ; when it struck him
e had made a blunder in doing
recollecting himself, he said,
your pardon."

MR. CROMWELL.

I, by Samuel Butler
od people, all draw near,
s to my ditty ;
r thing,
I sing,
to this city.

sen this monster,
not give a farthing
ms in the grate,
ountain-cat,
s in Paris-garden.
y the pageants,
efore the mayor ,
gest shape,
lid gape
t'lmny-fair !

nd and decent,
ish or platter,
there grows
ke a nose,
it is no such matter.

of th' aforesaid
t th'are not matches,
there are
t two fair,
vell-grown mustaches.

admiration
olders strike,
ard should grow
ing's brow,
see the like t

He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders ;
Nothing, but a skin,
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.
On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o'th' very same leather ,
Ears are imply'd,
But th'are mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.
Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That, every hour,
Gapes to devour
The sowce, that grows so near.
Beneath a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin ;
If it had been a beard,
'Twou'd have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.
Within a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your ir'n and brass,
As easy as,
That you wou'd do a pudding.
But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground, as he goeth.

PART II.

This monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches
B' an imp, that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and britches.
When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grant and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

rinde did blow, the thunder
 A lightning loud did rumble;
 The dogs did howl,
 The hollow tree in th' owl—
 Is a good horse that ne'er stambl'd.
 soon as he was brought forth,
 At th' midwife's throat he flew;
 And threw the pop
 Down in her lap;
 They say, 'tis very true.

and up the walls be clamber'd,
 With nails most sharp and keen,
 The prints whereof,
 I th' boards and roof,
 Are yet for to be seen.

And out o'th' top o'th' chimney
 He vanish'd, seen of none;
 For they did wink,
 Yet by the stink
 Knew, which way he was gone.

The country round about there
 Became like to a wildern-
 -ess; for the sight
 Of him did fright
 Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue;
 And all those parts much harmed;
 'Till a wise-woman, which
 Some call a White-witch,
 Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
 With brimstone and with nitre
 She sing'd the claws
 Of his left paws,
 With tip of his tail and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
 She made him tame as a spaniel;
 For she us'd to ride
 On his back astride,
 Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
 Of all both far and near,
 He hath been shown
 In every town,
 And eke in every shire.
 And now, at length, he's brought
 Unto fair London city,
 Where, in Fleet-street,
 All those may see't,
 That will not believe my ditty.
 God save the king and parliament,
 And eke the prince's highness;
 And quickly send
 The wars an end,
 As here my song has—*Finis.*

A GOOD SORT OF MAN.
 "Pray," said a lady to Foote, "who
 is Sir John D.?"—"Oh! a very good
 man."—"But what do you call a good
 man?"—"Why, Madam, one who prescribes
 decencies of ignorance."

SWIFT'S LIVING.
 On rainy days alone I dine,
 Upon a chick, and pint of wine;
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.
 Havard the actor (better known
 of his manners, by the familiar
 name of "the misfortune to be
 vared") had the misfortune to be
 notorious shrew and drunkard
 Garrick's, he was complaining
 his side. Mrs. Garrick offered
 "No, no," said her husband;
 dear Billy has mistaken his
 complaint for his rib.

CHURCH
 Query—Whether church
 of the living, as well as of
 the dead?

* From this circumstance it
 is written before the murder of the
 best performance of Dr. Johnson.

EXCUSE FOR DULNESS.

The following very good excuse for a ring a circle of wits: "Sir, I supping and merriment of the company were many good things said. Now, a jest myself, so I make it a rule other people's."

DANTIC CONFESSION.

ng received a letter from his friend, at he would buy him some books, fair, and by way of excuse said, friend, "*I am sorry that I never you sent me about the books.*"

QUALITIES OF WIT.

fancy, like a diamond,
act and curious 'tis ground,
every caract to abate
value, as it wants in weight.

REGENT'S PUNCH.

this "nectarious drink" is as fol-
es of champagne, a bottle of hock,
a quart of brandy, a pint of rum,
deira, two bottles of seltzer water,
om raisins, seville oranges, lemons,
, and instead of water, green tea.
ighly iced.

THE DEVIL.

is the first o'th' name,
he race of rebels came,
first bold undertaker
rms against his maker;
miscarrying in th' event,
t known to repent,
l'd from the top of bliss
bottomless abyss;
which from their prince
was ever since,
ne'er repent the evil
uffer, like the Devil.

BUTLER.

POETICAL LAW REPORTS.

Cowper, the poet, in one of his letters has made the following humorous proposal for the publication of poetical law-reports:—

"Poetical reports of law-cases are not very common; yet it appears to me desirable that they should be so;—many advantages would accrue from such a measure. They would in the first place be more commodiously deposited in the memory, just as linen, grocery, and other articles, when neatly packed, are known to occupy less room, and to lie more conveniently in any trunk, chest, or box, to which they may be committed. In the next place, being divested of that infinite circumlocution, and the endless embarrassment in which they are involved by it, they would become surprisingly intelligible in comparison with their present obscurity. And lastly, they would by that means be rendered susceptible of musical embellishment; and instead of being quoted in the country with that dull monotony, which is so wearisome to by-standers, and frequently lulls even the judges themselves to sleep, might be rehearsed in recitative, which would have an admirable effect in keeping the attention fixed and lively, and would not fail to disperse that heavy atmosphere of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurisprudence of our country. I remember many years ago being informed by a relation of mine, who in his youth had applied himself to the study of the law, that one of his fellow-students, a gentleman of sprightly parts, and very respectable talents, of the poetical kind, did actually engage in the prosecution of such a design, for reasons I suppose somewhat similar to, if not the same with, those I have now suggested. He began with Coke's Institutes, a book so rugged in its style that an attempt to polish it seemed an Herculean labour, and not less arduous and difficult than it would be to give the smoothness of a rabbit's fur to the prickly back of a hedgehog. But he succeeded to admiration, as you will perceive by the following specimen, which is all that my said relation could recollect of the performance.

Tenant in fee-
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands
Free from demands
To him and his heirs for ever."

The hint which he thus threw out, Cowper has himself acted upon in his report of the case of *Nose v Eyes*. (See page 328.)

An ingenious author has actually versified the substance of Sir Edward Coke's Reports. The point of each case (with the name is comprised in a couplet, as in the following instances :

ARCHER. If he for life enticeth in fee
It hath remainders in contingency.
SNAGO. If a person says, "he kill'd my wife,"
No act is hers if she be yet alive.
POSTER. Justice of peace may warrant send
To bring before him such as do offend.

A poetical Report of a poor-law case occurs in Burns' Justice, which runs as follows :—

A woman having a settlement
Married a man with none,
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone
Quoth Sir John Pratt, "the settlement
Suspended dot a remain,
Living the husband, but him dead,
It doth revive again."

Chorus of the Pious Judges.

"Living the husband, but him dead,
It doth revive again!"

VAUXHALL WEATHER.

It having happened for several successive summers, that wet weather took place just as the Vauxhall season commenced, Tom Lowe, Tyers's principal vocal performer accidentally meeting the proprietor, expressed an anxious desire to know when he meant to open his gardens. "Why are you so particular, Mr. Lowe?" said Jonathan. "I have a very good reason, sir, and should like to know the very day." "Why, why?" reiterated

Tyers, impatiently. "That I may be coast to sing in; for you know we shall have rain."

MODERN ATROCITIES.

There is no species of temperance stand more in need of attention than the serious.—Many of our pitiable victims to the atrocious charms of the tobacco weed supersede the necessity of any other remedy, and however much, as would be the day, they may fall short of the spiritual miracles, they greatly surpass them in making men asleep.

THE DAY OF REVENGE.

With a whirl of thought my head
I sunk from reverie to rest
A horrid vision seiz'd my head
I saw the graves give up the dead
Jove, amaz'd with terror, took to flight
And thither roar'd, and all in vain
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate to meet
The world stands trembling in dismay
While each pale wretch shudders at
Jove, dodging, shook the first of
"Offending race of human kind
By nature, reason, learning, and
You who through treachery sleep
And you who never felt remorse
You who in different ways have
And come to see each other dead
(So some folks told you, but they
No more of Jove's dreamy tales
The world's mad business done
And I resent these pious tricks
I to such blockheads as my wife
I damn such fools' go, go, go!"

DR. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin, when he heard people were tired of a thing, merely the proper perseverance, he used to copy married people do; sure and long of

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

TOWARDS AND FORWARDS.

coming before the judges of the admittance into an office of a ship officer, was by one of the judges much insufficient person for that office he is; the judge telling him, "that he did not say the points of his compass" answered, "that he could say your, better than he could say his." The judge replied, "That he would billings with him upon that." The day up, it came to trial: and the next mid all the points of his compass the judge likewise said his pattern he had finished it, he required nothing to agreement, because the way his compass better than he his which he had not performed. "Nay, I," quoth the seaman, "the wages for I have but half done:" and so he said his compass backwards very the judge failing to do in his pattern carried away the prize.

WHISTLING PRAYER.

ne, wife of George the Second, was used to be read in the outward ring a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, a woman in waiting, was one day or a chaplain, Dr. Madox, afterwards a minister, begin the service. He said a very proper altar-piece is here, son Anne had the same custom; ing the door to be shut while she plain stopped. The queen sent to d not proceed? He replied, "he the the word of God through the

ON HODGE; OR, THE ADDITIONAL WHISKY.

lay, was swell'ing in the man—
et a true child of fun!—
to see his man so blithe,
the labour of his scythe.

For Hodge had risen ere the early dawn,
And now 'twas noon, nor yet clean shaved the lawn.
Much had he done, which he was pleased to view,
But curs'd the little that remained to do!
His arms were weary, and his aged back
Seem'd, ev'ry side, at each bend, to crack;
At ev'ry stroke, the drops of sweat fast pace
Down the rough furrows of his time-plough'd face;
And still he stops, though he can scarcely stand,
To sweep his dewy forehead with his hand!
With frequent rubbings, whet his hog'-ring blade,
And sighs for ev'ning, and the fresh'ning shade.

Now, old Sir Simon was as queer a soul
As Hodge himself, but nothing like so droll;
He had some wit, and thought that he had more;
As many a greater wit has done before—
And many another, we may well maintain
Has since done too, and still will do again.
"Hodge," says Sir Sim, "you can't well be dry,
For you are wet enough, I see, to fry."
Now, had you been but dry enough to burn,
A jug of ale had done you no ill-turn!"
Hodge smil'd at very mention of the nappy;
But, at the sight, was wondrously more happy:
For, now, Sir Simon, having had his joke,
Drew the full pitcher from beneath his cloak.

Hodge seiz'd, with eager hand, the foaming prim;
And, heav'n-a-ward raising both his grateful eyes,
Fast down his throat, the welcome liquor poured;
Nor heeds his master, loudly though he roars—
"Stop, Hodge! why, Hodge! sounds! Hodge, why
don't you stop?"

"I'm thirsty, too; sounds! Hodge, leave me a drop!"

Sir Simon bawl'd, as loud as he could bawl;
But Hodge ne'er stopp'd, till he had swallow'd all.
As slowly, now, he panting gains his breath,
That seem'd awhile o'er-match'd by struggling death—

"Hodge," says Sir Simon, "prithes canst not bear?
Why, sounds! I bade thee not drink all the beer!
Devils take thy throat, some's hoarse with so much
bawl!"

"I've half a mind to run down jug and all.
I told thee I was dry, as well as thee;
But not a drop, plague take thee, 's left for me!"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

now, asserted wonderful surprise.
"A pig's, just stuck appear'd his eye—
" says he, and seemed to be contrite,
"at, by trick, to partly the knight—
"in an sorry thus to give offence.
"A person of your worship's sense,
"not say, for that would be absurd,
"a man drinks, he ne'er can hear one word!"—
"hear, while drinking!" straight Sir Simon
cries,

"In his turn, with a stuck pig a surprise:
"ay, sure—why sure, Hodge,—that can never
be—

"I'd fetch another jug, and see "
"say the knight, with his best speed, now went,
"and the truth, as told by Hodge, intent
"Hodge, meantime, contriv'd the means to
make

"Simon, what he said, for gospel take
"Now, Hodge," the knight returning, cried,
"we'll try

"What you tell me truth be, or a lie,
"I'll drink, and you must hallow—Stop, stop, stop!
"Do pray, sir, you may add, leave me a drop!"
Thus, when I hear, I certainly will do,

"So, as I drink remember, Hodge, hark you!"
"Sir Simon hear'd the pitcher to his head;
Hodge op'd his mouth, but not a word he said;
Yet gap'd so wide there seem'd abundant fear

"The fellow meant to tear from ear to ear!
"This truth, so strange," to Hodge Sir Simon cried,
"I ne'er could have believ'd, had I not tried!
Thus, Hodge, it is, though life wears fast away,

"Wiser, and wiser we grow every day!
"Thou time thou hast! I fairly own, most brauns,
"So freely take the liquor for thy pains!"
Hodge thus got paid, for playing off his wit;
And pleas'd his master was, though he was bit;

"Contriv'd that he had gain'd a wrinkle more;
"No matter where—than e'er he had before!"

CREST OF THE TEMPLE.

The Pegasus which appears over the principal en-
trance of the Inner Temple, and which is the crest

of that society, takes its origin from
by the first knight Templar, Geoffrey de St. Andrew, who
upon their seal the bear and the lion
one horse,—a type of the power and
presentation of this seal was the
Minor of Matthew Paris. The
knight Templars, into a Pegasus
remains their crest. The
Temple adopted the emblem of a
banner, or in heraldic language
argent charged with a Pegasus
passant guardant a lion passant
guardant. These two devices
very blantly over all the
gave rise to the following

CRISTEN

As by the Templars' holds two
The horse and lamb, display'd
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of the trade
That clients may infer from
How just is their profession.
The lamb sets forth their sacred
The horse their expedition
O happy Britons! happy race!
Let foreign nations see,
Where you get justice and
And law without delay.

CRISTEN

Deluded men, these holds
Not trust and cunning
Thou artful emblem show
Their clients and their
Tis all a trick, thus are
By which they mean to
But have a care—be not
And tis the wile of
Nor let the client be
To them the courts
Tis you're the cause
The jokers that will

POVERTY AND POETRY.

ry, that makes men poor ;
 rite, that were not so before ;
 at have writ best, had they been rich,
 en clapp'd with a poetic itch ;
 eir ease too well, to take the pains
 hat drudgery of brains ;
 all other trades unfit,
 being idle, set up wit.

BUTLER.

VOX POPULI.

ev. John Wesley, one of the founders
 society which bears his name, was
 uring to convince his sister that the
 ple is the voice of God. "Yes,"
 lied, "it cried, *crucify him, crucify*

LIQUIDATING CLAIMS.

arkably wet summer, Joe Vernon,
 aste and humour contributed for
 the entertainment of the frequenters
 rdens, but who was not quite so good
 ey matters as in music, meeting an
 ho had the misfortune to hold some
 red paper, was asked by him, not
 how the gardens were going on.
 gly!" answered the jocose Joe.
 it," retorted the creditor, "their
 , I hope, will cause the singers to
 utes."

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ides more cheats and lying
 selling, than in buying ;
 great, unjust dealing
 buying, than in selling.

BUTLER.

PHILOLOGICAL PETITIONS.

innovation, when the procreative
 art linguists is aiming to subvert
 phraseology, the following petitions
 as literary morceaux.

"The humble petition of WHO and WHICH,
 "Showeth,

"That your petitioners being in a forlorn and
 destitute condition, know not to whom we should
 apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly
 any man alive who hath not injured us. We are
 descended of ancient families, and kept up our
 dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat
 THAT supplanted us. How often have we found
 ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits,
 and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have
 we heard, in one of the most polite and august
 assemblies in the universe, to our great mortifi-
 cation, these words, 'That THAT that noble lord
 urged;' which if one of us had had justice done,
 would have sounded nobler thus, 'That WHICH
 that noble lord urged.' Senates themselves, the
 guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and
 preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever
 given against us. In the very acts of parliament,
 in which the utmost right should be done to every
 body, word, and thing, we find ourselves often
 either not used, or used one instead of another. In
 the first and best prayer children are taught, they
 learn to misuse us: "Our Father, WHICH art in
 heaven;" should be "Our Father, who art in
 heaven;" and even a Convocation, after long
 debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it.
 In our General Confession we say, "Spare thou
 them, O God, WHICH confess their faults," which
 ought to be "WHO confess their faults." What
 hopes then have we of having justice done us, when
 the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the
 most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a con-
 federacy against us, and our enemies themselves
 must be our judges.

"The Spanish proverb says, *El sabio muda con-
 sejo, el necio no*; i. e. "A wise man changes his
 mind, a fool never will." You are well able to
 settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause.
 We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of
 each of us; and that for the future we may both
 enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by

our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

"And ye or petitioners, &c."

THE FIRST REMONSTRANCE OF OFFENDED THAT

"Though I deny not the petition of Messrs. who and which, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate, and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often, and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce."

"My lords, (says he) with humble submission, That That I say is this; That, That That gentleman has advanced is not That That I should have grov'n to your lordships." Let those two questionary petitions try to do this with their Whos and their Whiches.

"What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor,

"You face me still to answer you in That," to flourish out a rhyme to Vorst? and what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his "Vind and all That." How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying, "This here," or "That there." And how can a sober man, without using the expletives of oaths (in which I feed the calves and bullocks have a great advantage over others) make a discourse of any tolerable length without "That is," and if he be a very gay man, indeed, without "That is to say." And how agreeable as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, "Such things as That," and "The like of That."

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides

That; but I scorn as much to supply Who or a Which at every turn, as I do to repeat always to fill mine, as I I expect and civil treatment, and hope for the future. That, That I shall only add."

"I am, yo

FLATTERY ASSOCIATE

They, that they do well, and
And freely give their praises
Are not contented to what they
That's not to give but to pay
For praise, that's a due thing
To worth, than what it had
But to commend what he
Requires a master's art,
That sets a gloss on what's
And writes what should be

FORMENTS OF TANTALUS

Virgil, who has cast the whole of philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul, into beautiful allegories, in the Aeneid gives the following punishment after death

—Lacert genitalibus alius
Aurca fulera toris, epulaeque
Regifico luxu, torquentur in altis
Accubat, et manibus prohibetur
Exurgitque sacrum attolens, et

They lie below on golden beds
And genial seats with regal
The queen of Lovers by the side
And snatches from their arms

Which, if they touch, her
rears,

Tossing her torch, and threat'ning

The following story exhibits a

under the torments of a kind
nic hell. Monsieur Pontignan,
venture that happened to him
the following account of it.

In the country last summer, I was
with a couple of charming
the wit and beauty one could
panions, with a dash of co-
me to time gave me a great
ments. I was, after my way,
hem, and had such frequent
ling my passion to them when
at I had reason to hope for
m each of them. As I was
in my chamber with nothing
at-gown, they both came into
me they had a very pleasant
gentleman that was in the same
uld bear a part in it. Upon
uch a plausible story, that I
trivance, and agreed to do
require of me. They imme-
dle me up in my night-gown,
nen, which they folded about
apt me in above a hundred
ly arms were pressed to my
closed together by so many
nother, that I looked like an
As I stood bolt upright upon
que figure, one of the ladies
“And now, Pontignan,” says
perform the promise that we
d from each of us. You have
r of us, and I dare say you
alier than to refuse to go to
hat desire it of you.” After
laughter, I begged them to
with me what they pleased.
“we like you very well as
that ordered me to be carried
s, and put to bed in all my
was lighted up on all sides:
decently between a pair of
(which was indeed the only

part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this
was no sooner done, but my two female friends
came into bed to me in their finest night clothes.
You may easily guess at the condition of a man
that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in
the world undrest and a-bed with him, without
being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to
release me, and struggled all I could to get loose,
which I did with so much violence, that about
midnight they both leaped out of bed, crying out
they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took
their posts again, and renewed their railery. Find-
ing all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I
composed myself as well as I could, and told them
that if they would not unbind me, I would fall
asleep between them, and by that means disgrace
them for ever. But, alas! this was impossible;
could I have been disposed to it, they would have
prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses
and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As
much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not
pass such another night to be master of the whole
sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know
what became of me the next morning. Why truly
my bedfellows left me about an hour before day,
and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they
would send somebody to take me up as soon as it
was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine
o'clock in the morning an old woman came to un-
swathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being
resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors,
and to keep no measures with them as soon as I
was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman
what was become of the two ladies, she told me she
believed they were by that time within sight of
Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six
before five o'clock in the morning.” SPECTATOR.

DISADVANTAGES OF WIT.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

EVERY-DAY PEDANTS.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Hear him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but book pedants? and yet these are the men who value the service most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

The military pedant always talks in a camp, and is storing towers, making lodgements, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder, if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by cant of argument. The state pedant is wrapped up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courier, a mere soldier, a mere

scholar, a mere any thing, is all character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, the most supportable is the man who has exercised understanding, and is though confused, so that a man who has him may often receive hints from him that are worth knowing, and what he says is to his own advantage, though to the owner. The worst kind of pedants, are such as are naturally without a small share of common sense, and a great number of books without reflection.

The truth of it is, learning, like all other methods of improving the mind, is good sense, so it makes a man more useful, more manageable, by giving him matter to his conversation, and an opportunity of abounding in it.

See how pedants cry out against the men of sound and useful sense, and the titles they give to a paper or manuscript, you would take for the common wealth of letters, at his age, when perhaps, a young man that he has only rectified a comma out of a whole sentence.

They are obliged indeed to their praises, that they make a continuance; and it is not a great deal of knowledge, which is not common sense, has a natural tendency to ruin and arrogance.

ACCOMMODATING PEDANTS.

When Sir North Pease arrived, every room in the house was filled with a pipe of water, from the fountain half a mile off. In the latter part of the water ceased, after which he came to the fountain, and the water without further charge. When Chancellor, he built Verulam house

place of privacy when he was
 catch any urgent business. And
 built that house there? his
 "That since he could not carry
 on, he would carry his house to

ICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

more brisk and pert,
 understand an art;
 shine more bright,
 s, that give them light.

BUTLER.

IMAGE COMMISSION.

inally from Paris, having ac-
 quired in one of the French West
 Indies with himself he could not
 enjoyment of it, unless he shared
 merit; and knowing none to
 be able to write to a worthy corres-
 pondent. He knew no other style
 of his trade; therefore, treating
 as he did his business, after
 writing a letter, several commissions,
 for the last, he went on thus:

"I have taken a resolution to
 not find a suitable match for
 to send, by next ship bound
 on of the qualifications and
 for a portion, I demand none.
 next family, between twenty
 of age, of a middle stature
 ed, her face agreeable, her
 character blameless, her health
 constitution strong enough to bear
 climate, that there may be no
 for a second through lack of
 e comes to hand, which must
 s much as possible, consider-
 and the dangers of the sea.
 nditioned as above said, with
 orsed by you, or at least an
 that there may be no mistake
 y oblige and engage myself
 ter, by marrying the bearer

at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof I sub-
 scribe this, &c."

The Parisian correspondent read over and over
 this odd article, which put the future spouse on
 the same footing with the bales of goods he was to
 send to his friend; and after admiring the prudent
 exactness of the American, and his laconic style in
 enumerating the qualifications which he insisted
 on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind; and
 after many inquiries, he judged he had found a
 lady fit for his purpose, in a young person of re-
 putable family but no fortune, of good humour
 and of a polite education, well shaped and more
 than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal
 to her as his friend had directed; and the young
 gentlewoman, who had no subsistence but from a
 cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of un-
 easiness, accepted it. A ship bound for that island
 was then fitting at Rochelle; the gentlewoman
 went on board the same, together with the bales of
 goods, being well provided with all necessaries,
 and particularly with a certificate in due form, and
 indorsed by the correspondent. She was also in-
 cluded in the invoice, the last article of which ran
 thus:

"Item—A young gentlewoman of twenty-five
 years of age, of the quality and shape and condi-
 tioned as per order, as appears by the affidavits
 and certificates she has to produce."

The writings which were thought necessary for
 so exact a man as her future husband, were, an
 extract of the parish register; a certificate of her
 character, signed by the curate; an attestation of
 her neighbours, setting forth that she had for the
 space of three years lived with an old aunt who
 was intolerably peevish, and had not during all
 that time given her said aunt the least occasion of
 complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her con-
 stitution was certified, after the consultation, by
 four noted physicians. Before the gentlewoman's
 departure, the Parisian correspondent sent several
 letters of advice, by other ships, to his friend,
 whereby he informed him that per such a ship he
 should send a young woman, of such an age, cha-

character, and condition, &c.; in a word, such as he desired to marry.—The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to the port, and our American, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who having heard him called by his name, told him, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, and you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made. I beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it." At the same time she gave him his correspondent's letter; on the back of which was written, "The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you." "Ah, Madam!" said the American, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I assure you this shall not be the first. I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you allow me to discharge it." "Yes, sir," replied she, "and the more willingly, since I am apprized of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered all the questions I asked them concerning you in so advantageous a manner, that it has raised in me a perfect esteem for you"—The first interview was in a few days after followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new-married couple were very well satisfied with their happy union made by a bill of exchange.

JUDICIAL INADVERTENCE.

Scene in the Criminal Court, at the Carlow Assizes

Dramatic Persons.—Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Mr Cassan, a barrister; Dr Jacob, a physician. *Time*, immediately after sentence of death passed on a prisoner for murder.—

Mr Cassan requested to be allowed to proceed with a traverse presentment case.

His Lordship nodded assent.

Mr Cassan proceeded.—In this case, my Lord, I am counsel—

Lord N.—How do you
glad to see you look so well.

Doctor Jacob.—I am glad
to return the compliment.

Mr Cassan, still no his
voice. My lord, in this case
Joseph Mithall—

Lord N.—Doctor Jacob,
since I last had the pleasure

Doctor Jacob.—Sir, I have
Mr Cassan (*with a sick*)

have twice stated that not
Lord N.—Doctor Jacob,

you on the marriage. If you
man of high professional
tion.

Doctor Jacob.—I thank
Mr Cassan (*still loud and*)

My lord, I shall occupy the
but a short time—

ROCHESTER.

Rochester found out
the court, and he turned
and a market as a regular
winter long, every night,
as he believed might be the

FRANKLIN'S.

The following epigram
many years previous to the

THE

BENJAMIN

FRANKLIN

(THEY THE ONLY)

AND STRICTLY OF THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

THEY WERE THE

CHOICE MORSELS OF DRAMATIC WIT.

A KING OF LOW COMPANY.

Scene an alehouse room.

*My fellows, with punch and tobacco,
 SPEAK at the head of the table, a little
 to the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

*urree, hurree, hurree, bravo.
 v, gentlemen, silence for a song. The
 g to knock himself down for a song.
 t, a song, a song.*

*n I'd sing you, gentlemen, a song I
 is alehouse, the Three Pigeons.*

SONG.

*masters puzzle their brain,
 ummar, and nonsense, and learning;
 r, I stoutly maintain,
 ius a better discerning.
 rag of their heathenish gods,
 thes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
 and their quers, and their quods,
 all but a parcel of pigeons.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

*odist preachers come down
 ing that drinking is sinful,
 he rascals a crown,
 rays preach best with a skinful.
 ou come down with your peace,
 e of their scurvy religion,
 to all men of sense,
 my good friend, are the pigeon.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

2 n

*Then come, put the yorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever;
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout;
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your busters, your ducks, and your widgeons;
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.*

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1 Fel. The squire has got spunk in him.

*2 Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never
 gives us nothing that's low.*

*3 Fel. O, damn any thing that's low; I can't bear
 it.*

*4 Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at
 any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a con-
 catenation accordingly.*

*3 Fel. I like the maxum of it, master Jiggins.
 What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man
 may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my
 poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteel-
 est of tunes—"Water parted," or the minuet in
 Ariadne.*

*2 Fel. What a pity it is the squire is not come to
 his own. It would be well for all the publicans
 within ten miles round of him.*

*Tony. Ecod, and so it would, master Slang. I'd
 then show what it was to keep choice of company.*

*2 Fel. Oh, he takes after his own father for that.
 To be sure old squire Lumpkin was the finest gentle-
 man I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight*

horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, cogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Good, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of the Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to be a wife. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning.

DRILLING A COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT OF
DOMESTICS.

*Enter HANDCARTER, followed by three or four
awkward servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without shaming from home.

Ones. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Ones. No, sir.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to take a chair at the side table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head your brockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hand this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly

impossible. Whenever Diggory is forwards, ecod he's always a doing himself.

Hard. Back evil. I need a beef as good as a beefsteak in the pot-stomach with that objection.

Dig. Ecod I think our wine is so good to stop the stomach with a start of jealousy.

Hard. Diggory, you are too little, little, to say a good thing, or all that, you must not be a part of a made part of the company.

Dig. Then could you warren the story of Old Grogg? In the warren, I think, of that. Let me see. We have laughed at that time or not, ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story of Old Grogg, you say, is the leader of the warren. I shall be a glass of wine, and a glass of grog—[He, why don't you say so?]

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I see the cat's paw and the rat's tail, and the old Grogg, and the old Grogg.

Hard. What warren?

1 Serv. I'm not to say so, sir.

2 Serv. I'm sure, your worship.

3 Serv. A warren, your worship.

Dig. Wants, and I'm sure, sir.

Hard. You talk about 'and so better's, you are quite right. I must be starved. [He, don't you say so?]

Dig. By the laws, my place is of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is

1 Serv. Where the devil is made

My place is to be no where at all ; and so out my business.

FREE AND EASY VISITORS.

He enters the room in which MARLOW and OS (who mistake his house for an inn) are

Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome. Mr. Marlow ? Sir, you're heartily welcome. Any way, you see, to receive my friends with a good fire ; I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see my horses and trunks taken care of.

Aside. He has got our names from the secretary. *[To Hard.]* We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. *[To Hast.]* I have been thinking, of changing our travelling dresses in the evening. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of

my dress. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony with me.

Don't fancy, George, you're right : the first blow will be a battle.

Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—exercise no restraint in this house. This is my house, gentlemen ; you may do just as you like.

Let, George, if we open the campaign too early, first, we may want ammunition before it is too late : must show our generalship, by securing, first, a retreat.

Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the duke of Marlborough, when he besieged Denain. He first summoned the

garrison, and we'll summon your garrison, old fellow.

He first summoned the garrison, which consisted of about five thousand men—Marlow, what's o'clock ?

Any way, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Seven minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now says the duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks that stood next to him, you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir !—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. *[Aside.]*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey, will be comfortable.

Enter servant, with a tankard. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. *[Aside.]*

Hard. *[Taking the cup]* I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir ? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.]

Mar. A very impudent fellow this ! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. *[Aside.]* Sir, my service to you.

[Drinks, and gives the cup to Hastings.]

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman. *[Aside.]*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections I suppose.

[Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.]

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that will sell alone.

[Gives the tankard to Hastings.]

Hast. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed,

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

myself about the mistakes of government, for people, but finding myself every day growing sadder, and the government growing no better, I do not mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble myself about who's in or who's out, than I do about Jakes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you, is to do that with eating above stairs and drink below, with receiving your friends within and sending them without, you lead a good, pleasant, long life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. The differences of the parish are adjusted in this parlour.

Mar. [After drinking] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hard. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [Drinks.]

Hard. Good, very good, thank you, ha' ha' Your generalship puts me in mind of prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir?—Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [Aside.] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard Entirely. By-the-by, I believe my actual consultation upon what's in my moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll advise me in my privy council. It's a way I hear of. I always choose to have the cook be called. No one else, I think.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the kitchen. I know, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is communicative upon these occasions. For her, she might scold us all night.

Hast. Let's see the list of the bill of fare. I always make a bill of fare.

Mar. [To Hardcastle, who looks at the list] Sir, he's very right, and it's very

Hard. Sir, you have a right to be here. Roger, bring us the bill of fare.

Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare. I believe it's drawn out. Hastings, puts me in mind of my old

lop. It was a saying of his, that he had his supper till he had eaten it.

[Servant brings on the bill.]

Hast. All upon the high, upon the high! we shall soon hear of the war of peace. [Aside.] But let's hear it.

Mar. [Perusing] What's the course, for the second course?

Hard. For the second course, for the devil, sir, do you think we have whole joints' company, or the whole to cut up such a supper? Two of clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [Reading] For the first course, a pig and pruce sauce.

Hast. Daint your pig, I say.

Mar. And daint your pruce.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, you are my guests, make what you like. Their impudence confounds me. Is there any thing else you gentlemen?

Mr. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a Florentine, a shaming pudding, and a dish of ~~taff~~ *taffety cream!*

ast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow er at the French ambassador's table. I'm for eating.

ard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing like; but if there be any thing you have a parti-
fancy to—

Mr. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. As what you please. So much for supper. And to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken of.

ard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You not stir a step.

Mr. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must be me, I always look to these things myself.

ard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy at head.

Mr. You see I'm resolved on it.—A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. *[Aside.*

ard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend—This may be modern modesty, but I never saw thing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[Aside.

FEMALE QUALIFICATIONS.

HASTINGS AND TONY LUMPKIN.

st. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, pretty young gentleman?

ay. That's as I find 'um.

st. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare say? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-red girl.

ay. That's because you don't know her as well. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all London.

st. Pretty encouragement this for a lover.

[Aside.

ay. I have seen her since the height of that. She

has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little she kick up, and you're flung in the ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, *mon* Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortune, beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

We are the boys

That fear no noise

Where thundering cannons roar.

CIRCUITOUS JOURNEY.

HASTINGS alone.

Hastings. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes delight in mortifying me.

He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, basted and spattered.

Hast. My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the-by, is curiously tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half, is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them! Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down-hill.—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree-heath, and from that, with a circum-bend bus, I fairly lodg'd them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's

sick of the journey, and the cattle are so if your own horses be ready, you with coach, and I'll be bound to oblige you a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, now, it was an idiot, cub, and a canny guts. Damn your way of riding! I'll take a knock in this part of the cranium, and be frank. I'll let you through the guts, then I should be able to go shake hands with the handmaid.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But to relieve Miss Neville, if you are employed, I promise to take care of her.

Tony. Never fear me. Her dear mother's got into the pond, and is as dead as a mackerel.

Enter MRS. HANDBAST.

Mrs. H. Oh, Tony, I'm killed to death! I shall never survive it. I've laid us against the quarter-budge business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. H. I wish we were at home again. I've met so many accidents in my life. I've been drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a bog, in a slough, jolted in a jelly, and so on. What's the worst of it? Whereabouts do you think we are?

Tony. By my gusses we should be somewhere common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. H. O dear! O dear! the most of us all the country. We only want a complete night out.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't. Two of the five that kept here, and the other three may not find us. Don't be a man that's galloping behind us. No tree. Don't be afraid.

H. The fright will certainly kill me.

Do you see any thing like a black hat moved the thicket?

H. O death!

No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid.

H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming on. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us done.

Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come he of his night walks. [*Aside.*] Ah, it's a man, with pistols as long as my arm. A ll looking fellow.

H. Good heaven defend us! he approaches.

Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and to manage him. If there be any danger and cry hem. When I could be sure to a.

[*Mrs. H. hides behind a tree.*]

Enter HARDCASTLE.

I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in help. O, Tony, is that you? I did not expect on back. Are your mother and her charge?

Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem. [*From behind.*] Ah, death! I find there's

Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too youngster.

Stout horses and willing minds make short as they say. Hem.

H. [*From behind.*] Sure, he'll do the dear arm.

But I heard a voice here; I should be glad from whence it came?

It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was at forty miles in three hours was very good hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have of cold by being out in the air. We'll go please. Hem.

But if you talked to yourself, you did not yourself. I am certain I heard two voices,

and am resolved [*raising his voice*] to find the other out.

Mrs. H. [*Running forward from behind.*] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. H. [*Knelling.*] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Mr. Hardecastle, sir, I'm alive! My fears b'inded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home!—What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [*To Tony.*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you [*To Mrs. H.*] Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree, and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live, I have caught my death in it. [*To Tony.*] And it is to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. H. I'll spoil you, I will. [*Beats him off.*]

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! [*She stoops to conquer.*]

CAPTAIN BEAUGARD AND CALEB QUOTEM.

Quo. Captain, your most obedient.

Beau. Yours, sir.

Quo. My name, sir, is Caleb Quotem, at your service. My father was well known in this parish, and the country round, as the poet says—sexton and crier here, thirty years and upwards. By trade a plumber and glazier, to which I have added many others; as

auctioneer, schoolmaster, engraver, water maker, sign-painter, &c. &c. Talking of signs puts me in mind of the motto—You must know I am allowed to possess some knowledge of the sciences; globes, terræ in and æthæra, telescopes, and household furniture,—understand all sorts of fixtures, magnets, marble slabs, polar stars, and corner cupboards.

Beau. Darn the fellow!—he has travelled over both hemispheres, and now fixed himself in a corner cupboard! But pray, what may your business be with me, sir?

Quo. My business is that of my father's, as Shakespeare says, but my reason for attending you is—talking of reason, puts me in mind of the man in Bohemia, who swore all mankind were mad, for they had asked him up, and he could not divine the cause—now this I am, as the poet says, had "cool reason on his side." Talking of side, puts me in mind of myself—I am beside myself; that is, I threw myself beside you, to express how much I am "your humble servant," as Dryden says.

Beau. A mighty expressive sentence, truly, Mr. Quotem.

Quo. Captain, I shall be happy to serve you on all occasions—I can make or mend pumps, or windows, print capstans, or carriages, repair watches or weather-glasses—in short, (as a great author says,) "I'm up to every thing." Talking of every thing, I write satires and epigrams, put to distiches and eclogues in nature—shall be glad to serve you with any of the last articles at the lowest price, as the poet says.

Beau. I hope I shan't trouble you for any of the last articles soon, Mr. Quotem,—your town of Wind-bor is very windy.

Quo. The air is salubrious, and the fields look green, as Pope says. Yet somehow or other people drop away very speedily.

Beau. Why you seem the very picture of health.

Quo. That is chiefly owing to a part of my profession—or rather my father's profession, at which I always assist.

Beau. What's that?

Quo. Grave making; turning you know, is healthy employ—your grave. Talking of grave—mind of physio,—do you know, that way?

Beau. In deed!

Quo. When none of the first neighbours call me in, being very busy—my house—churchyard.

Beau. Churchyard? Oh! w—ents, I dare say.

Quo. Ha! ha! come that's a boy, confined in every thing weighty matters. How do you hours? A day, now, a saint says.

Beau. I can't guess, indeed.

Quo. Morning, rise at five—to church—five bells back to boy's accounts—teach children at eight—swallow meat as—play or fiddle—ten, to know the yard—leg gives all the—and straw leather—make out money and certificates, to eleven—on fire away! go—round! on with space—run to school—back time enough to cry—my forenoon, as Cicerone says.

Beau. Forenoon? Looids, Jay's work is ready.

Quo. Talking of work—and ne potius nos uet tholard—size of putty—box of pills—put of mend sash or sideboard—repair blot out seven stars—square at wheel to watch, and I wright to to hear glass—mop spung to pump. Thus passes my time to haps—never out of the way—to let me in—assist in the service "That to do it" go home and buff with boys till six.

What a devil of a fellow is this !

Don't interrupt me, captain.

Vell, then, at six ?

At six, as the poet says, attend at the great
tioneer—knock down household goods—
gone !—to my shop—cut tombstones—
phs, to amuse myself—set 'em to music—
—coop hens—drive ducks from the pond—
ght comes on—shut up shop, school, and
ght curfew—go home—chimney corner—
ife—stir fire—draw cork—smoke pipe—
ck joke—laugh—lie down—or, to make
“Wind up the clock,” as Yorick says.
the history of a day.

Thank heaven his day is done, as the poet
here comes one to prevent his beginning

Review.

DR. CANTWELL'S ATTEMPT TO SEDUCE HIS FRIEND'S
WIFE.

DOCTOR CANTWELL AND LADY LAMBERT.

Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's com-
v happy am I that you think me worthy—
Please to sit, sir.

Well but, dear lady, ha ! You can't con-
sciousness I feel at this so much desired

Ah ! ah ! I have a thousand friendly
say to you : and how stands your precious
your naughty cold abated yet ? I have
ed my eyes these two nights with my con-
u.

Your charity is too far concerned for me.
Ah ! don't say so ; don't say so ; you merit
mortal man can do for you.

Indeed you overrate me.
I speak it from my heart : indeed, indeed,
.

O dear ! you hurt my hand, sir.
impute it to my zeal, and want of words
on : precious soul ! I would not hurt you
ld : no, it would be the whole business of

But to the affair I would speak to you about.

2 G 3

Dr. C. Ah ! thou heavenly woman !

Lady L. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. C. I was admiring the softness of this silk.
They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all
manufactures ; how wonderful is human art ! Here
it disputes the prize with nature : that all this soft
and gaudy lusture should be wrought from the labours
of a poor worm !

Lady L. But our business, sir, is upon another
subject : sir John informs me, that he thinks himself
under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore
resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. C. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam ;
but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happi-
ness I sigh after ; there is a soft and serious excel-
lence for me, very different from what your step-
daughter possesses.

Lady L. Well, sir, pray be sincere and open your
heart to me.

Dr. C. Open my heart ! can you then, sweet lady,
be yet a stranger to it ? Has no action of my life been
able to inform you of my real thoughts ?

Lady L. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose
you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Dr. C. Indeed I mean your cordial service.

Lady L. I dare say you do : you are above the
low, momentary views of this world.

Dr. C. Why, I should be so ; and yet, alas ! I find
this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other
mens', of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady L. We all have those, but yours are well
corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. C. Alas ! madam, my heart is not of stone : I
may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and
penance to my aid ; but yet, I am not an angel ; I
am still but a man ; and virtue may strive, but
nature will be uppermost. I love, you madam.

Lady L. Ah, doctor, what have you done to me ? the
trouble of my mind is not to be expressed. You have
indeed discovered to me what, perhaps, for my own
peace 'twere better I had never been acquainted with,
but I had not an opportunity to lay my heart open to
you.

Dr. C. Ah ! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish

heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot sure think kindly of me!

Lady L. Well, well, I would have you imagine

Dr. C. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice, a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady L. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolut not to resign her. I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. C. Tears — then I must believe you — But indeed you wrong me. I have myself pressed sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady L. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. C. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you.

Lady L. Well, sir, now I'll give you reason to guess why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. C. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady L. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. C. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady L. But now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret, for the least inquisitance —

Dr. C. It is a vain fear.

Lady L. Call it not vain, my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. C. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave attestations of my life with dumb-founded suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady L. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. C. I take it all upon myself.

Lady L. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. C. Nothing, nothing.

Lady L. My husband, sir John.

Dr. C. Alas, poor man! I will be between ourselves, no man your husband can lead him by the nose any where.

[*Sir John Lambert enters from the door.*]
No, no, no, I'm to be led no where.

Dr. C. Ah! warden.
Sir J. Is this your exacting? these your meditations?

Dr. C. Is this my brother in a me?

Sir J. Your brother? I have indeed, to my shame; your shape is lost its hold — no more railing, it turns any I get.

Lady L. Now heaven be praised.

Dr. C. It seems you wanted with me.

Sir J. Ungrateful wretch! but you! Had I not been the weaker never could have proved so great of my sight, leave my hand — if it is to be you, that if you stay will not be tempted to wrest you out of law and punish you as you deserve.

ADJECT ON THE
BETTY, CHARLOTTE, and
after Doctor Cantwell drove
madam

Char. Let him come in.

Enter Doctor Cantwell.
Your servant, sir — I am glad to see the doctor. — [*Exit Doctor.*] — So the an the ugly cut say to me
zled

Dr. C. Look ye, young lady, I standing your good father's love, you would desire to be at home with

Char. Your modesty is pleased.

Dr. C. I'm afraid too, to trust
[*Re-enters the Doctor.*] that you
bad opinion of me

Char. A worse, sir, of no more

pinion is immoveable.

o firm!

aid then it will be a vain pursuit, in compliance with my worthy own inclinations, to become my ssed estate in which we may be a t to each other.

ie rather than consent to it.

words, you hate me.

scendently.

ere is sincerity at least in your : not, I see, totally deprived of all st say I never could perceive in

you flatter me.

peak it with sorrow, because you my best friend. But how are we e we to preserve temper?

r fear me, sir, I shall not fly out, at nothing gives so sharp a point good breeding; as, on the con- ften hide a secret inclination.

n, young lady, be assured so far ristian disposition of returning in- ipathy to me causes no hatred in u; on the contrary, I would wil- ppy, if it may be done according with the interest of heaven in

an't see, sir, how heaven can be in a transaction between you and

ou marry any other person, my

, indeed! but pray, doctor, how receive so insolent a power, with- r father out of countenance with

it not; but he would crowd it ions. He is good natured; and I ve to pious purposes.

derstand you.

for granted, that you would marry I right?

Char. Once in your life, perhaps, you may.

Dr. C. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Char. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would.

Dr. C. Then I will not consent.

Char. You won't?

Dr. C. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Char. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.

Dr. C. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Char. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. C. What do you think of half?

Char. How! two thousand pounds?

Dr. C. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Char. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. C. Leave that to my management.

Char. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. C. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank-bills.

Char. Pretty good security!—On one proviso though.

Dr. C. Name it.

Char. That you immediately tell my father that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. C. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

intentions, and care not what the wicked
 them, but force me not to take advantage of
 in's good opinion of me, in order to shield
 from the consequences of your malice.
 Oh! I shall not stand in my own light. I
 your conscience and your power too well, dear

C. Well, let your interest away you. Thank
 I am actuated by more worthy motives.

No doubt on't
 C. Farewell, and think me your friend. *[Exit.*
 What that fellow's original was, I know
 but from his conscience and cunning, he would
 an admirable Jesuit.

THE ILLITERATE FANATIC.

DOCTOR CANTWELL, OLD LADY LAMBERT, and
 SEYWARD.

Sey. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and would be
 ad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady L. Oh pray, doctor, admit him. I have
 seen Mr. Mawworm this great while, he's a
 pious man, though in an humble estate; desire the
 worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAWORM.

How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?
 Maw. Thank your ladyship's asking—I'm but dreadly
 poorish indeed, the world and I can't agree—I got
 the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grund had me give her
 service to you, and thank you for the eighteen pence.

Dr. C. Hush, friend Mawworm! not a word more
 you know I hate to have my little charities blab'd
 about a poor widow, in dam, to whom I sent my
 mite.

Old Lady L. Give her this.

[Offers a purse to Mawworm.

Dr. C. I'll take care it shall be given up to her.
[Puts it up.

Old Lady L. But what is the matter with you,
 Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—

I'm a breaking my heart—I think I shall go
 a shop.

Old Lady L. Why, if you think it so, I shall
 pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in g. every day, we sell
 coal, butter, brickbat, and the like.

Old Lady L. Well, you must want a
 friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a preach'g.

Old Lady L. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call
 Old Lady L. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons, but
 does them, extravagery, because I can't
 now the devils in our ally says, as they
 turned.

Old Lady L. Ay, devils indeed—I shall
 mind them.

Maw. No, I don't—I shall
 preach to them, whether they will or no,
 our house in lodgings to single men and
 I gets them to let her, with one or two
 hours, and makes them ab. ay.

Old Lady L. Did you every p.
 lie?

Maw. I got upon Kensington
 review day, but the boys were in the
 panned crackers to my tail, and I was
 to mount ever since.

Old Lady L. Do you hear this,
 brickbats at him, and panned crackers
 tail! and these are the good things

Maw. I tell them, I stand here
 clothed only; I stand here clothed
 to a point, and I charge you, pray
 to reach it me.

Old Lady L. And that's all
 Maw. No more than if I were
 esser—but if he advise me to go
 just my step, I will make an excursion
 the country.

Old Lady L. An excursion, is
 Maw. I am but a sheep, but

that sheep shall become a shepherd's dog, as it were a shepherd's dog, and drive the sheep into the field.

wants method, doctor.

m; but there is the matter, and I want to be so.

t—till I went after him, I was a devil; my conscience was tanned like the sole of my shoe; always roving about the streets: I used to go every Sunday to the Flats at Islington! it's a public-house, your ladyship may know it: I was a little too, but now I can't bear it.

at a blessed reformation!

doctor, you never know'd as how I was of the stewards of the reforming society, and a man of five oaths, as last night, at the Pewter-platter, in the company of three, while he was at St. George's-fields: I bought this share of the money.

how do you mind your business? I have almost all our customers; being them whenever they come.

how do you live?

ever we did: while we were a wife and I (for I am married to you) you shall see in a thousand things do at all; but since this has put us into the road of the righteously plenty of every thing; and my dress as a gentlewoman—we

tiful!

on you and me, doctor, I believe I am.

madam; I am constantly told, I believe it, a blessing follows.

you would hear how the neighbour; saying as how she sets no

store by me, because we have words now and then; but as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. C. I believe 'tis near dinner-time; and sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady L. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed: [*Going returns*] Oh, doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. [*Exit.*]

Dr. C. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady L. No, doctor, my coach waits at the door. *The Hypocrite.*

LOW AMBITION AND HONOURABLE FEELING
CONTRASTED.

*Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and his Son
EGERTON.*

Sir Per. Weel, sir! vary weel! vary weel! are nat ye a fine spark! are nat ye a fine spark, I say!—ah! you are a——so you wou'd not come up till the levee?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I was not very well: besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir Per. [*Snapping him up*] Sir, it was necessary; I tauld you it was necessary, and, sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir; I am sure I do not intend to offend you.

Sir Per. I care not what you intend—Sir, I tell—

you, you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir? neglect the levee! 'sdeath, sir, you—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger [With a stifled filial resentment] Sir, I am not used to levees—nor do I know how to dispose of myself, or what to say, or do, in such a situation.

Sir Per [With a proud angry resentment] Zounds, sir, do you not see what others do? grieve and ample, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops, aw crowding, bayonet, and powder, far most until the middle of the circle, and there waiting, waiting, and striving to catch a look or a smile from the great man, which they meet with an amiable readiness of aspect—a modest reverence of body, and a countenancing cooperation of the whole man, which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates, that they look upon themselves as the suppliant apprentices of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his political fortune—this, sir, is what you ought to do, and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for these five and thirty years, let who would be minister.

Eger [Aside] Contemptible!

Sir Per. What is that you mutter, sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir Per. Sir, your absenting yourself from the levee at this juncture is suspicious; it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend or a well-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger [With a quick warmth] Then, sir, they wrong me—I assure you, but pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir Per. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle Sir Stantry Egerton, left you this three thousand pounds a year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud—that you have estranged yourself from the Macsycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposition, and with

those who do not wish well to the crown. Sir, the other day, in a conversation with my cousin Campbell MacKenzie—a being full of your own relations and your own feelings—a total extinction of all national distinctions whatever, and kingdoms! [With great anger] He was not at a prudent visit to your old countrymen—or was he held before me?

Eger. Sir with your pardon I should or imprudent. [With great anger] I own I do wish—most ardently—the extinction of all party—parties of Irish, Irish, and Scotch, not to be brought into contest or competition with each other, in generous emulation and emulation.

Sir Per. How, sir, do you mean you banish all party, and aw English, Irish, and your own countrymen?

Eger. [With great dignity of manner] Sir,

Sir Per. Then damn you, sir, ay, sir, you may look as angry as I say, you are not true heart.

Eger. Your pardon, sir, I think and the true reason why I am silent and demure of every one amongst whom I know but I find

Sir Per. Well, sir, and what of those?

Eger. The knave and the knave.

Sir Per. Pshaw! what's that?

Eger. Alas! he, who, sir, is of the North, or of the South, or of the West, or of the East, or of the whole, and to the virtues of him.

Sir Per. Ay, sir, then you are a doctrine, for the which I have been from my presence, my heart, and will make no secret of my being educated in an English university, mask of candour, to speak against my principles.

never did—nor do I intend it.

Sir, I do not believe you—I do not believe sir, I know your connections and associations know too, you have a saucy lurking prent your ain country: you hate it; yes, r, her family, and your brother, sir, have e, dark, disaffected ranking; and by that politics together, they will be the ruin of selves—and of aw who connect with them. ver, nai mair of that now; I will talk at a about that anon.—In the mean while, standing your contempt of my advice, and dience till my commands, I will convince paternal attention till your welfare, by my it of this voluptuary—this Lord Lumberse daughter you are to marry. You ken, fellow has been my patron above these rty years.

true, sir.

Vary weel.—And now, sir, you see by lity, he is become my dependant; and ac: have made my bargain with him: the bee he has in the world but what comes ee clutches; for his whole estate, which oplecit boroughs upon it—mark—is now ody at nurse; the which estate, on my his debts, and allowing him a life rent of rd pounds per annum is to be made over ay life, and, at my death is to descend till ur issue.—The peerage of Lumbercourt, ill follow of course.—So, sir, you see, iree impleecit boroughs, the whole patriambercourt, and a peerage at one slap—a stroke—a hit—a hit—Zounds! sir, y live a century and not make sic an hit

is a very advantageous bargain indeed, at will my lord's family say to it?

Why, mon, he cares not if his family were levil, so his luxury is but gratified:—only re his race-horse to feed his vanity; his drink drams with him, scrat his face, and riwig, when she is in her maudlin hyste- wee or four discontented patriotic depend-

ents to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes and aw his wants, in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.

Sir Per. And my lord?

Tom. Not yet, sir; he is about a mile behind, the servants say.

Sir Per. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir Per. Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha; and, I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover.—So go, go and receive her.

Eger. I shall, sir.

Sir Per. Vary weel, vary weel;—a guid lad: go, go and receive her as a lover should. [*Exit Egerton.*] Hah! I must keep a devilish tight hand upon this fellow, I see, or he will be touched with the patriotic phrenzy of the times, and run counter till aw my designs. I find he has a strong inclination to have a judgment of his ain, independent of mine, in aw political matters; but as soon as I have finally settled the marriage writings with my lord, I will have a thorough expostulation with my gentleman, I am resolved—and fix him unalterably in his political conduct.—Ah! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should seduce him to desert to their party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart.—A fine time of day for a block-head to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed? Why, the common people, the vary vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

RIGHT HONOURABLE FOLLY AND BASE FLATTERY.

Sir PERTINAX and Lord LUMBERCOURT.

Lord Lum. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir Per. Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord Lum. Why, you stole a march upon me this morning; gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called on me.

Sir Per. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you, but you ken that your lordship at dinner yesterday settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord Lum. That I acknowledge, Mac.—I did promise to be the v. l. own.

Sir Per. You did, indeed. And accordingly I was at the levee, and I waited there till every soul was gone, and, seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord Lum. Why to confess the truth, my dear Mac, these old sinners, Lord Breakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Sasser, and two or three more of that set, had held of me last night at the opera; and, as the General says, 'from the intelligence of my head this morning,' I believe we drank pretty deep ere we departed. ha, ha, ha!

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord Lum. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen you before you left town, I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir Per. I am heartily sorry that I was not to the way—but on what account did you want me?

Lord Lum. Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair. And, ha, ha, ha! yet I can't help laughing at it neither, though it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir Per. Vext you, my lord? Zounds, I wish I had been with you—but, for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord Lum. Why, that impudent, teasing, darning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer.—You know the fellow?

Sir Per. Perfectly, my lord.

Lord Lum. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some damned kind of a—something or other in the law which I think they call an execution.

Sir Per. The rascal!

Lord Lum. Upon which, sir, the asking pardon, ha, ha, ha! had the on me two or three days ago—ha, ha, ha! as he was pressed in the execution was now ready to be my bonum; but that out of reason as he had taken a great deal of care he would not suffer his name to be had first informed my honour, but willing to affront my honour—ha, a whole!

Sir Per. I never heard of such a

Lord Lum. Now my dear Mac, scoundrel's apology was so very an information so very agreeable, I honour, I thought that my honour than to order his honour to be paid.

Sir Per. Very well, very well, pleasant as the scoundrel till the lord.

Lord Lum. You shall hear, you so, sir, with great composure, scoundrel that stood very hands in dressing room, I ordered two of the rascal and another to take the the scoundrel's civility with a good as the stick fasted.

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! admirable of humours as ever I heard of him, my lord?

Lord Lum. Most obediently, and there I thought the scoundrel should think proper to pay the morning, just as I was, and servants all about me, a few came up and began to talk and threatened the upholsterer and of him, to go along with him upon my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir Per. The devil!

Lord Lum. And at the same time was attended by two other very men with a most insolent persistence, I

armed me that I must not go into my own

Per. How, my lord! not intill your ain carriage?

Lum. No, sir; for that they, by order of the must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—one Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Per. An impudent villain!

Lum. It is all true, I assure you: so you see, Mac, what a damned country this is to live in! noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is it a scandal, dear Mac, to the nation?

Per. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a grievance.

Lum. Sir, there is not another nation in the world as such a grievance to complain of. Now in other countries were a mechanic to dun, and tease, and awe as this Mahogany has done, a nobleman could extinguish the repute in an instant; and that at the expense of a few sequins, florins, or louis according to the country where the affair happened.

Per. Vary true, my lord, vary true—and it is as true that a man of your lordship's condition is obliged to run one of these mechanics through the mill, when he is impertinent about his money; but laws, shamefully, on these occasions, make no mention of persons amongst us.

Lum. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax.—But the scoundrel has seized upon the house too, and carried off the girl I took from the opera.

Per. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel.

Lum. Ay, but what concerns me most—I am my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to the market, and seize my string of horses.

Per. Your string of horses? zounds! we must be ready for that at all events: that would be sic an a scandal. I will despatch an express to town directly, to stop till the rascal's proceedings.

Lum. Pr'ythee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Per. O! it shall be done, my lord.

Lum. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, dear.

Sir Per. O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abeelity.

BATH FASHIONABLES.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, Lord and Lady LUMBERCOURT, and their daughter Lady RODOLPHA.

Sir Per. Weel; but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had aw the world there.

Lady Rod. O, yes! there was a very great mob there indeed; but very little company. Aw canaille, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse-proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer looking animals that have started intill fortune fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in Change-Alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath to learn genteelity, and the names, titles, intrigues, and bon-mots of us people of fashion; ha, ha, ha!

Lord Lum. Ha, ha, ha! I know them: I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from; ha, ha, ha!

Lady Lum. Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady Rod. Guid traith, my lady, the company were my diversion; and better nai human follies ever afforded; ha, ha, ha! sic an a mixture, and sic oddities, ha, ha, ha! a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kunegunda M'Kenzie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconnoitre the monsters and pick up their frivolities; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! why that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship.

Lady Rod. Superlative and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax; ha, ha, ha! Madam, we had in one group, a peer and a sharper, a duchess and a pin-maker's wife, a boarding-school miss and her grandmother, a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral; ha, ha, ha! aw speaking together, and bawling and

wrangling in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of all the parties were to be the issue of the conflict.

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the object of their contention?

Lady Rod. O! a very important one, I assure you, of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Lum. Ridiculous!

Lord Lum. Ha, ha, ha! my dear Rodolpha, I have seen that very conflict a thousand times.

Sir Per. And so have I, upon honour, my lord.

Lady Rod. In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet-council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed, prerogative lawyer, all of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the lugs, about the in and the out meekness, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow. Vary whimsical, upon honour.—But they are aw great politicians at Bath, and settle a meekness there with as much ease as they do the tang of a country dance.

Lady Rod. Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room,—in a by corner—snug—we had a Jew and a bishop—

Sir Per. A Jew and a bishop,—ha, ha!—a devilish good connection that,—and pray, my lady, what were they about?

Lady Rod. Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew—while the Jew, by intervals, was shily picking up intelligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meekness, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the amuse—ha! it was devilish clever of him, my lord, devilish clever.

Lord Lum. Yes, yes; the less out. I think it was a fair trial, Mr. Egerton.

Egert. True, my lord, but I have been in the latter way to success.

Lord Lum. O! and to good use, Wed, or ha! I like your Jock as It's devilish clever. Let us history, pray, my dear.

Lady Rod. Good truth, my dear, that there we saw danced, entered, and slung, and gambled, and jangled, and jangled, and jangled, and jangled—clean and unclean—even like Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Lum. Ha, ha, ha!—My girl, Rodolpha, and, upon my word, you have given us as whimsical a bit off.

Sir Per. Ah! yes, my lord, assembly in Noah's ark. It is the oddities that one meets with.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE

Sir PERTINAX MACGRATH

Sir Per. Charles, I have said again I tell you, once for all, of pliability are as necessary as wrangling and logical subtilty—why you see, sir, I have turned, a princely fortune—raised it!

Egert. Doubtless, sir, but you

Sir Per. Doubtless, sir, you may, sir, I tell you, sir, I have raised it by bowing, and bowing, and bowing—sir, I have raised it by bowing, and bowing, and bowing—of a great man, but always bowed—sir, I have raised it by bowing.

Egert. How do you mean?

lo I mean by instinct?—Why, sir, by the instinct of interest, sir, which instinct of mankind. Sir, it is won-hat a cordial, what an amicable—llible influence bowing has upon the of human nature. Charles, answer e you a mind to be convinced of doctrine, by example and demon-

r, sir.

sir, as the greatest favour I can I'll give you a short sketch of the ng, as an excitement, and a land-ow by, and as an infallible nostrum d.

all be proud to profit by your expe-

weel, sir : sit ye down then, sit you y sit down.]—and now, sir, your thoughts, that your grandfather penurious income of half-pay was is fortune ; and, sir, aw my provi-modicum of Latin, an expertness a short system of worldly counsel ; dients of which were, a persevering onomy, a smooth tongue, a pliabil a constant attention to make every with himself.

ident advice, sir.

ore, sir, I lay it before you.—se materials, I set out a raw-boned orth, to try my fortune with them and my first step intill the world rkship in Sawney Gordon's count-the city of London, which you'll barren sort of a prospect.

at a very fertile one indeed, sir.

verse, the reverse : weel, sir, seeing nprofitable situation, I reflected bout my thoughts morning, noon, rked every man and every mode ast I concluded that a matrimonial ly conducted, would be the readiest

gate I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it : now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty ! beauty !—ah ! beauty often struck mine een, and played about my heart ! and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked ; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get ; for I observed, sir, that beauty—is generally—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed, sir.

Sir Per. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it ; and in its stead, sir—mark ! I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager ; a consumptive, toothless, ptisicky, wealthy widow ; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller, the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir ? was nai that right ?

Eger. O ! doubtless—doubtless, sir.

Sir Per. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller ?—nair till court, nai till play-houses or assemblies—nai, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, bradlonian, and muggle-tonian meetings ; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists ; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha ! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world ; had nai comfort but in metaphysical visions, and supernatural deliriums ; ha, ha, ha ! sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir : there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir Per. O ! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields : and as soon as I found she had got the siller, aha ! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and
and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth
vehemently as she could do for the life of her. Ay,
turned up the white of mine een, till the strings
most cracked again—I watched her motions,
ed her till her chair, waited on her home, got
at religiously intimate with her in a week,—mar-
ed her in a fortnight, buried her in a month,—
ached the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning
melancholy part, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful
heart, I began the world again,—and this, sir, was
the first bow, that is, the first effectual bow, I ever
made till the vanity of human nature—now, sir, do
you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir Per. Ay, but was it not right? was it not in-
genious, and well hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir—extremely well.

Sir Per. My next bow, sir, was till your ain mo-
ther, whom I ran away with fra' boarding-school;
by the interest of whose family I got a good smart
place in the Treasury:—and, sir, my vary next step
was intil Parliament; the which I entered with as
ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated
the heart of Caesar himself. Sir I bowed, and
watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards
and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the
then great mon, till I got intil the vary bowels of
his confidence,—and then, sir, I wriggled, and
wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among
the vary thick of the a' hah! I got my snack of the
clashing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets,
and aw the political bonuses,—till at length, sir, I
became a much wealthier man than one half of the
golden calves I had been so long a-bowing to. (He
rises, and Egerton rises too)—and was na' that bow-
ing to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir Per. But are you convinced of the guid effects,
and of the utility of bowing.

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir Per. Sir, it is infallible:—but, Charles, ah!
while I was thus bowing, and wriggling, and raising

this princely fortune, ah! I met with the
sore and disappointments fra' the vary
eloquence and other popular abou-
could but have spoken in the vary
done the deed in half the time I
opened my mouth there, they in-
me—aw which deflowered, as I
any expense, to have suggested by the
tion of a son, who, I hoped, would
house of Marvophant till the vary
material abolition. That, sir, is
done my part of it; nature has
popular, you are eloquent as
spect you—and now, sir, if any
be directed—completion follows.

LOCAL REGENERATION EXPLAINED.

Sir PERTINAX MARVOPHANT
PRESIDENT.

Sir Per. Why, Counsellor, do
pertinent, so meddling, and such
as that Sergeant Eger made
has put me out of an temper.
Plans. But, Sir Pertinax, there
in this business that you do
and which, I am afraid, will
these boroughs.

Sir Per. What spine do you
Plans. I have come to a con-
tied down by some means to
jeant in the vary best
boroughs—now that, I believe
why the sergeant is so strenuous
keep the boroughs in his own
might reject him for some man
Sir Per. Odswordy and
are clever, devilish clever. By
his upon the vary strong that is
—(Oh! I see it, I see it now
bide a wee bit—a wee bit, and
come intil my head—now I
with a little twist in our arg-

ed, may be still made to produce
we wish for. Yes, yes! I have
see, understands business—and,
en, knows how to take a hin'
dy better, Sir Pertinax.

hen, Plausible, the short road is
ith sic a mon.—You must even
ark at once, and assure him from
ure him a seat for one of these

will do, Sir Pertinax—that will
it.

rther—I beg you will let him know
obliged to consider him in this
me as weel as for my lord, as a
baith:—and for the services he
is, make my special compliments
let this amicable bit of paper be
ate to convince him of what my
intends for his great [*Gives him a*
in adjusting this agreement be-
me.

ha!—upon my word, Sir Pertinax—
—Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit

r Plausible, in aw human dealings
method is that of ganging at once
n of a man's heart:—for if we ex-
ld serve us, we must first win their
ag them.

LUMBERCOURT and Serjeant
EITHERSIDE.

you, Sir Pertinax, that in 'all his
ation with me upon this business,
instructions—both he and I always
nination to be in my lord, *durante*

ut gentlemen, gentlemen, a little
his mistake, some how or other,
—Pr'ythee, Mr. Serjeant, let you
next room by ourselves, and re-
relative to the boroughs, and try

if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agree-
able to both parties.

Serj. [*With great warmth.*] Mr. Plausible, I have
considered the clause fully; am entirely master of the
question; my lord cannot give up the point. It is
unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. Nay, Mr. Serjeant, I beg you will not mis-
understand me. Do not think I want his lordship to
give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax,
will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a
few moments to reconsider this point?

Sir Per. For Heaven's sake, as your lordship and I
can have but one interest for the future, let us have
nai mair words about these paltry boroughs, but con-
clude the agreement just as it stands: otherwise there
must be new writings drawn, new consultations of
lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; cre-
ditors will be impatient and impertinent, so that we
shall nai finish the Lord knows when.

Lord Lum. You are right, you are right: say no
more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you
judge the point better than all Westminster-Hall
could. It shall stand as it is: yes, you shall settle
it your own way; for your interest and mine are the
same, I see plainly.

Sir Per. No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord Lum. O! here the lawyers come.

*Enter Counsellor PLAUSIBLE and Serjeant
EITHERSIDE.*

Serj. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—
fully convinced me.

Plaus. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him; I
have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant as were
irresistible

Serj. He has indeed, my lord: besides, as Sir
Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomi-
nation shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer
review of the whole matter, I think it will be the
wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it
is drawn.

Lord Lum. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Ser-
jeant, because that is my opinion too: so, my dear

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

beside, do you and Plausible despatch the business now as soon as possible.
 Sir. Mr. Sir! every thing will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.
 Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Sergeant.

Lord Lum. And while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and wander with the women.
 [Exit Lum. & Sons of care, &c.]

Sir Per. So! a little flattery mixed with the promise of a gilded promise on the one side, and a quantum sufficient of the warm palpable on the other, have at last made me the happy father in Great Britain. Hah! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the contemplation of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.

BARRISTER COXING.

Sir PERTINAX MACGRUBERT and his Son.
 Sir Per. Come hither, Charles.
 Eger. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir Per. About two hours since I told you Charles that I received this letter express, containing of your father's activity at an election in Scotland against a particular friend of mine, which was given great offence, and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he. To be plain, I must, really to you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man, and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir Per. I hope so too. But to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made in the House of Commons to bring on the grand jury, which is written set for day seven night - now, sir, as you are present, have infants, as I have well known, sir, expect it, and I must upon it that you endeavour to exert your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a large share in that question, and supporting it with all your power.

Eger. Sir, I have always divided as you directed,

except on one occasion, when I was friends, only in that affair - I was not so exert your influence in supporting a measure I was so directly in direct opposition to my conscience.

Sir Per. Conscience! why, you never hear any man talk of conscience matters? Conscience quotha! I have used these three at different times the term made use of before - a necessary word, and you will be therefore, I desire you will not mix me with the phantoms, but let me for thus slighting my friends and hands - Sir, give me an immediate answer.

Eger. Then, sir, I must for ever with against my nature, you men I despise, and please me would make me a less man who have no greater pleasure in corruption - not interest of own, - and to be honest, sir, that I am a man of the same principle of other men, I declare.

Sir Per. What are you doing? and what a deal of money I should be rewarded for if you wish to serve your country, what I say you will do.

Eger. Only show me the way, sir, and I will do it. I am at your service, and I will do it with all the ardour of a Roman.

weel, sir! vary weel! the fellow is
be a common barker at envied power
ism of faction, and sound the trumpet
iotism, only to displace a rival—or
ter in proud corruption's filthy train
my voice, my reason, and my trust,
er who best can promise or pay for
se, sir, are services my nature abhors
ch a malady to every kind of virtue,
lestroy the fairest constitution that
ned, or virtuous liberty fought for.

are you mad, sir? you have cer-
by some mad whig or other: but
w this foul-mouthed phrenzy, and
ntemperance, suppose we were to
uestion or twa: Pray, what single
or any man, give of the political
of these days, that has nai been
reater states, and in the most vir-
hallenge you to give me a single

ardon, sir—it is a subject I wish to
w, sir, we never can agree about it.
insist upon an answer.

ou will excuse me, sir.

not excuse you, sir.—I insist.

, in obedience, and with your pa-
wer your question.

ay! I will be patient, never fear:
it, let us have it.

ll; and now, sir, let prejudice, the
l the habitual insolence of success-
ut for one moment—and let religion,
elf, the policy of a nation's virtue,
rdian genius, take a short, impar-
of one transaction, notorious in this
they behold ycomen, freemen, citi-
ines, courtiers, patriots, merchants,
and the whole plebeian tribe, in
ion, urged and seduced by the con-
s of the land to the altar of perjury
in one hand, and the evangelist in

the other—impiously and audaciously affront the
Majesty of Heaven, by calling him to witness that
they have not received, nor ever will receive, reward
or consideration for his suffrage.—Is not this a fact,
sir? Can it be denied? Can it be believed by those
who know not Britain? Or can it be matched in the
records of human policy?—Who then, sir, that re-
flects one moment, as a Briton or a Christian, on
this picture, would be conducive to a people's infamy
and a nation's ruin?

Sir *Per.* Sir, I have heard your rhapsody with a
great deal of patience, and great astonishment—and
you are certainly beside yourself. What the devil
business have you to trouble your head about the sins
or the souls of other men? You should leave this
matter till the clergy, wha are paid for looking after
them; and let every man gang to the devil his ain
way: besides it is nai decent to find fault with what
is winked at by the whole nation—nay, and prac-
tised by aw parties.

Eger. That, sir, is the very shame, the ruin I
complain of.

Sir *Per.* Oh! you are vary young, vary young in
these matters; but experience will convince you, sir,
that every man in public business has twa consciences
—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you
see a merchant now, or a shopkeeper, that kens the
science of the world, always looks upon an oath at a
custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in
business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course,
that has nothing to do with religion;—and just so it
is at an election,—for instance now—I am a candi-
date, pray observe, and I gang till a periwig-maker,
à hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or tharty
guineas for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose; and
so on, through a majority of voters;—vary weel;—
what is the consequence? Why, this commercial in-
tercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us, a
commercial friendship—and in a day or twa these
men gang and give me their sufferages; weel! what
is the inference? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer,
divine, or casuist, caw this a bribe? Nai, sir, in fair
political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

and gratitude on the other. So, sir, let me be not more of your religious or philosophical sentiments, but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are not son of mine. Sir, I insist on it.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready, and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir Per. Very well: we'll attend his lordship.—
[Exit Sam.] I tell you, Charles, now this conscientious refinement in politics is downright ignorance, and impracticable romance, and, sir, I desire to hear no more of it. Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. [Stopping Sir Per. as he is going off.] Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon the subject.

Sir Per. Well, sir, what would you say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match—

Sir Per. How, sir?

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disobliging you, have hitherto kept me silent—

Sir Per. Your aversion? your aversion, sir? how dare you use so language till me? Your aversion! Look you, sir, I shall cut the matter very short—consider, my fortune is no inheritance; my mine and acquisition I can make back and drakes of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and I tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir Per. How! another woman? and, you villain, how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman—who is she? Speak, sir.

Eger. Constantia.

Sir Per. Constantia! oh, you profligate! what! a creature taken in for charity?

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune: her birth is equal to the noblest; and

valour, though covered with a vulgar skin; and of more worth, in the eyes of an eminent pride or reprobate than

Sir Per. Hold your tongue—your jabbering; none of your questions—I have but one question—and that I have asked ever, for ever; there it stands—Will you marry the lady?

Eger. Sir, my promise is no longer—but when it comes to turn, I am sure you will be true for this unpatented promise.

Sir Per. Tarry, I command you likewise not to stir till you have a definitive answer—will you or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me that I cannot, will you let me say?

Sir Per. Oh! the villain's head—he has cut my wife's head—the fellow destroys my name—there never was such a

this foolish head—promised with three hundred pounds—what an acquisition! what a weight till the fellow's damned the fellow's

ing down his head—stuck at the ruined—undone! for years, ever since this fellow

love I have secretly kept my dignity—and with the fellow's popularity, the fellow's

might certainly, in a title to and sure never were taken

conspires for now the world broken-winded and torn

and as till the fellow's passing one another in what and elegance, binds them

, which will always set them up till the
er ; so that if they can but get wherewithal
their dissipation, a minister may convert
al morals of aw sic voluptuaries intill a
would sell the nation till Prester John, and
ted liberties till the great Mogul :—and this
y I shall lose by my son's marrying a var-
gar for love :—O ! confound her vartue !
re me distracted.

[Exit

ANCY AND INDEPENDENCE CONTRASTED

PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT and SIDNEY

Pertinax, your servant :—Mr. Tomlins
as desired to speak with me.

Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a
lar business. Maister Sidney give me your
nin it did nai look like flattery, which I
ould tell you Maister Sidney, that you are
till your cloth, your country, and till hu-
e.

, you are very obliging.

Sit you down, Maister Sidney :—sit you
by me.—My friend, I am under the
bligations till you for the care you have
Charles.—The principles—religious, moral,
al, that you have infused intill him, de-
warmest return of gratitude both fra him
s.

ur approbation, sir, next to that of my own
, is the best test of my endeavours, and the
plause they can receive.

Sir, you deserve it—richly deserve it.
sir, the same care that you have had of
the same my wife has taken of her favourite
.—And sure, never were accomplish-
nowledge or principles, social and religious,
ill a better nature.

truth, sir, I think so too.

She is besides a gentlewoman, and of as
sily as any in this county.

I understand, sir.

Sir, her father had a vast estate ; the
dissipated and melted in feastings and

friendships, and charities, hospitalities, and sic kind
of nonsense.—But to the business.—Maister
Sidney, I love you—yes, I love you—and I have
been looking out and contriving how to settle you in
the world.—Sir, I want to see you comfortably and
honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family ;
and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I
could nai make a more valuable present till you for
that purpose, as a partner for life, than this same Con-
stantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you your-
self shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of
every canonical contingency in my power to confer
or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly : but
though the highest station would derive lustre from
Constantia's charms and worth, yet were she more
amiable than love could paint her in the lover's
fancy—and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's
appetite—I could not—would not wed her. [Rises.

Sir Per. Not wed her ! odswuns, man ! you sur-
prise me !—Why so ?—What hinders ?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal
—but, briefly and finally—it cannot be ; nor is it a
subject I can longer converse upon.

Sir Per. Weel, weel, weel, sir, I have done—I have
done. Sit down, man ;—sit down again ;—sit you
down.—I shall mention it no more ;—not but I must
confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match,
had you approved of my proposal, besides profiting
you, would have been of singular service till me like-
wise. However, you may still serve me as effectually
as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will most heartily.

Sir Per. I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank
you.—I have nai friend to depend upon but your-
self. My heart is almost broke.—I cannot help
these tears.—And, to tell you the fact at once—
your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous
malady—a kind of insanity.—You see I cannot
help weeping when I think of it ;—in short—this
Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon
him.—Do you understand me ?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir Per. Why, he is grievously smitten with the

you start and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me.—In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir Per. Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a friend with a wench, an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron and benefactor? Ha?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude, that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir Per. How! what, sir! do you dispute? Are you naturally dependent? ha? And do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is not a client about the court that wou'd not jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in

parting, for squeamish about or about doing patron, you w

Sid. Though rise in her power the favour of esteem of all and dignity he can bestow.

Sir Per. What it is! I see my policy. This has been about my him principles, the ancient H modern Britons, I never university-bred for they have and sic saucy fermenting in of them. No foreigner of

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

MIRABELL and FAINALL.

I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married, consequence should be discreet, will suffer to be of a scandalous party.

Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who g'd are women and relations; and for the y are of a kind too contemptible to give

I am of another opinion. The greater the, always the more the scandal: for a woman, at a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

Are you jealous as often as you see Wit-
ertain'd by Millamant?

If her understanding I am, if not of her

You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, it.

he has beauty enough to make any man and complaisance enough not to contradict shall tell her so.

For a passionate lover, methinks you are a what too discerning in the failings of your

and for a discerning man, somewhat too: a lover; for I like her with all her faults; her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, al, that they become her; and those affect in another woman would be odious, serve her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fain-
once us'd me with that insolence, that in took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated ge; I studied 'em, and got 'em by rote. igne was so large, that I was not without day or other to hate her heartily: to which m'd myself to think of 'em, that at length, o my design and expectation, they gave me r less and less disturbance; 'till in a few ecame habitual to me to remember 'em being displeas'd. They are now grown r to me as my own frailties: and in all

212

probability in a little time longer I shall like them as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

[*Way of the World.*]

FRIENDLY SUPPORT OF CHARACTER.

FAINALL, WITWOUND, and MIRABELL.

Fain. What have you done with Petulant?

Wit. He's reckoning his money——my money it was——I have no luck to-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play; ——for you are sure to be too hard for him at repa-
tee; since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mir. I don't find that Petulant confesses the supe-
riority of wit to be your talent, Witwound.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates——Petulant's my friend, and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering——faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him.——And if he had any judgment in the world,——he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't de-
tract from the merit of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred?

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own——no more breeding than a bum-bail, that I can grant you——'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mir. What courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a controversy, he'll contradict any body.

Mir. Tho' 'twere a man whom he fear'd, or a wo-
man whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;——we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him——I can defend most of his faults, except one or two: one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were

my brother, I cou'd not acquit him—that indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mir. Ay, marry, what's that, Witwoud?

Wit. O pardon me——expose the infirmities of my friend?——No, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

Mir. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate?

Wit. That! that's his happiness——his want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts.

Mir. He wants words?

Wit. Ay: but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent?

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mir. Vain!

Wit. No.

Mir. What? he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

Wit. Truths! ha, ha, ha! no, no; since you will have it.——I mean, he never speaks truth at all,——that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

[*Way of the World.*]

BEAUTY DEPENDENT ON A LOVER'S FANCY.

MIRABELL, MILLAMANT, and WITWOUD.

Mil. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away——now I think on't, I'm angry——no, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you?

Mil. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mir. You wou'd affect a cruelty which is not

in your nature; your true vanity is pleasing.

Mil. O I ask your pardon for it is in one's power; and when to cruelty, one parts with one's joy has parted with that, I fancy one

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruel of your power, to destroy your joy vain, how lost a thing you'll find, are no longer handsome when your beauty dies upon the instant lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your glass is all a cheat. The ugly the looking-glass mortifies, yet can be flatter'd by it, and discovers that reflects our praises, rather than

Mil. O the vanity of these hear him? If they did not consider not handsome! now you must commend one, if one was not the lover's gift——Lord, what to give? Why, one makes lovers and they live as long as one pleases soon as one pleases; and then makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, your making of lovers, Madam, that card-matches.

Mil. One no more owes one than one's wit to an echo; they we look and say; vain empty or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet to those two vain are two the greatest pleasures of your

Mil. How so?

Mir. To your lover you owe ing yourselves prais'd; and to of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady incessantly, she won't give an echo that everlasting rotation of tongue wait 'till she dies, before it can

Mil. O fiction; Fainall, let us

PRISON SCENE.

his dress torn, from the last night's
red in by the turnkeys—he resists,
tside as he comes.]

ou scoundrels, you renegadoes, you
nat's this for! To be dragged out of
my dungeon, to look in the faces of
edly ugly set of cannibals.

him along. [He is forced in.
ing to struggle]—Cannot I sleep or
I'll blow up the prison.—I'll mas-
I'll do worse—I'll let the law loose

Master Torrento, you need not be
You used to have no objection to
-ha, ha, ha! He has been moulting
le last night. [To the hussars.
y—Banditti! Who are those fellows?
gmen? [Looking at the hussars.
ghtly handsome idea, by the glory of
[Laughing.
you must see that we are officers.

!—aye, sheriff's officers. Honest
th very rascally countenances.
d meerschaums!—Very impudently

en, parish officers! Hunters of brats,
ht bread.
ing]—Another guess for your life.
e! Sirrah, we are in his Majesty's

understand—Customhouse officers.
id thermometers. [They murmur.
the scoundrel's head!

[Half drawing his sabre.
it; ardent spirits, every soul of them

Well done. This is our man—
—I like him—the freshest rascal!
I will not be disturbed for any man.
night out before these,—fellows in
aol is my house; my freehold; my

goods and chattels. My very straw's my own; un-
touchable, but by myself—and the rats.

Maj. Here's a freeholder!

Col. With a vote for the galleys.

Tor. [Turning to the prisoners, harangues bur-
lesquely.]—Gentlemen of the gaol—

[Prisoners cheer.

Col. A decided speech!

Cor. Out of the orator's way! Muffs and meer-
schaums! [The prisoners lift Torrento on a bench,
laughing and clamouring.]

Tor. [Haranguing]—Are we to suffer ourselves
to be molested in our domestic circle; in the loveli-
ness of our private lives; in our *otium cum dignitate*?
Gentlemen of the gaol! [cheering.]—Is not our re-
sidence here for our country's good? [cheering]—
Would it not be well for the country if ten times as
many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls,
were now inside them? [cheering.]—I scorn to appeal
to your passions; but shall we suffer our honourable
straw, our venerable bread and water, our virtuous
slumbers, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed,
and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance
and audacity? [cheering.]—No! freedom is like the
air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's
cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and
should not all that live by the law, die by the law?
—Now gentlemen, a general cheer! here's liberty,
property, and purity of principle! Gentlemen of the
gaol!

[They carry him round the hall. Loud cheering.

Gaol. Out with ye, ye dogs! No rioting! Turn-
keys! [calls.]—The black-hole and double irons.

[He drives them off, and follows them.

Cor. A dungeon Demosthenes! Muffs and meer-
schaums.

Maj. A regular field preacher, on my conscience.

Col. [To Tor.]—So, then, we must not fix our
head-quarters here.

Tor. Confound me if I care, if your head-quarters
and all your other quarters were fixed here.

Col. No insolence sir. What are you?

Tor. A gentleman. [Haughtily.

Cor. Psha! every body's a gentleman now.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Aye, that accounts for the vices of the age.
A gentleman, sir, by the old rule of liking
are more than trouble, I say more than money,
more than marriage, fighting more than either
any thing more than the unparalleled impudence
your questions.

My. Sir, do you mean this to me? I'll—
Aye, sirrah, and to every honourable person
I'll never drink a health without sending the
found. In matters of contempt, I make it a
point of honour to be impartial.

[Pride shall have a Fall.]

NOT HONOURABLE DIGNITY.

PAUL PRYANT Lord FORTU BRISK, CARELESS.

Sir Paul. When Mr. Brisk jokes your lordship's
laugh, does he tell you he lies, he?

Lord F. Ridiculous!—Sir Paul, you're strangely
mistaken. I find champagne is powerful. I assure
you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own,
or a lady's. I assure you Sir Paul.

Brisk. How! how! my lord? What affront my wit
let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be
laughed at?

Ld. F. O foy, don't misapprehend me; I don't
say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But
there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality,
than to laugh, 'tis such a vulgar expression of the
passion! every body can laugh. Then, especially to
laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any
body else of the same quality does not laugh with
one. Ridiculous! to be pleased with what pleases
the crowd! now, when I laugh, I always laugh
alone!

Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your
own jests, 'egad, ha, ha, ha!

Ld. F. He, he! I swear though, your railery pro-
vokes me to such.

Brisk. Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the
teeth, if you show 'em.

Ld. F. He, he, he, I swear that's so very pretty, I
can't forbear.

Cor. But does your lordship never see comedies? never write?

Ld. F. O yes, sometimes, but I never
Care. No!

Ld. F. Oh, no, never laugh more!

Care. No! Why what else is to do?

Ld. F. To distinguish between
and mortify the poets—No, no, no,
created when any of them for
the side boxes—I am not to be
constrained my inclination to
avoid giving them encouragement.

Care. You are cruel to them
as malicious to them.

Ld. F. I confess I did myself
but now I think I have renounced

Brisk. Let me perish, my lord,
thing very pretty, but in the
makes against me, and I'm sure
more that write, but even I
Nay, don't tell me there's
must be told by me, 'egad
nond, no other way, 'egad

Ld. F. Oh, I thought you
you found out the wit!

Care. What is what? why
not laughing when a man has

A BLUE STOLEING LADY.

Lady FORTU

Cyn. Indeed, madam,
could have been so much

Lady F. I could not
wink for three weeks together

Cyn. Prodigious! I was
much love, and so much

did not turn your brain.

Lady F. O my dear
your friend—but really

but then I had a way.
whimsies and vapours.

Cyn. How, pray, madam?

Lady F. O, I write,
never write!

Write, what?

1. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyrics, plays, or heroic poems.

2. Lord, not I, madam; I am content to be a reader.

3. O inconsistent! in love, and not write! I and I had been both of your temper, we might have come together—O bless me! what a world would that have been, if my lord and I had ever have met!

4. Then neither my lord nor you would ever have come together with your match, on my conscience.

5. O my conscience no more we should; it is right—for sure my Lord Froth is as good a man, and as much a man of quality! Ah! I am all of the common air—I think I may fancy nothing but a blue riband and a star, and I am the very phosphorus of our hemisphere. Do you understand those two hard words? I'll explain them to you.

6. Yes, yes, madam, I am not so ignorant. I would not own it, to be troubled with your in-
[Aside.]

7. Nay, I beg your pardon; but being de-
n the Greek, I thought you might have
be etymology.—But I am the more amazed,
u a woman of letters, and not write! Bless
can Mellefont believe you love him?

Why, faith, madam, he that won't take my
I'll never have it under my hand,

8. I vow Mellefont's a pretty gentleman, but
he wants a manner.

9. Manner! What's that, madam?

10. Some distinguishing quality, as for exam-
ple, the air or brilliant of Mr. Brisk; the solem-
n complaisance of my lord, or something of
that should look a little *je ne sçai quoi*; he
has a mediocrity in my mind.

11. It does not indeed affect either pertness or
for which I like him. [Double Dealer.]

MASKWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

1. Let thy beauty gild my crimes; and what
commit of treachery or deceit shall be im-

puted to me as a merit.—Treachery, what treachery!
Love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets
men right upon their first foundations. Duty to
kings, piety to parents, gratitude to benefactors, and
fidelity to friends, are different and particular ties;
but the name of rival cuts them all asunder, and is
a general acquittance—Rival is equal, and love like
death, an universal leveller of mankind. Ha! but
is there no such a thing as honesty? yes, and who-
soever has it about him, bears an enemy in his breast:
for your honest man, as I take it, is that nice, scru-
pulous, conscientious person who will cheat nobody
but himself; such another coxcomb as your wise
man, who is too hard for all the world, and will be
made a fool of by nobody but himself. Ha, ha, ha;
well, for wisdom and honesty give me cunning and
hypocrisy; Oh, 'tis such a pleasure to angle for fair-
faced fools!—Then that hungry gudgeon Credulity
will bite at any thing—Why, let me see, I have
the same face, the same words and accents when I
speak what I do think, and when I speak what I do
not think—the very same—and dear dissimulation is
the only art not to be known from nature.

Why will mankind be fools, and be deceiv'd?

And why are friends' and lovers' oaths believ'd?

When each who searches strictly his own mind,

May so much fraud and power of baseness find.

[Double Dealer.]

AN OVER-RIGHTEOUS LADY.

CARELESS and MELLEFONT.

Care. Mellefont, get out of the way, my lady Ply-
ant's coming, and I shall never succeed while thou
art in sight—tho' she begins to tack about; but I
made love a great while to no purpose.

Mel. Why, what's the matter? she is convinced
that I don't care for her.

Care. I cannot get an answer from her that does
not begin with her honour, or her virtue, her religion,
or some such cant. Then she has told me the whole
story of Sir Paul's nine years courtship; how he has
lain for whole nights together upon the stairs before
her chamber door; and that the first favour he re-
ceived from her was a piece of an old scarlet petticoat

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

monacher, which, since the day of his marriage, out of a piece of gallantry, converted into his anniversary wedding night. That I have seen, with the ceremony there belonging—so, on that night he creeps in at the

fert, like a gilded Bassa that has married a re- of the Grand Signior, and that night he has arms at liberty. Did she not tell you at what a price she keeps him? He has confessed to me, but at some certain times, that I, I suppose, when she apprehends being with child, he never has a private of using the familiarity of a husband with a wife. He was once given to scrambling with hands, and springing in his sleep, and ever since he has swallowed down, and so put to bed, and had her swallowed down, and so put to bed, and here he lies with a great beard like a Russian bear upon a drift of snow. You are very great with him, won't he never tell you his grievances, he will, I warrant you.

Core excessively foolish! — But that which gives me most hopes of her, is her telling me of the many temptations she has resisted.

Al! Nay, then you have her, for a woman's brag- ing to a man that she has overcome temptations, is an argument that they were weakly offers, and a challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only, as you know, the pace of the commodity, by to bring you, how many customers have underbid her.

Core Nay, I do it despair—but still she has a graduation to you—I talked to her the other night at my Lord's, and I had a reason to complain of my reception, but I find women are not the same bare faced and in masks—and a vizor disguises their inclinations as much as their faces.

Al! 'Tis a mistake; for women may most properly be said to be unmasked when they wear vizors, for that secures them from blushing and being out of countenance, and next to bring in the dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a vizor mask. Here they come. I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a billet-doux into her hand, for a

woman never thinks a man truly in love, unless he has been fool enough to kiss and hug her, and to lose so much time and money.

TRIANGLE 10 3122

Young worlders and I

Y. W. Come, Frank, come

Rich. What would you do with

Y. W. Do with them? Take

—Do you think I would

Rich. Yes, I do, I do, I do

to, either I do, I do, I do

well with your father, I do

let you see guineas. Do, do

assure you I have lately paid

and —

Y. W. Sir, if I put off I do

you know I do, I do, I do

Rich. Sir, you do, you do

you know I do, I do, I do

Y. W. Sir, I do, I do, I do

Rich. That's not a bad

worth; you had better pay

bring you forty shillings

Y. W. 'Sdeath, I do, I do

Rich. Hold! Mr. W. do

to your misfortune, I do

Y. W. How, sir?

Rich. Why, go to a

would have robbed me

Link's sir, you have been

travagance would some

you; and it will go to

to have turned the table

Y. W. This is a

you, in whose company

Rich. I'm in company

spent—why would you

expenses with me that

What was gallantry in

mine was health, because

a disease, because you

is this all I must expect from our ship! sir, there can be no such thing.

is, there can be so such thing when I for't.

sir—our friendship was over and whilst you can pay your club of that way your humble servant; but come borrowing, I'm this way—
[Exit.

big, proud, arrogant villain! I have second, thrice sick of the same love, ed by the same physic, and now he trifle—That an honest fellow in his such a rogue when he is sober!—
rtd rascal has been drinking coffee Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, e, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of Balderdash bring it himself. [Exit
melancholy are my poor breeches; not Thou art a villainous hand, for thou pocket.—This vintner now has all honest fellow, a broad face, a copious g belly, and a jolly mien. I have ove three pounds a night for these two ly. The rogue has money, I'm sure, lend it.

BALDERDASH, with a bottle and glass.
Balderdash, good morrow.

Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble re brought you a whetting-glass, the Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a

edge you, Mr. Balderdash.
health, sir.

[Drinks.
Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but now tell me plainly what you think

of you, sir! I think that you are the at gentleman, that ever drank a glass he best customer that ever came into

lo you really think as you speak?

Bald. May this wine be my poison, sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart.

Y. W. And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

Bald. Why, truly, sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe that I have handled of your money the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald. Yes, sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expenses: but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your disposition; but truly, sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But since you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

Bald. Consider your necessity! I do with all my heart; and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessory to it: I desire you, sir, to frequent my house no more.

Y. W. How, sir!

Bald. I say, sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconvenience: sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction?

Y. W. But methinks, sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

Bald. Alas! sir, it was none of my business: would you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer? Lack-a-day, sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hanged rather

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11. Pay me the bill, and I will — not lend you
 hundred pounds, sir. — But pray consider with
 self, now, sir, would not you think me an instant
 Jacob, to trust a person with money that has
 been so extravagant under my eye? whose
 I have seen, I have felt, I have handled?
 I know you, sir, throw away a pound as
 upon a cove of pit-partridges, and a setting-
 of Sir, you have made my house an ill house, my
 chairs will bear you no longer. — In short, sir, I
 you to frequent the Crown no more, sir.
 H. This is the punishment. — But, the ver-
 that tempted me to sin, now appears me with
 crime. I have villainously murdered my fortune,
 and now its ghost, in the blank shape of poverty,
 pursues me.

by justice, and mine by law is
sting'd like it, possibly

Sub. I am very
breath let us be brethren
a Christian and hantable
disputes, by making
just wth of your
you shall y^eld the
be shall qu^e h^e estate to

category of witnesses and competency.

And, Well, well, well, you, to make oath of his last will and testament, that's impossible. I'm not a lawyer.

man that I have made in my life.

Can you get in other spots
in the house, then, I'd say

INTERVIEW WITH [REDACTED]
OFFICIAL [REDACTED]

Oh, no, 'tis all a

tion of my good sir!

a word, master Cape, for your pri-
 ay communicate ; this gentleman is

hor ?

ious.

t way ?

al.

ie ! he's very young, and exceed-
 l ; what, a good subscription, I

month from Leyden ; an admirable
 dy'd it in Germany ; if you should
 ; now, as ten or a dozen manuscript
 eas'd clergyman, I believe he can

ed originals.

; I don't deal in the sermon way,
 y by the last I printed, for all 'twas
 odist ; but I believe, sir, if they
 ve a good deal of, Latin in 'em, I
 p.

, sir ?

manuscript sermons you have wrote,
 se of.

that I have wrote ?

; master Cape has been telling

I am mightily oblig'd to him.

ay, don't be afraid ; I'll keep coun-
 ad not kept a shop so long at the
 d not know how to be secret ; why,
 1, when I was in the treasonable
 ak'd ; I never gave up but one au-
 d he was dying of a consumption,
 o a trial.

—look here (*shews the side of his*
e !—bare as a board !—and for no-
but an innocent book of bawdy, as
: oh ! the laws are very hard, very

e given me, sir, so positive a proof

of your secrecy that you may rely upon my commu-
 nication.

Vamp. You will be safe—but, gadso ! we must
 mind business, tho'. Here, master Cape, you must
 provide me with three taking titles for these pam-
 phlets, and if you can think of a pat *Latin* motto for
 the largest—

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, mas-
 ter Cape ; to strike they must be well dress'd ; fine
 feathers make fine birds ; a good paper, an elegant
 type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has
 drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions.—
 Did you know Harry Handy ?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow ; he had his Latin,
ad anguem, as they say ; he wou'd have turn'd you
 a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, into La-
 tin verse in a twinkling ! except Peter Ilasty, the
 voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as
 any within my memory.

Cape. What carried him off ?

Vamp. A halter ; hang'd for clipping and coining,
 master Cape ; I thought there was something the
 matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or
 two : he was a pretty fellow !

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death ?

Vamp. I can't say ;—as he had taken to another
 course of living, his execution made a noise ; it sold
 me seven hundred of his translations, besides his
 last dying speech and confession ; I got it ; he was
 mindful of his friends in his last moments : he was a
 pretty fellow !

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. Vamp ?

Vamp. Not at present ; about the spring I'll deal
 with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in
 octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject ?

Vamp. I leave that to him ; master Cape knows
 what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer
 reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and
 the other watering places : no bad commodity for the
 West India trade neither ; let 'em be novels, master

Cape.

and, sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President, *[in his hat]* give me leave to ob-
 ject, it is impossible to add any force
 advanced by my honourable friend
 yet, sir, *[looks into his hat again,]* it
 is necessary to obviate some objec-
 tion made to the motion; and first it
 —I say, sir, some gentlemen may
 say prove pernicious to our manufac-
 ture *[in his hat,]* and the duty doubtless it
 is the duty of this illustrious assembly to
 turn its eye unto that; but, Mr. Presi-
 dent, *in his hat, is confused, and sits*

ist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.
 Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be
 as—I say—*[looks in his hat,]* I have
 to say. *[Sits down, and STRAP gets*

up.
 President, it was not my intention to
 stand upon this occasion, but when I
 was thrown out by gentlemen, where the
 country is so deeply concerned, I own
 myself silent; and give me leave to say, sir,
 I came before this assembly a point of
 time rather than this; it strikes, sir, at the very
 constitution; for, sir, what does this
 resolution imply—that porter, a wholesome,
 necessary article, is to be prohibited at once.
 Is it for a foreign, pernicious commo-
 dity to take away formerly the honour, in conjunction
 with my friend in the leather apron, to ex-
 amine amongst us, as I looked upon lemons
 as foreign fruit; and can it be thought,
 I am silent to this? No, sir, I will put
 myself strongly against it; I will oppose it

For should this proposal prevail, it
 is fatal, give me leave to say, will,
 be an issue; and I shan't be surprised in
 hearing from the same quarter, a motion
 for a premium of gin, and a premium for the im-
 portation of gin. *[A hum of approbation, with*
and winks from the other members.

He sits down, and ANVIL and another member
get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.

Pres. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, sir—

[The members all blow their noses, and cough;
ANVIL talks all the while, but is not heard.]

Pres. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A
 worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say, Mr. President, that if we consider
 this case in its utmost extent—*[All the members*
cough and blow their noses again.] I say, sir, I will.
 Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has
 any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[Members all laugh, and ANVIL sits down in a
passion, and SLAUGHTER gets up.]

Pres. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaug. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this
 here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I
 can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that
 there manner; not but I likes that every man should
 deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my
 way; and when a member opposes me I like him the
 better for it; it's right; I'm pleas'd; he can't please
 me more; it is as it should be; and though I differ
 from the honourable gentleman in the flannel
 night-cap over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him
 say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my
 rule to say what I think, right or wrong—*[a loud*
laugh.] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my
 heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but,
 sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree
 with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his
 mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman
 this here question; Can any thing in nature be more
 natural for an Englishman than porter? I declare,
 Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor
 in the world. But if it must be a change, let us
 change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a
 liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know
 such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and
 I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a
 liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a
 point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

and for that there reason, I shall take
your time.

[He sits down, CATCHPOLE gets up.
Catchpole.
Get up to the point of law. And though,
to the business, I can't say I am pre-
cisely question. But though this unquebaugh,
may not (by name) be subject to a duty,
my opinion, or rather belief, it will be con-
sidered in the case of horses, to come under the
dry'd goods—But I move that another day
be debated.

Mr. I second the motion.
CATCHPOLE gives a paper to the President, who

Hear your motion.
That it be debated next Thursday, whether the
unquebaugh is subject to a particular duty, or,
in the case of horses, to be considered under the
dry'd goods."

All. Agreed, agreed.

EDUCATION OF A MIMIC.

SIR WILLIAM WEALTHY and SHIFT.
Sir Will. Pray, sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!—And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Could nothing induce you to unboxom
yourself.

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of some-
thing in your countenance, a certain openness and
generosity, as if you were in your manner, that I
will unlock. You shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that fortune, which
frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from
the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a
king, and from an empress, and many a prime
minister, has thought fit to raise

me to my present height, from the humble posi-
tion of light your honour—A last by.
Sir Will. A pleasant fellow.——We are not
parents?

Shift. I was produced, sir, by a last with me
riage, in the language of the new, by an
an illustrious lamp-lighter and an empress, and
and dog together.——Cat's meat, and dog's
date say, you have heard my mother in
this happy pair I owe little thanks for my
drop them where they drop me—

Sir Will. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world was
school, which has produced many a
avenue of the play-house. There, sir, I
extinguish'd him, I learn'd to
pockets, connivance from emulation, and
fashions from footmen, and the art of
breaking a promise, from their
halt me across the knee!——I have
will remember poor Jack——You
have no halfpence——I'll pay you
see you.——But, lack-a-day, sir, that
seldom as his tradesman.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from
theatre, I must add one that I learnt of

Sir Will. How did you gain it?

Shift. My merit, sir, that, I to my
radiance round me.——A dearth of
quarters here took possession of the
country corporation, where I did me
barn, by sweeping the stage, and clip-
There my skill and address was
it procur'd me the same where the
Drury-lane, where I acquir'd many
of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain it?

Shift. By my post. For I thought
stand the shot of the gallery in the
sweeping, the first night of a
ance to the pillory, with all
ments.

Sir Will. Some truth is that

an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my patriot gingerbread-baker from the would not suffer three dancers from cause he hated the French, forced me retreat.

or devil!

io and Contades have done the same. n'd, like a tennis-ball I rose higher from

ow so?

isfortune, sir, mov'd the compassion of ormers, a whimsical man, he took me

To him I owe, what, I believe, will to you.

plain.

sir, my master was remarkably happy a however disesteem'd at present, is, n'd among the perfections of an ora-

ry you are deeply read, Mr. Shift.

tattering—But as I was saying, sir, miss to my master. Biped, or quadruped, or animal; from the clamour of rattle of the barn-door; from the sopsopie tabernacle of Tottenham-court, to pray of their long-ear'd brethren in all were objects of his imitation, and In a word, sir, for two whole years, professor, I study'd and starv'd, imbody, and pamper'd my mind; till I pretty near equal to my master, I : of his own bows, and set up for

u have been successful, I hope.

well. I can't complain. My art, sir, -tout. I seldom want employment. and my engagements. [*Pulls out a Hum,—hum,—Oh! Wednesday at near Hanover-square; there, there, I al upon the Mingotti; for her lady-pera interest: but, however, I shall ie upon her rival Mattei, Sunday even-astinuto's concert. Thursday I dine , with ten templars, at the Mitre in*

Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsops, near the Monument. So, sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

[*The Minor.*

UNION OF VICE AND FANATICISM.

SIR GEORGE, MRS. COLE, LOADER, and DICK.

Mrs. C. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. C. Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. C. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. C. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. C. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no,—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroad?

Mrs. C. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel——He and Jenny Cummings drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and birk thee of thy share.

Mrs. C. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with a.e. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry—but now, O land, a tumbleful turns me topsy turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. C. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little bit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!——But she'll mend; her time is not come—all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later, regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no——Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. C. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, ended or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mintwater in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. C. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [Ex. Dick.]

Mrs. C. Ay, I am a going, a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.—No——When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably, and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day. Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock me down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid rent and lot in the parish of St Paul's, and during the whole time, nobody has said, Mrs Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep.

Load. May I lose deal, if old Moll does not bring to

Mrs. C. However, it is a one has passed thro' the water. Ay, a good name, as better than a gallipot of osh.

Enter Moll.

Load. Come, haste, Dick. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee

Mrs. C. Hold, hold, Mr. L. I could as soon swallow the

Load. Why then, here's to it is supernaculum——Speak

Mrs. C. I won't trouble hands do so tremble and a good creature

Load. Well pull'd. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a linen gown, knock at your

Mrs. C. Ay, a young thing. *Load.* Could we not get a

Mrs. C. Impossible! She's totter. I have taken earn months

Load. Pho, what signifies. Tip him an old trader, and go

Mrs. C. Tip him an old where do you expect to go Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this brains

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader has wrought a most happy re

Mrs. C. Oh, it was a woe I been tossing in a sea of compass. And had not he me into the harbour of gra against the rocks of regret and swallow'd up in the whirlp the precious instrument of m But however, Sir George, d

thing, to-morrow night I believe I can

w?

have advertis'd this morning, in the
for servants under seventeen; and ten
ht on something that will do.

y me, but it has a face.

ly, consistently with my conscience, I
hing for your honour.

ght, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that
pray, how long has this heavenly
rought in you?

er since my last visitation of the gout.

ht, seven years ago, I began to have

my waverings; but I was lost in a

nobody to show me the road. One

of dying a Roman, which is truly a

mmunion enough for one of us: but it

ay not?

ut one summer over to Boulogne to re-

d you believe it, the barefooted, bald-

ould not give me absolution, without I

ness.—Did you ever hear of such a

—Besides, I cou'd not bear their bar-

l you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock

s in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest,

ings!—Oh, six of them, for a sea-

sh my business here, and then I shou'd

do, but to think of hereafter.

l me, what a country?

, scandalous!

so, it would not do. So in my last

isited by Mr. Squintum, who stept in

grace, got me with the new birth, and

ou sec, regenerate, and another crea-

Enter DICK.

ransfer, sir, has sent to know if your
me.

s. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with
ness, you know—

ue, sir George. Mr. Loader, your

, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs.
Cole?

Mrs. C. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. C. To-morrow I hope to suit you—We are
to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with
a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which,
I shall call at the register office, and see what goods
my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. C. Or if that should not do, I have a titbit
at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by
a beard. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a
care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give
me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken
ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[*Exit MRS. COLE and LOADER.*

Sir Geo. Dick, show Mr. Transfer in—Ha, ha,
what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled
together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease
she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No
wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes,
whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend
the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

[*The Minor.*

ADVANTAGEOUS MODES OF BANKRUPTCY.

PILLAGE and RESOURCE.

Pil. Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Resource, in the
whole round of the law, and, thank heaven, the
dominions are pretty extensive, there is not a nicer
road to hit than the region of bankrupts.

Res. I should have thought it a turnpike, for you
see how easily even a country attorney can find it.

Pil. Pshaw, what amongst manufacturers and
meagre mechanics? fellows not worth powder and
shot; and yet these paltry provincials, master Re-
source, are often obliged to solicit my aid.

Res. Indeed!

Pil. Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and
ears in debt, from the country, was recommended to
me by a client: the fellow had scrap'd together all
he could get, and came up to town, with a view of
running beyond sea, but I stopp'd him directly.

Res. Really!

Pil. O, ay, in a couple of months wash'd him as white as a sheep that is just shorn.

Res. How did you bring it about?

Pil. Easy enough. Made him take a house in Cheapside, call'd him a citizen, in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge being as common as carrots, not a soul in the country suspected that it was he.

Res. How should they?

Pil. Pass'd a few necessary notes to get him number and value, white-wash'd him, and sent him home to his wife.

Res. Cleanly and cleverly done.

Pil. When the country chaps brought in their bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands.

Res. How the loobies must look.

Pil. Chop-fallen, no doubt, but he is in business again.

Res. He is?

Pil. O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the six he brought with him, to begin the world with credit afresh.

Res. Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

Pil. O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere statute is not much in itself.

Res. Ay, well I thought it brought pretty petquisites with it.

Pil. No, no, it is a good hot bed indeed to raise shamberry wits in.

Res. Ay, that is a produce that deserves propagation.

Pil. What, I see you have found a remedy for master Monk of the Minorities? I thought his was an incurable disease.

Res. Only skinn'd over the sore, master Pillage, it will soon break out again.

Pil. What were the means that you used?

Res. Got some friend of mine to advance him cash on a project.

Pil. Of what kind?

Res. A scheme of his, to monopolize sprats and potatoes.

Pil. And it took?

Res. Oh! there was no danger. A couple of this country are always bubble.

Pil. Will it hold?

Res. Pshaw! We shall breed sprats, and as to the potatoes, a load or two.

Pil. For which you procured

Res. Not a mouse. They are in Southwark, and have shot at the trees in the park.

Pil. Ha! ha! ha! but are Sir Robert's business with us?

Res. Very near, I believe.

Pil. What, the house is not

Res. A pretty large crack.

Pil. Which, he wants our? Why, I thought the knight was

Res. I knew better things. Is daily decaying. Hush, here he

Enter Sir Robert, looking

Sir Rob. As we have effected the bills to be sure. But he when they are due—So, gentlemen, you to beg your assistance.

Pil. Sir Robert, we shall be you if you will tell us but how.

Sir Rob. Why, to deal plain, affairs are come to a crisis, and stand in need of speedy assistance, and expense.

Pil. You surprise me. I never get. Pray, Sir Robert, what was it an alley fever, or a grass?

Sir Rob. A complication of could have weather'd them all, land but stood, their failure mine.

Pil. What, Van Swieten?

Sir Rob. Have you heard of

Pil. No doubt, I believe. As bills were offer'd at Gateway? As your name is not blown

of quires! don't you think the circumstance you?

o, that mint is exhausted, and private to its primitive value. My real case per conceal'd. I must stop, and should r advice how to manage the matter. are two methods in use. The choice on how your affairs stand with the

tter bad, Mr. Pillage.

s'd as much, by your sending for us. , master Resource, like a couple of apply but in desperate cases.

, all diseases there are different de-

for instance, if you find you are pretty with perhaps a small balance per con- our creditors, lay your conditions fully convince them you have a fund to r demands, and crave a respite for three

st to call in my debts, and make the er effects?

as the English merchants have a good their blood, ~~that~~ is a favour rarely

is master Pillage, will be only defer-

, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards. hat the length of time, with the want or money for trade, will dispose the bulk s to sell their debts at a loss of thirty it?

ue.

temptible sum, when a man's deal-

t how shall I profit by—

inders you from privately buying the

it indeed—

fortune sav'd out of the fire.

And now we talk of the fire, for a you may burn a warehouse or two, n-gutted of all its contents.

Res. And recover the full amount of the policy.

Pil. Did you never try that?

Res. No, I don't think he has done any thing in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. Never once came into my head.

Pil. May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be used; but what d'ye say to my plan?

Sir Rob. What the summoning scheme? I am so involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

Pil. Then you have nothing left but a statute.

Sir Rob. But if my certificate should not be granted?

Pil. That is my proper business, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be crusty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to, get number and value.

Sir Rob. That will swell my debts to a monstrous amount.

Res. So much the more for your honour; consider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you should fail for a capital sum.

Sir Rob. Does it?

Pil. To be sure. Why, you would not sneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker.

Res. Oh fie!

Pil. He would never after be able to show his head upon change.

Res. Never, never.

Pil. And then, you know, what with the portable stuff, such as jewels, or cash, that he himself may secrete, and the dividends that fall to the share of his friends, which they will doubtless restore—

Res. He will be fit to begin the world again with *éclat*.

Pil. In a much better condition than ever.

Res. And his children's children will have reason to thank him.

Sir Rob. But is there not some danger in concealing the portable stuff, as you call it?

Pil. Not in the least. Besides, to colour the business, you may collect a purse of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commissioners, on your first examination.

Res. That will give an air of integrity.

Sir Rob. You seem to think, then, gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honest merchant to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family!

Res. Not the least question of that.

Pit. Every day's practice confirms it. Well, *Sir Robert*, when shall I provide you the tackle?

Sir Rob. The tackle!

Pit. In about a month or six weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

Sir Rob. In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

Res. Aye, but then no time must be lost.

Pit. Not a moment, for should they smoke his design—

Sir Rob. Gentlemen, I must decline your assistance.

Pit. How!

Sir Rob. For, without considering the private injury I may do to particular persons, this mischievous method must soon affect the whole mercantile world.

Pit. Why, what has that—

Sir Rob. Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weaken'd, the whole structure must fall to the ground.

Res. Hey!

Sir Rob. From the practice of these infamous arts, as it is impossible they can be conceal'd, what suspicions, what jealousies must every man in trade entertain!

Pit. How!

Sir Rob. What an injury besides, to those in my unhappy condition! The risks and losses unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unsuccessful trader generally the compassion, sometimes the friendly aid, of those of his order.

Res. We know that well enough.

Sir Rob. But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fraudulent will be confounded together, and punishment fall on his head who has a title to pity.

Pit. The man's mad.

Sir Rob. Perhaps I myself am a sacrifice to those

very arts you have recommended there the mischief shall end. May my calamities, but they never shall

NEWSPAPER EDITORIAL

MARGIN WITH NEW PAPERS, arrived September the 9th. Sold twelve thirty June the 20th. Two thousand increase for the time, considering we has been pretty pacific dabbled but and not remarkably scurrilous, and few personal cases. We must reason up the demand. Writers in London dancers, to engage the public attention their necks every step that they take. people feel, arises from the fact what's the matter?

Enter DINGY.

Dingy. Mr. Hyson has left the letter on East India affairs.

Margin. A lazy rascal, and his comes with an answer. Besides, he Return it again. Are all our people

Dingy. The attorney general to answers the law cases, and the

Margin. Oh! that's John Bowdler's prudently done, perhaps he has a word our authors—Bid them enter, add names.

Dingy. Walk in, gentlemen.

Enter PEPPER, PLASTER, BINGO, FINGER, COMMA, CASCIO, CREAM,

Dingy. Politicians, pig and cucumber and I auster.

Pepper, Plaster. Here.

Margin. Pepper and Plaster, as are up, I shall adjourn your political meeting again.

Pepper. Don't you think the public skirmish more before we close the have a dinner here in my hand.

Plaster. To which I have as yet a

Margin. No, no, enough for the Plaster the proper timing the

labours. The conductor of a news-
paper should always serve up things
: who eats oysters in June? Plays and
poems are winter provisions.

Half the satire and salt will be lost :
a great man should happen to die, or go

away ! it will do as well for the great
men in. Political papers should bear
sermons, change but the application
they will suit all persons and seasons.

Use enough ; but meantime, what can
we do we shall be quite out of work ?

Obtain a warrant you, if you are not idle, there's
nothing, the press teems with fresh publica-
tions, translations, voyages—

It takes up as much time to read as to

read what with letters from Paris or
London, elopements, dismal effects of
lightning, remarkable causes at country
with changing the ministry now and
then have employment enough for the

and so enter upon our old trade in the

evening, or for variety, as it must be tiresome
on one side ; you, Pepper, may go over to
the other and Plaister will join opposition. The
perhaps give fresh spirits to both.

With all my heart. A bold writer has
proposed to sharpen his pen. I have
done so when there was no difficulty in get-
ting in Newgate ; but now, all I can say
is to obtain a warrant from a Westminster

you say right, hard times, master Pep-
per's opinion is the very life and soul of our
country don't despair, who knows how soon
it will end ? gentlemen, you may draw back.

Politics—Thomas Comma, and Christo-
pher are they ?

Dingey. As you could not find them in constant
employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the
articles in the Monthly Reviews.

Margin. I thought they were done by doctor
Doubtful the Deist.

Dingey. Formerly ; but now he deals in manuscript
sermons, and writes religious essays for one of the
Journals.

Margin. Then he will soon sink. I foresaw what
would come of his dramming. Go on.

Dingey. Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour,
and Phelim O'Flam.

Rumour, Flam. Here.

Dingey. Fibber and Forge'em, composers and
makers of ditto.

Fibber, Forge'em. Here.

Margin. Well, Rumour, what have you brought
for the press ?

Rumour. I have been able to bring you no posi-
tives.

Margin. How ! no positives ?

Rumour. Not one. I have a probability from the
court end of the town, and two good supposes out of
the city.

Margin. Hand them here—[reads.] "It is pro-
bable, that if the king of Prussia should join the
Czarina, France will send a fleet into the Mediter-
ranean, which, by giving umbrage to the maritime
powers, will involve Spain by its family compact.
To which if Austria should refuse to accede, there
may be a powerful diversion in Poland, made con-
junctly by Sweden and Denmark. And if Sardinia and
Sicily abide by the treaties, the German Princes can
never be neuter ; Italy will become the seat of war,
and all Europe soon set in a flame."—Vastly well,
master Rumour, finely confused, and very alarming.
Dingey, give him a shilling for this. I hope no
other paper has got it ?

Rumour. Oh fie ! did you ever, now me guilty of
such a——

Margin. True, true, now let's see your supposes—
[Reads.] "It is supposed, if Alderman Mango should
surrender his gown, he will be succeeded by Mr.
Deputy Drylips ; and if my Lord Mayor should con-

now ill of the gout, it is supposed the swan-bopping will cease for this season. The last supposed is fudged in—why would you cram these upon me for a couple?

Rumour. As distinct as can be.

Margin. Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed to do the court of aldermen always for sixpence.

Rumour. What, if a common had should be called?

Margin. Oh! then you are to have threepence a motion, I know that very well. I am sure no gentleman can accuse me of being squeaking. Dingley, give him sixpence for his supposes. Well, Phelim O'Flam, any deaths in your district?

O'Flam. The devil a one.

Margin. How! none?

O'Flam. O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that die I worth nothing at all. Fellows that can't pay for a funeral. Upon my conscience, I can't think what becomes of the folks. for my part, I believe all the people who live in town fall down dead in the country, and then too, since doctor Dispatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger so long.

Margin. Indeed!

O'Flam. To be sure they do. Why, I waited at the Lady Lopers, a matter of two days and a half, for the last breath of Lady Dy Dropsy, for fear some other collector should catch it.

Margin. A long time, indeed.

O'Flam. Wasn't it? considering that she had two consumptions, besides devaish tough. Mr. Margin, I shad quit the mortality walk, so provide yourself as soon as you can.

Margin. I hope not.

O'Flam. Why, what will I do? I am sure the deaths won't keep me alive—you see I am already stripp'd to my shroud; since November, that suicide season, I have not got salt to my porridge.

Enter SIR THOMAS TRADSWELL.

Sir Thomas. Is your name Matthew Margin?

Margin. It is, and what then?

Sir Thomas. Then pray what right had you to kill me in your last Saturday's paper?

Margin. Kill you?

Sir Thomas. Ay, sir, here the article is; surely the

law has some punishment for you.

Margin. Punishment? and all, what injury have you sustained?

Sir Thomas. I have. All post out of the country, and no cousin to be present at the—there has been—as it is known—jointure—no less than three—already made to my relief.

Margin. Let me look at 'em. "Last night, after eating a hearty dinner, with his mouth full of Tralewed, knight, an unsatisfactory relation, and a friend to this is some blunder of yours, a gentleman is, and alive."

O'Flam. So he says, but the case would I believe—but how was told it by Jeremy O'Turk chairman, my dear—is the same with a pint of porter for the grand jury.

Sir Thomas. Vastly obliged to you, but I have nothing to do with it is you, Margin, a—a—answer.

Margin. Why, Sir Thomas, now and then we must kill a little in some measure to make a good character the paper is good.

Sir Thomas. Character?

Margin. Ay, sir, I am a crow—be quiet, sir, say a word.

O'Flam. Ay, Sir Thomas, I think what a comfort it is to see you are dead, to read such a good in the papers.

Sir Thomas. Ha! ha! ha! raised—but I would advise you take such liberties with me.

O'Flam. Indeed—and we will Mr. Margin my word, as long as you live, unless you do your own hand.

APPEARANCE OF THE DEVIL.

VIL, HARRIET, and INVOICE.

bottle.] Heigh-ho!

is that?

where?

Do you hear a voice?

Fancy, my love; only your fears.

Heigh-ho!

again!

What is it now.—Who is there?

Who speaks English! Who and where are

you in this bottle; where I have been
these six months.

Shut up in a bottle! I never heard of such
life, unless, indeed, in the Hay-market
shut up in a bottle d'ye say?

By the master of this house, a magi-

cian! Why then you are a spirit, I

are right; I am the Devil.

Don't you see us!

Don't be terrified, miss: You remember
me, "The devil is not so black as he is

but, sir——

Answer to your questions, my good sir,
—Consider, rammed up in this narrow
space, 't be much at my ease; now if you
see the bottle before you on the floor——
For heaven's sake, Mr. Invoice, take care

my pretty miss, what risk do you run?
You hardly be changed for the worse.
True, indeed!

Tell me, miss, as matters stand, we can
do nothing: Your lover may deliver me from
this and prevent you both from going into

Will you rely on my Harriet? shall I rely on the
devil?

Madam! I am a devil of honour.

Besides, you have but a little time to consider; in
less than five minutes, you will have the consul and
all his crew in the house.

Inv. Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

Devil. That in the middle, right before you.

Inv. There it goes!

[*He breaks the bottle and the Devil rises out of it.*
Thunder.

Har. Oh, what a——

Devil. I am not surpris'd, miss, that you are a little
shock'd at my figure: I could have assum'd a much
more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little
better acquainted, I thought it best to quit all dis-
guise and pretence; therefore, madam, you see me
just as I am.

Har. I am sure, sir, you are ve—ve—very agree-
able.

Devil. Yo—yo—you are pleas'd to compliment,
madam.—Come, answer me sincerely; am I such as
being as you expected to see?

Har. Really, sir, I can hardly say what I expected
to see.

Devil. I own it is a puzzling question; at least, if
the world does us justice in the contradictory quali-
ties they are pleas'd to afford us.

Inv. You will forgive me, if I don't understand
you.

Devil. Why, for all their superlative epithets, you
cannot but see how much men are beholden to us;
by our means it is that you measure the extent both
of your virtues and vices.

Inv. As how?

Devil. As thus: In describing your friends, or your
foes, they are *devilish* rich, *devilish* poor, *devilish* ugly,
devilish handsome; now and then, indeed, to vary
the mode of conversing, you make a little free with
our condition and country, as, *hellish* dull, *damn'd*
clever, *hellish* cold; Psha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

Inv. True, sir; but I consider this as a rhetorical
figure, a manner of speaking devis'd and practis'd by
dulness, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of
expressions.

Devil. Partly that, I confess: Not but there is
some truth in the case; for at different times we have

there's scarce an individual of any rank or importance, but has five or six in his train.

Jav. Indeed!

Devil. A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for some time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

Jav. Of what kind?

Devil. The demon of power and I had long laid siege to a subject, the man a grandee; I was then a popular spirit, and wore the mask of a patriot; at different times, we possessed him by turns; but, in the midst of a violent struggle, (by which means I got lame on this leg, and obtained the nick-name of the Devil upon sticks,) the demon of vanity, a low under-strapper amongst us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an instant.

Jav. Under-strapper! what, are there different ranks and orders amongst you?

Devil. Without doubt.

Jav. And pray, sir—I hope, no offence; but I would not be wanting in proper respect—are you, when at home, of condition? or how must I—

Jav. You mean, am I a devil of fashion, or one

Devil.

Devil. Yes; quite in their *crat. per cent.* square various modes of extortion; room, they have six dr. direct the dissipation of the

Jav. Indeed!

Devil. Poor Lucifer, if we were not for the fluctuating lottery, or a contested election, empty, and Lucifer have a pocket when the playhouse

Jav. Perhaps, sir, you?

Devil. He! worse than I! has the least regard to his be seen in his company. I lant, waspish, quarrelsome is the imp of Quorum, and the law.

Jav. Then he, at least,

Devil. Yes, during the do: He is the parent of pettifoggers, bad bail, and children the course of show

age.
belief; he could have bang'd
ple, with half the pains that this
in).

at about?

in't know—he had unfortunately
inate magistrate, who bears a
gues, and whose sagacity could
it, however, tho' he was not able
from the shame of conviction,
deed but little regarded,) yet he
ide, or at least defer, the time of

ns?

1 flaw.

t's a flaw?

ophole, that the lawyers leave
ow and then to creep through,
t be wholly destroyed.

artsmen! Would it not be too
our me with this particular in-

Why, sir, when matters grew
use was given over for lost, little
form of an able practitioner,
d, that his client could not be
t indictment; for as much as
rg'd with foreswearing himself
clearly appeared, by the evi-
ly foresworn himself *then*: If,
indicted generally, for commit-
then, proofs might be produced
may have committed; whereas,
t of time to the *now*, no proofs
as to the *then*. So that, with
bly conceived, his client was
d his character as fair and as
it's just born, and immaculate as
r.

tion was good?

e was no getting rid of the flaw.
leman——

out at his ease; not a public
his person full in your face.

Inv. That ought not to be; the contempt of the
public, that necessary supplement to the best digested
body of laws, should in these cases be never dis-
pensed with.

Devil. In days of yore, when the world was but
young, that method had merit, and the sense of shame
was a kind of a curb; but knaves are now so numerous
and wealthy, they can keep one another in counte-
nance, and laugh at the rest of the world.

Inv. There may be something in that.—Well, sir,
I have twice been out of my guess; will you give
me leave to hazard a third? Perhaps you are Bel-
phegor, or Uriel?

Devil. Neither. They too are but diminutive
devils: the first favours the petty pilfering frands;
he may be traced in the double score and soap'd pot
of the publican, the alum and chalk of the baker, in
the sophisticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and
beer, and in the false measures and weights of them all.

Inv. And Uriel?

Devil. He is the demon of quacks and of mounte-
banks; a thriving race all over the world, but their
true seat of empire is England: there, a short
sword, a tie, and a nostrum, a month's advertising,
with a shower of handbills, never fail of creating a
fortune. But of this tribe I foresee I shall have
occasion to speak hereafter.

Inv. Well, but, sir——

Devil. Come, sir, I will put an end to your pain;
for, from my appearance, it is impossible you should
ever guess at my person.—Now, miss, what think you
of Cupid.

Har. You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

Devil. Yes; me, me, miss!—What, I suppose you
expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my
hand; the purple pinions, and filleted forehead, with
the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

Har. Why, I can't but say the poets had taught
me to expect charms——

Devil. That never existed but in the fire of their
fancy; all fiction and phrensy!

Inv. Then, perhaps, sir, these creative gentlemen
may err as much in your office, as it is clear they
have mistaken your person.

Devil. Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little business in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to those they describe.—My province lies in forming conjunctions absurd and preposterous: it is I that couple boys and belnames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you see a man of fashion lock'd in legitimate wedlock with the stale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune setting out for Edinburgh in a post-chaise with her footman, you may always set it down as some of my handywork. But this is but an inconsiderable branch of my business.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. The several arts of the drama, dancing, music, and painting, owe their existence to me: I am the father of fashions, the inventor of *quinte, trente, quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gamesters, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiousness, lewdness, and luxury.

Inv. Your department is large.

Devil. One time or other I may give you a more minute account of these matters; at present we have not a moment to lose. Should my tyrant return, I must expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. [*Knocking.*] And hark! it is the consul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I serve you!

Inv. You are no stranger, sir, to our distress: here, we are unprotected and friendless; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

Devil. To England?

Inv. If you please.

Devil. Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often resided in England; at present indeed, there are but few of our family there; every seventh year, we have a general dispensation for residence; for at that time the inhabitants themselves can play the devil without our aid or assistance.—Off we go! stick fast to your hold! *Devil on two Sticks.*

MEN OF WIT AND PLEASURE ABOUT TOWN.

Rhoderique. What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit and good words.

D'Olive. Morrow, wits: morrow, good wits: my little parcels of wit, I have rod'd in pickle for you. "dost, Jack; may I call thee, sir, Jack yet?

Rhod. Faith, thou followest a figure in the east, as country gentlemen follow fashion, when they are without threadbare.

D'Ol. And what! you stand gazing at what is here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'Ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertains me in that solitary cell: does she not take tobacco with you?

D'Ol. She does, she does: others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turn, first one, and then the other, and I am ministers to them both.

Rhod. How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece the Countess's sister? there were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No? what exceptions lie against the choice?

D'Ol. Tush, tell me not of choice; if I were affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them. I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing: I shall take this of me, there's ten times more decent in a woman than in horse-flesh; and I say still, that a proper pac'd chamber-maid is the only fashion; if she is full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her hand-basket, and send her the way of all flesh, that is no more but so.

Mug. Indeed that's the savingest way.

D'Ol. O me! what a hell 'tis for a man to be to the continual charge of a coach, with the expences, horses, men, and so forth: and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of grooms, panders, waiting-maids, &c. I could please my wife, she careless to displease me; I could be as an empress; all she does must be law, all her word gospel: oh, what a penance 'tis to endure! I am glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be a horse-keeper: fie on't! the very thought of it were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

Chapman's Busy D'Amick.—On

INDEX.

- , and Kemble, 35
 one, 546
 en reasons for, 230
 urch accounted for,
 al, 39
 racter of, 594
 Bruyere, 101
 painter, 632
 building, 894
 diseases, 233
 tactics, 63—129
 thieves, correspond-
 for thieves and tres-
 421
 licence of, 467
 washerwoman, 412
 Is from, 555
 ele, 51
 occasions, 221
 sing in debt, 108
 lousie, 608
 American, 131
 extraordinary, 85, 473
 matrimonial, 178
 0
 gentleman, 277
 to a dead man, 52
 ts, by Swift, 578
 lly, 82
 al offence, 503
 ean fragment, 220
 , 302
 ionable, 102
 ve, 639
 mial, 48
 ics of the present,
 , 421
 es of, 629
- Age rapidity of, 234
 Agitation, everlasting, 637
 Ague, parochial bequest of, 563
 Alcibiades and his dog, 293
 Aldermen, court of, at Fishmongers'-
 hall, 442
 Alderman's feast, stanzas on, 27
 ——— head a pie, 203
 Aldrich's (Dr. J.) reasons for drink-
 ing, 159
 ——— love of smoking, 677
 Ale warm and ale to warm, 25
 All in one story, 490
 Alliteration, letter of, 633
 All Saints' church in Langham place,
 501
 All Saints' day, & day of all Saints, 447
 Almack's on Friday, 523
 Alphabet, Irish mode of teaching, 363
 Amateur theatricals, 161
 ——— executioners, 432
 Ambiguous robbery, 234
 Ambition boundless, 63
 Amende honourable, specimens of,
 416, 485
 American and Scotchman, dialogue
 between, 229
 ——— new world, 186
 ——— oddities, 208
 Anachronisms in the arts, 413
 Anacreontic, or the returned kiss,
 136
 Anagrams, ne plus ultra of, 225
 Analogy sympathetic, 117
 Ancestry, pride and folly of, 109, 183,
 520
 Ancestors, grammatical, 124
 Ancestral enormities, 509
 Animal and vegetable life, 164
 Answer, an idiot's, 115
 Anticipation of curses, 54
 ——— of being hanged, 448
- Anticipation, habit of, 579
 ——— in low life, 333
 Antipathies of Tillotson, 310
 Antiquarians, lesson to, 596
 Apollo and Merit, address to, 64
 Apothecary, inscription for, 316
 ——— profound erudition of,
 590
 April fools, epigram on, 530
 Architect, the illustrious, 110
 Argumentum ad hominem, 681
 Arrests, anagrams on the pains of,
 198
 Artemisia, the blue stocking, 263
 Artillery of hell against heaven, 647
 Ascension day, 683
 Assault, extraordinary case of, 665
 Assembly at New York, humorous
 description of, 237
 Ash-stripping, felony of, 22
 Assistance, unlooked for, 135
 Assize town described, 677
 Astrology defined, 567
 Astronomer, appointment of, to view
 an eclipse, 494
 Astronomer's room described, 78
 Asylum for lunatics, 235
 Athanasian creed, merits of, 347
 Attainments, superfluous and se-
 cond-rate, 639
 Atterbury, bishop, and lord Conings-
 bury, 119
 Avaro, the, 62
 Avonmore, lord, and Curran, 573
 Auctioneering magistrate, 415
 Auctioneers, eloquence of, 124
 Augustan liberality, 366
 ——— sacrifices, 638
 Author, advice to, 295
 Author and critic, 366
 ——— calamities of, 416
 ——— mortifications of, 111

35
 150
 534
 84
 es of, 201
 Malden, 154
 163
 of, described, 501
 tion on, 390
 5
 nscious, 231
 sterhood, 637
 Spark, 337
 (as) courtship, 400
 206
 an, 101
 apology, 72
 of, his character,
 — and father Fitz-
 stantiation, 258
 am on the monu-
 ll, 263
 pter of, 230
 Duke of Dorset,
 8
 ry, 37
 tum, 572
 548
 got proverb, illus-
 tion, 413
 nefits of, 620
 ncs with Swift's
 inadvertence, 177
 couchman, 432
 reformation, 309
 horse-stealing, 146
 213
 inter, 440
 riment, 522
 are, 304
 n, 420
 racter of the, 430
 rmond, and the
 1
 acters by, 371-384

Butler's Oliver Cromwell, 635
 ——— Sketch of the devil, 637
 Buttresses and pillars, 55
 Byron, lord, on the letter H, 338
 Caernarvon, earl of, his maiden
 speech, 119
 Caesar, Julius, and the coward, 57
 ——— Mr. and dean Swift, 685
 Calais, delights of a trip to, 640
 Cambridge and Oxford, equal pre-
 sents to, 22
 ——— bed-makers, 270
 ——— scholar, vagaries of, 224
 Campaigns, theatrical, 626
 Campbell, admiral, and lord Sand-
 wich, 155
 Candles, general fault of, 66
 Candle-light reign, 439
 ——— wars, 30
 Canning's friend of humanity and
 knife grinder, 438
 Canon and vicar, 59
 Cantab and Cambridge mayor, 304
 Cantabrigian analogy, 117
 ——— degree qualification, 273
 Capability Brown on servants, 452
 Captain Godolphin's exploits, 635
 Captain's whiskers, a tale, 536
 Capuchins of Burgundy, 168
 Card-playing, Irish, 592
 Cards and chess, invention of, 490
 Card tricks of a Jew conjurer, 498
 Care, antidote to, 486
 Caroline, queen of George II., 407
 Carpenter, country, equivocal of, 23
 Carriages, appropriate, 39
 Cases, two different, 295
 Cat, on the death of a lady's, 60
 Catch, musical and legal, 532
 Catching an accent, 576
 ——— fish, 60
 Catherine Hays, ballad on, 620
 Catholic convent, 330
 Catholics, Luther's anathema of, 445
 Catholicism and Protestantism, 679
 Cause and effect, discovery of 489
 Causes, good and bad, 53
 Celebrity and notoriety, 80
 Celerity and ambition, 619
 Celia and Damon, 36
 Cerberus's successor, 126
 Ceremony, ridicule of, 306
 Chains, hanging in, 294
 Chalk and cheese, 298
 ———, afflictions of, 54

Chaucery grants, 61
 ——— suit, lasting wear of, 208
 Changed lais, the, 355
 Changing the subject, 293
 Character of a coachman, 95
 ——— alderman, 263
 ——— anabaptist, 379
 ——— bankrupt, 374
 ——— catholic, 378
 ——— cheat, 373
 ——— churchwarden, 363
 ——— clown, 381
 ——— degenerate noble, 371
 ——— epigrammatist, 384
 ——— herald, 383
 ——— huffing courtier, 372
 ——— jealous man, 384
 ——— justice of peace, 381
 ——— knave, 374
 ——— news monger, 370
 ——— an obstinate man, 377
 ——— a philosopher, 384
 ——— play writer, 370
 ——— popish priest, 380
 ——— proud man, 376
 ——— quaker, 378
 ——— ranter, 379
 ——— rebel, 376
 ——— state convert, 375
 ——— tailor, 371
 ——— translator, 376
 Characters at a county ball, 319
 Character, criterion of, 50
 Charity and gallantry, 291
 ——— mistaken, 360
 Charitable frolic, 480
 Charles II., Commons' petition to,
 and answer, 362
 ——— and duke of Buckingham, 295
 ——— and Mr. Peun, 302
 ——— his modesty, 38
 ——— and Killigrew, 59
 Charon, ingratitude of, 299
 Charteris, colonel, 39
 ———, his safe agree-
 ment, 62
 Chastisement, periodical and expe-
 dient, 452
 Chastity, a marriage portion, 626
 ——— of wives, 444
 Chateaucuf and Louis XIII., 48
 Cheerfulness, invocation to, 542
 Cheese, choice of a wife by, 123
 ———, the old, 79
 Cheltenham, amusements of, 529
 Cherry, Andrew, the comedian, 58

INDEX.

751

- 107
- 431
- 3
- 179
- 2
- his wife, 289
- wyer, 171
- 655
- Henry IV. 233
- ing, 448
- 11
- 521
- of, 552
- ours and oc-
- seller, 348
- 46
- lass, 318
- 6
- , 524
- of, 527
- ge, distinction
- 86
- & Eyes, 328
- 74
- 20
- & bumps, 646
- , 647
- , 511
- 4
- Swift, 430, 681
- wift, 684
-)
- tion from, 591
- ing lady, 293
- , 353
- love, 300
- of the, 292
- method of, 675
- at battle of
- ridan, 454
- h breaking, 60
- of, 407
- 64
- 58
- selling, 401
- Currency, importance of 425
- Curses, price of, 267
- simultaneous, 293
- Curtis's, sir William toasts, 35
- Cutting, variety and art of, 278
- mistake, 304
- Dagger Mar and Garrick, 416
- Dainty criminal, 434
- Damnation, victims to, 403
- Damned authors, club of, 619
- Soul, Italian play of, 549
- Dancing card, extraordinary, 122
- Daniel v. Dishclout, 567
- D'Avenant, sir W. 29
- David Jones, 391
- Dancourt, the playwright. 16
- Day, on Mr., who ran away from his landlord, 122
- too late, 447
- Dead alive, hypochondriac whim, 542
- distinction of, 231
- De novo, Franklin's example of, 698
- Dead march, Dr. Clubbe's, 27
- Deaf and dumb, 448
- Deafness, Dean Swift's, 308
- accommodating, 682
- Death and the doctor, 66
- by degrees, 205
- by order, 112
- expostulation to, 546
- made to wait, 233
- once too often, 85
- Debt, advantages of being in, 163
- Debts, methods of contracting, 335
- Debtor and creditor, sympathy between, 44
- 's anxiety, remedy for, 474
- Decanter, address to, 178
- Decency and danger, 445
- Deception, laudable, 61
- Deficiency, mutual, 55
- Defunct insolvent, letter from, 449
- Deicides, English, 233
- Dejeuné, description of, 622
- Delay, prudent and profitable, 49
- Deluge, reasons for crediting, 485
- Democritus and Heraclitus, 280
- Dennis, John, criticism of, 330
- Dermody's expostulation to a tailor, 446
- Despotism, true spirit of, 637
- Deserter, novel, 24
- Dettingen, battle of, 78
- Devil, biography of, 667
- buying and selling the, 391
- Devil and Dr. Faustus, 135
- and his dog, 310.
- legal similitude of, 629
- 's heriot, 308
- the, outwitted, 93, 167
- original of the, 452
- painter of Florence, and Virginia Mary, 215
- 's ramble on earth, 474
- relationship of the, 412
- rules for raising the, 279
- 's tavern in Fleet-street, 521
- Devonshire, duchess of, and dust-man, 44
- Dialogue in an American stage coach, 512
- between two lovers, 131
- of echo, 193
- between an Irish innkeeper and Englishman, 411
- Diamond cut diamond, 299
- Diary of a man of fashion, 300
- Difficult task, 28
- Difficulties, equality of, 20
- Digression from an argument, 345
- Dilatory inclinations, 20
- Dilemma, difficult, 75
- Dinner, economical and genteel, 309
- in the steam-boat, 561
- party of fashionables, 535
- and philosophy, 349
- Discovery, unfortunate, or the watchman's mistake, 420
- Discipline, military and moral, 51
- Dispute, the hungry, 300
- a family one, 30
- Dissipation, cure for, 292
- Divine, qualifications of a good one, 568
- Divines of the 17th century 243
- Divinity, best body of, 646
- Do as other folks do, 654
- Do as other people do, a maxim, 510
- Dobbs, Mrs. and her tea party, 252
- Doctor and captain, 342
- Doctors Cheyne and Winter, 133
- Doctrine, wholesome & efficacious, 301
- Dodd, the comedian, entertaining stories of, 413
- 's sermon on malt, 291
- Dog latin, 300
- Doldrum, Curran's explanation of, 461
- Dorinda, amours of, 145
- Doris, frolics of, 20
- Double confession, 166
- defeat, 421

a. 42
 20
 , on an herald, 73
 James, 94
 der, 124
 ul of the King's
 -
 v Dr. Walker
 Angleson's log, 678
 jikins, 698
 ier, 676
 an, 87
 ion, 160
 priest, 167
 uth, 171
 Thomas Stone, 172
 ie comedian, 183
 maker, 226
 nson, 227
 risher, 236
 ore, 236
 r Prior, 241
 mber, 268
 ve old maid, 292
 II, 301
 r, by Moore, 335
 360
 man 362
 woman, 368
 ly, 367
 t, 465
 r Dryden, 100
 196
 rtaker, 166
 ter, 166
 id, 213
 ted fellow, 272
 come tailor, 234
 e comedian, 413
 fly officer, 421
 sailor, 427
 ath, 454
 hants, 453
 61, 517
 hams, 460
 and barber, 616
 cas, 327
 ig physician, 533
 Row, a parish
 tankreper 367
 camp for sheep-
 hise grenadier,

Epitaph on a Spitalfields weaver, 682
 — on two twin sisters, 676
 Epitaphs, locomotive, 360
 Epithets, discriminative, 27
 Equitable adjustment, 31
 Equivocation, or priestly tact, 120
 Equivoque, fair, 23
 — practical, 65
 Erasmus and sir Thomas More, 477
 Errata, effectual correction of, 219
 Errata corrected, 66
 Error in grain, 221
 Erskine and Jekyll, 145
 Erskine and witness Lincoln, 306
 Esquire, English, definition of, 226
 Etiquette, juridical, 207
 Ettrick shepherd, Baconianian ode
 to, 171
 Etymological punning recreations in,
 216
 Etymology and law, 243
 Eugene's, prince, de wig 674
 Evasions, ingenious, at Bow-street,
 45
 Eve, curiosity of, 25
 Even-handed justice, 366
 Everlasting club described, 367
 Every day pedants, character of, 604
 Evidence, Norfolk, 46
 Evil, one better than two, 62
 Evil, — men of, 135
 Evils, less of two, 137
 Examination and cross-examination,
 176
 — of an apothecary, 360
 Exchange, advertisement, 321
 — no robbery, 2
 Bachsman antidote, 1
 — and superstitious, 25
 — in hell, 187
 Facilis descensus Avernus, 171.
 Fair bargain, the, 121, 364
 — frolic, 16
 — offer, 66
 — play, equality of, 374
 — in duelling, 661
 Faithful miniature, 373
 Falstaff's catechism, 16
 — sir John, character of, 509
 — — — — — and dams Quick-
 ly, 261
 Famine, emptiness and folly of, 365
 — preservation of, 366
 Familiarity and reserve, extremes
 of, 275

Family affairs, Irish, 126
 — attainments, 13
 Family epitaph, 245
 — feeling of a tailor, 261
 — furniture, 260
 — Java, advertisement of, 606
 — party, beauties of 330
 — wit 304
 Farwell, the patient's, 112
 Farnwell, knighthood of, 232
 Farmer and coachman, 406
 —'s lawsuit, or bull and boat,
 372
 Farren's, Miss, ugly dispute, 361
 Fashionable bottle packing, 417
 — resorts, luxury and em-
 ul of, 328
 — revenge, system of, 612
 — route, 251
 Fashion's rake, 45
 Fast enough and slow enough, 421
 Fasting, various kinds of, 64
 Fat folks, extraordinary, 465
 Faulkner and horn Swift, 460
 Fault, choice of, 263
 Faustus, John, his adventures with
 the devil, 185
 Fear, clerical, at sea, 26
 Feasts, corporation, 49
 Fellow feeling, 32
 Felony, literary, 154
 Female apparel, transparent, 264
 — intellectual club, 360
 — microcosm, 200
 — vanity, 220
 — virtues, Swift's enumeration
 of, 316
 — frailty, distinctions in, 674
 Fever and thirst, cures for, 432
 Fiddler, address to a bad one, 36
 —'s duel, or music and arms, 267
 Fiddling, paradox on, 68
 Fidelity, conjugal, reparation of, 161
 Field preaching, 32
 — the player equivoque of, 660
 Fig, the other, 61
 Figaro, marriage of, 153
 Fighting and pointing, 176
 Filial affection and family peins, 412
 — good wishes, 277
 Fine arts, judgment of, 426
 Fire-arms, uselessness of, 215
 Fire and water, 421
 — irons, or family disputes, 616
 Fireworks, manufactory of, 26
 First ome first served, 466

INDEX.

755

- as, utility of, 683
 42
 556
- a poor gentle-
 s, 324
 n of the Boar's-
 strap, 250
 36
 London clubs
- , 329
 behaviour, 278
 raising the devil,
- gram on, 188
 e of, 310
 er of, 569
 n of, 426
- 307
 ood man, quali-
- ids of, 567
 of, 209
 y of, 639
 apstone, 603
- n, 596
 match for the
- 345
 , 68
 red, 109
 of, 634
 168
 l quaker, 208
 ical parody, 601
 ng, 22
 ge, 421
 300
 tary, 53
 ie odd fish, 575
 3
- il, 277
 f, explained, 354
- rich, 156
 ours of, 152
- Greenwich pensioner's equivoque, 112
 Grimaldi, 37
 ——— lament on his retirement from the stage, 289
 Grose, judge, 71
 Grumbling man, miseries of, 596
 ——— note, 677
 ——— duke of, his parsimony, 96
 ——— hornbook, extract from, 606
 Gunpowder miracles, 538
 Guzzler, how to defeat, 97
- H, on the letter, 338
 Habit, procreative force of, 26
 Hackney-coachman's adjustment, 31
 Halfpenny, the witness, and Mr. Curran, 429
 Half-way and back, 161
 Hamlet, ghost of, and tub of spirits, 447
 ——— instructions to the players, 576
 ——— on Yorick's skull, 533
 Handel and the opera singer, 365
 Handling a foot, 106
 Hanging in chains, benefit of, 209
 ——— inconveniences of, 583
 ——— varieties of, 294
 Happiness, portraiture of, 447
 ——— naval definition of, 25
 Harborough, lord, his idiotcy, 67
 Hard at the bottom, 67
 Hardinge and his booksellers, 440
 Hardwick, Bess, countess of, 116
 ——— lady, and her bailiff, 414
 Hard master, the, 102
 Harmonical society described, 306
 Hat and wig, loss of, 135
 Haunted chamber, the, 367
 Havard, Billy, and Garrick, 686
 Hayman, Frank, and marquis of Granby, 178
 ——— and tipsy porter, 345
 Hayward, Sir J. and lord Bacon, 154
 Hazlitt and Gifford, prose and poetry of, 288
 Head, Steevens's definition of, 443
 Health, preservatives of, 177
 Hear both sides, or candid sketches, 430
 Heard, Sir Isaac, and George III. 72
 Heart and toes, tenderness of, 356
 Heaven and hell, chances for, 600
 ——— blacksmith's stratagem for reaching, 562
 ——— the road to, 57
- Hectic fever, 171
 Hell and purgatory, 137
 ——— resemblance and population of, 661
 ——— microcosm of, 571
 Henry V. qualifications of, 106
 Henry VIII. amours of, 156
 ——— and the abbot of Glas-
 tonbury, 388
 Herald, character and calling of, 186
 Hero, the conscientious, 61
 Herod and Rothschild, 217
 Heroism, timely, 33
 Hervey's meditations and sauce, 288
 Hifferman's, Dr. Paul method of keeping a secret, 467
 High play, 206
 High-street, tragedy, 631
 High wind described, 77
 Highwayman, generosity of, 302
 ——— off his guard, 31
 Hill, Sir John, and the junto, 156
 Himself a host, 632
 Hint, courtly, 65
 ——— the Irish footman's, 121
 ——— seasonable, 67, 485
 ——— untimely, 177
 ——— valuable gift of, 156
 ——— to travellers, 252
 Hissing at theatres, on the custom of, 617
 Hoax extraordinary, 402
 Hobson's choice, 96
 Hoc and hujus, 68
 Hock and soda-water, luxury of, 589
 Hodge and the doctor, 65
 ——— and his landlord, 290
 Hogg, James, address to, 171
 Hogs in the parson's cellar, 110
 Holcroft's, captain, whiskers, 536
 Holiday maker, miseries of, 661
 Holland. description of, 108
 Holt, chief justice, and the prophet, 54
 Holt's, lord chief justice, cure for witchcraft, 353
 ——— and the
 Sussex attorney, 308
 Home argument, 202
 ——— truths, 151
 Honesty, and its relation, 49
 ——— shades of, 169
 ——— shining, 295
 ——— and truth, rarity of, 209
 Honey and harvest moons, 111
 Hopes and fears, 69

INDEX.

757

- , 293
 17
 note, 675
 his footman, 25
 ily pun 426
 82
 and Jew, 339
 a, early recollec-
 :ploits of, 436
 renunciation, 516
 , 146
 ries II., on ship
 er, and Charles
 les II., 77
 royal thieves, 292
 : of, 659
 573—658
 455
 of Mansfield, 491
 gratitude of, 231
 guery of, 203
 ce illustrated, 335
 of a good one, 567
 , trade and mys-
 of, her valuables,
 ons for, 67
 James II. 52
 ands, 432
 of, 596
 cles found in, 265
 des, 120
 y, and Jervais the
 w, an installation
 ral Campbell, 156
 l Tyburn, 684
 io sense of, 277
 ce of mind, 447
 of mouth v. eyes,
 jury, 264
 Laconics, by Dean Swift, 285
 Ladder of matrimony, 659
 Ladies of title, 28
 Lady of fashion, the, 112
 Lameness, advantages of, 232
 Lament of Grimaldi, addressed to his
 son, 280
 Lamentations of an old shoe, 484
 Landlady's nose, charms of my, 349
 Landscape painting, studies for, 639
 Lantern, saving light of, 231
 Lapstone, Grim, and the Jew, trial
 of, 603
 Last debt but one, 426
 Last journey, 645
 Laud, archbishop, and Charles I. 269
 Laughing and crying, comparison of,
 280
 ——— prohibited, a merry rhyme,
 221
 ——— story teller, physiognomy
 of, 480
 Laundress, Porson's epigram on, 19
 Law and farming, 36
 ——— and liberty, blessings of, 51
 ——— and love, vagaries of, 327
 ——— characteristics of, 443
 ——— comprehensive definition of, 494
 ——— the delay of, 268
 ——— Irish sketch of, 176, 54
 ——— nice distinction of, 146
 ——— privileges of, 78
 ——— profits of, 51
 ——— reports, poetical, 667
 ——— suit, simple decision of, 199
 Lawyer and chimney sweep, 512
 ——— death-bed honesty of, 26
 ——— and client, 300
 ——— qualifications of a good one,
 568
 ——— sec, 366
 ——— the ingenious, 53
 ——— and Jew, 31
 Leap, how to guard against, 234
 Learning, clerical, 100
 ——— magisterial, 56
 Leather breeches, how to obtain a
 pair of, 272
 Lecture on England, by a French-
 man, 653
 Lee, the mad poet, 29
 Lec's rhapsody, written on the walls
 of Bedlam, 472
 Left-handed excuse, 29
 ——— witness, 209
 Legacy to a wife, 99
 Legal advice and reckoning, 306
 ——— difficulty, 289
 ——— pearl divers, 375
 Legitimacy and republicanism, 206
 ——— annual afflictions of, 434
 Lending, objections to, 31
 Leo X. and his buffoon, 242
 Letter from a first-floor lodger, 311
 Letter writing, neglect of, accounted
 for, 35
 Lettsom, Dr. his signature, 66
 Let well alone, proverb of, 19
 Lex Talionis, quotation from, 639
 Liars, rivalry of, 521
 Liberality, exemplary, 94
 ——— plausible, 67
 Liberty of the press, privileges of, 232
 Libraries of wood and leather, 566
 Licence, poetical, 125
 ——— and parliamentary, 185
 Life, epitome of, 302
 ——— insurance, extraordinary, 494
 ——— similes of, 644
 Light and dark beauty, 659
 ——— and shade, 152
 ——— guinea, the, 122
 ——— heart, addressed to Phillis, 202
 Like mother like child, 475
 Likeness, unfavourable, 439
 Lilly, the astrologer, wife of, 100
 Limb of the law, 364
 Lincolnshire confession, 483
 Literary controversy, 264
 Little mouths, a London fable, 606
 Living in style, 250
 ——— two long, 302
 ——— the, and dead, 154
 ——— high, 303
 Llandaff, bishopric of, 232
 Lodgings for single men, 236
 ——— miseries of, 311
 London clubs, in 1769, 206
 ——— described by a Frenchman
 624
 ——— heroics, 671
 ——— in summer, 118
 ——— microscopic view of, 495
 ——— described by Johnson, 444
 ——— newspapers, epitome of, 611
 ——— thieves, 33
 Longing, mutual, 100
 Long stories, nuisance of, 609
 ——— task of distribution, 285
 Lonsdale, lord, and John Kemble, 424
 ——— political nincompo, 403
 Loose readings, research for, 525

ance of, 636
 341
 al, 364
 vagaries of, 555
 or plain truth, 30
 ift, on, 52
 50
 and defeat of, 25
 bed, 277
 110
 ic, 130
 407
 nice calculation
 83
 8
 150
 175
 of, 231
 1ms of, 645
 bookmaking, 603
 04
 haracter of, 688
 53
 y, 405
 1oman's, 07
 1
 0
 , 167
 , banknotes, 80
 42
 ry, at Stow, 300
 air of gloves, 226
 executioner, 682
 to his old buff
 town and coun-
 5
 ges of, 328
 author, 111
 1, 206
 e devil, 301
 La Fontaine, 680
 525
 idrum by, 421
 ted, 356
 joke, 32
 showman, 194
 1 devout lady, 202
 claims to, 416
 125
 hop, 326

Mushroom gentry, rise of, 369
 Musical puffs and blows, 26
 Musician, swindling, 196
 Mutual accommodation, 31, 406
 — pity, 62
 Muzzy club, description of, 307
 Nakedness, apology for, 697
 Names, punning on, 156
 Nap, convenient, 54
 Napoleon and Fouché, 230
 — at Waterloo, 380
 Narrow escape, 356
 Nash, Dr. and Mr. and Mrs. Foote, 683
 National antipathy, force of, 464
 — valour, 18
 — complaints, 556
 Native simplicity, 337
 Nature and art, 24
 — true admiration of, 233
 Natural acting, beauties of, 418
 Nautical equivoque, 28, 120, 293
 — sermon, 341
 Naval notions of happiness, 484
 Neapolitan play, plot of, 434
 Necessity a dull barrister, 646
 Negro candour, 131
 — sermon, in Jamaica, 407
 — wit, 303
 Nell Gwynne, anti-catholic principles of, 438
 — as an actress, 407
 Nelson, lord, vanity of, 564
 Nethersole, Mr. Serjeant, and his loves, 327
 New churches, mania for, 527
 Newcastle: apothecary, the, 347
 —, duke of, and George II.
 52
 — his promises, 201
 Newspapers, London, humours, 618
 — innovations, 553
 — puffing burlesqued, 409
 — readers described, 39
 — small talk, 659
 News, definition of, 167
 Newton and Dr. Stukely, 439
 New way to pay old debts, 85
 — York assembly, humours of,
 236
 Nicholas Wood, the Kentish glutton,
 435
 Nicknames, eccentric, 207
 Night, poetical adventures of, 486
 Nightingale club, humours of, 307

Nine pins, political, 406
 No alternative, 499
 Nobody, his universality, 44
 No grumbling, a tale, 484
 Nomenclature, medical, 24
 — American, 266
 No nose club described, 308
 Nonsense v. sense, 14
 Norbury, lord, and counsel, 696
 Norfolk, duke of, and Foote, 54
 North, lord, and canine M. P. 119
 — and lady, 83
 No sooner said than done, 426
 Nose and chin, 356
 — and eyes, adjudged case of, 326
 —, the fiery, and mosquito, 393
 Not at home, or the general refusal,
 231
 Notoriety in lying, 304
 Novel deserter, 24
 — wager, 14
 Nugent, lord, and duchess of Kingston,
 310
 Numbers on street-doors, advantages
 of, 317
 Oath of Dunmow, 28
 — of love, 280
 Oaths, English and Scotch, 156
 Obstacle, lucky occurrence of, 233
 Obstinacy in grain, 513
 Oceans of punch, 515
 Oculists and politicians, 235
 Odd-fellows' club described, 632
 Ode on the sun by various hands,
 196
 Office, in and out of, 234
 O'Flaherty, major, murder of, 423
 Old age, how to attain, 287
 —, unpalatable, 42
 — and young, 57
 —, after Chancer, 144
 — debts, new way to pay, 561
 — soldier, character of, 329
 — whig poet to his old buff waist-
 coat, 577
 — wig, ode to, 389
 Olden time, hospitalities of, 293
 Oliver Cromwell, by Butler, 685
 Opera, charms of the, 280
 Optical deficiency explained, 217
 Orange, prince of, and Dryden, 59
 Orator Henley's eccentricities, 299
 Oratory, universal and accommodat-
 ing, 221
 —, unpleasant, 76

INDEX.

759

- nce of, 636
 41
 al, 364
 vagaries of, 565
 r plain truth, 30
 ift, on, 52
 50
 nd defeat of, 25
 ed, 277
 10
 c, 130
 107
 nice calculation
 33
 150
 175
 of, 231
 im's of, 645
 bookmaking, 603
 14
 aracter of, 688
 53
 , 495
 uman's, 67
 107
 banknotes, 80
 12
 y, at Stow, 300
 ir of gloves, 326
 executioner, 682
 to his old buff
 town and coun-
 es of, 326
 author, 111
 , 296
 devil, 301
 a Fontaine, 680
 125
 drum by, 421
 ed, 356
 joke, 32
 showman, 104
 devout lady, 203
 claims to, 416
 15
 iop, 326
 Mushroom gentry, rise of, 369
 Musical puffs and blows, 26
 Musician, swindling, 108
 Mutual accommodation, 31, 406
 — pity, 62
 Muzzy club, description of, 307
 Nakedness, apology for, 647
 Names, punning on, 156
 Nap, convenient, 54
 Napoleon and Fouche, 220
 — at Waterloo, 389
 Narrow escape, 356
 Nash, Dr. and Mr. and Mrs. Foote, 643
 National antipathy, force of, 464
 — valour, 18
 — complaints, 556
 Native simplicity, 337
 Nature and art, 24
 — true admiration of, 233
 Natural acting, beauties of, 418
 Nautical equivoque, 28, 120, 293
 — sermon, 341
 Naval notions of happiness, 484
 Neapolitan play, plot of, 434
 Necessity a dull barrister, 646
 Negro candour, 131
 — sermon, in Jamaica, 497
 — wit, 303
 Nell Gwynne, anti-catholic prin-
 ciples of, 434
 — as an actress, 497
 Nelson, lord, vanity of, 568
 Nethercole, Mr. Serjeant, and his
 loves, 327
 New churches, mania for, 527
 Newcastle apothecary, the, 347
 —, duke of, and George II.
 52
 — his promises, 201
 Newspapers, London, humours, 618
 — innovations, 563
 — puffing burlesqued, 469
 — readers described, 39
 — small talk, 659
 News, definition of, 167
 Newton and Dr. Stukely, 439
 New way to pay old debts, 85
 — York assembly, humours of,
 236
 Nicholas Wood, the Kentish glutton,
 435
 Nicknames, eccentric, 207
 Night, poetical adventures of, 486
 Nightingale club, humours of, 307
 Nine pins, political, 406
 No alternative, 490
 Nobody, his universality, 44
 No grumbling, a tale, 484
 Nomenclature, medical, 24
 — American, 206
 No nose club described, 606
 Nonsense v. sense, 14
 Norbury, lord, and counsel, 606
 Norfolk, duke of, and Foote, 54
 North, lord, and canine M. P. 119
 — and lady, 83
 No sooner said than done, 426
 Nose and chin, 356
 — and eyes, adjudged case of, 828
 —, the fiery, and mosquito, 393
 Not at home, or the general refusal,
 231
 Notoriety in lying, 304
 Novel deserter, 24
 — wager, 14
 Nugent, lord, and duchess of King-
 ston, 310
 Numbers on street-doors, advantages
 of, 317
 Oath of Dunmow, 98
 — of love, 240
 Oaths, English and Scotch, 156
 Obstacle, lucky occurrence of, 233
 Obstinacy in grain, 513
 Oceans of punch, 515
 Oculists and politicians, 235
 Odd-fellows' club described, 432
 Ode on the sun by various hands,
 106
 Office, in and out of, 234
 O'Flaherty, major, murder of, 428
 Old age, how to attain, 282
 —, unpalatable, 43
 — and young, 87
 —, after Chaucer, 144
 — debts, new way to pay, 551
 — soldier, character of, 329
 — whig poet to his old buff waist-
 coat, 577
 — wig, ode to, 340
 Olden time, hospitalities of, 293
 Oliver Cromwell, by Butler, 685
 Opera, charms of the, 240
 Optical deficiency explained, 217
 Orange, prince of, and Dryden, 59
 Orator Henley's eccentricities, 229
 Oratory, universal and accommodat-
 ing, 231
 —, unpleasant, 76

INDEX.

... and his dog, Cross, 23
... divinity of Bishop Parker.

graphical mistakes, 136
 graphs and punctuation, 208
 hyphen distinctions in, 21
 Latin conversion, 187
 and lyrics, chalking rhyme
 seen, 206
 - family, 178

the family, 176
drbt, 102
place, 64
spirits, 303
the passenger's advantages, 418
and etc, humour of, 309
man, a crazy tale, 258
light and hydro-gen, 102

_____, delights of, 648
 _____, of pleasure, 637
 _____, and plaster ridge, 83
 _____, remedy for disorders, 218
 _____, of Florence, 213
 _____, pots, on 1 all, 303
 _____, concealment of, 370
 _____, misfortune of, 645
 _____, and sculpture, anachron-
 _____, 341

some in, 412
 Part of shoes, unimproved on, 341
 Palais de Justice at Paris, 571
 Palais national, limits of, 461
 Paralytic, 241
 Partridge, pride of 184
 Paris, delights and luxuries of, 644
 ——— humorous description of, 163
 ——— clerk address to, 98
 ——— feasting illustrated, 468
 ——— feeling, 20
 ——— 210

- Parliament, picture of, 661
- Parliament, fragile laws of, 184
- Parliamentary management, 485
- Parliamentary administration, 61

Paras, princess of, and Hen. VIII. 126
Parrot, the single speech, 24
Parson's bride. *See*, 143
ous, 161
ited, 20
life of, is the coun

39. 1/2 lb. of, 211
and 1/2 lb. of, 211
and 1/2 lb. of, 211

INDEX.
Partnership account, (ending balance
of, 632 — Swann, 37 — of, 608

Party spirit, enthusiasm of, 202
 Passion, its of, 204
 Passion, week and Lent, 20
 Past cure, 120
 The cook night, 201
 of, 202

Faction, we, 180
Fast cure, 189
Fat and the cook maid, 201
____ Double's pig story of, 673
Factual solicitude of Cornelle, 620
Patience, two fold virtue of, 189
____ and intellect, 182
Test of, 119
____ as manager, 6

Patrons, and intellect, 119
Patron, Miss, and sign-managers, 557
Patriot's qualifications, 557
Patriot, true 30
Patriot, Johnson, 123

Patience, true, 3
Patentism, true, 3
Patrimony and Dr Johnson, 126
Pause, the longest on record, 73
Paying in perspective, 302
Pay at night, 111
Pay at night, 111

Paying at night, 170
 Payment at night, 170
 Payment, inadvertent confession of, 170
 Peer and partner, 300
 Tell, Mr. See and How r. Much, 150
 Tell, Mr. See and How r. Much, 150
 Tell, Mr. See and How r. Much, 150

Penrose, lady, 514
Penrose, and St. Michael, 100
Penrose, 100
Penrose's tour through Chester, 100
Penrose, 100
Penrose, 100

Perfection, universal of, 485
Perry, Baron, and Vande, 143
Persecution prevented, 202
Perrin, King of, and Sir H. J. J.

of, 644
of, 163

of, 163
Petition, accompanying, 220
Petitioners of who and which, 220
Petre, father and the Duke of Buck-
ingham 220
Petty larceny, dangers of, 220
The Red Sea, 211
The Red Sea, 211

Peter Iarzeny, 311
 Pharaoh in the Red Sea, 311
 Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, 311
 Frolic of 312
 Philosophers' club, rules of, 319
 Contrived, 319

Philosophy and pathology, 221
of laughter, 221
crus, 151

Phytic and poto 94
 Phytolactone for excellence, 527
 Phytolactone of, 423

Physician's consultation of, 433
 practice, 431
 qualifications of, 433
 specialty of, 433

Physiognomy, head
the old pair
much more usual

PLATE 10

[illegible]

106
 — 468
 107
 108
 109
 110
 111
 112
 113
 114
 115
 116
 117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
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 164
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 608
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 610
 611
 612
 613
 614
 615
 61

Paper, sold in
 1000, 1000
 1000, 1000
 1000, 1000
 1000, 1000

P. 100
 P. 101
 P. 102
 P. 103
 P. 104
 P. 105
 P. 106
 P. 107
 P. 108
 P. 109
 P. 110
 P. 111
 P. 112
 P. 113
 P. 114
 P. 115
 P. 116
 P. 117
 P. 118
 P. 119
 P. 120
 P. 121
 P. 122
 P. 123
 P. 124
 P. 125
 P. 126
 P. 127
 P. 128
 P. 129
 P. 130
 P. 131
 P. 132
 P. 133
 P. 134
 P. 135
 P. 136
 P. 137
 P. 138
 P. 139
 P. 140
 P. 141
 P. 142
 P. 143
 P. 144
 P. 145
 P. 146
 P. 147
 P. 148
 P. 149
 P. 150
 P. 151
 P. 152
 P. 153
 P. 154
 P. 155
 P. 156
 P. 157
 P. 158
 P. 159
 P. 160
 P. 161
 P. 162
 P. 163
 P. 164
 P. 165
 P. 166
 P. 167
 P. 168
 P. 169
 P. 170
 P. 171
 P. 172
 P. 173
 P. 174
 P. 175
 P. 176
 P. 177
 P. 178
 P. 179
 P. 180
 P. 181
 P. 182
 P. 183
 P. 184
 P. 185
 P. 186
 P. 187
 P. 188
 P. 189
 P. 190
 P. 191
 P. 192
 P. 193
 P. 194
 P. 195
 P. 196
 P. 197
 P. 198
 P. 199
 P. 200
 P. 201
 P. 202
 P. 203
 P. 204
 P. 205
 P. 206
 P. 207
 P. 208
 P. 209
 P. 210
 P. 211
 P. 212
 P. 213
 P. 214
 P. 215
 P. 216
 P. 217
 P. 218
 P. 219
 P. 220
 P. 221
 P. 222
 P. 223
 P. 224
 P. 225
 P. 226
 P. 227
 P. 228
 P. 229
 P. 230
 P. 231
 P. 232
 P. 233
 P. 234
 P. 235
 P. 236
 P. 237
 P. 238
 P. 239
 P. 240
 P. 241
 P. 242
 P. 243
 P. 244
 P. 245
 P. 246
 P. 247
 P. 248
 P. 249
 P. 250
 P. 251
 P. 252
 P. 253
 P. 254
 P. 255
 P. 256
 P. 257
 P. 258
 P. 259
 P. 260
 P. 261
 P. 262
 P. 263
 P. 264
 P. 265
 P. 266
 P. 267
 P. 268
 P. 269
 P. 270
 P. 271
 P. 272
 P. 273
 P. 274
 P. 275
 P. 276
 P. 277
 P. 278
 P. 279
 P. 280
 P. 281
 P. 282
 P. 283
 P. 284
 P. 285
 P. 286
 P. 287
 P. 288
 P. 289
 P. 290
 P. 291
 P. 292
 P. 293
 P. 294
 P. 295
 P. 296
 P. 297
 P. 298
 P. 299
 P. 300
 P. 301
 P. 302
 P. 303
 P. 304
 P. 305
 P. 306
 P. 307
 P. 308
 P. 309
 P. 310
 P. 311
 P. 312
 P. 313
 P. 314
 P. 315
 P. 316
 P. 317
 P. 318
 P. 319
 P. 320
 P. 321
 P. 322
 P. 323
 P. 324
 P. 325
 P. 326
 P. 327
 P. 328
 P. 329
 P. 330
 P. 331
 P. 332
 P. 333
 P. 334
 P. 335
 P. 336
 P. 337
 P. 338
 P. 339
 P. 340
 P. 341
 P. 342
 P. 343
 P. 344
 P. 345
 P. 346
 P. 347
 P. 348
 P. 349
 P. 350
 P. 351
 P. 352
 P. 353
 P. 354
 P. 355
 P. 356
 P. 357
 P. 358
 P. 359
 P. 360
 P. 361
 P. 362
 P. 363
 P. 364
 P. 365
 P. 366
 P. 367
 P. 368
 P. 369
 P. 370
 P. 371
 P. 372
 P. 373
 P. 374
 P. 375
 P. 376
 P. 377
 P. 378
 P. 379
 P. 380
 P. 381
 P. 382
 P. 383
 P. 384
 P. 385
 P. 386
 P. 387
 P. 388
 P. 389
 P. 390
 P. 391
 P. 392
 P. 393
 P. 394
 P. 395
 P. 396
 P. 397
 P. 398
 P. 399
 P. 400
 P. 401
 P. 402
 P. 403
 P. 404
 P. 405
 P. 406
 P. 407
 P. 408
 P. 409
 P. 410
 P. 411
 P. 412
 P. 413
 P. 414
 P. 415
 P. 416
 P. 417
 P. 418
 P. 419
 P. 420
 P. 421
 P. 422
 P. 423
 P. 424
 P. 425
 P. 426
 P. 427
 P. 428
 P. 429
 P. 430
 P. 431
 P. 432
 P. 433
 P. 434
 P. 435
 P. 436
 P. 437
 P. 438
 P. 439
 P. 440
 P. 441
 P. 442
 P. 443
 P. 444
 P. 445
 P. 446
 P. 447
 P. 448
 P. 449
 P. 450
 P. 451
 P. 452
 P. 453
 P. 454
 P. 455
 P. 456
 P. 457
 P. 458
 P. 459
 P. 460
 P. 461
 P. 462
 P. 463
 P. 464
 P. 465
 P. 466
 P. 467
 P. 468
 P. 469
 P. 470
 P. 471
 P. 472
 P. 473
 P. 474
 P. 475
 P. 476
 P. 477
 P. 478
 P. 479
 P. 480
 P. 481
 P. 482
 P. 483
 P. 484
 P. 485
 P. 486
 P. 487
 P. 488
 P. 489
 P. 490
 P. 491
 P. 492
 P. 493
 P. 494
 P. 495
 P. 496
 P. 497
 P. 498
 P. 499
 P. 500
 P. 501
 P. 502
 P. 503
 P. 504
 P. 505
 P. 506
 P. 507
 P. 508
 P.

185
703
182

1944

216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
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 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
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 485
 486
 487
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 548
 549
 550
 551
 552
 553
 554
 555
 556
 557
 558
 559
 560
 561
 562
 563
 564
 565
 566
 567
 568
 569
 570
 571
 572
 573
 574
 575
 576
 577
 578
 579
 580
 581
 582
 583
 584
 585
 586
 587
 588
 589
 590
 591
 592
 593
 594
 595
 596
 597
 598
 599
 600
 601
 602
 603
 604
 605
 606
 607
 608
 609
 610
 611
 612
 613
 614
 615
 616
 617
 618
 619
 620
 621
 622
 623
 624
 625
 626
 627
 628
 629
 630
 631
 632
 633
 634
 635
 636
 637
 638
 639
 640
 641
 642
 643
 644
 645
 646
 647
 648
 649
 650
 651
 652
 653
 654
 655
 656
 657
 658
 659
 660
 661
 662
 663
 664
 665
 666
 667
 668
 669
 670
 671
 672
 673
 674
 675
 676
 677
 678
 679
 680
 681
 682
 683
 684
 685
 686
 687
 688
 689
 690
 691
 692
 693
 694
 695
 696
 697
 698
 699
 700
 701
 702
 703
 704
 705
 706
 707
 708
 709
 710
 711
 712
 713
 714
 715
 716
 717
 718
 719
 720
 721
 722
 723
 724
 725
 726
 727

of Black

220
1
Burgundy.

of, 209	
(3)	Perry
14	
41	Penn

Name
Point

e, 627	Vol.
. 433	Page
st, 628	Page

11. 0000 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 10

INDEX.

761

love and adven-
 ms, 408
 y, 519
 thy for, 308
 racity of, 32
 axim, 29
 133
 216
 n, retort of, 302
 6
 s for, 418
 s scull, 29
 for Hampshire
 nomenclature, 24
 cret of, 654
 y Philips, 413
 se of, 454
 evils of, 601
 ility, 277
 2
 91
 d, 51
 stones, 445
 nition of, 21
 , 55
 43
 , 91
 ng, 294
 of, 671
 1ustrated, 461
 ng, 539
 635
 , 664
 , at Tyburn, 420
 nd Dutch, 26
 h, 28
 shes of, 401
 e, 102
 , 208
 of, 26
 evil's printers, 28
 Swift, 408
 from, 338
 raise of, 255
 ity of, 208
 , 125
 trated, 603
 ton's dispute, 267
 schman, 205
 r sex, 407
 3
 a judge, 377

Private publicity, privileges of, 196
 Privileges, equal, 65
 Prize poem, military, 156
 Professional duties, auctioneer's, 461
 Professor Porson's description of the
 devil's ramble upon the earth, 474
 Profit and loss, estimate of, 363
 Profligacy, precocity of, 235
 Prologue for a company of comedians
 at Winchester, 350
 — upon prologues to the Deuce
 is in him, 662
 — of a new actor, 522
 — to Barbarossa, 513
 — to the Busy Body 516
 — to Bon Ton, 606
 — the strollers, 592
 — to the Inconstant, 490
 — to the Rivals, 612
 — to the School for Scandal, 265
 — to the School for Rakes, 605
 — to the Trip to Paris, 597
 — to Winter's Tale and Cath-
 erine and Petruccio, 566
 — nautical, 676
 Proof of brains, 73
 Prophetic anticipation, 401
 Prose v. Poetry, 268
 Proverb, an old one, 56
 — travestied, 414
 Providence, blessings of, 316
 Prudent portrait, 413
 — resolve, 414
 — theatrical wife, 419
 Public worship, zeal for, 298
 Publican, Wilkes, and -Middlesex
 justices, 416
 Pudding, meditation on, 670
 Pudicity, royal, 87
 Pugilistic romance, 518
 Pulpit call, 412
 — and stage, parallel of, 548
 — hint, 401
 Pun, cracking of, 154
 — legal and tolerable, 617
 — naval, 59
 — by D. Purcell, 54
 Punch, inspiration of, 539
 — on a bowl of, 67, 69
 — seas of, 515
 Punchinello, stanzas to, 531
 Punctilio of the Japanese, 173
 Punning on names, 165
 — run mad, 402
 Puppy, similitude of, 51
 Pappyism progress of 427

Purcell, Daniel, his puns, 54
 Purgatory, dispute on, 137
 Puritanical curses, 367
 — punctilio defeated, 413
 Purity, missionary, 83
 Purves, relationship of, 637
 Pye, and G. Steevens, 27
 Pyramid of drink, 203
 Quackery, advantage of, 261
 Quaker answered, 450
 — and sailor on miracles, 348
 —'s answer to excuse couns-
 sioner, 130
 — and parson, 20, 31
 — and his barn, 407
 Qualifications, matrimonial, 178
 Qualities of humour, 664
 Qualms of conscience, 512
 Quarrelsome rhyme, 200
 Quarter-sessions, picture of, 86
 Quarto, heads for writing, 647
 Queen Bess and her enemies, 26
 — Mab, vagaries of, 567
 — Elizabeth at Coventry, 15
 Querno, buffoon of Leo X. 242
 Queries by Wilkes, 680
 Query for the ladies, 183
 Question and answer, 233
 — art of answering, 420
 — the critical, 144
 — untoward, 625
 Quickly's, dame, history of the Boar's
 head tavern, 264
 Quicksilver reply, 293
 Quid pro quo, 333
 — or quaker's love, 578
 Quin and Foote's shirt, 15
 — and the beau, 44
 —'s bait for venison, 65
 — epicurism and coarse manners
 of, 478
 — on turtle eating, 37
 —'s opinion of the Scotch, 136
 — soliloquy over the embalmed
 body of duke Humphrey, 295
 Quimsey, Radcliff's remedy for, 267
 Rabelais' preparation for death, 26
 Radcliff, Dr. and the pavior, 267
 Radical reform, champion of, 248
 Rain, prayer for, 302
 — varieties of, 25
 Ramagate and Margate, 40
 Rape of the Lock, new, 51
 Razor seller and countryman, 320

- ty, 398
41
exchange of, 40
effect of, 638
ation of, 67
veral rules for, 378
, by Dryden, 438
33
respect for, 641
620
mptu on, 356
rs of life, 200
itions on, 484
ry, 51
mentators imitat-
s, of man, 520
ce, 420
g, 356
n, 330
rical, 93
ption of News-
, 137
igion in, 208
peare, 68
, 530
aracter of, 200
andal, 287
party, 418
, 58
, 332
r, 356
5
expenses of, 206
be, 161
variety of, 521
Westminster, 446
rry one, 484
2
g nose, 635
ly expedition, 56
ath of, 81
the, 76
, 51
and the high-
f life, 570
manack, 497
lar, 491
st appearance in
408
stion, 55
ed, 567
Sight and speech, loss of, 393
Signs and tokens, 340
Similes, song of, 60-99
Simple reply, 348
Simplicity and gratitude of a found-
ling, 455
Sin, nice distinction in, 333
Sincerity versus manners, 304
Singing and jumping, 305
—— excellence in, 355
—— varieties of, 198
—— wager, decision of, 300
Singular distinction in sin, 333
Sinking and swearing, 414
Sinners, Mahommed's condemnation
of, 140
Sir Roger de Coverley, 141
Sir Simon and Hodge, 689
Sisters, the two, 30
Sixes and sevens, 317
Six-foot suckling, by Churchill, 142
Six o'clock club described, 506
Skies, variety of in painting, 648
Skin and grief, 60
Slander, picture of, 83
—— and self-poisoning, 266
Sleeping at church, 34
Sleepy chancellor of Cambridge, 354
Sloth the cause of ennui, 96
Smoking, pleasures of, 169
—— wager, 677
Smithfield club described, 508
Soldier's epistle to his comrade, 416
Solecism, novel one, 33
Soliloquy, self-condemning, 27
Somerville's busy indolent, 440
Somnambulism, fascinating, 307
Sorrow, conjugal, 106
—— genuine cause of, 453
—— seasonable delay of, 214
Sots, a club of, 107
Soul of wit, 212
South, Dr. 37
—— and Charles II. 34
—— unlucky grace, 506
Sow's revenge, or tithe in kind, 105
Spanish pride, reproof of, 619
Spartan shield device, 232
Speaking in time, 350
Special juries, exposure of, 396
Spectacles, pair of, 57
Speech, first and last, 130
—— ready made, 221
Spendthrift, recovery of, 400
Spenser's fairy queen, 369
Spinning and reeling, 38
Spirit, female, 70
Splendid entertainment, 412
Split-farthing club described, 506
Sponging for a dinner, 341
Sporting intelligence from the sea
side, 240
Spretæ injuria formæ, 640
S. S. degree of Huntington, 266
Stage coach, the, 915
—— farce, 418
—— m-series, American, 469
—— dialect, 512
Staines, sir W. and Wilkes, 23
Stair, lord, and Louis XIV. 43
Stammering, benefit of, 175
Standard merit, 198
—— rule, 122
Stars, the sailor's favourite, 64
Starvation, theatrical, 298
State affairs, indifference on, 57
Stealing a huckle and ear, 420
—— march, 115
Steam-boat company, 502
Steele, sir Richard, 76
—— and Addison's friendship, 51
—— on Irish blunders, 64
Steeple-climbing, prerogative of, 430
Stella and her doctor, 341
Sterne and Hobson's choice, 98
——'s maid-servant, disappointment
of, 436
—— wife, 574
Stocks, rate of, 355
—— jobbers described by Swift, 100
—— punishment of, 10
Story-telling, art and mystery of, 609
Stout gentleman, the, 147
Straddle, the Birmingham man, 202
Stradling versus Stiles, 609
Strand tragedy, or the dream, 518
Strange, More, and Wright, 30
Street dispute adjusted, 190
Strength, Sampson's, surpassed, 59
Striking a bargain, 320
Strolling manager, m-series of, 625
Strong beer, novel brewing of, 534
Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham, in
1790, 430
Stuttering boy and magpie, 344
Suburban rusticity, pleasures of, 180
Success, negative, 53
—— to trade, 233
Suckling's, sir John, army, 582
Suicide, delights of, 507
—— extraordinary, 17
Sniting the case in point, 600

INDEX.

705

55
 to for, 37
 406
 ours of, 183
 l unprofitable, 371
 pers, 33
 89
 overtable facts, 526

 ad characters, 232
 , 646
 substitute for, 484
 icy of, 387
 l his court, 474
 of, 472
 on, 37
 es, account of, 202

 in the verb, 202
 l
 r bow, 206
 nds, how to save,

 ne, 680
 23
 its, 112.

 64

 2
 ish, & Scotch, 18
 , 124
 enchman, 237
 8
 686
 ; 478
 and Irish stew, 226
 illes, 631
 cal, 517
 ea, 202

 d, 261
 70
 4
 93
 l
 , miseries of, 362
 rs of, 220
 y Washington Ir-

 aractors of, 212
 and the duke de

Villiers, duke of Buckingham, 63
 Villiam Vicks and his wife, excursion
 of, 510
 Vincent, adm. and Spanish fleet, 47
 Virginia, religion and tobacco of, 144
 Virgins and widows, 84
 Virtue in women, 100
 — defalcation of, 625
 Virtues, royal, 112
 Virtuosos' club described, 305
 — will of, 417
 Visits, routine of fashionable, 536
 Visitor, accommodation of, 145
 Vite's, Mr. and Mrs., journey to Val-
 ham-green, 477
 Voltaire and Chesterfield, 293
 — and his bookseller, 269
 — and du Resnel, blunders, 236
 — and the duke of Orleans, 81
 — on ennui, 96
 —'s translation of Shakspeare,
 336
 Volunteer field-day and sham fight,
 671
 Vulgar natures, 178

 Ubiquity, clerical, 104
 Ugliness, advantages of, 234
 Ugly faces, club of, described, 305
 — family, 83
 — woman, address to, 52
 U. L. and T., 549
 Ultra loyalty, 520
 Undertaker's bill and services, 280
 — character and calling of,
 620
 Unfortunate confession, 448
 Universality of English taste, 270
 University degree, popular mode of
 obtaining, 276
 Universities, poverty of, 96
 Unlettered gratitude, 217
 Unlucky confession, 269
 — friendship, 202
 Unseasonable man, character of, 506
 Untimely demand, 412
 Uprightness, danger of, 87
 Ups and downs, 146
 Upstart, character of an, 529
 — exposure of an, 635
 Usher, archbishop, and eleventh
 commandment, 202
 Usury, doctrines of, 60

 Wag, a stuttering one, 41
 Wager and suicide, 87

Wager, trivial, 53
 Wakes of Ireland described, 687
 Waking a traveller, 402
 Waldgrave, lord, 116
 Wall, giving and taking, 154
 Wallace, lady, and her mother, 304
 Waller's poetical license, 125
 Walpole, Horace, and Wm. Cole, 200
 — and his times, 213
 — sir Robert, & his valet, 445
 Walters, Peter, on poverty, 36
 Waltzing, jealousy of, 154
 Warburton, bish. and Bentley, 294
 — and Quin, 113
 Warm compliment, 661
 Warming-pans, inscription for, 162
 Washing, lodging, and mangling, 405
 Watch, on the loss of a, 530
 Watchman, mistake of, rectified, 420
 — the sleeping, 130
 Water-drinkers, error of, 292
 — drinking, 427
 — fiends, the, by Colman, 351
 — gruel and roast beef, 184
 Way to live happy, 417
 — to wealth, or poor Richard's
 maxims, 406
 Weaver, reasons for hanging, 168
 Wedding, picture of a mad one, 366
 Wedlock, fruits of, 162
 — and its chances, 86
 Welshman and his host, 53
 Welsh gentility, 337
 — pride, 53
 — traveller, 296
 Westminster abbey, nabel's monu-
 ment in, 52
 — elector's hair-loom, 432
 Weston the actor, 120
 Wharton's grace before meat, 481
 Where's the poker? 127
 Which is the lady? 231
 Whigs and George III. 111
 — and tories, 86
 Whims, matrimonial, 173
 — of philosophers, 144
 Whist, Irish rubber of, 592
 Whistling prayers, 660
 Whitely the comedian's death, 453
 Whitfield, Geo. and drummer, 145
 — nautical sermon, 241
 Wholesale hospital practice, 364
 Widow, a printer's, 72
 Wife's affection at the loss of her hus-
 band, 250
 — of Bath, 245

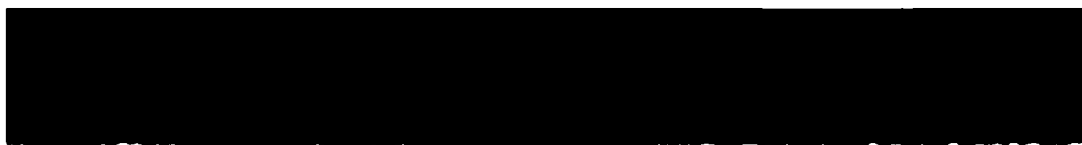
- Wife**, character and death of an
 obstinate, 313
 — choice of, by cheese, 123
 — a dear one, 204
 — delight, composed by her hus-
 band, 175
 — legacy to, 100
 — perennial, 707
 — qualities of a good one, 535
 — sorrow, 100
 — well matched, 300
 — complaint, 666
Wig-blocks, varieties of, 318
 — cause, and hat, loss of, 204
Wigs, eccentricities of, 117
 — forensic, varieties of, 304
 — saving benefit of, 283
 — and waggery of barristers, 218
Wilkes, personal attractions of, 403
 — John, and No. 45, 146
 — at Dolly's chop house, 81
 — and Horne Tooker, 201
 — air William Stanes, 23
 — the nightcap, 14
 — queries, answered, 230
Wit of a convinclist 625
 — of an earl of Pembroke, 570
 — last and only one, 28
William Rufus and the Jew, 306
Wiltshire curate's journal, 407
Winchester, bishop of, and hoasaplar,
 230
Window tax, 65
 — anathema on, 661
 — light pun on, 344
Wine-bibbing, epicurism of, 371
 — clerical economy in, 483
 — composition of, 183
 — controversial opinions of, 404
 — disquisitions on, by a club of con-
 vivialists, 436
Wine and physic, 287
 — and walnuts, 28
 — and wit, union of, 675
 — and worsted, 301
Wisdom and sorrow, analogy of, 624
 — clerical, 30
Wishes of a moderate man, 447
Wit, definition of, 311, 500
 — elegance of, 302
 — and honesty, 295
 — prudent reserve of, 234
 — taste for, 297
 — various tests of, 307
 — disadvantages of, 603
 — princely partiality to, 313
 — without knowledge, 24
 — walks of, 683
 — qualities of, 687
 — princely partiality to, 24
 — without knowledge, 24
Witchcraft and confusion, 630
 — cure for, 265
Witlings, shallowness of, 676
Witness, how to examine, 179
 — well informed, 130
Wits, travelling by, 122
Wives, of three benefits distinct, 300
 — the best of, 634
 — obedience of, 64
 — on trial, 83
Wolsey Cardinal, on Lent, 341
 — 's twins, 405
Woman, advice to, by Horace Wal-
 pole, 426
 — killed with kindness, 406
 — 's learning, sum of, 368
 — love, philosophy of, 646
 — resolution, example of, 117
 — only secret, 304
 — tongue, 28
 — thegao, artillery of, 206
Woman's wisdom, 20
 — four ages of, 11
 — Johnson's *Woman*
 — why harden,
Woolmound, unsteadiness of,
 421
Wonder solved, 684
 — far wonder 68
 — of the *Wonder*
Wonderful jar, *Wonder*
 — wonder of
Wood, scarcity of, 70
Woods, hazard of, 64
Woolen heads, variety
 — sworn and
World, the class a *World*
 — discovery a
 — end of *World*
 — the, a *World*
 — a *World*
 — real *World*
Worst and worst, 64
Worshipful gentlemen,
 of, 229
 — society, 120
Worsted and silk, 6
Wounds of a *World*,
Wrinkleton Floger, 311
Wyche's plain, 68
Years, reduction of
Yorkshire Hangings,
 — specimens of
Yorick's skull, reflect
Young, Dr. at *Young*
 — logician, *Young*
 — men's *Young*
Your worship, *Your*
Youth of *Young*, 68
 225

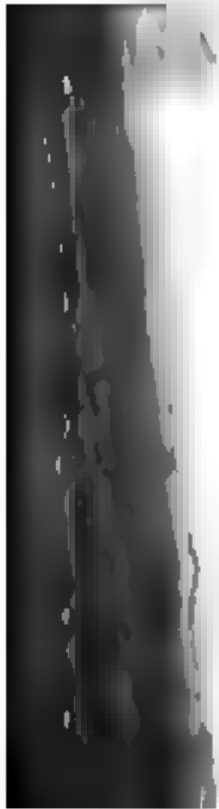
DRAMATIC WIT.

its courtship . . .	<i>Hypocrite</i> . . .	706	Illiterate fanaticism . . .	<i>Hypocrite</i> . . .	706
nd publisher, in- of	<i>The Author</i> . . .	732	King of low company . . .	<i>She stoops to Conquer</i> . . .	697
ining	<i>Man of the World</i> . . .	718	Legal inducements . . .	<i>Twin Rivals</i> . . .	730
cy, advantageous of	<i>The Bankrupt</i> . . .	737	Legal tergiversation ex- plained	<i>Man of the World</i> . . .	718
lonables	<i>Man of the World</i> . . .	713	Low ambition and honour- able feeling	<i>The same</i>	709
dependent on a fancy	<i>Way of the World</i> . . .	724	Maskwell's soliloquy on cre- dulity	<i>Double Dealer</i> . . .	723
things' idea of love	<i>Double Dealer</i> . . .	726	Men of wit and pleasure about town	<i>Old Play</i>	740
sagard and Caleb	<i>Review</i>	703	Newspaper editorship . . .	<i>Bankrupt</i>	740
i journey	<i>She stoops to Conquer</i> . . .	701	Over-righteous lady . . .	<i>Double Dealer</i> . . .	723
edness	<i>The Orators</i>	732	Parliamentary eloquence . . .	<i>The Orator</i>	729
pearance	<i>Devil on Two Sticks</i> . . .	745	Prison scene	<i>Pride shall have a Fall</i> . . .	725
country establish- ment	<i>She stoops to Conquer</i> . . .	699	Right honourable dignity . . .	<i>Double Dealer</i> . . .	726
a mimic	<i>The Minor</i>	734	Right honourable folly and base flattery	<i>Man of the World</i> . . .	711
stence	<i>Way of the World</i> . . .	723	Scotch boozing illustrated . . .	<i>The same</i>	714
mislocations	<i>She stoops to Conquer</i> . . .	701	Sycophancy and independ- ence contrasted	<i>The same</i>	721
only visitors	<i>The same</i>	699	Vice and fanaticism, union of	<i>The Minor</i>	735
support of charac- ter	<i>Way of the World</i> . . .	723			
the	<i>Twin Rivals</i>	728			
an attempt to se- parate his wife	<i>Hypocrite</i>	705			

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29
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